Brackley.

THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA,

Written by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY KNIGHT.

Now the ninth time publiſhed, with a twofold ſupplement of a defect in the third Book: the one by Sr *W. A.* Knight; the other, by Mr *Ja. Johnſtoun* Scoto-Brit. dedicated to K. *James*, and now annexed to this work, for the Readers benefit.

Whereunto is alſo added a ſixth Booke, By *R. B.* of Lincolnes Inne, Eſq.

LONDON,
Printed for *J. Waterſon* and *R. Young*, 1638.



TO MY DEARE LADY AND SISTER, THE COUNTESSE OF *PEMBROKE.*

HEre now have you (moſt deare, and moſt worthy to bee moſt deare Ladie) this idle worke of mine; which I feare (like the Spiders web) will be thought fitter to be ſwept away, than worn to any other purpoſe. For my part, in very truth (as the cruell Fathers among the Greekes were wont to doe to the babes they would not foſter) I could well finde in my heart to caſt out in ſome deſart of forgetfulneſſe this childe, which I am loth to father. But you deſired me to doe it, and your deſire to my heart is an abſolute commandement. Now, it is done only for you, onely to ~~you~~: if you keepe it to your ſelfe, or to ſuch friends, who will weigh errours in the ballance of good will, I hope, for the fathers ſake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in it ſelfe it have deformities. For indeed, for ſeverer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your deare ſelfe can beſt witneſſe the manner, being done in looſe ſheets of paper, moſt of it in your preſence, the reſt by ſheets ſent unto you, as faſt as they were done In ſumme, a young head, not ſo well ſtaied as I would it were (and ſhall bee when God will) having many many fancies begotten in it, if it had not beene in ſome way delivered, would have

growne a monſter, and more ſorry might I be that they came in, than that they gat out. But his chiefe ſafety ſhall be, the not walking abroad; and his chiefe protection, the bearing the livery of your name; which (if much good will doe not deceive me) is worthy to be a ſanctuary for a greater offender. This ſay I, becauſe I know the vertue ſo; and this ſay I, becauſe it may be ever ſo; or to ſay better, becauſe it will be ever ſo. Reade it then at your idle times, and the follies your good judgement will finde in it, blame not, but laugh at. And ſo, looking for no better ſtuffe, than as in a Haberdaſhers ſhop, glaſſes, or feathers, you wil continue to love the VVriter, who doth exceedingly love you, and moſt moſt heartily prayes, you may long live to be a principall ornament to the family of the *Sidneis*.

Your loving brother,

PHILIP SIDNEY.

To The Reader.

THE disfigured face, gentle Reader, wherewith this Worke not long ſince appeared to the common view, moved that noble Lady, to whoſe Ho. nour it was conſecrated, to whoſe protection it was committed, to take in hand the wiping away thoſe ſpots wherewith the beauties thereof were unworthily blemiſhed. But as often repairing a ruinous houſe, the mending of ſome old part occaſioneth the making of ſome new: ſo here her honourable labour begun in correcting the faults, ended in ſupplying the defects; by the view of what was ill done, guided to the conſideration of what was not done. Which part with what advice entred into, with what acceſſe it had been paſſed through, moſt by her doing, all by her directing, if they may bee entreated not to define, which are unfurniſht of meanes to diſcerne; the reſt (it is hoped) will favourably cenſure. But this they ſhall, for their better ſatisfaction, underſtand, that though they finde not here what might be expected, they may find neverthelesſe as much as was intended, the concluſion, not the perfection of Arcadia: and that no further than the Authors owne writings, or knowne determinations could direct. Whereof who ſees not the reaſon, muſt conſider there may be reaſon which he ſees not. Albeit I dare affirme, he either ſees, or from wiſer judgements than his owne may heare, that Sir Philip Sidneies writings can no more bee perfected without Sir Philip Sidney, than APELLES pictures without APELLES. There are that think the contrary; and no wonder: Never was Arcadia free from the cumber of ſuch Cattel.

To

To us, say they, the pastures are not pleasant: and as for the flowers, such as we light on we take no delight in, but the greater part grow not within our reach. Poore soules! what talke they of flowers? They are Roses, not flowers, must doe them good, which if they finde not here, they shall doe well to feed elsewhere. Any place will better like them; For without Arcadia *nothing growes in more plentie, than* Lettice *sutable to their* Lippes. *If it be true that likenesse is a great cause of liking, and that contraries infer contrary consequences; then is it true that the worthlesse Reader can never worthily esteeme of so worthy a writing: and as true, that the noble, the wise, the vertuous, the courteous, as many as have had any acquaintance with true learning & knowledge, will with all love and dearnesse entertaine it, as well for affinity with themselves, as being childe to such a father. Whom albeit it doe not exactly and in every lineament represent, yet considering the fathers untimely death prevented the timely birth of the childe, it may happily seeme a thanke-worthy labour, that the defects being so few, so small, and in no principall part, yet the greatest unlikenesse is rather in defect than in deformitie. But howsoever it is, it is now by more than one interest,* The Countes of Pembrokes Arcadia: *done, as it was, for her, as it is, by her. Neither shall these pains be the last (if no unexpected accident cut off her determination) which the everlasting love of her excellent brother will make her consecrate to his memory.*

H. S.

THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA, WRITTEN By Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE FIRST BOOKE.

IT was in the time that the earth begins to put on her new apparell against the approach of her Lover, and that the Sunne, running a most even course, becomes an indifferent arbiter between the night and the day; when the hopelesse Shepheard *Strephon* was come to the Sands, which lye against the Iland of Cithera, where viewing the place with a heavy kind of delight, and sometimes casting his eyes to the Sea-ward, he called his friendly rivall, the Pastor *Claius* unto him, and setting first downe in his darkned countenance a dolefull copy of what he would speake. O my *Claius*, said he, hither we are now come to pay the rent, for which we are so called unto by over-busie Remembrance, Remembrance restlesse Remembrance, which claimes not only this duty of us, but for it will have us forget our selves. I pray you when we were amid our flocke, and that of other shepheards, some were running after their sheepe strayed beyond their bounds, some delighting their eyes with seeing them nibble upon the short and sweet grasse, some medicining their sicke ewes, some setting a Bell for an ensigne of a sheepish squadron, some with more leisure inventing new games of exercising their bodies, and sporting their wits: did Remembrance grant us any Holy day, either for pastime or devotion, nay either for necessary food or naturall rest? but that still it forced our thoughts to worke upon this place, where we last (alas that the word last should so long last) did grace our eyes upon her ever-flourishing beauty: did it not still cry within us? Ah! you base-minded wretches, are your thoughts so deeply bemyred in the Trade of ordinary worldlings, as for respect of gaine some paultry wooll may yeeld you, to let so much time passe without knowing perfectly her estate, especially in so troublesome a season? to leave that shore unsaluted from whence you may see to the Iland where she dwelleth: to leave those steps unkissed wherin *Vrania* printed the farewell of all beauty? Well then, Remembrance commanded, we obeyed, and here we finde, that as our Remembrance came ever clouthed unto us in the forme of this place, so this place gives new heat to the feaver of our languishing Remembrance. Yonder, my *Claius*, *Vrania* lighted, the very horse (me thought) bewailed to be so disburdned, & as for thee, poor *Claius*, when thou wentst to help her down, I saw Reverence and Desire so divide thee, that thou didst at one instant both blush & quake, & instead of bearing her, wert ready to fall

down thy selfe. There she sate, vouchsafing my cloake (then most gorgeous) under her: at yonder rising of the ground she turned her selfe, looking backe toward her wonted abode, and because of her parting, bearing much sorrow in her eyes, the light somnesse whereof had yet a certaine cheerefulnesse, as it made even sorrow seeme to smile, at that turning she spake some all, opening the cherry of her lips, and Lord how greedily mine eares did feed upon the sweet words she uttered? And here she laid her hand over thine eyes, when she saw the teares springing in them, as if she would conceale them from others, and yet her selfe feele some of thy sorrow: but woe is me, yonder, yonder, did she put her foot into the boat, at that instant, as it were dividing her heavenly beauty, betweene the earth and the sea. But when she was imbarked, did you not minde how the windes whistled, and the seas danc't for joy? how the sales did swell with pride, and all because they had *Vrania*? O *Vrania*, blessed be thou *Vrania*, the sweetest fairnesse, & fairest sweetnesse: with that word his voice brake so with sobbing, that he could say no further; and *Claius* thus answered, Alas, my *Strephon* (said he) what needs this score to reckon up onely our losses? What doubt is there, but that the sight of this place doth call our thoughts to appeare at the court of affection, held by that racking steward, Remembrance? A swell may sheep forget to feare when they spie Wolves, as we can misse such fancies, when we see any place made happy by her treading. Who can choose that saw her, but think where she stayed, where she walkt, where she turned, where she spake? But what is all this? truely no more, but as this place served us to thinke of those things, so those things serve as places to call to memory more excellent matters. No, no, let us thinke with consideration, and consider with acknowledging, and acknowledge with admiration, & admire with love, and love with joy in the midst of all woes: let us in such sort thinke, I say, that our poore eyes were so inriched as to behold, and our low hearts so exalted as to love a maide, who is such that as the greatest thing the world can shew, is her beauty, so the least thing that may be praised in her, is her beauty. Certainly as her eye-lids are more pleasant to behold, than two white Kids climbing up a faire tree, and browsing on his tendrest branches, and yet are nothing compared to the day-shining starres contained in them; and as her breath is more sweet than a gentle South-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of Summer, and yet is nothing compared to the honey flowing speech that breath doth carry: no more all that our eyes can see of her (though when they have seene her, what else they shall ever see is but dry stubble after clovers gaile) is to be matched with the flock of unspeakable vertues, laid up delightfully in that best builded fold. But indeed, as we can better consider the Sunnes beauty, by marking how he guilds these waters and mountaines, than by looking upon his owne face, too glorious for our weake eyes: so it may be our conceits (not able to beare her Sun-staining excellency) will better weigh it by her works upon some meaner subject imployed. And alas, who can better witnesse that than we, whose experience is grounded upon feeling? hath not the only love of her made us (being silly ignorant shepheards) raise up our thoughts above the ordinary level of the world, so as great Clerkes doe not disdaine our conference? hath not the desire to seem worthy in her eyes, made us whē others were sleeping, to sit viewing the course of the heavens? when others were running at base, to run over learned writings? when others mark their sheep, we to marke our selves? hath not she throwne reason upon our desires, and as it were, given eyes unto *Cupid*? hath in any, but in her, love fellowship maintained

friendship

friendſhip betweene rivals,& beauty taught the beholders chaſtitie? He was going on with his praiſes, but *Strephon* bad him ſtay, and looke: & ſo they both perceived a thing which floated drawing neerer and neerer to the banke; but rather by the favourable working of the ſea,than by any ſelf induſtry. They doubted a while what it ſhould be;till it was caſt up even hard before them: at which time they fully ſaw that it was a man. Wherupon running for pitty ſake unto him,they found his hands (as it ſhould appeare, conſtanter friends to his life, than his memory) faſt griping upon the edge of a ſquare ſmall coffer,which lay all under his breaſt: elſe in himſelf no ſhew of life,ſo as the boord ſeemed to be but a Beere to carry him a land to his Sepulcher. So drew they up a yong man of ſo goodly ſhape,& well pleaſing favor, that one would thinke death had in him a lovely countenance; and that though hee were naked,nakedneſſe was to him an apparell. That ſight increaſed their compaſſion,and their compaſſion called up their care; ſo that lifting his feet above his head,making a great deale of ſalt water come out of his mouth, they laid him upon ſome of their garments,and fell to rub and chafe him,till they brought him to recover both breath the ſervant,and warmth the companion of living. At length opening his eyes,he gave a great groan,(a dolefull note but a pleaſant ditty)for by that, they found not onely life,but ſtrength of life in him. They therefore continued on their charitable office,untill(his ſpirits being well returned)he (without ſo much as thanking them for their paines) gat up, and looking round about to the uttermoſt limits of his ſight, and crying upon the name of *Pyrocles*, nor ſeeing nor hearing cauſe of comfort, what(ſaid he)and ſhall *Muſidorus* live after *Pyrocles* deſtruction? therewithall he offered wilfully to caſt himſelfe againe into the ſea: a ſtrange ſight to the ſhepheards,to whom it ſeemed,that before,being in apparance dead,had yet ſaved his life;and now,comming to his life ſhould be a cauſe to procure his death; but they ranne unto him,and pulling him backe (then too feeble for them) by force ſtickled that unnaturall fray. I pray you(ſaid he) honeſt men, what ſuch right have you in me,as not to ſuffer me to doe with my ſelfe what Pliſt? and what policy have you to beſtow a benefit where it is counted an injury? They hearing him ſpeake in Greeke(which was their naturall language) became the more tender hearted towards him;and conſidering by his calling, and looking that the loſſe of ſome deare friend was great cauſe of his ſorrow; told him they were poore men that were bound by courſe of humanity to prevent ſo great a miſchiefe, and that they wiſht him,if opinion of ſome bodies periſhing bred ſuch deſperate anguiſh in him,that he ſhould be comforted by his owne proofe,who had lately eſcaped as apparant danger as any might be. No,no(ſaid he)it is not for me to attend ſo high a bliſſefulneſſe: but ſince you take care of me, I pray you find meanes that ſome Barke may be provided,that will go out of the Haven,that if it be poſſible we may find the body,farre too precious food for fiſhes: and for the hire (ſaid he) I have within this Caſket, of value ſufficient to content them. *Clitus* preſently went to a Fiſherman,& having agreed with him,and provided ſome apparell for the naked ſtranger,he imbarked,& the ſhepheards with him: & were no ſooner gone beyond the mouth of the haven,but that ſome way into the Sea they might diſcerne (as it were)a ſtain of the waters colour,& by times ſome ſparks & ſmoak mounting thereout. But the yong man no ſooner ſaw it,but that beating his breaſt,he cryed,that there was the beginning of his ruine, intreating them to bend their courſe as neere unto it as they could; telling,how that ſmoake was but a ſmall relique of a great fire, which had driven both him & his friend rather to commit themſelves to the cold mercy of the

Sea, than to abide the hot cruelty of the fire: and that therefore though they both had abandoned the ſhip, that he was (if any where) in that courſe to be met withall. They ſteered therefore as neere thitherward as they could: but when they came ſo neere as their eyes were full maſters of the object, they ſaw a ſight full of piteous ſtrangeneſſe: a ſhip, or rather the carkaſſe of the ſhip, or rather ſome few bones of the carkaſſe, hulling there, part broken, part burned, part drowned: death having uſed more than one dart to that deſtruction. About it floated great ſtore of very rich things, and many cheſts, which might promiſe no leſſe. And amidſt the precious things were a number of dead bodies, which likewiſe did not onely teſtifie both elements violence, but that the chiefe violence was growne of humane inhumanity: for their bodies were full of griſly wounds, and their bloud had (as it were) filled the wrinkles of the ſeas viſage: which it ſeemed the ſea would not waſh away, that it might witneſſe it is not alwayes his fault, when we condemne his cruelty. In ſumme, a defeat, where the conquered kept both field and ſpoyle: a ſhipwracke without ſtorme or ill-footing, and a waſte of fire in the midſt of the water.

But a little way off they ſaw the Maſt, whoſe proud height now lay along; like a widow having loſt her Make, of whom ſhe held her honour: but upon the maſt they ſaw a yong man (at leaſt if he were a man) bearing ſhew of about eighteene yeares of age, who ſate (as on horſebacke) having nothing upon him but his ſhirt, which being wrought with blue ſilke and gold, had a kind of reſemblance to the ſea: on which the Sun (then neer his Weſtern home) did ſhoot ſome of his beams. His hair (which the yong men of Greece uſed to weare very long) was ſtirred up and down with the wind, which ſeemed to have a ſport to play with it, as the Sea had to kiſſe his feet; himſelfe full of admirable beauty, ſet forth by the ſtrangeneſſe both of his ſeat and geſture: for, holding his head up full of unmoved majeſtie, he held a ſword aloft with his faire arme, which often he waved about his crowne, as though he would threaten the world in that extremity. But the fiſhermen, when they came ſo neer him, that it was time to throw out a rope, by which hold they might draw him, their ſimplicity bred ſuch amazement, and their amazement ſuch ſuperſtition, that (aſſuredly thinking it was ſome God begotten betweene *Neptune* and *Venus*, that had made all this terrible ſlaughter) as they went under ſaile by him, held up their hands and made their prayers. Which when *Muſidorus* ſaw, though he were almoſt as much raviſhed with joy, as they with aſtoniſhment, he leapt to the Mariner, and tooke the cord out of his hand, and (ſaying, Doſt thou live, and art well? who anſwered, Thou canſt tell beſt, ſince moſt of my wel-being ſtands in thee) threw it out, but already the ſhip was paſt beyond *Pyrocles*: and therefore *Muſidorus* could doe no more but perſwade the Mariners to caſt about againe, aſſuring them that he was but a man, although of moſt divine excellencies, and promiſing great rewards for their paines.

And now they were already come upon the ſtayes; when one of the ſailers deſcried a Galley which came with ſailes and oares directly in the chaſe of them; and ſtraight perceived it was a wel-known Pirate, who hunted not only for goods, but for bodies of men, which he employed either to be his Galley-ſlaves, or to ſell at the beſt market. Which when the Maſter underſtood, hee commanded forthwith to ſet on all the canvaſſe they could, and flye homeward, leaving in that ſort poore *Pyrocles*, ſo neere to be reſcued. But what did not *Muſidorus* ſay? what did he not offer, to perſwade them to venture the fight? But feare ſtanding at the gates of their eares, put backe all perſwaſions: ſo that he had nothing wherewith to accompany

Pyrocles,

Pyrocles, but his eyes, not to succour him, but his wishes. Therefore praying for him, and casting a long looke that way, he saw the Galley leave the pursuit of them, and turne to take up the spoyles of the other wracke: and lastly, hee might see them lift up the yong man; and alas (said he to himselfe) deare *Pyrocles*, shall that body of thine be enchained? shall those victorious hands of thine be commanded to base offices? shall vertue become a slave to those that be slaves to viciousnesse? Alas, better had it bin thou hadst ended nobly thy noble dayes: what death is so evill as unworthy servitude? But that opinion soone ceased, when he saw the Galley setting upon another ship, which held long & strong fight with her: for then he began a fresh to feare the life of his friend, & to wish well to the Pyrats, whom before he hated, lest in their ruine he might perish. But the fishermen made such speed into the haven, that they absented his eyes from beholding the issue: where being entred, he could procure neither them, nor any other as then to put themselves into the sea: so that being as full of sorrow for being unable to do any thing, as void of counsell how to do any thing, besides, that sicknes grew something upon him, the honest shepheards *Strephon* & *Claius* (who being themselves true friends, did the more perfectly judge the justnesse of his sorrow) advise him, that he should mitigate somwhat of his woe, since he had gotten an amendment in fortune, being come from assured perswasion of his death, to have no cause to despaire of his life: as one that had lamented the death of his sheepe, should after know they were but strayed, would receive pleasure though readily he knew not where to finde them.

Now sir (said they) thus for our selves it is; We are in profession but shepheards, and in this country of Laconia little better than strangers, and therefore neither in skill, nor ability of power greatly to stead you. But what we can present unto you is this: Arcadia, of which country we are, is but a little way hence; and even upon the next confines there dwelleth a Gentleman, by name *Kalander*, who vouchsafeth much favour unto us: A man who for his hospitality is so much haunted, that no newes stirs, but comes to his eares; for his upright dealing so beloved of his neighbours, that he hath many ever ready to doe him their uttermost service, and by the great good will our Prince beares him, may soone obtaine the use of his name and credit, which hath a principall sway, not onely in his own Arcadia, but in all these countries of *Peloponnesus*: and (which is worth all) all these things give him not so much power, as his nature gives him will to benefit: so that it seemes no Musicke is so sweet to his eare as deserved thanks. To him we will bring you, & there you may recover again your health, without which you cannot be able to make any diligent search for your friend: and therefore you must labour for it. Besides, we are sure the comfort of courtesie, and ease of wise counsell shall not be wanting.

Musidorus (who besides he was meerly unacquainted in the country, had his wits astonished with sorrow) gave easie consent to that, from which hee saw no reason to disagree: and therfore (defraying the Mariners with a ring bestowed upon them) they tooke their journey together through Laconia; *Claius* and *Strephon* by course carrying his chest for him, *Musidorus* onely bearing in his countenance evident markes of a sorrowfull mind supported with a weake body, which they perceiving, and knowing that the violence of sorrow is not at the first to be striven withall: (being like a mighty beast, sooner tamed with following, than overthrowne by withstanding) they gave way unto it for that day and the next; never troubling him, either with asking questions, or finding fault with his melancholy, but rather fitting to his dolor dolorous discourses of their owne and other folks misfortune. Which

speeches, though they had not a lively entrance to his sences shut up in sorrow, yet like one halfe asleepe, he tooke hold of much of the matters spoken unto him, so as a man may say, ere sorrow was aware, they made his thoughts bear away something els beside his own sorrow, which wrought so in him, that at length he grew content to marke their speeches, then to marvell at such wit in shepheards, after to like their company, and lastly, to vouchsafe conference: so that the third day after, in the time that the morning did strew roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the comming of the Sunne, the Nightingales (striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow) made them put off their sleepe, and rising from under a tree (which that night had beene their pavilion) they went on their journy, which by & by welcommed *Musidorus* eies (wearied with the wasted soile of Laconia) with delightfull prospects. There were hils which garnished their proud heights with stately trees: humble vallies, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers: medowes enamelled with all sorts of sic-pleasing flowers: thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too, by the cheerfull disposition of many well-tuned birds: each pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dammes comfort: here a shepheards boy piping, as though hee should never be old, there a yong shepheardesse knitting, and withall singing, and it seemed that her voyce comforted her hands to worke, and her hands kept time to her voice-musick. As for the houses of the countrey (for many houses came under their eye) they were all scattered, no two being one by th'other, and yet not so farre off as that it barred mutuall succour: a shew, as it were, of an accompaniable solitarinesse, and of a civill wildnesse. I pray you, said *Musidorus*, (then first unsealing his long-silent lips) what countries be these we passe through, which are so divers in shew, the one wanting no store, the other having no store but of want.

The countrey (answered *Claius*) where you were cast a shore, and now are past through, is Laconia, not so poore by the barrennesse of the soile (though in it selfe not passing fertill) as by a civill war, which being these two yeares within the bowels of that estate, between the Gentlemen and the Peasants (by them named *Helots*) hath in this sort as it were disfigured the face of nature, and made it so unhospitall as now you have found it: the townes neither of the one side nor the other, willingly opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entring for feare of being mistaken.

But this country (where now you set your foot) is Arcadia: and even hard by is the house of *Kalander* whither we lead you: this country being thus decked with peace, & (the child of peace) good husbandry. These houses you see so scattered are of mē, as we two are, that live upon the commodity of their sheep: and therefore in the division of the Arcadian estate, are termed shepheards; a happy people, wanting little, because they desire not much. What cause then said *Musidorus*, made you venter to leave this sweet life, and put your selfe in yonder unpleasant & dangerous Realme? Guarded with poverty (answered *Strephon*) and guided with love. But now (said *Claius*) since it hath pleased you to aske any thing of us whose baseness is such as the very knowledge is darknesse: give us leave to know something of you, and of the yong man you so much lament, that at least we may be the better instructed to informe *Kalander*, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment. *Musidorus* (according to the agreement between *Pyrocles* and him to alter their names) answered, that he called himselfe *Palladius*, and his friend *Daiphantus*; but till I have

him

him againe (ſaid he) I am indeed nothing, and therefore my ſtory is of nothing; his entertainment (ſince ſo good a man he is) cannot be ſo low as I account my eſtate, and in ſumme, the ſumme of all his courteſie may be to help me by ſome meanes to ſeeke my friend.

They perceived he was not willing to open himſelf further, and therfore without further queſtioning brought him to the houſe; about which they might ſee (with fit conſideration both of the aire, the proſpect, & the nature of the ground) all ſuch neceſſary additions to a great houſe, as might well ſhew *Kalander* knew that proviſion is the foundation of hoſpitality, & thrift the fewell of magnificence. The houſe it ſelfe was built of faire and ſtrong ſtone, not affecting ſo much any extraordinary kind of fineneſſe, as an honourable repreſenting of a firme ſtatelineſſe. The lights, doores and ſtaires, rather directed to the uſe of the gueſt, than to the eye of the Artificer; and yet as the one chiefly heeded, ſo the other not neglected; each place handſome without curioſity, and homely without loathſomneſſe, not ſo dainty as not to be trode on, nor yet ſlubbered up with good fellowſhip; all more laſting than beautifull, but that the conſideration of the exceeding laſtingneſſe, made the eie beleeve it was exceeding beautifull. The ſervants not ſo many in number, as cleanly in apparell, and ſerviceable in behaviour, teſtifying even in their countenances, that their maſter tooke aſwell care to be ſerved, as of them that did ſerve. One of them was forthwith ready to welcome the ſhepheards, as men, who though they were poore, their maſter greatly favoured, & underſtanding by them, that the yong man with them was to be much accounted of, for that they had ſeene tokens of more than common greatneſſe, howſoever now eclipſed with fortune: he ran to his maſter, who came preſently forth, and pleaſantly welcomming the ſhepheards, but eſpecially applying him to *Muſidorus*, *Strephon* privatly told him all what he knew of him. and particularly that he found this ſtranger was loth to be knowne.

No, ſaid *Kalander* (ſpeaking aloud) I am no Herald to enquire of mens pedegrees, it ſufficeth me if I know their vertues; which (if this yong mans face be not a falſe witnes) do better apparel his mind, than you have done his body. While he was thus ſpeaking, there came a boy, in ſhew like a merchants Prentiſe, who taking *Strephon* by the ſleeve, delivered him a letter, writtē joyntly both to him & *Claius*, from *Urania*: which they no ſooner had read, but that with ſhort leave-taking of *Kalander* (who quickly gheſſed and ſmiled at the matter) and once againe (though haſtily) recommending the yong man unto him, they went away, leaving *Muſidorus* even loth to part with them, for the good converſation he had of them, & obligation he accounted himſelfe tyed in unto them: and therefore, they delivering his cheſt unto him, he opened it, and would have preſented them with two very rich Iewels, but they abſolutely refuſed them, telling him, that they were more than enough rewarded in the knowing of him, and without hearkning unto a reply (like men whoſe hearts diſdained all deſires but one) gat ſpeedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them flie. But by that ſight *Kalander* ſoone judged, that his gueſt was of no meane calling; & therefore the more reſpectively entertaining him, *Muſidorus* found his ſicknes (which the fight, the ſea, and late travell had laid upon him) grow greatly, ſo that fearing ſome ſudden accident, hee delivered the cheſt to *Kalander*, which was full of moſt precious ſtones, gorgeouſly and cunningly ſet in divers manners, deſiring him he would keepe thoſe trifles, and if he died, he would beſtow ſo much of it as was needfull, to find out and redeeme a yong man, naming himſelfe *Daiphantus*, as then in the hands of Laconia Pirats.

But

But *Kalander* ſeeing him faint more and more, with carefull ſpeed conveyed him to the moſt commodious lodging in his houſe: where being poſſeſt with an extreame burning feaver, hee continued ſome while with no great hope of life: but youth at length got the victory of ſickneſſe, ſo that in ſixe weekes the excellency of his returned beauty was a credible Embaſſador of his health, to the great joy of *Kalander*, who, as in this time hee had by certaine friends of his, that dwelt neare the ſea in Miſſenia, ſet forth a ſhip and a galley to ſeeke and ſuccour *Daiphantus*: ſo at home did hee omit nothing which he thought might either profit or gratifie *Palladius*.

For, having found in him (beſides his bodily gifts beyond the degree of admiration) by daily diſcourſes, which he delighted himſelfe to have with him, a minde of moſt excellent compoſition (a piercing wit quite voyd of oſtentation, high erected thoughts ſeated in a heart of courteſie, an eloquence as ſweet in the uttering, as ſlow to come to the uttering, a behaviour ſo noble, as gave a majeſtie to adverſitie: and all in a man whoſe age could not be above one and twenty yeares) the good old man was even enamoured with a fatherly love towards him, or rather became his ſervant by the bonds ſuch vertue laid upon him. Once, he acknowledged himſelf ſo to be, by the badge of diligent attendance.

But *Palladius* having gotten his health, and only ſtaying there to be in place, where he might heare anſwer of the ſhips ſet forth; *Kalander* one afternoone led him abroad to a well arrayed ground he had behind his houſe, which he thought to ſhew him before his going, as the place himſelfe more than in any other delighted. The backſide of the houſe was neither field, garden, nor orchard; or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard, for as ſoone as the deſcending of the ſtaires had delivered them downe, they came into a place cunningly ſet with trees of the moſt taſte-pleaſing fruits: but ſcarſely they had taken that into their conſideration, but that they were ſuddenly ſtept into a delicate greene, of each ſide of the greene a thicket, and behind the thickets againe new beds of flowers, which being under the trees, the trees were to them a Pavilion, and they to the trees a Moſaicall floore, ſo that it ſeemed that Art therein would needs be delightfull, by counterfeiting his enemy errour, and making order in confuſion.

In the middeſt of all the place was a faire Pond, whoſe ſhaking cry ſtall was a perfect mirrour to all the other beauties, ſo that it bare ſhew of two gardens, one in deed, the other in ſhadowes: and in one of the thickets was a fine fountaine made thus: A naked *Venus* of white marble, wherin the graver had uſed ſuch cunning, that the natural blue veins of the marble were framed in fit places, to ſet forth the beautifull veines of her body. At her breaſt ſhe had her babe *Æneas*, who ſeemed (having begun to ſucke) to leave that, to looke upon her faire eyes, which ſmiled at the babes folly, meane while the breaſt running. Hard by was a houſe of pleaſure built for a ſommer retiring place, whither *Kalander* leading him, he found a ſquare room full of delightfull pictures, made by the moſt excellent workman of Greece. There was *Diana* when *Acteon* ſaw her bathing, in whoſe cheekes the Painter had ſet ſuch a colour, as was mixt between ſhame and diſdaine, and one of her fooliſh Nymphes who weeping, and withall lowring, one might ſee the workeman meant to ſet forth teares of anger. In another table was *Atalanta*; the poſture of whoſe limmes was ſo lively expreſſed, that if the eyes were onely Iudges, as they be the onely ſeers, one would have ſworn the very picture had run. Beſides many mo, as of *Helena*, *Omphale*, *Iole*: but in none of them all beauty ſeemed to ſpeake ſo much as in a large table,

which

which contained a comely old man, with a Lady of middle age, but of excellent beauty; and more excellent would have bin deemed, but that there ſtood betweene them a yong maid whoſe wonderfulneſſe tooke away all beauty from her, but that which it might ſeeme ſhe gave her backe again by her very ſhadow. And ſuch difference (being knowne that it did indeed counterfeit a perſon living) was there between her & all the other, though Goddeſſes, that it ſeemed the skill of the Painter beſtowed on the other new beauty, but that the beauty of her beſtowed new skil on the Painter. Though he thought inquiſitiveneſſe an uncomely gueſt, hee could not chuſe but aske who ſhe was, that bearing ſhew of one being indeed, could with naturall gifts goe beyond the reach of invention. *Kalander* anſwered, that it was made by *Philoclea*, the yonger daughter of his Prince, who alſo with his wife were contained in that Table: the Painter meaning to repreſent the preſent condition of the yong Lady, who ſtood watched by an over-curious eye of her parents; and that he would alſo have drawn her eldeſt ſiſter, eſteemed her match for beauty, in her ſhepheardiſh attire, but that the rude clowne her guardian would not ſuffer it; neither durſt he aske leave of the Prince for feare of ſuſpition. *Palladius* perceived that the matter was wrapt up in ſome ſecrecy, and therefore would for modeſty demand no further, but yet his countenance could not but with dumbe eloquence deſire it: Which *Kalander* perceiving, well (ſaid he) my deare gueſt, I know your minde, and I will ſatisfie it: neither will I do it like a niggardly anſwerer, going no further than the bounds of the queſtion, but I will diſcover unto you, as well that wherein my knowledge is common with others, as that which by extraordinary meanes is delivered unto me, knowing ſo much in you (though not long acquainted) that I ſhall finde your eares faithfull treaſurers. So then ſitting downe in two chaires, and ſometimes caſting his eye to the picture, he thus ſpake.

This countrey Arcadia, among all the provinces of Greece, hath ever bin had in ſingular reputation; partly for the ſweetneſs of the ayre, and other naturall benefits, but principally for the well-tempered mindes of the people, who (finding that the ſhining title of glory, ſo much affected by other nations, doth indeed help little to the happineſſe of life) are the only people, which as by their juſtice and providence give neither cauſe nor hope to their neighbours to annoy them, ſo are they not ſtirred with falſe praiſe to trouble others quiet, thinking it a ſmall reward for the waſting of their owne lives in ravening, that their poſterity ſhould long after ſay, they had done ſo. Even the Muſes ſeeme to approve their good determination, by chooſing this country for their chiefe repairing place, and by beſtowing their perfections ſo largely here, that the very ſhepheards have their fancies lifted to ſo high conceits, as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names and imitate their cunning.

Here dwelleth and raigneth this Prince (whoſe picture you ſee) by name *Baſilius*, a Prince of ſufficient skill to govern ſo quiet a country, where the good minds of the former Princes had ſet down good lawes; and the well-bringing up of the people doth ſerve as a moſt ſure bond to hold them. But to be plaine with you, he excels in nothing ſo much, as the zealous love of his people, wherein he doth not only paſſe all his own fore-goers, but, as I thinke, all the Princes living. Whereof the cauſe is, that though he exceed not in the vertues which get admiration; as depth of wiſdom, height of courage and largeneſſe of magnificence, yet is he notable in thoſe which ſtirre affection, as truth of word, meekeneſſe, courteſie, mercifulneſſe, and liberality. He being already well ſtricken in years, married a yong Princeſſe named *Gynecia*, daugh-

daughter to the king of Cyprus, of notable beauty, as by her picture you ſee: a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely vertues than her husband; of moſt unſpotted chaſtity, but of ſo working a minde, and ſo vehement ſpirits, as a man may ſay, it was happy ſhe tooke a good courſe, for otherwiſe it would have beene terrible.

Of theſe two are brought to the world two daughters, ſo beyond meaſure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reaſonable creatures, that wee may thinke they were borne to ſhew, that nature is no ſtepmother to that ſexe, how much ſoever ſome men (ſharpe witted onely in evill ſpeaking) have ſought to diſgrace them. The elder is named *Pamela*; by many men not deemed inferior to her ſiſter: for my part, when I marked them both, me thought there was (if at leaſt ſuch perfections may receive the word of more) more ſweetneſſe in *Philoclea*, but more majeſty in *Pamela*: mee thought love plaid in *Philoclea's* eies, & threatned in *Pamela's*, me thought *Philoclea's* beauty onely perſwaded, but ſo perſwaded as all hearts muſt yeeld; *Pamela's* beauty uſed violence, and ſuch violence as no heart could reſiſt. And it ſeems that ſuch proportion is betweene their mindes: *Philoclea* ſo baſhfull, as though her excellencies had ſtolne into her before ſhe was aware, ſo humble, that ſhe will put all pride out of countenance; in ſumme, ſuch proceedings as will ſtirre hope, but teach hope good manners: *Pamela* of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride; her mothers wiſedome, greatneſſe, nobility, but (if I can gueſſe aright) knit with a more cõſtant temper. Now then, our *Baſilius* being ſo publikely happy as to be a Prince, and ſo happy in that happineſſe, as to be a beloved Prince, and ſo in his private bleſſed as to have ſo excellent a wife, and ſo over excellent children, hath of late taken a courſe, which yet makes him more ſpoken of than all theſe bleſſings. For, having made a journey to Delphos, and ſafely returned, within ſhort ſpace he brake up his Court, & retired himſelfe, his wife & children, into a certain Forreſt here by, which he calleth his deſert; wherein (beſides a houſe appointed for ſtables, and lodgings for certaine perſons of meane calling, who doe all houſhold ſervices) he hath builded two fine lodges: in the one of them himſelfe remaines with his yonger daughter *Philoclea* (which was the cauſe they three were matched together in this picture) without having any other creature living in that lodge with him.

Which, though it be ſtrange, yet not ſo ſtrange, as the courſe he hath taken with the Princeſſe *Pamela*, whom he hath placed in the other lodge: but how thinke you accompanied? truely with none other but one *Dametas*, the moſt errant doltiſh clown, that I thinke ever was without the priviledge of a bable, with his wife *Miſo*, and daughter *Mopſa*, in whom no wit can deviſe any thing wherein they may pleaſure her, but to exerciſe her patience, & to ſerve for a foyle of her perfections. This lowtiſh clown is ſuch, that you never ſaw ſo ill-favoured a viſor; his behaviour ſuch that he is beyond the degree of ridiculous; & for his apparell, even as I would wiſh him. *Miſo* his wife, ſo handſome a beldame, that onely her face and her ſplayfoot have made her accuſed for a witch; only one good point ſhe hath, that ſhe obſerves *decorum*, having a froward minde in a wretched body. Between theſe two perſonages (who never agreed in any humour, but in diſagreeing) is iſſued forth miſtreſſe *Mopſa*, a fit woman to participate of both their perfections: but becauſe a pleaſant fellow of my acquaintance ſet forth her praiſes in verſe, I will onely repeat them, and ſpare mine owne tongue, ſince ſhe goes for a woman. The verſes are theſe, which I have ſo often cauſed to be ſung, that I have them without booke.

What

What length of verse can serve brave Mopsa's *good to shew?*
Whose vertu's strange, and beauty such as no man may them know:
Thus shrewdly burdned then, how can my Muse escape?
The gods must helpe, and precious things must serve to shew her shape.
Like great god Saturne *faire, and like faire* Venus *chaste:*
As smooth as Pan, *as* Iuno *mild; like goddesse* Iris *fac't,*
With Cupid *she forestes and goes yead* Vulcans *pace.*
And for a taste of all these gifts, she steales god Momus *grace.*
Her forehead Iacinth like, her cheekes of Opall hue.
Her twinkling eyes bedeckt with pearle, her lips as Saphir blew:
Her haire like Crapal stone, her mouth O heavenly wide:
Her skin like burnisht gold, her hands like silver Vre untride.
As for her parts unknowne, which hidden sure are best:
Happy he they which well believe, and never seeke the rest.

Now truly having made these descriptions unto you, me thinkes ye should imagine that I rather faine some pleasant devise, than recount a truth, that a Prince (not banished from his owne wits) could possibly make so unworthy a choise. But truely (deare guest) so it is, that Princes (whose doings have been often smoothed with good successe) think nothing so absurd which they cannot make honourable. The beginning of his credit was by the Princes straying out of the way, one time he hunted, where meeting this fellow, and asking him the way; and so falling into other questions, he found some of his answers (as a dog sure if he could speake, had wit enough to describe his kennell) not unsensible, and all uttered with such rudenesse, which he interpreted plainnesse (though there be great difference between them) that *Basilius* conceiving a sodaine delight, tooke him to his Court, with apparant shew of his good opinion: where the flattering Courtier had no sooner taken the Princes minde, but that there were straight reasons to confirme the Princes doing, & shadowes of vertues found for *Dametas*. His silence grew wit, bluntnesse integrity, his beastly ignorance vertuous simplicity; and the Prince (according to the nature of great persons, in love with that he had done himselfe) fancied, that his weaknesse with his presence would much be mended. And so like a creature of his owne making, he liked him more and more, and thus having first given him the office of principall heardman, lastly, since he tooke this strange determination, he hath in a manner put the life of himselfe and his children into his hands. Which authority (like too great a sail for so small a boat) doth so over-sway poore *Dametas* that if before he were a good foole in a chamber, he might be allowed it now in a comedie, soe I doubt not (if ere me indeed) my master will in the end (with his cost) finde, that his office is not to make men but to use men as men are, no more than a horse will be taught to hunt, or an Asse to manage. But in sooth I am afraid I have given you eares too great a surfet, with grosse discourses of that heavy piece of flesh. But this zealous griefe I conceive to see so great an errour in my Lord, hath made me bestow more words than I confesse so base a subject deserveth.

Thus much now that I have told you, is nothing more than in effect any Arcadian knowes. But what moved him to this strange solitarinesse, hath been imparted (as I think) but to one person living; my selfe can conjecture, and indeed more than conjecture by this accident that I will tell you: I have an onely Son by name *Clitophon*, who is now absent, preparing for his owne marriage, which I meane shortly

shall

ſhall be here celebrated. This ſonne of mine (while the Prince kept his Court) was of his bed-chamber: now ſince the breaking up thereof, returned home, and ſhewed me (among other things he had gathered) the copy which he had taken of a letter: which when the Prince had read, he had laid in a window, preſuming no body durſt looke in his writings: but my ſonne not onely tooke a time to reade it, but to copy it. In truth I blamed *Clitophon* for the curioſity, which made him breake his duty in ſuch a kind, wherby Kings ſecrets are ſubject to be revealed; but ſince it was done, I was content to take ſo much profit, as to know it. Now here is the letter, that I ever ſince for my good liking, have caried about me: which before I reade unto you, I muſt tell you from whom it came. It is a noble-man of his countrey, named *Philanax*, appointed by the Prince, regent in this time of his retiring, and moſt worthy ſo to be: for, there lives no man, whoſe excellent wit more ſimply imbraceth integrity, beſide his unfained love to his maſter, wherein never yet any could make queſtion, ſaving whether he loved *Baſilius* or the Prince better: a rare temper, while moſt men either ſervilely yeeld to all appetites, or with an obſtinate auſterity looking to that they fancy good, in effect neglect the Princes perſon. This then being the man, whom of all other (and moſt worthy) the Prince chiefly loves, it ſhould ſeeme (for more than the letter I have not to gheſſe by) that the Prince upon his returne from Delphos, (*Philanax* then lying ſicke) had written unto him his determination, riſing (as evidently appeares) upon ſome Oracle he had there received: whereunto he wrote this anſwer:

Philanax his letter to Baſilius.

Moſt redoubted and beloved Prince, if as well it had pleaſed you at your going to Delphos, as now, to have uſed my humble ſervice, both I ſhould in better ſeaſon, and to better purpoſe have ſpoken: and you (if my ſpeech had prevailed) ſhould have beene at this time, as no way more in danger, ſo much more in quietneſſe. I would then have ſaid, that wiſedome and vertue be the onely deſtinies appointed to man to follow, whence we ought to ſeeke all our knowledge, ſince they be ſuch guides as cannot faile; which, beſides their inward comfort, doe lead ſo direct a way of proceeding, as either proſperity muſt enſue, or, if the wickednеſſe of the world ſhould oppreſſe it, it can never be ſaid, that evill happeneth to him, who falls accompanied with vertue: I would then have ſaid, the heavenly powers to be reverenced, & not ſearched into; and their mercies rather by prayers to be ſought, than their hidden counſels by curioſity. Theſe kindes of ſoothſayings (ſince they have left us in our ſelves ſufficient guides) be nothing but fancy, wherein there muſt either be vanity, or infallibleneſſe, & ſo, either not to be reſpected, or not to be prevented. But ſince it is weakeneſſe too much to remember what ſhould have beene done, and that your commandement ſtretched to know what is to be done, I doe (moſt deare Lord) with humble boldneſſe ſay, that the manner of your determination doth in no ſort better pleaſe me, than the cauſe of your going. Theſe thirty yeares you have ſo governed this Region, that neither your Subjects have wanted juſtice in you, nor you obedience in them; and your neighbours have found you ſo hurtleſly ſtrong, that they thought it better to reſt in your friendſhip, than make new tryall of your enmity. If this then have proceeded out of the good conſtitution of your ſtate, and out of a wiſe providence, generally to prevent all thoſe things, which might encomber your happineſſe: why ſhould you now ſeeke new courſes, ſince your owne example comforts you to continue, & that it is to me moſt certaine

though

though it please you not to tell me the very words of the Oracle) that yet no destiny nor influence whatsoever, can bring mans wit to a higher point, than wisedome and goodnes: why should you deprive your self of government, for fear of losing your government, like one that should kill himselfe for feare of death? Nay rather, if this Oracle be not to be accounted of, arme up your courage the more against it: for who will stick to him that abandons himself? Let your subjects have you in their eyes, let them see the benefits of your justice daily more & more; and so must they needs rather like of present sureties than uncertaine changes. Lastly, whether your time call you to live or die, doe both like a Prince. Now for your second resolution, which is to suffer no worthy Prince to be a suter to either of your daughters, but while you live to keepe them both unmarried, and, as it were, to kill the joy of posterity, which in your time you may enjoy, moved perchance by a mis-understood Oracle: what shall I say, if the affection of a father to his owne children, cannot plead sufficiently against such fancies? Once, certaine it is, the God which is God of nature, doth never teach unnaturalnesse, and even the same mind hold I touching your banishing them from company, lest I know not what strange loves should follow. Certainely, sir, in my Ladies your daughters, nature promiseth nothing but goodnesse, and their education by your fatherly care hath beene hitherto such, as hath beene most fit to restraine all evill, giving their minds vertuous delights, and not grieving them for want of well ruled libertie. Now to fall to a sodaine straightning them, what can it doe but argue suspition, a thing no more unpleasant, than unsure, for the preserving of vertue. Leave womens minds, the most untamed that way of any: see whether a cage can please a bird: or whether a dog grew not fiercer with tying? what doth jealousie, but stirre up the minde to thinke, what it is from which they are restrained? for they are measures or things of great delight, which men use to hide, for the aptnesse they have to each mans fancie. And the thoughts once awaked to that, harder sure it is to keepe those thoughts from accomplishment, than had beene before to have kept the minde (which being the chiefe part, by this meanes is defiled) from thinking. Lastly, for the recommending so principall a charge of the Princesse *Pamela* (whose minde goes beyond the governing of many thousands such) to such a person as *Dametas* is (besides that the thing in it selfe is strange) it comes of a very evill ground, that ignorance should be the mother of faithfulnesse; O no, he cannot be good that knowes not why he is good, but stands so farre good as his fortune may keepe him unassayed: but comming once to that, his rude simplicity is eyther easily changed, or easily deceived: and so growes that to be the last excuse of his fault, which seemed to have beene the first foundation of his faith. Thus farre hath your commandement and my zeale drawne me; which I, like a man in a valley that may discerne hilles, or like a poore passenger that may spie a rocke, so humbly submit to your gracious consideration, beseeching you againe to stand wholly upon your owne vertue, as the surest way to maintaine you in that you are, and to avoyd any evill which may be imagined.

But the contents of this Letter you may perceive, that the cause of all, hath been the vanitie which possesseth many, who (making a perpetuall mansion of this poore baiting place of mans life) are desirous to know the certaintie of things to come, wherein there is nothing so certaine as our continuall uncertaintie. But what in particular points the Oracle was, in faith I know not, neither (as you may see by one place of *Philanax* letter) he himselfe distinctly knew. But this experience shewes us, that *Basilius* judgement corrupted with a Princes fortune, hath rather heard than

followed the wise (as I take it) counsell of *Philanax*. For having left the stern of his government, with much amazement to the people, among whom many strange bruits are received for currant, and with some apparence of danger in respect of the valiant *Amphialus* his Nephew, & much envying the ambitious number of the Nobility against *Philanax*, to see *Philanax* so advanced, though (to speake simply) he deserve more than as many of us as there be in *Arcadia*: the Prince himselfe hath hidden his head, in such sort as I told you, not sticking plainely to confesse, that he meanes not (while he breathes) that his daughters shal have any husband, but keeps them thus solitary with him: where he gives no other body leave to visit him at any time but a certaine Priest, who being excellent in Poetry, he makes him write out such things as he best likes, he being no lesse delightfull in conversation, than needfull for devotion, and about twenty specified shepheards, in whom (some for exercises, and some for Eglogs) he taketh greater recreation.

And now you know as much as my selfe: wherein if I have held you over-long, lay hardly the fault upon my old age, which in the very disposition of it, is talkative: whether it be (said he smiling) that nature loves to exercise that part most, which is least decaied, and that is our tongue: or, that knowledge being the onely thing whereof we poore old men can brag, we cannot make it knowne but by utterance: or, that mankinde by all meanes seeking to eternize himselfe so much the more, as he is neare his end, doth it not onely by the children that come of him, but by speeches and writings recommended to the memory of hearers & readers. And yet thus much I will say for my selfe, that I have not laid these matters either so openly or largely to any as to your selfe: so much (if I much faile not) do I see in you, which makes me both love and trust you. Never may he be old, answered *Palladius*, that doth not reverence that age, whose heavinesse, if it weigh downe the fraile, and fleshly ballance, it as much lifts up the noble and spirituall part; and well might you have alleaged another reason, that their wisedome makes them willing to profit others. And that have I received of you, never to be forgotten, but with ungratefulnesse. But among many strange conceits you told me, which have shewed effects in your Prince, truely even the last, that he should conceive such pleasure in shepheards discourse, would not seeme the least unto me, saving that you told mee at the first, that this Country is notable in those wits, and that indeed my selfe having beene brought not onely to this place, but to my life by *Strephon* and *Claius*, in their conference found wits as might better become such shepheards as *Homer* speakes of, that be governours of peoples, than such Senators, who hold their Councell in a sheepe-cote. For them two (said *Kalander*) especially *Claius*, they are beyond the rest by so much, as learning commonly doth adde to nature: for, having neglected their wealth in respect of their knowledge, they have not so much impayred the meaner, as they bettered the better. Which all notwithstanding it is a sport to heare, how they impute to love, which hath indued their thoughts (say they) with such a strength.

But certainely all the people of this country from high to low, is given to those sports of the wit, so as you would wonder to heare how soone even Children will begin to versifie. Once, ordinary it is amongst the meanest sort, to make Songs and Dialogues in Meeter, either love whetting their braine, or long peace having begun it; example and emulation amending it. Not so much but the Clownish *Dametas* will stumble sometimes upon some Songs that might become a better braine: but no sort of people so excellent in that kind as the pastors; for their living standing

but

but upon the looking to their beasts, they have ease, the Nurse of Poetrie. Neither are our shepheards such, as (I heare) they be in other Countries; but they are the very owners of the sheepe, to which eyther themselves looke, or their Children give daily attendance. And then truly, it would delight you under some Tree, or by some Rivers side (when two or three of them meet together) to heare their rurall Muse, how pretilly it will deliver out, sometimes joyes, sometimes lamentations, sometimes challengings one of the other, sometimes under hidden formes uttering such matters as otherwise they durst not deale with. Then have they most commonly one, who judgeth the prise to the best doer, of which they are no lesse glad, than great Princes are of Triumphs: and his part is to set downe in writing all that is said, save that it may be, his penne with more leisure doth polish the rudenesse of an unthought-on song. Now the choyce of all (as you may well think) either for goodnesse of voyce, or pleasantnesse of wit, the Prince hath: among whom also there are two or three strangers, whom inward melancholies having made weary of the worlds eyes, have come to spend their lives among the Country people of *Arcadia*, and their conversation being well approved, the Prince vouchsafeth them his presence, and not onely by looking on, but by great courtesie & liberality animates the shepheards the more exquisitely to labour for his good liking. So that there is no cause to blame the Prince for sometimes hearing them; the blame-worthinesse is, that to heare them, he rather goes to solitarinesse, then makes them come to company. Neither doe I accuse my Master for advancing a Country-man, as *Dametas* is, since God forbid but where worthinesse is (as truely it is among divers of that fellowship) any outward lownesse should hinder the higheft raising; but that he would needs make election of one, the baseneſse of whose mind is such, that it sinks a thousand degrees lower than the baseſt body could carry the most base fortune: which although it might be answered for the Prince, that it is rather a trust he hath in his simple plainenesse, than any great advancement but being chiefe heardman; yet all honest hearts feele, that the trust of their Lord goes beyond all advancement. But I am ever too long upon him, when he crosseth the way of my speech, and by the shadow of yonder Tower, I see it is a fitter time, with our supper to pay the duties we owe to our stomacks, than to breake the ayre with my idle discourses: and more wit I might have learned of *Homer* (whom even now you mentioned) who never entertained either Guests or Hosts with long speeches, till the mouth of hunger be throughly stopped. So withall he rose, leading *Palladius* through the Garden againe to the Parler, where they used to suppe; *Palladius* assuring him that hee had already been more fed to his liking, than he could be by the skilfulleſt trenchermen of *Media*.

But being come to the supping place, one of *Kalanders* servants rounded in his eare, at which (his colour changing) he retired himselfe into his Chamber, commanding his men diligently to wayt upon *Palladius*, and to excuse his absence with some necessary businesse he had presently to dispatch: which they accordingly did, for some few dayes forcing themselves to let no change appeare, but though they framed their countenances never so cunningly, *Palladius* perceived there was some ill-pleasing accident fallen out. Whereupon, being again set alone at supper, he called to the steward, and desired him to tell him the matter of his sudden alteration: who after some trifling excuses, in the end confessed unto him, that his master had received newes, that his sonne before the day of his neare mariage, chanc't to be at a battaile, which was to be fought betweene the Gentlemen of *Lacedamon* and the

Helots: who winning the victory, he was there made priſoner, going to deliver a friend of his taken priſoner by the *Helots*, that the poore young Gentleman had offered great ranſome for his life; but that the hate thoſe peaſants conceived againſt all Gentlemen was ſuch, that every houre he was to look for nothing, but ſome cruell death: which hitherunto had only been delayed by the Captaines vehement dealing for him, who ſeemed to have a heart of more manly pitty than the reſt. Which loſſe had ſtricken the old gentleman with ſuch ſorrow, that, as if abundance of tears did not ſeeme ſufficiently to witneſſe it, he was alone retyred, tearing his beard and hayre, and curſing his old age, that had not made his grave to ſtop his eares from ſuch advertiſements: but that his faithfull ſervants had written in his name to all his friends, followers, and Tenants (*Philanax* the Governour refuſing to deale in it as a private cauſe, but yet giving leave to ſeek their beſt redreſſe, ſo as they wronged not the ſtate of *Lacedæmon*) of whom there were now gathered upon the Frontiers good forces, that he was ſure would ſpend their lives by any way, to redeeme or revenge *Clitophon*. Now ſir (ſaid he) this is my Maſters nature, though his griefe be ſuch, as to live is a griefe unto him, and that even his reaſon is darkened with ſorrow; yet the lawes of hoſpitalitie (long and holily obſerved by him) give ſtill ſuch a ſway to his proceeding, that he will no way ſuffer the ſtranger lodged under his roofe, to receive (as it were) any infection of his anguiſh, eſpecially you, toward whom I know not whether his love, or admiration be greater. But *Palladius* could ſcarſe heare out his tale with patience, ſo was his heart torne in pieces with compaſſion of the caſe, liking of *Kalanders* noble behaviour, kindeneſſe for his reſpect to himward, and deſire to finde ſome remedy, beſides the image of his deareſt friend *Daiphantus*, whom he judged to ſuffer eyther alike or worſe fortune. Therefore riſing from the boord, he deſired the Steward to tell him particularly the ground and event of this accident, becauſe by knowledge of many circumſtances, there might perhaps ſome way of helpe be opened, Whereunto the Steward eaſily in this ſort condeſcended.

My Lord (ſaid he) when our good king *Baſilius*, with better ſucceſſe than expectation, took to wife (even in his more than decaying years) the faire yong Princeſſe *Gynecia*, there came with her a yong Lord, couſin-german to her ſelfe, named *Argalus*, led hither, partly with the love and honour of his noble kinſwoman, partly with the humour of youth, which ever thinks that good, whoſe goodneſſe he ſees not. And in this Court he received ſo good increaſe of knowledge, that after ſome years ſpent, he ſo manifeſted a moſt vertuous mind in all his actions, that *Arcadia* gloryed ſuch a plant was tranſported unto them, being a Gentleman indeed moſt rarely accompliſhed, excellently learned, but without all vaine-glory: friendly, without factiouſneſſe; valiant, ſo as for my part, I thinke the earth hath no man that hath done more heroicall acts than he; howſoever now of late the fame flies of the two Princes of *Theſſalia* and *Macedon*, and hath long done of our noble Prince *Amphialus*; who indeed in our parts is onely accounted likely to match him: but I ſay for my part, I thinke no man for valour of mind, and ability of body to be preferred, if equalled to *Argalus*; and yet ſo valiant as he never durſt doe any body injury: in behaviour ſome will ſay ever ſad, ſurely ſober, and ſomewhat given to muſing, but never uncourteous; his word ever led by his thought, and followed by his deed; rather liberall than magnificent, though the one wanted not, and the other had ever good choyce of the receiver: in ſumme (for I perceive I ſhall eaſily take a great draught of his prayſes, whom both I and all this Country love ſo well)

ſuch

ſuch a man was(and I hope is) *Argalus*, as hardly the niceſt eye can finde a ſpot in, if the over-vehement conſtancie of yet ſpotleſſe affection may not in hard wreſted conſtructions be counted a ſpot: which in this manner began that worke in him, which hath made both him, and it ſelfe in him over all this Country famous. My maſters ſonne *Clitophon* (whoſe loſſe gives the cauſe to this diſcourſe, and yet gives me cauſe to begin with *Argalus*, ſince his loſſe proceeds from *Argalus*) being a yong Gentleman, as of great birth (being our kings ſiſters ſonne) ſo truly of good nature, and one that can ſee good and love it, haunted more the company of this worthy *Argalus*, than of any other, ſo as if there were not a friendſhip (which is ſo rare, as it is to be doubted whether it be a thing indeed, or but a word) at leaſt there was ſuch a liking and friendlineſſe, as hath brought forth the effects which you ſhall heare. About two yeares ſince, it ſo fell out, that he brought him to a great Ladies houſe, ſiſter to my maſter, who had with her her onely daughter, the faire *Partheni*; faire indeed (ſame I thinke it ſelfe daring not to call any fairer, if it be not *Helena* Queene of *Corinth*, & the two incomparable ſiſters of *Arcadia*) & that which made her faireneſſe much the fairer, was, that it was but a faire Embaſſador of a moſt faire minde, full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to judge it ſelfe, than to ſhew it ſelfe: her ſpeech being as rare as precious; her ſilence without ſullenneſſe; her modeſtie without affectation; her ſhamefaſtneſſe without ignorance: in ſumme, one that to praiſe well, one muſt firſt ſet downe with himſelfe, what it is to be excellent: for ſo ſhe is.

I thinke you thinke, that theſe perfections meeting, could not chooſe but find one another, & delight in that they found; for likeneſſe of manners is likely in reaſon to draw liking with affection, mens actions doe not alwayes croſſe with reaſon: to be ſhort, it did ſo indeed. They loved, although for a while the fire therof (hopes wings being cut off) were blown by the bellowes of deſpaire upon this occaſion.

There had been a good while before, and ſo continued, a ſuter to this ſame Lady, a great noble man, though of *Laconia*, yet neere neighbour to *Parthenias* mother, named *Demagoras*: a man mighty in riches and power, and proud thereof, ſtubbornly ſtout, loving no body but himſelf, and for his own delights ſake *Parthenia*: & purſuing vehemently his deſire, his riches had ſo guilded over all his other imperfections, that the old Lady (though contrary to my Lord her brothers minde) had given her conſent; and uſing a mothers authority upon her faire daughter, had made her yeeld thereunto, not becauſe ſhe liked her choyce, but becauſe her obedient minde had not yet taken upon it to make choyce; and the day of their aſſurance drew neer, when my yong Lord *Clitophon* brought this noble *Argalus*, perchance principally to ſee ſo rare a ſight as *Parthenia* by all well judging eyes was judged.

But though few dayes were before the time of aſſurance appointed, yet love that ſaw he had a great journey to make in ſhort time, haſted ſo himſelfe, that before her word could tye her to *Demagoras*, her heart hath vowed her to *Argalus*, with ſo gratefull a receipt in mutuall affection, that if ſhee deſired above all things to have *Argalus*, *Argalus* feared nothing but to miſſe *Parthenia*. And now *Parthenia* had learned both liking and miſliking, loving and loathing, and out of paſſion began to take the authority of judgement; in ſo much that when the time came that *Demagoras* (full of proud joy) thought to receive the gift of her ſelfe, ſhe with words of reſolute refuſall (though with teares ſhewing ſhe was ſory ſhe muſt refuſe) aſſured her mother, ſhe would firſt be bedded in her grave, than wedded to *Demagoras*. The change was no more ſtrange than unpleaſant to the mother: who

being determinately (leſt I ſhould ſay of a great Lady wilfully) bent to marry her to *Demagoras*, tried all wayes which a witty and hard-hearted mother could uſe, upon ſo humble a daughter, in whom the onely reſiſting power was love. But the more ſhe aſſaulted, the more ſhe taught *Parthenia* to defend, and the more *Parthenia* defended, the more ſhe made her mother obſtinate in the aſſault: who at length finding that *Argalus* ſtanding betweene them, was it that moſt eclipſed her affection from ſhining upon *Demagoras*, ſhe ſought all meanes how to remove him, ſo much the more as he manifeſted himſelfe an unremoveable ſuter to her daughter: firſt, by employing him in as many dangerous enterpriſes, as ever the evill ſtep-mother *Iuno* recommended to the famous *Hercules:* but the more his vertue was tryed, the more pure it grew, while all the things ſhe did to overthrow him, did ſet him up upon the height of honour, enough to have moved her heart, eſpecially to a man every way ſo worthy as *Argalus:* but ſhe ſtrugling againſt all reaſon, becauſe ſhee would have her will, and ſhew her authority in matching her with *Demagoras*, the more vertuous *Argalus* was, the more ſhe hated him, thinking her ſelfe conquered in his conqueſts, and therefore ſtill employing him in more and more dangerous attempts: in the meane while, ſhe uſed all extremities poſſible upon her faire daughter, to make her give over her ſelfe to her direction. But it was hard to judge, whether he in doing, or ſhe in ſuffering, ſhewed greater conſtancie of affection: for, as to *Argalus* the world ſooner wanted occaſions, than he valour to goe through them: ſo to *Parthenia*, malice ſooner ceaſed, than her unchanged patience. Laſtly, by treaſons, *Demagoras* and ſhe would have made away *Argalus*, but he with providence and courage ſo paſt over all, that the mother took ſuch a ſpitefull griefe at it, that her heart brake withall, and ſhe died.

But then, *Demagoras* aſſuring himſelfe, that now *Parthenia* was her owne, ſhee would never be his, and receiving as much by her owne determinate anſwer, not more deſiring his owne happineſſe, than envying *Argalus*, whom he ſaw with narrow eyes, even ready to enjoy the perfection of his deſires, ſtrengthning his conceit with all the miſchievous counſels which diſdained love, and envious pride could give unto him; wicked wretch (taking a time that *Argalus* was gone to his Country, to fetch ſome of his principall friends to honour the mariage, which *Parthenia* had moſt joyfully conſented unto) the wicked *Demagoras* (I ſay) deſiring to ſpeake with her, with unmercifull force (her weake armes in vaine reſiſting) rubd all over her face a moſt horrible poyſon: the effect whereof was ſuch, that never leper lookt more ugly than ſhe did: which done, having his men and horſes ready, departed away in ſpite of her ſervants, as ready to revenge as they could be, in ſuch an unexpected miſchiefe. But the abhominableneſſeof this fact being come to my L. *Kalander*, he made ſuch meanes, both by our kings interceſſion, and his own, that by the King and Senate of *Lacedæmon*, *Demagoras* was upon paine of death baniſhed the Countrey: who hating the puniſhment, where he ſhould have hated the fault, joyned himſelfe, with all the power he could make, unto the *Helots*, lately in rebellion againſt that ſtate: and they (glad to have a man of ſuch authority among them) made him their Generall: and under him have committed divers the moſt outragious villanies that a baſe multitude (full of deſperate revenge) can imagine.

But within a while after this pittifull fact committed upon *Parthenia*, *Argalus* returned (poore Gentleman) having her faire image in his heart, & already promiſing his eyes the uttermoſt of his felicity, when they (no body elſe daring to tell it him) were the firſt meſſengers themſelves of their owne misfortune. I meane not to move

paſſions

paſſions with telling you the griefe of both, when he knew her: for at firſt hee did not, nor at firſt knowledge could poſſibly have vertues ayde ſo ready, as not even weakely to lament the loſſe of ſuch a Iewell, ſo much the more, as that skilfull men in that Art aſſured him it was unrecoverable, but within a while, truth of love (which ſtill held the firſt face in his memory) a vertuous conſtancie, and even a delight to be conſtant, faith given, and inward worthineſſe ſhining through the fouleſt miſts, tooke ſo full hold of the noble *Argalus*, that not onely in ſuch comfort which witty arguments may beſtow upon adverſitie, but even with the moſt abundant kindneſſe that an eye-raviſhed lover can expreſſe, he laboured both to drive the extremity of ſorrow from her, and to haſten the celebration of their marriage: whereunto he unfainedly ſhewed himſelfe no leſſe cheerefully earneſt, than if ſhe had never beene diſinherited of that goodly portion, which nature had ſo liberally bequeathed unto her; and for that cauſe deferred his intended revenge upon *Demagoras*, becauſe hee might continually be in her preſence; ſhewing more humble ſerviceableneſſe, and joy to content her, than ever before.

But as he gave this rare example, not to be hoped for of any other, but of another *Argalus*: ſo of the other ſide, ſhe tooke as ſtrange a courſe in affection: for, where ſhe deſired to enjoy him, more than to live; yet did ſhe overthrow both her owne deſire and his, and in no ſort would yeeld to marry him; with a ſtrange encounter of loves affects, & effects; that he by an affection ſprung frō exceſſive beauty, ſhould delight in horrible foulneſſe, and ſhe of a vehement deſire to have him, ſhould kindly build a reſolution never to have him; for truth it is, that ſo in heart ſhe loved him, as ſhee could not find in her heart he ſhould be tyed to what was unworthy of his preſence.

Truely Sir, a very good Orator might have a faire field to uſe eloquence in, if he did but onely repeat the lamentable, and truly affectionated ſpeeches, while he conjured her by remembrance of her affection, & true oathes of his own affection, not to make him ſo unhappy, as to think he had not only loſt her face, but her heart; that her face, when it was faireſt, had beene but as a marſhall, to lodge the love of her in his minde, which now was ſo well placed, as it needed no further helpe of any outward harbinger: beſeeching her, even with teares, to know, that his love was not ſo ſuperficiall, as to goe no further than the skin, which yet now to him was moſt faire, ſince it was hers: how could he be ſo ungratefull, as to love her the leſſe for that which ſhe had only received for his ſake? that he never beheld it, but therein he ſaw the lovelineſſe of her love towards him: proteſting unto her, that he would never take joy of his life, if he might not enjoy her, for whom principally he was glad he had life. But (as I heard by one that over-heard them) ſhee (wringing him by the hand) made no other anſwer but this: my Lord (ſaid ſhe) God knowes I love you, if I were Princeſſe of the whole world, & had withall, all the bleſſings that ever the world brought forth, I ſhould not make delay to lay my ſelfe, and them under your feet, or if I had continued but as I was, though (I muſt confeſſe) farre unworthy of you, yet would I (with too great a joy for my heart now to think of) have accepted your vouchſafing me to be yours, & with faith and obedience would have ſupplyed all other defects. But firſt let me be much more miſerable than I am, ere I match *Argalus* to ſuch a *Parthenia*: Live happy deare *Argalus*, I give you full libertie, and I beſeech you to take it, and I aſſure you I ſhall rejoyce (whatſoever become of me) to ſee you ſo coupled, as may be fit both for your honour and ſatisfaction. With that ſhe burſt out in crying and weeping, not able longer to containe her ſelfe from blaming her fortune, and wiſhing her owne death.

But

But *Argalus* with a moſt heavy heart ſtill purſuing his deſire, ſhe fixt of minde to avoyd further intreaty, and to flie all company; which (even of him) grew unpleaſant unto her, one night ſhe ſtole away: but whither, as yet it is unknowne, or indeed what is become of her.

Argalus ſought her long and in many places; at length (deſpairing to finde her, and the more he deſpaired, the more enraged) wearie of his life, but firſt determining to bee revenged of *Demagoras*, he went alone diſguiſed into the chiefe Towne held by the *Helots*: where comming into his preſence, guarded about by many of his ſouldiers, he could delay his fury no longer for a fitter time: but ſetting upon him, in deſpight of a great many that helped him, gave him divers mortall wounds, and himſelfe (no queſtion) had beene there preſently murthered, but that *Demagoras* himſelfe deſired he might be kept alive: perchance with intention to feede his owne eyes with ſome cruell execution to be laid upon him, but death came ſooner than hee lookt for; yet having had leiſure to appoint his ſuccour, a young man, not long before delivered out of the priſon of the king of *Lacedæmon*, where he ſhould have ſuffered death for having ſlaine the Kings Nephew, but him he named, who at that time was abſent, making roades upon the *Lacedæmonians*; but being returned, the reſt of the *Helots*, for the great liking they conceived of that young man, eſpecially becauſe they had none among themſelves to whom the others would yeeld, were content to follow *Demagoras* appointment. And well hath it ſucceeded with them, he having ſince done things beyond the hope of the youngeſt heads, of whom I ſpeake the rather, becauſe he hath hitherto preſerved *Argalus* alive under pretence to have him publikely, and with exquiſite torments executed, after the end of theſe warres, of which they hope for a ſoone and proſperous iſſue.

And he hath likewiſe hitherto kept my yong Lord *Clitophon* alive, who (to redeeme his friend) went with certaine other noble men of *Laconia*, and forces gathered by them, to beſiege this young and new ſucceſſor: but he iſſuing out (to the wonder of all men) defeated the *Laconians*, ſlew many of the noble men, and tooke *Clitophon* priſoner, whom with much adoe hee keepeth alive, the *Helots* being villanouſly cruell; but he tempereth them ſo ſometimes by following their humor, ſometimes by ſtriving with it, that hitherto he hath ſaved both their lives, but in different eſtates, *Argalus* being kept in a cloſe and hard priſon, *Clitophon* at ſome liberty. And now Sir, though (to ſay the truth) we can promiſe our ſelves little of their ſafeties, while they are in the *Helots* hands, I have delivered all I underſtand touching the loſſe of my Lords ſonne, and the cauſe thereof: which, though it was not neceſſary to *Clitophons* caſe, to be ſo particularly told, yet the ſtrangeneſſe of it, made me thinke it would not be unpleaſant unto you.

Palladius thanked him greatly for it; being even paſſionately delighted with hearing ſo ſtrange an accident, of a knight ſo famous over the world, as *Argalus*, with whom he had himſelfe a long deſire to meet: ſo had fame powred a noble emulation in him towards him.

But then (well bethinking himſelf) he called for armour, deſiring them to provide him of horſe and guide, & armed all ſaving the head, he went up to *Kalander*, whom he found lying upon the ground, having ever ſince baniſhed both ſleepe and food, as enemies to the mourning, which paſſion perſwaded him was reaſonable. But *Palladius* raiſed him up, ſaying unto him: No more, no more of this my Lord *Kalander*; let us labour to finde, before we lament the loſſe: you know my ſelfe miſſe

one,

one, who though he be not my Sonne, I would diſdaine the favour of life after him: but while there is hope left, let not the weakeneſſe of ſorrow, make the ſtrength of it languiſh: take comfort, and good ſucceſſe will follow. And with thoſe words, comfort ſeemed to lighten in his eyes, and that in his face and geſture was painted victory. Once, *Kalanders* ſpirits were ſo revived with all, that (receiving ſome ſuſtenance, and taking a little reſt) he armed himſelfe, & thoſe few of his ſervants he had left unſent, and ſo himſelfe guided *Palladius* to the place upon the frontiers; where already there were aſſembled between three & foure thouſand men, all well diſpoſed (for *Kalanders* ſake) to abide any perill: but like men diſuſed with a long peace, more determinate to doe than skilfull how to doe: luſty bodies, and braver armors; with ſuch courage, as rather grew of deſpiſing their enemies, whom they knew not, than of any confidence for any thing which in themſelves they knew; but neither cunning uſe of their weapons, nor Art ſhewed in their marching, or encamping. Which *Palladius* ſoone perceiving, he deſired to underſtand (as much as could bee delivered unto him) the eſtate of the *Helots*.

And he was anſwered by a man well acquainted with the affaires of *Laconia*, that they were a kind of people, who having been of old, freemen and poſſeſſioners, the *Lacedæmonians* had conquered them, and layd not onely tribute, but bondage upon them, which they had long borne, till of late the *Lacedæmonians* through greedineſſe growing more heavy than they could beare, and through contempt leſſe carefull how to make them beare, they had with a generall conſent (rather ſpringing by the generalneſſe of the cauſe, than of any artificiall practiſe), ſet themſelves in Armes, and whetting their courage with revenge, and grounding their reſolution upon deſpaire they had proceeded with unlooked for ſucceſſe having already taken divers Townes and Caſtles with the ſlaughter of many of the Gentry; for whom no ſex nor age could be accepted for an excuſe. And that although at the firſt they had fought rather with beaſtly fury, than any ſoldierly diſcipline, practiſe had now made them comparable to the beſt of the *Lacedæmonians*, & more of late than ever; by reaſon, firſt of *Demagoras* a great Lord, who had made himſelfe of their party, and ſince his death, of another Captaine they had gotten, who had brought up their ignorance, and brought downe their fury, to ſuch a meane of good governement, and withall led them ſo valorouſly, that (beſides the time wherein *Clitophon* was taken) they had the better in ſome other great conflicts, in ſuch wiſe, that the eſtate of *Lacedæmon* had ſent unto them, offering peace with moſt reaſonable and honourable conditions. *Palladius* having gotten his general knowledge of the party againſt whom, as he had already of the party for who he was to fight, he went to *Kalander*, and told him plainly that by plaine force, there was ſmall apparence of helping *Clitophon*: but ſome device was to be taken in hand, wherein no leſſe diſcretion than valour was uſed.

Whereupon, the counſell of the chiefe men was called, and at laſt, this way *Palladius* (who by ſome experience, but eſpecially by reading Hiſtories, was acquainted with ſtratagems) invented, and was by all the reſt approved that all the men there ſhould dreſſe themſelves like the pooreſt ſort of the people in *Arcadia*, having no Banners, but bloudy ſhirts hanged upon long ſtaves, with ſome bad bagge-pipes in ſtead of a Drum and Phyfe, their armour they ſhould as well as might be, cover, or at leaſt make them looke ſo ruſtily, and ill favouredly as might well become ſuch wearers, and this the whole number ſhould doe, ſaving two hundred of the beſt choſen Gentlemen, for courage and ſtrength,

whereof

whereof *Palladius* himſelfe would be one, who ſhould have their armes chayned, and be put in Carts like priſoners. This being performed according to the agreement, they marched on towards the Towne of *Cardamila*, where *Clitophon* was Captaine; and being come two houres before Sunne-let within view of the Walles, the *Helots* already diſcrying their number, and beginning to ſound the Allarum, they ſent a cunning fellow (ſo much the cunninger as that he could maske it under rudeneſſe) who with ſuch a kind of Rhetorike, as weeded out al flowers of Rhetorike, delivered unto the *Helots* aſſembled together, that they were country people of *Arcadia*, no leſſe oppreſſed by their Lords, and no leſſe deſirous of liberty than they, and therefore had put themſelves in the field, and had already (beſides a great number ſlaine) taken nine or ten ſcore Gentlemen priſoners, whom they had there well and faſt chayned. Now becauſe they had no ſtrong retyring place in *Arcadia*, and were not yet of number enough to keep the field againſt their Princes forces, they were come to them for ſuccour; knowing that daily more & more of their quality would flocke unto them, but that in the meane time, leſt their Prince ſhould purſue them, or the *Lacedæmonian* king & Nobility (for the likeneſſe of the cauſe) fall upon them, they deſired that if there were not roome enough for them in the Towne, that yet they might encamp under the walles, and for ſurety have their priſoners (who were ſuch men as were able to make their peace) kept within the Town.

The *Helots* made but a ſhort cõſultation, being glad that their contagion had ſpread it ſelfe into *Arcadia*, and making account that if the peace did not fall out betweene them and their king, that it was the beſt way to ſet fire in all the parts of *Greece*; beſides their greedineſſe to have ſo many Gentlemen in their hands, in whoſe ranſomes they already meant to have a ſhare: to which haſt of concluding, two things well helped; the one, that their Captain, with the wiſeſt of them, was at that time abſent about cõfirming or breaking the peace with the ſtate of *Lacedæmon*: the ſecond, that over-many good fortunes began to breed a proud reckleſneſſe in them, therfore ſending to view the Campe, and finding that by their ſpeech they were *Arcadians* with whom they had had no warre, never ſuſpecting a private mans credit could have gathered ſuch a force, and that all other tokens witneſſed them to be of the loweſt calling (beſides the chaynes upon the Gentlemen) they granted not onely leave for the priſoners, but for ſome others of the Company, and to all, that they might harbour under the Walles. So opened they the Gates, and received in the Carts, which being done, and *Palladius* ſeeing fit time, he gave the ſigne, and ſhaking off their chaynes (which were made with ſuch Art, that though they ſeemed moſt ſtrong and faſt, he that ware them might eaſily looſe them) drew their ſwords hidden in the Carts, and ſo ſetting upon the ward, made them to flie either from the place, or from their bodies, and ſo give entry to all the force of the *Arcadians* before the *Helots* could make any head to reſiſt them.

But the *Helots* being men hardened againſt dangers, gathered (as well as they could) together in the Market-place, and thence would have given a ſhrewd welcome to the *Arcadians*, but that (*Palladius* (blaming thoſe that were ſlow, heartning them that were forward, but eſpecially with his owne example leading them) made ſuch an impreſſion into the ſquadrõ of the *Helots*, that at firſt the great body of them beganning to ſhake and ſtagger, at length every particular body recommended the protection of his life to his feet. Then *Kalander* cryed to goe to the priſon, where he thought his Sonne was, but *Palladius* wiſht him (firſt ſcouring the ſtreets) to houſe all the *Helots*, and make themſelves Maſters of the Gates.

But

But ere that could be accompliſhed, the *Helots* had gotten new heart, and with divers ſorts of ſhot from corners of ſtreets, and houſe windowes, galled them; which courage was come unto them by the returne of their Captaine, who though he brought not many with him (having diſperſt moſt of his companies to other of his holds) yet meeting a great number running out of the gate not yet poſſeſt by the *Arcadians*, he made them turne face, & with Banners diſplayed, his Trumpet giveth the lowdeſt teſtimony he could of his returne; which once heard, the reſt of the *Helots* which were otherwiſe ſcattered, bent thitherward with a new life of reſolution: as if their Captaine had been a root, out of which (as into branches) their courage had ſprong. Then began the fight to grow moſt ſharpe, and the encounters of more cruell obſtinacie. The *Arcadians* fighting to keepe that they had won; the *Helots* to recover what they had loſt. The *Arcadians* as in an unknowne place, having no ſuccour but in their hands; the *Helots*, as in their owne place fighting for their livings, wives and children. There was victory and courage againſt revenge and deſpaire: ſafetie of both ſides being no otherwiſe to be gotten, but by deſtruction.

At length, the left wing of the *Arcadians* began to loſe ground; which *Palladius* ſeeing, he ſtraight thruſt himſelfe with his choyce band againſt the throng that oppreſſed them, with ſuch an overflowing of valour, that the Captaine of the *Helots* (whoſe eyes ſoone judged of that wherewith themſelves were governed) ſaw that he alone was worth all the reſt of the *Arcadians*: which he ſo wondred at, that it was hard to ſay, whether he more liked his doings, or miſliked the effects of his doings: but determining that upon that caſt the game lay, and diſdaining to fight with any other, ſought onely to joyne with him: which mind was no leſſe in *Palladius*, having eaſily marked, that he was the firſt mover of all the other hands. And ſo their thoughts meeting in one point, they conſented (though not agreed) to try each others fortune: and ſo drawing themſelves to be the utermoſt of the one ſide, they began a combat, which was ſo much inferiour to the battaile in noiſe and number, as it was ſurpaſſing it in bravery of fighting, & (as it were) delightful terriblenes. Their courage was guided with skill, and their skill was armed with courage; neither did their hardineſſe darken their wit, nor their wit cooler their hardineſſe: both valiant, as men deſpiſing death; both confident, as unwonted to be overcome; yet doubtfull by their preſent feeling, and reſpectfull by what they had already ſeene. Their feet ſtedy, their hands diligent, their eyes watchfull, and their hearts reſolute. The parts either not armed, or weakly armed, were well known, and eaſie thing to the knowledge ſhould have beene ſharpely viſited, but that the anſwer was as quicke as the objection. Yet ſome lightning; the ſmart bred rage, and the rage bred ſmart again: till both ſides beginne to waxe faint, and rather deſirous to be accompanied, than hopefull to live victorious, the Captaine of the *Helots* with a blow, whoſe violence grew of furie, not of ſtrength, (or of ſtrength proceeding of furie) ſtrake *Palladius* upon the ſide of the head that he reeled aſtonied, and withall the helmet fell off, he remaining bare headed, but other of the *Arcadians* were ready to ſhield him from any harme might riſe of that naked neſſe.

But little needed it, for his chiefe enemy inſteed of purſuing that advantage, kneeled downe, offering to deliver the pommell of his ſword in token of yeelding, with all ſpeaking alowd unto him, that he thought himſelfe more at liberty to be his priſoner, than any other's General. *Palladius* ſtading upon himſelfe, & miſdoubting ſome craft, & the *Helots* (that were next their captain) wavering betweene looking for ſom ſtratage, or fearing treaſon; what, ſaid the captaine, hath *Palladius* forgotten the voice of *Daiphantus*,

By

By that watch word *Palladius* knew that it was his onely friend *Pyrocles*, whom he had loſt upon the Sea, & therfore both moſt full of wonder, ſo to be met, if they had not beene fuller of joy than wonder, cauſed the retrait to be ſounded, *Daiphantus* by authority and *Palladius* by perſwaſion; to which helped well the little advantage that was of either ſide: and that of the *Helots* party their Captaines behaviour had made as many amazed as ſaw or heard of it: and of the *Arcadian* ſide the good old *Kalander* ſtriving more than his old age could atchieve, was newly taken priſoner. But indeed the chiefe parter of the fray was the night, which with her blacke armes pulled their malicious ſights one from the other. But he that tooke *Kalander*, meant nothing leſſe than to ſave him, but onely ſo long, as the Captaine might learn the enemies ſecrets, towards whom he led the old Gentleman, when he cauſed the retreit to be ſounded; looking for no other delivery from that captivity, but by the painefull taking away of all paine: when, whom he ſhould ſee next to the Captaine (with good tokens how valiantly he had fought that day againſt the *Arcadians*) but his ſonne *Clitophon*? But now the Captaine had cauſed all the principall *Helots* to be aſſembled, aſwell to deliberate what they had to do, as to receive a meſſage from the *Arcadians*; Among whom *Palladius* vertue (beſides the love *Kalander* bare him) having gotten principall authority, he had perſwaded them to ſeek rather by parly to recover the Father and the Sonne, than by the ſword; ſince the goodneſſe of the Captaine aſſured him that way an ſpeed, & his value (wherewith he was of old acquainted) made him thinke any other way dangerous. This therefore was done in orderly manner, giving them to underſtand, that as they came but to deliver *Clitophon*, ſo offering to leave the footing, they already had in the Towne, to goe away without any further hurt, ſo as they might have the Father and the Sonne without ranſome delivered. Which conditions being heard and conceived by the *Helots*, *Diaphantus* perſwaded them without delay to accept them. For firſt (ſaid he) ſince the ſtrife is within our owne home, if you loſe, you loſe all that in this life can be deare unto you: if you winne, it will be a bloudy victory with no profit, but the flattering in our ſelves that ſame bad humour of revenge. Beſides, it is like to ſtir *Arcadia* upon us, which now, by uſing theſe perſons well, may be brought to ſome amity. Laſtly, but eſpecially, leſt the King and Nobility of *Laconia* (with whom now we have made a perfect peace) ſhould hope by occaſion of this quarrell to joyne the *Arcadians* with them, and ſo breake off the profitable agreement already concluded. In ſumme, as in all deliberations (weighing the profit of the good ſucceſſe with the harme of the evill ſucceſſe) you ſhall finde this way moſt ſafe and honourable.

The *Helots*, as much moved by his authority, as perſwaded by his reaſons, were contente therewith. Whereupon *Palladius* tooke order that the *Arcadians* ſhould preſently march out of the Town, taking with them their priſoners, while the night with mutuall diffidence might keepe them quiet, and ere day came they might be well on of their way, and ſo avoyd thoſe accidents which in late enemies, a looke, a word, or a particular mans quarrell might engender. This being on both ſides concluded on, *Kalander* and *Clitophon*, who now (with infinite joy did know each other) came to kiſſe the hands and feet of *Daiphantus*. *Clitophon* telling his Father, how *Daiphantus* (not without danger to himſelfe) had preſerved him from the furious malice of the *Helots*: and even that day going to conclude the peace (leaſt in his abſence he might receive ſome hurt) he had taken him in his company, and given him armour, upon promiſe he ſhould take the part of the *Helots*, which he had in this fight performed, little knowing that it was againſt his Father; but (ſaid *Clitophon*)

here

here is he, who (as a Father) hath new begotten, and (as a God) hath ſaved mee from many deaths, who already laid hold on me: which *Kalander* with teares of joy acknowledged (beſides his owne deliverance) his onely benefite. But *Daiphantus*, who loved doing well for it ſelfe, & not for thanks, brake off thoſe ceremonies; deſiring to know how *Palladius* (for ſo hee called *Muſidorus*) was come into that company, and what his preſent eſtate was; whereof receiving a briefe declaration of *Kalander*, he ſent him word by *Clitophon*, that he ſhould not as now come unto him, becauſe hee held himſelfe not ſo ſure a maſter of the *Helots* mindes, that hee would adventure him in their power, who was ſo well knowne with an unfriendly acquaintance, but that he deſired him to return with *Kalander*, whither alſo he within few daies (having diſpatched himſelfe of the *Helots*) would repaire. *Kalander* would needs kiſſe his hand againe for that promiſe, proteſting he would eſteem his houſe more bleſſed than a temple of the gods, if it had once received him. And then deſiring pardon for *Argalus*, *Daiphantus* aſſured them that hee would die, but hee would bring him (though till then kept in cloſe priſon, indeed for his ſafety, the *Helots* being ſo animated againſt him as els he could not have lived:) & ſo taking their leave of him, *Kalander*, *Clitophon*, *Palladius*, and the reſt of the *Arcadians* ſwearing that they would no further in any ſort moleſt the *Helots*, they ſtraightway marched out of the towne, carrying both their dead and wounded bodies with them; and by morning were all ready within the limits of *Arcadia*.

The *Helots* of the other ſide ſhutting their gates, gave themſelves to bury their dead, & cure their wounds, & reſt their wearied bodies; till (the next day beſtowing the cheerefull uſe of the light upon them) *Daiphantus* making a generall convocation, ſpake unto them in this manner: We are firſt (ſaid he) to thank the gods, that (further than we had either cauſe to hope, or reaſon to imagine) have delivered us out of this gulfe of danger, wherein we were already ſwallowed. For all being loſt, (had they not directed my returne ſo juſt as they did) it had beene too late to recover that, which being had, we could not keepe. And had I not happened to know one of the principall men among them, by which meanes the truce began betweene us, you may eaſily conceive, what little reaſon we have to thinke, but that either by ſome ſupply out of *Arcadia*, or from the Nobility of this Country (who would have made fruits of wiſedome grow out of this occaſion) we ſhould have had our power, turned to ruine, our pride to repentance and ſorrow. But now the ſtorme, as it fell, ſo it ceaſed: and the error committed, in retaining *Clitophon* more hardly than his age or quarrell deſerved, becomes a ſharpely learned experience, to uſe in other times more moderation.

Now have I to deliver unto you the concluſion between the Kings with the Nobility of *Lacedæmon* and you; which is in all points as your ſelves deſired: aſwell for that you would have granted, as for the aſſurance of what is granted. The Townes and Forts you preſently have, are ſtill left unto you, to be kept either with, or without garriſon, ſo as you alter not the lawes of the Country, and pay ſuch duties as the reſt of the *Laconians* doe. Your ſelves are made by publique decree, freemen, and ſo capable both to give and receive voyce in election of Magiſtrates. The diſtinction of names betweene *Helots* and *Lacedæmonians* to be quite taken away, and all indifferently to enjoy both names of priviledges of *Laconians*. Your children to be brought up with theirs in the *Spartane* diſcipline: and ſo you (framing your ſelves to be good members of that eſtate) to be hereafter fellowes, and no longer ſervants.

Which conditions you ſee, carry in themſelves no more contention than aſſurance; for this is not a peace which is made with them, but this is a peace by which you are made of them. Laſtly, a forgetfulnes decreed of al what is paſt, they ſhewing themſelves glad to have ſo valiant men as you are, joyned with them, ſo that you are to take mindes of peace, ſince the cauſe of warre is finiſhed; and as you hated them before like oppreſſours, ſo now to love them as brothers; to take care of their eſtate, becauſe it is yours, and to labour by vertuous doing, that poſterity may not repent your joyning. But now one Article onely they ſtood upon, which in the end I with your Commiſſioners have agreed unto, that I ſhould no more tarry here, miſtaking perchance my humour, and thinking mee as ſeditious as I am young, or elſe it is the King *Amiclas* procuring, in reſpect it was my ill hap to kill his Nephew *Eurileon*; but howſoever it be, I have condiſcended. But ſo will not we, cried almoſt the whole aſſembly, counſelling one another, rather to try the uttermoſt event, than looſe him by whom they had beene victorious. But hee as well with generall orations, as particular dealing with the men of moſt credit, made them throughly ſee how neceſſary it was to preferre ſuch an opportunity before a vaine affection; but yet could not prevaile, till openly he ſware, that hee would (if at any time the *Lacedæmonians* brake this treaty) come backe againe, and bee their Captaine.

So then after a few daies, ſetting them in perfect order, he tooke his leave of them, whoſe eyes bad them farewell with teares, and mouthes with kiſſing the places where hee ſtept, and after making temples unto him as a demi-god: thinking it beyond the degree of humanity to have a wit ſo farre overgoing his age, and ſuch dreadfull terror proceed from ſo excellent beauty. But hee for his ſake obtained free pardon for *Argalus*, whom alſo (upon oath never to beare armes againſt the *Helots*) hee delivered: and taking onely with him certaine principall Iewels of his owne, hee would have parted alone with *Argalus* (whoſe countenance well ſhewed, while *Parthenia* was loſt, hee counted not himſelfe delivered) but that the whole multitude would needs guard him into *Arcadia*. Where againe leaving them all to lament his departure, hee by inquiry got to the well-knowne houſe of *Kalander*: There was hee received with loving joy of *Kalander*, with joyfull love of *Palladius*, with humble (though dolefull) demeanour of *Argalus* (whom ſpecially both he and *Palladius* regarded) with gratefull ſerviceableneſſe of *Clitophon*, and honourable admiration of all. For being now well viewed to have no haire on his face, to witneſſe him a man, who had done acts beyond the degree of a man, & to looke with a certaine almoſt baſhfull kind of modeſty, as if hee feared the eyes of men, who was unmoved with ſight of the moſt horrible continuances of death; and as if Nature had miſtaken her worke to have a *Marſes* heart in a *Cupids* body: All that beheld him (and all that might behold him, did behold him) made their eyes quicke meſſengers to their mindes, that there they had ſeene the uttermoſt that in mankind might be ſeene. The like wonder *Palladius* had before ſtirred, but that *Daiphantus*, as yonger and newer come, had gotten now the advantage in the moyſt and fickle impreſſion of eye-ſight. But while all men (ſaving poore *Argalus*) made the joy of their eyes ſpeake for their hearts towards *Daiphantus*: *Fortune* (that belike was bid to that banket, and ment then to play the good-fellow) brought a pleaſant adventure among them. It was, that as they had newly dined, there came in to *Kalander* a meſſenger, that brought him word, a yong noble Lady, neere kinſwoman to the faire *Helen*, Queene of *Corinth*, was come thither

thither, and desire to be lodged in his house. *Kalander* (most glad of such an occasion) went out, and all his other worthy guests with him, saving onely *Argalus*, who remained in his chamber, desirous that this company were once broken up, that hee might goe in his solitary quest after *Parthenia*. But when they met this Lady, *Kalander* straight thought he saw his Neece *Parthenia*, and was about in such familiar sort to have spoken unto her; but she in grave and honourable manner giving him to understand that he was mistaken, hee halfe ashamed excused himselfe with the exceeding likenesse was betweene them, though indeed it seemed that this Lady was of the more pure and dainty complexion, she said, it might very well be, having beene many times taken one for another. But as soone as she was brought into the house, before she would rest her, she desired to speake with *Argalus* publikely, who she heard was in the house, *Argalus* came hastily, and as hastily thought as *Kalander* had done, with sudden changes of joy into sorrow. But she when she had staid their thoughts with telling him her name and quality, in this sort spake unto him. My Lord *Argalus*, said she, being of late left in the Court of Queene *Helen* of *Corinth*, as chiefe in her absence (she being upon some occasion gon thence) there came unto me the Lady *Parthenia*, so disfigured, as I thinke Greece hath nothing so ugly to behold. For my part, it was many daies, before with vehement oathes, and some good proofes, she could make me thinke that she was *Parthenia*. Yet at last finding certainly it was she, and greatly pittying her misfortune, so much the more, as that all men had ever told me (as now you doe) of the great likenesse betweene us, I tooke the best care I could of her, and of her understood the whole tragicall history of her undeserved adventure: and there withall, of that most noble constancy in you my Lord *Argalus*: which whosoever love not, shewes himself to be a hater of vertue, & unworthy to live in the society of mankind. But no outward cheerishing could salve the inward sore of her minde, but a few daies since she died; before her death earnestly desiring, and perswading me, to think of no husband but of you; as of the only man in the world worthy to be loved; withall she gave me this Ring to deliver you, desiring you, and by the authority of love commanding you, that the affection you bare her, you would turne to me; assuring you, that nothing can please her soule more, than to see you & me matched together. Now my Lord though this office be not (perchance) sutable to my estate, nor sex, who should rather looke to be desired; yet an extraordinary desert requires an extraordinary proceeding: and therefore I am come (with faithfull love built upon your worthinesse) to offer my selfe, and to beseech you to accept the offer: and if these noble Gentlemen present, will say it is great folly, let thē withall say it is great love. And then she staid, earnestly attending *Argalus* his answer, who first making most hearty sighes doing such obsequies as he could to *Parthenia*) thus answered her.

Madam (said he) infinitely am I bound unto you, for this, no more rare than noble courtesie; but much bound for the goodnesse I perceive you shewed to the Lady *Parthenia* (with that the teares ranne downe his eyes, but hee followed on) and as much as so unfortunate a man, fit to bee the spectacle of misery, can doe you service; determine you have made a purchase of a slave (while I live) never to faile you. But this great matter you propose unto me, wherein I am not so blind as not to see what happinesse it should be unto me; excellent Lady, know, that if my heart were mine to give, you before all other should have it; but *Parthenia's* it is though dead: there I began, there I end all matter of affection: I hope I shal not long tarry after her with whose beauty if I had only beene to love, I should bee so with

you, who have the ſame beauty: but it was *Parthenia's* ſelfe I loved, and love, which no likeneſſe can make one, no commandement diſſolve, no foulneſſe defile, nor no death finiſh. And ſhall I receive (ſaid ſhe) ſuch diſgrace, as to be refuſed? Noble Lady (ſaid he) let not that hard word be vſed, who know your exceeding worthines far beyond my deſert: but it is only happineſſe I refuſe, ſince of the only happines I could and can deſire, I am refuſed.

He had ſcarce ſpoken thoſe words, when ſhe ranne to him, and imbracing him, Why then *Argalus* (ſaid he) take thy *Parthenia*: and *Parthenia* it was indeed. But becauſe ſorrow forbad him too ſoon to beleeve, ſhe told him the truth, with all circumſtances: how being parted alone, meaning to dy in ſome ſolitary place, as ſhee hapned to make her complaint, the Queene *Helen* of *Corinth* (who likewiſe felt her part of miſeries) being then walking alſo alone in that lovely place, heard her, and never left till ſhe had knowne the whole diſcourſe. Which the noble Queene greatly pitying, ſhe ſent to her a Phyſicion of hers, the moſt excellent man in the world, in hope he could help her: which in ſuch ſort as they ſaw he had performed, and ſhe taking with her of the Queenes ſervants, thought yet to make this triall, whether he would quickly forget his true *Parthenia*, or no. Her ſpeech was confirmed, by the *Corinthian* Gentlemen, who before had kept her counſell, and *Argalus* eaſily perſwaded to what more then ten thouſand yeares of life hee deſired: and *Kalander* would needs have the marriage celebrated in his houſe, principally the longer to hold his deare gueſt, towards whom he was now (beſides his owne habite of hoſpitality) carried with love and duty: & therefore omitted no ſervice that his wit could invent, and power miniſter.

But no way he ſaw he could ſo much pleaſure them, as by leaving the two friends alone, who being ſhrunke aſide to the banquetting-houſe where the pictures were; there *Palladius* recounted unto him, that after they had both abandoned the burning ſhip (and either of them taken ſomthing under him the better to ſupport him to the ſhore) hee knew not how, but either with over-labouring in the fight, and ſudden cold, or the too-much receiving of ſalt water, he was paſt himſelfe: but yet holding faſt (as the nature of dying men is to do) the cheſt that was under him, he was caſt on the ſands, where he was taken up by a couple of ſhepheards, and by them brought to life againe, and kept from drowning himſelfe, when he deſpaired of his ſafety: How after having failed to take him into the fiſher-boat, he had by the ſhepheards perſwaſion come to this Gentlemans houſe; where, being dangerouſly ſicke, he had yeelded to ſeeke the recovery of health, onely for that hee might the ſooner goe ſeeke the delivery of *Pyrocles*; to which purpoſe *Kalander* by ſome friens of his in *Meſſena*, had already ſet a ſhip or two abroad, when this accident of *Clitophons* taking had ſo bleſſedly procured their meeting. Then did hee ſet forth unto him the noble entertainment and carefull cheriſhing of *Kalander* towards him, and ſo, upon occaſion of the pictures preſent, delivered with the frankneſſe of a friends tongu, as neere as he could, word by word what *Kalander* had told him touching the ſtrange ſtory (with all the particularities belonging) of *Arcadia*; which did in many ſorts ſo delight *Pyrocles* to heare, that he would needes have much of it againe repeated, and was not contented till *Kalander* himſelfe had anſwered him diverſ queſtions.

But firſt at *Muſidorus* requeſt, though in briefe manner, his minde much running upon the ſtrange ſtory of *Arcadia*, hee did declare by what courſe of adventures he was come to make up their mutuall happineſſe in meeting. When (couſin ſaid he)

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we had ſtript our ſelves, and were both le apt into the Sea, and ſwom a little toward the ſhore, I found, by reaſon of ſome wounds I had, that I ſhould not be able to get the land, and therefore returned backe againe to the maſt of the ſhip, where you found me, aſſuring my ſelfe, that if you came alive to the ſhore, you would ſeeke me; if you were loſt, as I thought it as good to periſh as to live, ſo that place as good to periſh in as another. There I found my ſword among ſome of the ſhrowds, wiſhing (I muſt confeſſe) if I dyed, to be found with that in my hand, and withall waving it about my head, that Saylers by, might have the better glimpſe of me. There you miſſing me, I was taken up by Pirats, who putting mee under boord priſoner, preſently ſet upon another ſhip, and maintaining a long fight, in the end, put them all to the ſword. Amongſt whom I might heare them greatly praiſe one yong man, who fought moſt valiantly, whom (as love is carefull, and misfortune ſubject to doubtfulneſſe) I thought certainly to be You. And ſo holding you as dead, from that time till the time I ſaw you, in truth I ſought nothing more than a noble end, which perchance made me more hardy than otherwiſe I would have beene. Tryall whereof came within two daies after: for the Kings of *Lacedæmon* having ſet out ſome Galleyes, under the charge of one of their Nephewes, to ſcoure the Sea of the Pyrates, they met with us, where our Captaine wanting men, was driven to arme ſome of his priſoners, with promiſe of liberty for well-fighting; among whom I was one; and being boorded by the Admirall, it was my fortune to kill *Euryleon* the Kings Nephew: but in the end they prevailed, and we were all taken priſoners, I not caring much what became of me (onely keeping the name of *Daiphantus*, according to the reſolution you know is between us:) but being laid in the layle of *Tenaria*, with ſpeciall hate to me for the death of *Euryleon*, the popular ſort of that towne conſpired with the *Helots*, and ſo by night opened them the gates; where entring and killing all of the gentle and rich faction, for honeſty-ſake brake open all priſons, and ſo delivered me: and I, moved with gratefulnes, and encouraged with careleſneſſe of life, ſo behaved my ſelfe in ſome conflicts they had within few daies, that they barbarouſly thinking unſenſible wonders of me, and withall ſo much the better truſting me, as they heard I was hated of the King of *Lacedæmon*, their chiefe Captaine being ſlaine, as you know, by the noble *Argalus* (who helped thereunto by his perſwaſion) having borne a great affection unto me, and to avoyde the dangerous emulation which grew among the chiefe, who ſhould have the place, and alſo affected, as rather to have a ſtranger than a competitor, they elected mee (God wot little proud of that dignity,) reſtoring unto mee ſuch things of mine as being taken firſt by the Pyrats, and then by the *Lacedæmonians*, they had gotten in the ſacke of the towne. Now being in it, ſo good was my ſucceſſe with many victories, that I made a peace for them to their own liking the very day that you delivered *Clitophon*, whom I with much a-do had preſerved. And in my peace the King *Amiclas* of *Lacedæmon* would needes have mee baniſhed, and deprived of the dignity whereunto I was exalted: which (and you may ſee how much you are bound to me) for your ſake I was content to ſuffer, a new hope riſing in mee, that you were not dead: and ſo meaning to travaile over the world to ſeeke you; and now here (my deare *Muſidorus*) you have mee. And with that (embracing and kiſſing each other) they called *Kalander*, of whom *Daiphantus* deſired to heare the full ſtory which before hee had recounted to *Palladius*, and to ſee the letter of *Philanax*, which he read and well marked.

But within some daies after, the marriage betweene *Argalus* and the faire *Parthenia* being to be celebrated, *Daiphantus* and *Palladius* selling some of their Iewels, furnished themselves of very faire apparell, meaning to doe honour to their loving Host; who as much for their sakes, as for their marriage, set forth each thing in most gorgeous manner. But all the cost bestowed did not so much enrich, nor all the fine decking so much beautifie nor all the dainty devises so much delight, as the faireness of *Parthenia*, the pearle of all the maides of *Mantinea*: who as she went to the Temple to be married, her eyes themselves seemed a temple, wherein love & beauty were married, her lips, though they were kept close with modest silence, yet with a prety kind of naturall swelling, they seemed to invite the guests that lookt on thē; her cheeks blushing, and withall, when she was spoken unto, a little smiling, were like Roses, when their leaves are with a little breath stirred; her haire being laid at the full length downe her backe, bare she was, if the yoward failed, yet that would conquer. *Daiphantus* marking her, O *Iupiter* (quoth he, speaking to *Palladius*) how happens it, that beauty is onely confined to *Arcadia*? But *Palladius* not greatly attending his speech, some dayes were continued in the solemnizing the marriage, with all conceits that might deliver delight to mens fancies.

But such a change was growne in *Daiphantus*, that (as if cheerefulnesse had beene tediousnes, and good entertainment were turned to discourtesie) he would ever get himselfe alone, though almost when he was in company he was alone; so little attention he gave to any that spake unto him: even the colour and figure of his face began to receive some alteration, which he shewed little to heed: but every morning early going abroad, either to the Garden, or to some woods toward the desart, it seemed his onely comfort was to be without a comforter. But long it could not be hid from *Palladius*, whom true love made ready to marke, and long knowledge able to marke; and therefore being now growne weary of his abode in *Arcadia*, having informed himselfe fully of the strength and riches of the countrey, of the nature of the people, & maner of their lawes and seeing the Court could not be visited, prohibited to all men but to certaine shepheardish people; he greatly desired a speedy returne to his owne countrey, after the many mazes of fortune he had troden. But perceiving this great alteration in his freind, hee thought first to breake with him thereof, and then to hasten his returne; whereto he found him but smally enclined; whereupon one day taking him alone with certaine graces and countenances, as if he were disputing with the trees, began in this manner to say unto him.

A minde well trained and long exercised in vertue (my sweet and worthy cosin) doth not easily change any course it once undertakes, but upon well-grounded and well-weighed causes; For being witnes to it selfe of his owne inward good, it finds nothing without it of so high a price, for which it should be altered. Even the very countenance & behaviour of such a man doth shew forth Images of the same constancy, by maintaining a right harmony betwixt it & the inward good, in yeelding it selfe suitable to the vertuous resolution of the minde. This speech I direct to you (noble friend *Pyrocles*) the excellency of whose mind & well chosen course in vertue, if I do not sufficiently know, having seene such rare demonstrations of it, it is my weaknesse, and not your unworthinesse: but as indeed I know it, and knowing it most dearely love both it, and him that hath it; so must I needs say, that since our late comming into this countrey, I have marked in you, I will not say an alteration, but a relenting truly, & a slacking of the maine career you had so notably begun & almost performed, & that in such sort, as I cannot find sufficient reason in my great

love

love toward you how to allow it: for (to leave off other ſecreter arguments which my acquaintance with you makes me eaſily find) this in effect to any man may bee manifeſt; that whereas you were wont in all places you came, to give your ſelfe vehemently to the knowledge of thoſe things which might better your mind, to ſeeke the familiarity of excellent men in learning and ſouldiery: and laſtly, to put all theſe things in practiſe, both by continuall wiſe proceeding, & worthy enterpriſes, as occaſion fell for them; you now leave al theſe things undone: you let your mind fall aſleep: beſide your countenance troubled, which ſurely comes not of vertue; for vertue (like the cleare heaven) is without clouds: and laſtly, you ſubject your ſelf to ſolitarines, the ſly enemy, that doth moſt ſeparat a man from weldoing. *Pyrocles* minde was all this while ſo fixed upon another devotion, that he no more attentively marked his friends diſcourſe, thã the child that hath leave to play, marks the laſt part of his leſſon; or the diligent Pilot in a dangerous tempeſt doth attend the unskilfull words of a paſſenger: yet the very ſound having imprinted the general points of his ſpeech in his hart, pierced with any miſlike of ſo deerly an eſteemd frend, & deſirous by degrees to bring him to a gentler conſideration of him, with a ſhamefac't looke (witneſſing he rather could not help, than did not know his fault) anſwered him to this purpoſe. Excellent *Muſidorus*, in the praiſe you gave me in the beginning of your ſpeech, I eaſily acknowledge the force of your good wil unto me, for neither could you have thought ſo well of me, if extremity of love had not made your judgement partiall, nor you could have loved me ſo entirely, if you had not bin apt to make ſo great (though undeſerved) judgements of me, & even ſo much I ſay to thoſe imperfections, to which, though I have ever through weakneſſe beene ſubject, yet you by the daily mending of your mind, have of late bin able to look into them, which before you could not diſcerne: ſo that the change you ſpeake of, fals not out by my impayring, but by your bettering. And yet under the leave of your better judgment I muſt needs ſay thus much, my deere couſin, that I find not my ſelf wholly to be condemned, becauſe I do not with continual vehemency follow thoſe knowledges, which you call the bettering of my mind; for both the mind it ſelfe muſt (like other things) ſometimes be unbent, or elſe it will be either weakned, or broken. And theſe knowledges, as they are of good uſe, ſo are they not all the mind may ſtretch it ſelfe unto: who knowes whether I feed not my mind with higher thoughts? Truely, as I know not all the particularities, ſo yet I ſee the bounds of all theſe knowledges: but the workings of the mind I find much more infinite, than can be led unto by theorie, or imagined by any that diſtract their thoughts without themſelves.

And in ſuch contemplation, or (as thinke) more excellent, I enjoy my ſolitarines, & my ſolitarines perchance is the nurſe of theſe contemplations. Eagles we ſee fly alone, & they are but ſheep, which alwaies Heard together: condemne not therefore my mind ſometimes to enjoy it ſelfe; nor blame not the taking of ſuch times as ſerve moſt fit for it. And alas, deare *Muſidorus*, if I be ſad, who knowes better than you the juſt cauſes I have of ſadneſſe? And here *Pyrocles* ſuddenly ſtopped, like a man unſatisfied in himſelfe, though his wit might well have ſerved to have ſatisfied another. And ſo looking with a countenance, as though hee deſired he ſhould know his minde without hearing him ſpeake, and yet deſirous to ſpeake, to breathe out ſome part of his inward evill, ſending againe new blood to his face, hee continued his ſpeech in this manner: And Lord (deare couſin, ſaid hee) doth not the pleaſantnes of this place carry in it ſelfe ſufficient reward for any time loſt in it? Doe you not ſee how all things conſpire together to make this country a heavenly

dwelling?

dwelling? Do you not ſee the graſſe, how in colour they excell the Emeralds, every one ſtriving to paſſe his fellow, & yet they are all kept of an equall height? And ſee you not the reſt of theſe beautifull flowers, each of which would require a mans wit to know, and his life to expreſſe? Do not theſe ſtately trees ſeeme to maintaine their flouriſhing old age with the onely happineſſe of their ſeat, being clothed with a cõtinuall ſpring, becauſe no beauty here ſhould ever fade: Doth not the aire breathe health, which the birds (delightfull both to eare & eie) do daily ſolemnize with the ſweet conſent of their voyces? Is not every *Eccho* there of a perfect Muſick? & theſe freſh & delightfull brooks how ſlowly they ſlide away, as loth to leave the company of ſo many things united in perfection? and with how ſweet a murmure they lament their forced departure? Certainly, certainly, coſin, it muſt needs be that ſome goddeſſe inhabiteth this Region, who is the ſoule of this ſoile: for neither is any leſſe than a goddeſſe worthy to be ſhrined in ſuch a heape of pleaſures: nor any leſſe than a goddeſſe could have made it ſo perfect a plot of the Cœleſtiall dwellings. And ſo ended with a deepe ſigh, rufully caſting his eye upon *Muſidorus*, as more deſirous of pitty than pleading. But *Muſidorus* had all this while held his looke fixed upon *Pyrocles* his countenance and with no leſſe loving attention marked how his words proceeded from him: but in both theſe, he perceived ſuch ſtrange diverſities, that they rather increaſed new doubts, than gave him ground to ſettle any judgement: for, beſides his eyes ſometimes even great with teares, the oft changing of his colour, with a kind of ſhaking unſtaiednеſſe over all his body, he might ſee in his countenance ſome great determination mixed with feare; and might perceive in him ſtore of thoughts, rather ſtirred than digeſted; his words interrupted continually with ſighes (which ſerved as a burden to each ſentence) and the tenour of his ſpeech (though of his wonted praiſe) not knit together to one conſtant end, but rather diſſolved in it ſelfe, as the vehemency of the inward paſſion prevailed: which made *Muſidorus* frame his anſwere neereſt to that humour, which ſhould ſooneſt put out the ſecret. For having in the beginning of *Pyrocles* ſpeech which defended his ſolitarines, framed in his mind a reply againſt it, in the praiſe of honourable action, in ſhewing that ſuch a kind of contemplation is but a glorious title to idleneſſe; that in action a man did not onely better himſelf, but benefit others; that the gods would not have delivered a ſoule into the body, which had armes and legs, onely inſtruments of doing, but that it were intended the minde ſhould imploy them, and that the minde ſhould beſt know his owne good or evill by practiſe; which knowledge was the onely way to encreaſe the one, and correct the other: beſides many other arguments, which the plentifulneſſe of the matter yeelded to the ſharpeneſſe of his wit. When hee found *Pyrocles* leave that; and fall into ſuch an affected praiſing of the place, he left it likewiſe, and joyned with him therein: becauſe he found him in that humour utter more ſtore of paſſion; and even thus kindly embracing him, he ſaid; Your words are ſuch (noble couſin) ſo ſweetly & ſtrongly handled in the praiſe of ſolitarineſſe, as they would make mee likewiſe yeeld my ſelfe up into it, but that the ſame words make me know, it is more pleaſant to enjoy the company of him that can ſpeake ſuch words, than by ſuch words to be perſwaded to follow ſolitarines. And even ſo do I give you leave (ſweet *Pyrocles*) ever to defend ſolitarineſſe, ſo long as to defend it, you ever keepe company. But I marvell at the exceſſive praiſes you give to this countrey; in truth it is not unpleaſant, but yet if you would returne into *Macedon*, you ſhould either ſee many heavens, or find this no more than earthly. And even *Tempe* in my *Theſſalia* (where you and

I to my great happineſſe were brought up together) is nothing inferiour unto it. But I thinke you will make me ſee, that the vigour of your wit can ſhew it ſelfe in any ſubject: or elſe you feed ſometimes your ſolitarineſſe with the conceits of the Poets, whoſe liberall pennes can as eaſily travaile over mountaines, as mole-hils: & ſo like wel-diſpoſed men, ſet up every thing to the higheſt note; eſpecially, when they put ſuch words in the mouthes of one of theſe fantaſticall mind-infected people, that children and Muſicians call Lovers. This word, Lover, did no leſſe pierce poore *Pyrocles*, than the right tune of muſicke toucheth him that is ſicke of the *Tarantula*. There was not one part of his body, that did not feele a ſudden motion, while his heart with panting, ſeemed to dance to the ſound of that word, yet after ſome pauſe (lifted up his eyes a little from the ground, and yet not daring to place them in the eyes of *Muſidorus*) armed with the very countenance of the poore priſoner at the barre, whoſe anſwere is nothing but guilty: with much adoe he brought forth this queſtion. And alas, ſaid he, deare coſin, what if I be not ſo much the Poet (the freedome of whoſe pen can exerciſe it ſelfe in any thing) as even that miſerable ſubject of his cunning, whereof you ſpeake? Now the eternall gods forbid (mainly cryed out *Muſidorus*) that ever my eare ſhould be poyſoned with ſo evil newes of you. O let me never know that any baſe affection ſhould get any Lordſhip in your thoughts. But, as he was ſpeaking more, *Kalander* came, & brake off their diſcourſe, with inviting them to the Hunting of a goodly Stagge, which being harboured in a wood there by, he hoped would make them good ſport, & drive away ſome part of *Daiphantus* melancholy. They condiſcended, and ſo going to their lodgings, furniſhed themſelves as liked them, *Daiphantus* writing a few words which he left ſealed in a letter againſt the returne.

Then went they together abroad, the good *Kalander* entertaining them with pleaſant diſcourſing, how well he loved the ſport of hunting, when he was a yong man, how much in the compariſon thereof he diſdained all chamber-delights, that the Sunne (how great a journey ſoever he had to make) could never prevent him with earlineſſe, nor the Moone (with her ſober countenance) diſſwade him from watching till mienight for the Deeres feeding. O, ſaid he, you wil never live to my age, without you keep your ſelfe in breath with exerciſe, and in heart with joyfulneſſe: too much thinking doth conſume the ſpirits, and oft it fals out, that while one thinkes too much of his doing, hee leaves to doe the affect of his thinking. Then ſpared hee not to remember, how much *Arcadia* was changed ſince his youth: activitie and good fellowſhippe being nothing in the price it was then held in, but according to the nature of the old growing world, ſtill worſe and worſe. Then would he tell them ſtories of ſuch gallants as he had knowne: and ſo with pleaſant company, beguiled the times haſte, and ſhortned the waies length, till they came to the ſide of the wood, where the hounds were in couples, ſtaying their comming, but with a whining accent craving liberty; many of them in colour and markes ſo reſembling, that it ſhewed they were of one kinde. The Huntſmen handſomely attired in their greene liveries, as though they were children of Summer, with ſtaves in their hands to beate the guiltleſſe earth, when the Hounds were at a fault, and with hornes about their neckes, to ſound an allarum upon a ſilly fugitive: The Hounds were ſtraight uncoupled, and ere long the Stagge thought it better to truſt to the nimbleneſſe of his feet, than to the ſlender fortification of his lodging: but even his feet betrayed him; for howſoever they went, they themſelves uttered themſelves to the ſent of their enemies; who one taking it of another,

and

and ſometimes beleeving the windes advertiſements, ſometimes the view of (their faithfull Counſellers) the Huntſmen, with open mouthes then denounced warre, when the warre was already begunne. Their cry being compoſed of ſo well-ſorted mouthes, that any man would perceive therein ſome kind of proportion, but the skilfull woodmen did find a muſicke. Then delight and variety of opinion, drew the horſemen ſundry wayes, yet cheering their hounds with voyce and horne, kept ſtill (as it were) together. The wood ſeemed to conſpire with them againſt his own Citizens, diſperſing their noiſe through all his quarters, & even the Nymph *Eccho* left to bewaile the loſſe of *Narciſſus*, and became a hunter. But the Stagge was in the end ſo hotly purſued, that (leaving his flight) hee was driven to make courage of deſpaire; and ſo turning his head, made the hounds, with change of ſpeech, to teſtifie that he was at a bay: as if from hot purſuit of their enemy, they were ſuddenly come to a parley.

But *Kalander* (by his skill of coaſting the countrey) was among the firſt that came in to the beſieged Deere; whom when ſome of the younger ſort would have killed with their ſwords, hee would not ſuffer: but with a Croſſe-bow ſent a death to the poore beaſt, who with teares ſhewed the unkindnes he tooke of mans cruelty.

But by the time that the whole company was aſſembled, and that the Stagge had beſtowed himſelfe liberally among them that had killed him, *Daiphantus* was miſt, for whom *Palladius* carefully enquiring, no newes could be given him, but by one that ſaid, he thought he was returned home; for that he markt him, in the chiefe of the hunting, take a by-way, which might leade to *Kalanders* houſe. That anſwer for the time ſatisfying, and they having performed all duties, as well for the Stags funerall, as the hounds triumph, they returned: ſome talking of the fatneſſe of the Deeres body; ſome of the faireneſſe of his head; ſome of the hounds cunning; ſome of their ſpeed, and ſome of their cry; till comming home (about the time that the candles begin to inherit the Sunnes office) they found *Daiphantus* was not to bee found. Whereat *Palladius* greatly marvelling, and a day or two paſſing, while neither ſearch nor enquiry could helpe him to knowledge, at laſt hee lighted upon the letter, which *Tyrocles* had witten before he went a hunting, and left in his ſtudy among other of his writings. The letter was directed to *Palladius* himſelfe, and contained theſe words.

My onely friend, violence of love leades me into ſuch a courſe, whereof your knowledge may much more vexe you, than you me. Therefore pardon my concealing it from you, ſince, if I wrong you, it is in the reſpect I beare you. Returne into *Theſſalia*, I pray you, as full of good fortune, as I am of deſire: and if I live, I will in ſhort time follow you; if I dy, love my memory.

This was all, & this *Palladius* reard twice or thrice over. Ah (ſaid he) *Pyrocles* what meanes this alteration? what have I deſerved of thee, to be thus baniſhed out of thy counſels? Heretofore I have accuſed the ſea, condemned the Pyrats, and hated my evill fortune that deprived me of thee; but now thy ſelfe is the ſea, which drownes my comfort, thy ſelfe is the Pyrat that robs thy ſelfe from me: thy owne Will becomes my evill fortune. Then turned he his thoughts to all formes of gheſſe that might light upon the purpoſe and courſe of *Pyrocles*: for he was not ſo ſure by his words, that it was love, as hee was doubtfull where the love was. One time he thought, ſome beauty in *Laconia* had laid hold of his eyes; another time he feared, that it might be *Parthenia's* excellency, which had broken the bands of all former reſolution; but the more he thought, the more he knew not what to thinke, armies of objections riſing againſt any accepted opinion. Then

Then as carefull hee was what to doe himſelfe : at length determined never to leave ſeeking him, till his ſearch ſhould be either by meeting accompliſhed, or by death ended. Therefore(for al the unkindnes bearing tender reſpect, that his friends ſecret determination ſhould be kept from any ſuſpition in others) hee went to *Kalander*, & told him, that he had received a meſſage from his friend, by which he underſtood he was gone back againe into *Laconia*, about ſome matters greatly importing the poore men, whoſe protection he had undertaken, and that it was in any ſort fit for him, to follow him, but in ſuch private wiſe, as not to be knowne, and that therefore he would as then bid him farewell ; arming himſelfe in a blacke armour, as either a badge, or prognoſtication of his minde : and taking only with him good ſtore of money, and a few choyſe Iewels, leaving the greateſt number of them, and moſt of his apparell with *Kalander* ; which he did partly to give the more cauſe to *Kalander* to expect their returne, & ſo to be the les curiouſly inquiſitive after them: and partly to leave thoſe honourable thankes unto him, for his charge and kindneſſe, which he knew he would not other way receive. The good old man having neither reaſon to diſſwade, nor hope to perſwade, received the things, with minde of a keeper, not of an owner ; but before he went, deſired he might have the happineſſe, fully to know what they were ; which he ſaid, he had ever till then delayed, fearing to be any way importune : but now he could not bee ſo much an enemy to his deſires, as any longer to impriſon them in ſilence; *Palladius* told him, that the matter was not ſo ſecret, but that ſo worthy a friend deſerved the knowledge, and ſhould have it as ſoone as he might ſpeake with his friend ; without whoſe conſent (becauſe their promiſe bound him otherwiſe) he could not reveale it : but bad him hold for moſt aſſured, that if they lived but a while, he ſhould find, that they which bare the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, would give him and his, cauſe to thinke his noble curteſie wel imployed. *Kalander* would preſſe him no further, but deſiring that he might have leave to go, or at leaſt to ſend his ſonne and ſervants with him : *Palladius* brake off all ceremonies, by telling him, his caſe ſtood ſo, that his greateſt favour ſhould be in making leaſt a-doe of his parting. Wherewith *Kalander* knowing it to be more cumber than curteſie, to ſtrive, abſtained from further urging him, but not from hearty mourning the loſſe of ſo ſweet a converſation.

Onely *Clitophon* by vehement importunity obtained to goe with him, to come againe to *Daiphantus*, whom hee named and accounted his Lord. And in ſuch private guiſe departed *Palladius*, though having a companion to talke withall, yet talking much more with unkindneſſe. And firſt they went to *Mantinæa*; whereof becauſe *Parthenia* was, he ſuſpected there might be ſome cauſe of his abode. But finding there no newes of her, hee went to *Tegea*, *Ripa*, *Eniſpæ*, *Stimphalus*, and *Phineus*, famous for the poyſonous *Stygian* water, & through all the reſt of *Arcadia*, making their eyes their eares, and their tongues ſerve almoſt for nothing, but that enquiry. But they could know nothing but that in none of thoſe places ſhee was knowne. And ſo went they, making one place ſucceede to another, in like uncertainty to their ſearch, many times encountring ſtrange adventures, worthy to be regiſtred in the rolls of fame : but this may not be omitted. As they paſt in a pleaſant valley (of either ſide of which high hils lifted up their beetle-browes, as if they would overlooke the pleaſantneſſe of their under proſpect) they were by the daintineſſe of the place, & the wearines of themſelves, invited to light from their horſes; and pulled off their bits, that they might ſomething refreſh their mouthes upon the graſſe (which plentifully grew, brought up under the care of thoſe well ſhading trees)

trees) they themſelves laid them downe hard by the murmuring muſickeof certaine waters, which ſpouted out of the ſide of the hils, & in the bottome of the vally made of many ſprings a pretty brooke, like a common-wealth of many families: but when they had a while harkened to the perſwaſion of ſleepe, they roſe, and walk't onward in that ſhady place, till *Clitophon* eſpied a piece of armour, & not far off another piece: and ſo the ſight of one piece teaching him to looke for more, he at length found all, with head-peece and ſhield, by the device whereof, which was he ſtraight knew it to be the armour of his couſin, the noble *Amphialus*. Whereupon (fearing ſome inconvenience hapned unto him) hee told both his doubt and cauſe of doubt to *Palladius*, who (conſidering thereof) thought beſt to make no longer ſtay, but to follow on; leſt perchance ſome violence were offred to ſo worthy a knight, whom the fame of the world ſeemed to ſet in ballance with any Knight living. Yet with a ſudden conceit having long borne great honour to the name of *Amphialus*, *Palladius*, thought beſt to take that armour, thinking thereby to learne by them that ſhould know that armour, ſome newes of *Amphialus*, and yet not hinder him in the ſearch of *Daiphantus* too. So hee by the helpe of *Clitophon* quickly put on that armour, whereof there was no one piece wanting, though hacked in ſome places, bewraying ſom fight not long ſince paſſed. It was ſomthing too great, but yet ſerved well enough. And ſo getting on their horſes, they travelled but a little way, when in opening of the mouth of the Valley into a faire field, they met with a Coach drawne with foure milke white horſes furniſhed all in black, with a black-a-Moore boy upon every horſe, they all apparelled in white, the Coach it ſelfe very richly furniſhed in black & white. But before they could come ſo neere as to diſcerne what was within, there came running upon them above a dozen horſemen, who cryed to them to yeeld themſelves priſoners, or elſe they ſhould dy. But *Palladius* not accuſtomed to grant over the poſſeſſion of himſelfe upon ſo unjuſt titles, with ſword drawne, gave them ſo rude an anſwere that divers of them never had breath to reply againe: for being well backt by *Clitophon*, and having an excellent horſe under him, when he was overpreſt by ſome, he avoyded them, & ere th'other thought of it, puniſhed in him his fellows faults: and ſo eyther with cunning or with force, or rather with a cunning force, left none of them either living, or able to make his life ſerve to others hurt. Which being don, he approched the Coach, aſſuring the blacke boyes they ſhould have no hurt, who were elſe ready to have run away, and looking into the Coach, he found in the one end a Lady of great beauty, & ſuch a beauty, as ſhewed forth the beames both of wiſedome and good nature, but all as much darkned, as might be, with ſorrow. In the other, two Ladies (who by their demeanour ſhewed well they were but her ſervants) holding before them a picture; in which was a goodly Gentleman (whom he knew not) painted, having in their faces a certaine waiting ſorrow, their eyes being infected with their miſtris weeping. But, the chiefe Lady having not ſo much as once heard the noiſe of his cõflict (ſo had ſorrow cloſed up al the entries of her mind, & love tied her ſenſes to that beloved picture) now the ſhadow of him falling upon the picture made her caſt up her eye, & ſeeing the armour, which too well ſhe knew, thinking him to be *Amphialus* the lord of her deſires (bloud cõming more freely into her cheeks, as though it would be bold, & yet there growing new againe pale for feare) with a pitifull looke (like one unjuſtly condemned) My lord *Amphialus*, ſaid ſhe, you have enough puniſhed me: it is time for cruelty to leave you, & evill fortune me; If not, I pray you (& to grant my praier, fitter time nor place you cãnot have

have) accomplish the one even now, and finish the other. With that, sorrow impatient to be slowly uttered in her often staying speeches, powred it self so fast in tears, that *Palladius* could not hold her longer in error, but pulling off his helmet, Madam (said he) I perceive you mistake me; I am a stranger in these parts, set upon (without any cause given by me) by some of your servants, whom because I have in my just defence evil entreated, I come to make my excuse to you, whom seeing such as I do, I find greater cause why I should crave pardon of you. When she saw his face and heard his speech, she looked out of the Coach; & seeing her men, some slaine, some lying under their dead horses, and striving to get from under them, without making more account of the matter: Truely (said she) they are well served that durst lift up their arms against that armour. But sir knight (said she) I pray you tell me, how come you by this armor; for if it be by the death of him that owed it, then have I more to say unto you. *Palladius* assured her it was not so, telling her the true manner how he found it. It is like enough (said she) for that agrees with the manner he hath lately used. But I beseech you sir (said she) since your prowesse hath bereft me of my company, let it yet so far heale the wounds it self hath given, as to guard me to the next town. How great soever my busines be fair Lady, said he, it shall willingly yeeld to so noble a cause; but first, even by the favour you beat to the Lord of this noble armour, I conjure you to tell me the story of your fortune herein, lest hereafter when the image of so excellent a Lady in so strange a plight come before mine eies, I condemne my self of want of consideration in not having demanded thus much. Neither aske I it without protestation, that wherein my sword & faith may availe you, they shall bind themselves to your service. Your conjuration, faire Knight (said she) is too strong for my poore spirit to disobey, and that shall make me (without any other hope, my ruine being but by one unrecoverable) to grant your will herein: and to say the truth, a strange niceneſſe were it in me to refraine that from the eares of a person representing so much worthines, which I am glad even to rocks and woods to utter. Know you then that my name is *Helen*, Queene by birth, and hitherto possessed of the faire City and Territory of *Corinth*. I can say no more of my self, but beloved of my people; and may justly say beloved, since they are content to beare with my absence, and folly. But I being left by my fathers death, & accepted by my people, in the highest degree that countrey could receive; assoone; or rather, before that my age was ripe for it, my Court quickly swarmed full of suters: some perchance loving my estate, others my person, but once, I know all of them, how soever my possessions were in their hearts, my beauty (such as it is) was in their mouthes, many strangers of princely and noble bloud, and all of mine owne Country, to whom either birth or vertue gave courage to avow so high a desire.

Among the rest, or rather before the rest, was the Lord *Philoxenus*, sonne & heire to the vertuous noble-man *Timotheus*; which *Timotheus* was a man both in power, riches, parentage, and (which passed all these) goodnesse, and (which followed all these) love of the people, beyond any of the great men of my countrey. Now this sonne of his, I must say truely, not unworthy of such a father, bending himself by all means of serviceableneſſe to me, and setting forth of himself to win my favour, wan thus far of me, that in truth I lesse misliked him than any of the rest: which in some proportion, my countenance delivered unto him. Though I must protest it was a very false Embassadour, if it delivered at all any affection, whereof my heart was utterly voyd, I as then esteeming my self borne to rule, and thinking foule scorne willingly to submit my self to be ruled.

But whiles *Philoxenus* in good sort pursued my favour; and perchance nou-

riſhed himſelfe with over-much hope, becauſe hee found I did in ſome ſort acknowledge his value: one time among the reſt he brought with him a deare friend of his, with that ſhe looked upon the picture before her, and ſtraight ſighed, and ſtraight teares followed, as if the Idoll of duty ought to be honoured with ſuch oblations; and then her ſpeech ſtayed the tale, having brought her to that looke, but that looke, having quite put her out of her tale. But *Palladius* greatly pittying ſo ſweet a ſorrow in a Lady, whom by Fame he had already knowne and honoured, beſought for her promiſe ſake, to put ſilence ſo long unto her moning, till ſhee had recounted the reſt of this ſtory. Why, ſaid ſhe, this is the picture of *Amphialus*: what need I ſay more unto you? What eare is ſo barbarous but hath heard of *Amphialus*? who followes deeds of armes, but every where findes monuments of *Amphialus*? who is courteous, noble, liberall, but he that hath the example before his eies of *Amphialus*? where are all heroicall parts, but in *Amphialus*? O *Amphialus*, I would thou wert not ſo excellent, or I would I thought thee not ſo excellent, and yet would I not that I would ſo: with that ſhe wept againe; till he againe ſoliciting the concluſion of her ſtory: Then muſt you (ſaid ſhe) know the ſtory of *Amphialus*: for his will is my life, his life my hiſtorie: and indeed in what can I better employ my lips than in ſpeaking of *Amphialus*?

His Knight then whoſe figure you ſee, but whoſe mind can be painted by nothing, but by their true ſhape of vertue, is brothers ſonne to *Baſilius* king of *Arcadia*, and in his childhood eſteemed his heire: till *Baſilius* in his old yeares, marrying a young and a faire Lady, had of her thoſe two daughters, ſo famous for their perfection in beauty: which put by their yong couſin from that expectation. Whereupon his mother (a woman of a haughty heart, being daughter to the King of *Argos*, either diſdaining, or fearing, that her ſonne ſhould live under the power of *Baſilius*,) ſent him to that Lord *Timotheus*, betweene whom and her dead husband there had paſſed ſtrait bands of mutuall hoſpitalitie, to be brought up in company with his ſonne *Philoxenus*.

A happy reſolution for *Amphialus*, whoſe excellent nature was by this meanes trained on with as good education, as any Princes ſonne in the world could have, which otherwiſe it is thought his mother (farre unworthy of ſuch a ſonne) would not have given him. The good *Timotheus* no leſſe loving him than his owne ſonne. Well, they grew in yeares; and ſhortly occaſions fell aptly to try *Amphialus*, and all occaſions were but ſteppes for him to clime Fame by. Nothing was ſo hard, but his valour overcame; which yet ſtill he ſo guided with true vertue; that although no man was in our parts ſpoken of but he for his manhood, yet as though therein he excelled himſelfe, he was commonly called the courteous *Amphialus*. An endleſſe thing it were for me to tell, how many adventures (terrible to be ſpoken of) he atchieved; what Monſters, what Giants, what conqueſts of countries, ſometimes uſing policie, ſometimes force, but alwaies vertue well followed, and but followed by *Philoxenus*: betweene whom, and him, ſo faſt a friendſhip by education was knit, that at laſt *Philoxenus* having no greater matter to employ his friendſhip in, than to win me; therein deſired, and had his uttermoſt furtherance: to that purpoſe brought he him to my Court, where truly I may juſtly witneſſe with him, that what his wit could conceive (and his wit can conceive as farre as the limits of reaſon ſtretch) was all directed to the ſetting forward the ſuit of his friend *Philoxenus*; mine eares could heare nothing from him, but touching the worthineſſe of *Philoxenus*, and of the great happineſſe it would be unto me to have ſuch a husband; with many arguments, which God knowes, I cannot well remember, becauſe I did not much be-

leeve

leeve. For why ſhould I uſe many circumſtances to come to that where already I am,& ever while I live muſt continue? in few words,while he pleaded for another, he wan me for himſelfe, if at leaſt(with that ſhe ſighed)he would account it a winning,for his fame had ſo framed the way to my minde, that his preſence ſo full of beauty,ſweetneſſe,& noble converſation,had entred there before he vouchſafed to call for the keyes. O Lord,how did my ſoule hang at his lippes while he ſpake! O when he in feeling maner would deſcribe the love of his friend,how well(thought I)doth love between thoſe lips! when he would with daintieſt eloquence ſtirre pitty in me toward *Philoxenus*, why ſure (ſaid I to my ſelfe) *Helen*, be not afraid, this heart cannot want pitty:and when he would extoll the deeds of *Philoxenus*, who in deed had but waited of him therein, alas (thought I) good *Philoxenus*, how evill doth it become thy name to be ſubſcribed to his letter? what ſhould I ſay? nay, what ſhould I not ſay(noble Knight)who am not aſhamed, nay,am delighted, thus to expreſſe mine owne paſſions?

Dayes paſt,his eagernes for his friend never decreaſed, my affection to him ever increaſed. At length,in way of ordinary curteſie, I obtained of him (who ſuſpected no ſuch matter) this his picture,the only *Amphialus* I feare that I ſhall ever enjoy: and growne bolder, or madder, or bold with madneſſe, I diſcovered my affection unto him. But Lord, I ſhall never forget, how anger and curteſie, at one inſtant appeared in his eyes,when he heard that motion: how with his bluſh he taught mee ſhame. In ſumme,he left nothing unaſſayed,which might diſgrace himſelfe,to grace his friend; in ſweet termes making me receive a moſt reſolute refuſall of himſelfe. But when he found that his preſence did farre more perſwade for himſelfe, than his ſpeech could do for his friend,he left my Court; hoping that forgetfulneſſe (which commonly waits upon abſence) would make roome for his friend; to whom hee would not utter thus much(I think)for a kind feare not to grieve him, or perchance (though he cares little for me)of a certaine honourable gratefulneſſe, not yet to diſcover ſo much of my ſecrets:but as it ſhould ſeeme, meant to travell into far countries,untill his friends affection either ceaſed,or prevailed. But within a while,*Philoxenus* came to ſee how onward the fruits were of his friends labour, when (as in truth I cared not how much he took it) he found me ſitting, beholding this picture, I know not with how affectionate countenance, but I am ſure with a moſt affectionate minde. I ſtraight found jealouſie and diſdain took hold of him,and yet the froward paine of mine own heart made me ſo delight to puniſh him,whom I eſteemed the chiefeſt let in my way;that when he with humble geſture,& vehement ſpeeches ſued for my favour,I told him,that I would heare him more willingly, if he would ſpeake for *Amphialus*,as well as *Amphialus* had done for him: he never anſwered me,but pale & quaking,went ſtraight away; & ſtraight my heart miſgave me ſome evill ſucceſſe: and yet, though I had authority enough to have ſtayed him (as in theſe fatall things it fals out,that the high-working powers make ſecond cauſes unwittingly acceſſory to their determinations) I did no further, but ſent a foot-man of mine(whoſe faithfulneſſe to me I well knew)from place to place to follow him, and bring me word of his proceedings: (which (alas) have brought forth that which I fear I muſt ever rue.

For he had travelled ſcarce a dayes journey out of my country, but that (not fat from this place)he overtooke *Amphialus*, who (by ſuccouring a diſtreſſed Lady) had been here ſtayed: and by and by called him to fight with him, proteſting that one of them two ſhould die,you may eaſily judge how ſtrange it was to *Amphialus*, whoſe hart could accuſe it ſelf of no fault,but too much affectiō toward him,which

he (refuſing to fight with him) would fain have made *Philoxenus* underſtand, but (as my ſervāt ſince told me) the more *Amphialus* went back, the more he followed, calling him traitor, & coward, yet never telling the cauſe of this ſtrange alteration. Ah *Philoxenus* (ſaid *Amphialus*) I know I am no traitor, and thou well knoweſt I am no coward: but I pray thee content thy ſelfe with this much, & let this ſatisfie thee, that I love thee, ſince I bear thus much of thee: but he leaving words, drew his ſword & gave *Amphialus* a great blow or two, which but for the goodnes of his armor would have ſlaine him: & yet ſo farre did *Amphialus* containe himſelfe, ſtepping aſide, and ſaying to him: Well *Philoxenus*, and thus much villany am I content to put up, not any longer for thy ſake (whom I have no cauſe to love ſince thou doſt injure me, & wilt not tell me the cauſe) but for thy vertuous fathers ſake, to whom I am ſo much bound; I pray thee go away, & conquer thine own paſſions, and thou ſhalt make me ſoone yeeld to be thy ſervant. But he would not attend his words, but ſtill ſtrake ſo fiercely at *Amphialus*, that in the end (nature prevailing above determination) he was fain to defend himſelf, & withall ſo to offend him, that by an unlucky blow the poore *Philoxenus* fell dead at his feet; having had time onely to ſpeake ſome words, whereby *Amphialus* knew it was for my ſake: which when *Amphialus* ſaw, he forthwith gave ſuch tokens of true-felt ſorrow, that as my ſervant ſaid, no imagination could conceive greater wo. But that by & by, an unhappy occaſion made *Amphialus* paſſe himſelf in ſorrow, for *Philoxenus* was but newly dead, when there comes to the ſame place, the aged and vertuous *Timotheus*, who (having heard of his ſons ſudden & paſſionate manner of parting from my Court) had followed him as ſpeedily as he could: but alas not ſo ſpeedily, but that he found him dead before he could overtake him. Though my heart be nothing but a ſtage of Tragedies, yet I muſt confeſſe, it is even unable to beare the miſerable repreſentation thereof; knowing *Amphialus* and *Timotheus* as I have done. Alas what ſorrow, what amazement, what ſhame was in *Amphialus*, when he ſaw his deere foſter father, find him the killer of his only ſon? In my heart I know, he wiſhed mountaines had laine upon him, to keepe him from that meeting. As for *Timotheus*, ſorrow of his ſonne, and (I thinke principally) unkindneſſe of *Amphialus* ſo devoured his vitall ſpirits, that, able to ſay no more but *Amphialus*, *Amphialus*, have I? he ſanke to the earth, and preſently dyed.

But not my tongue, though daily uſed to complaints; no nor if my heart (which is nothing but ſorrow) were turned to tongues, durſt it undertake to ſhew the unſpeakeablenes of his griefe. But (becauſe this ſerves to make you know my fortune) he threw away his Armour, even this which you have now upon you, which at the firſt ſight I vainely hoped he had put on againe; and then (as aſhamed of the light) he ran into the thickeſt of the woods, lamenting, and even crying out ſo pittifully, that my ſervant, (though of a fortune not uſed to much tenderneſſe) could not refraine weeping when he told it me. He once overtooke him, but *Amphialus* drawing his ſword, which was the onely part of his armes (God knowes to what purpoſe) he carried about him, threatned to kill him if he followed him, and withall bad him deliver this bitter meſſage, that he wel enough found, I was the cauſe of all this miſchiefe; and that if I were a man, he would go over the world to kill me: but bad me aſſure my ſelfe, that of all creatures in the world, he moſt hated me. Ah ſir knight (whoſe eares I think by this time are tyred with the rugged waies of theſe misfortunes) now weigh my caſe, if at leaſt you know what love is. For this cauſe have I left my country, putting in hazard how my people will in time deale by me, adventuring what perils or diſhonours might enſue, only to follow him, who proclaimeth hate againſt me, and to bring my necke unto him, if that may redeeme my

treſpaſſe

treſpaſſe, and aſſwage his fury. And now ſir (ſaid ſhe) you have your requeſt, I pray you take paines to guide me to the next towne, that there I may gather ſuch of my company againe, as your valour hath left me. *Palladius* willingly condeſcended: but ere they began to go, there came *Clitophon*, who having bin ſomthing hurt by one of them, had purſued him a good way, at length overtaking him and ready to kill him, underſtood they were ſervants to the faire Queene *Helen*, and that the cauſe of this enterprize was for nothing, but to make *Amphialus* priſoner, whom they knew their miſtris ſought; for ſhe concealed her ſorrow, nor cauſe of her ſorrow from no body.

But *Clitophon* (very ſorry for this accident) came back to comfort the Queen, helping ſuch as were hurt in the beſt ſort that he could, & framing friendly conſtructions of this raſhly under-taken enmity, when in comes another (till that time unſeen) all armed, with his Bever down, who firſt looking round about upon the company, as ſoon as he ſpied *Palladius*, he drew his ſword, and making no other prologue, let flie at him. But *Palladius* (ſorry for ſo much harme as had already happened) ſought rather to retire, and ward, thinking he might be ſome one that belonged to the faire Queene, whoſe caſe in his heart he pittied. Which *Clitophon* ſeeing, ſtept betweene them, asking the new-come knight the cauſe of his quarrel; who anſwered him, that he would kill that theefe, who had ſtolne away his Maſters armour, if he did not reſtore it. With that *Palladius* lookt upon him, and ſaw that he of the other ſide had *Palladius* owne armour upon him: truly (ſaid *Palladius*) if I have ſtolne this armour; you did not buy that, but you ſhall not fight with me upon ſuch a quarrell, you ſhall have this armour willingly, which I did only put on to doe honour to the owner. But *Clitophon* ſtraight knew by his words & voyce, that it was *Iſmenus*, the faithfull and diligent Page of *Amphialus*: and therefore telling him that he was *Clitophon*, and willing him to acknowledg his errour to the other, who deſerved all honor, the yong Gentleman pulled off his head-piece, and (lighting) went to kiſſe *Palladius* hands, deſiring him to pardon his folly, cauſed by extreame griefe, which eaſily might bring forth anger. Sweet Gentleman (ſaid *Palladius*) you ſhall onely make me this amends, that you ſhall carry this your Lords armour from me to him, and tell him from an unknown knight (who admires his worthines) that he cannot caſt a greater miſt over his glory, than by being unkind to ſo excellent a Princeſſe as this Queene is. *Iſmenus* promiſed he would as ſoone as he durſt find his Maſter: and with that went to doe his duty to the Queene, whom in all theſe encounters aſtoniſhment made hardy; but as ſoone as ſhe ſaw *Iſmenus* (looking to her picture,) *Iſmenus*, ſaid ſhe, here is my Lord, where is yours? or come you to bring mee ſome ſentence of death from him? if it be ſo, welcome be it. I pray you ſpeake, and ſpeake quickly. Alas Madam, ſaid *Iſmenus*, I have loſt my Lord, (with that teares came unto his eyes) for aſſoone as the unhappy combate was concluded with the death both of father and ſonne, my maſter caſting off his armour, went his way: forbidding me upon paine of death to follow him. Yet divers dayes I followed his ſteps, till laſtly I found him, having newly met with an excellent Spaniell, belonging to his dead companion *Philoxenus*. The dogge ſtraight fawned on my maſter for old knowledge: but never was there thing more pitifull than to heare my Maſter blame the dogge for loving his maſters murtherer, renewing afreſh his domplaints, with the dumbe counſellor, as if they might comfort one another in their miſeries. But my Lord having ſpied mee, roſe up in ſuch rage, that in truth I feared he would kill me: yet as then he ſaid only, if I would not diſpleaſe him, I ſhould not come neer him till he ſent for me; too hard a commandement for me to diſobey: I yeelded, leaving him only waited on by his dog, and as I think ſeeking out the moſt ſolitary

places, that this or any other country can grant him: and I returning where I had left his armour, found another inſtead thereof, and diſdaining I muſt confeſſe that any ſhould beare the armour of the beſt Knight living) armed my ſelfe therein to play the foole, as even now I did. Faire *Iſmenus* (ſaid the Queene) a fitter meſſenger could hardly be to unfold my Tragedy: I ſee the end, I ſee my end.

With that (ſobbing) ſhe deſired to be conducted to the next towne, where *Palladius* left her to be waited on by *Clitophon*, at *Palladius* earneſt entreaty, who deſired alone to take that melancholy courſe of ſeeking his friend; and therefore changing armours againe with *Iſmenus* (who went withall to a caſtle belonging to his maſter) he continued his queſt for his friend *Daiphantus*.

So directed he his courſe to *Laconia*, as well among the *Helots*, as *Spartans*: There indeed he found his fame flouriſhing, his monuments engraven in Marble, and yet more durably in mens memories, but the univerſall lamenting his abſented preſence, aſſured him of his preſent abſence. Thence into the *Elean* province, to ſee whether at the Olympian games (there celebrated) he might in ſuch concourſe bleſſe his eyes with ſo deſired an encounter: but that huge and ſportfull aſſembly grew to him a tedious lonelineſſe, eſteeming no body found, ſince *Daiphantus* was loſt. Afterward he paſſed through *Achaia* and *Sicyonia*, to the *Corinthians*, proud of their two Seas, to learne whether by the ſtreight of that *Iſthmus*, it were poſſible to know of his paſſage. But finding every place more dumbe than other to his demands, and remembring that it was late-taken love which had wrought this new courſe, he returned againe (after two moneths travaile in vaine) to make a freſh ſearch in *Arcadia*; ſo much the more, as then firſt he bethought himſelf of the picture of *Philoclea* (which reſembling her he had once loved) might perhaps awake again that ſleeping paſſion. And having already paſt over the greateſt part of *Arcadia*, one day comming under the ſide of the pleaſant mountaine *Manalus*, his horſe (nothing guilty of his inquiſitiveneſſe) with flat-tyring taught him, that diſcreet ſtayes makes ſpeedy journies: and therefore lighting down, & unbridling his horſe, he himſelfe went to repoſe himſelfe in a little wood he ſaw thereby. Where lying under the protection of a ſhady tree, with intention to make forgetting ſleepe comfort a ſorrowfull memory, he ſaw a ſight which perſwaded, & obtained of his eyes, that they would abide yet a while open. It was the appearing of a lady, who becauſe ſhe walked with her ſide toward him, he could not perfectly ſee her face; but ſo much he might ſee of her, that was a ſurety for the reſt, that all was excellent.

Well might he perceive the hanging of her haire in faireſt quantity, in lockes ſome curled, & ſome as it were forgotten, with ſuch a careleſſe care, and an art ſo hiding art, that ſhe ſeemed ſhe would lay them for a patterne, whether nature ſimply, or nature helped by cunning, be the more excellent: the reſt whereof was drawne into a Coronet of gold tichly ſet with pearl, & ſo joyned all over with gold wyers, & covered with feathers of divers colours, that it was not unlike to an helmet, ſuch a glittering ſhe with bare, & ſo bravely it was held up from the head. Vpon her body ſhe ware a doublet of skie-colour Satin, covered with plates of gold, and as it were nailed with precious ſtones, that in it ſhe might ſeeme armed; the nether part of her garment was full of ſtuffe, and cut after ſuch a faſhion, that though the length of it reached to the ankles, yet in her going one might ſometimes diſcerne the ſmall of her legge, which with the foot was dreſſed in a ſhort paire of crimſon Velvet Buſkins, in ſome places open (as the ancient manner was) to ſhew the fairnes of the skin. Over all this ſhe wore a certaine mantell, made in ſuch maner, that comming under her right arme and covering moſt of that ſide, it had no faſtning on the left ſide,

but

but only upon the top of the ſhoulder, where the two ends met, and were cloſed together with a very rich Iewell: the device whereof; as he after ſaw, was this; a *Hercules* made in little forme, but ſet with a diſtaffe in his hand, as he once was by *Omphales* commandement, with a word in Greeke, but thus to be interpreted, *Never more valiant*. On the ſame ſide, on her thigh ſhe ware a ſword, which as it witneſſed her to be an *Amazon*, or one following that profeſſion, ſo it ſeemed but a needleſſe weapon, ſince her other forces were without withſtanding. But this Lady walked out-right, till he might ſee her enter into a fine cloſe arbour: it was of trees, whoſe branches ſo lovingly enterlaced one the other, that it could reſiſt the ſtrongeſt violence of eye-ſight, but ſhe went into it by a doore that ſhe opened, which mooved him as warily as he could to follow her, and by and by he might heare her ſing this ſong, with a voyce no leſſe beautifull to his eares, than her goodlineſſe was full of harmony to his eyes.

Transform'd in ſhew, but more transform'd in mind,
I ceaſe to ſtrive with double conqueſt foil'd:
For (woe is me) my powers all I finde
Without forces and inward treaſon ſpoil'd.

For from without came to mine eyes the blow,
Whereto mine inward thoughts did faintly yeeld:
Both theſe conſpir'd poore Reaſons overthrow;
Falſe in my ſelfe, thus have I loſt the field.

Thus are my eyes ſtill captive to one ſight,
Thus all my thoughts are ſlaves to one thought ſtill:
Thus Reaſon to his ſervants yeelds his right,
Thus is my power transformed to your will:
What marvell then I take a womans hue,
Since what I ſee, thinke, know, is all but you?

The ditty gave him ſome ſuſpition, but the voyce gave him almoſt aſſurance, who the ſinger was. And therefore boldly thruſting open the doore, and entring into the arbour, he perceived indeed that it was *Pyrocles* thus diſguiſed, wherewith not receiving ſo much joy to have found him, as griefe ſo to have found him, amazedly looking upon him (as *Apollo* is painted when he ſaw *Daphne* ſuddenly turned into a Laurell) he was not able to bring forth a word. So that *Pyrocles* (who had as much ſhame as *Muſidorus* had ſorrow) riſing to him, would have formed a ſubſtantiall excuſe; but his inſinuation being of bluſhing, and his diviſion of ſighes, his whole oration ſtood upon a ſhort narration, what was the cauſe of this Metamorphoſis. But by that time *Muſidorus* had gathered his ſpirits together, and yet caſting a gaſtfull countenance upon him (as if he would conjure ſome ſtrange ſpirits) he thus ſpake unto him.

And is it poſſible, that this is *Pyrocles*, the onely yong Prince in the world, formed by nature, and framed by education to the true exerciſe of vertue? or is it indeed ſome *Amazon* that hath counterfeited the face of my friend, in this ſort to vex me: for likelier ſure I would have thought it, that any outward face might have bin diſguiſed, than that the face of ſo excellent a minde could have bin thus blemiſhed. O ſweet *Pyrocles*, ſeparate your ſelfe a little (if it be poſſible) from your ſelfe, and let your owne minde looke upon your owne proceedings, ſo ſhall my words be needleſſe

leſſe, and you beſt inſtructed. See with your ſelfe, how fit it will be for you in this your tender youth, borne ſo great a Prince, and of ſo rare, not only expectation, but proofe, deſired of your old father, and wanted of your native country, now ſo neare your home, to divert your thoughts from the way of goodnes, to loſe, nay, to abuſe your time. Laſtly, to overthrow all the excellent things you have done, which have filled the world with your fame; as if you ſhould drowne your ſhip in the long deſired haven: or like an ill player, ſhould marre the laſt act of his Tragedie. Remember (for I know you know it) that if we will be men, the reaſonable part of our ſoule is to have abſolute commandement; againſt which if any ſenſuall weakeneſſe ariſe, we are to yeeld all our ſound forces to the overthrowing of ſo unnatural a rebellió, wherein how can we want courage, ſince we are to deale againſt ſó weake an adverſary, that in it ſelfe is nothing but weakneſſe? Nay, we are to reſolve, that if reaſon direct it, we muſt do it; and if we muſt do it, we will do it: for to ſay I cannot, is childiſh, and I will not, womaniſh. And ſee how extreamely every way you endanger your mind; for to take this womaniſh habite (without you frame your behaviour accordingly) is wholly vaine: your behaviour can never come kindly from you, but as the mind is proportioned unto it, So that you muſt reſolve, if you will play your part to any purpoſe, whatſoever peeviſh imperfectiós are in that ſex, to ſoften your heart to receive them, the very firſt down-ſtep to all wickednes: for do not deceive your ſelfe, my deare couſin, there is no man ſodainly, either excellently good, or extreamely evill, but growes either as he holds himſelfe up in vertue, or lets himſelfe ſlide to viciouſneſſe. And let us ſee, what power is the author of all theſe troubles; forſooth love, love, a paſſion, & the baſeſt & fruitleſſeſt of all paſſions: fear breedeth wit, anger is the cradle of courage; joy openeth and enableth the heart: ſorrow, as it cloſeth, ſo it draweth it inward to looke to the correcting of it ſelfe, and ſo all of them generally have power towards ſome good by the direction of reaſon. But this baſtard Love (for indeed the name of Love is moſt unworthily applyed to ſo hatefull a humour) as it is ingendred betwixt luſt & idlenes; as the matter it works upon is nothing but a certain baſe weakneſſe, which ſome gentle fools call a gentle heart; as his adjoyned companions be unquietnes, longings, fond comforts, faint diſcomforts, hopes, jealouſies, ungrounded rages, cauſleſſe yeelding: ſo is the higheſt end it aſpires unto, a little pleaſure with much paine before, and great repentance after. But that end how endleſſe it runnes to infinite evils, were fit enough for the matter we ſpeak of, but not for your eares, in whom indeed there is ſo much true diſpoſition to vertue; yet thus much of his worthy effects in your ſelf is to be ſeene, that (beſides your breaking lawes of hoſpitality with *Kalander*, and of friendſhip with me) it vtterly ſubverts the courſe of nature, in making reaſon give place to ſenſe, & man to woman. And truely I thinke hereupon it firſt gat the name of Love: for indeed the true love hath that excellent nature in it, that it doth transforme the very eſſence of the lover into the thing loved; uniting, and as it were incorporating it with a ſecret and inward working. And herein do theſe kinds of loves imitate the excellent: for as the love of heaven makes one heavenly, the love of vertue, vertuous, ſo doth the love of the world make one become worldly: and this effeminate love of a woman, doth ſo womanize a man, that (if he yeeld to it) it will not onely make him an *Amazon*, but a launder, a diſtaffe, a ſpinner, or whatſoever other vile occupation their idle heads can imagine, and their weake hands performe. Therfore (to trouble you no longer with my tedious, but loving words) if either you remember what you are, what you have beene, or what you muſt be: if you conſider what it is that moved you, or by what kinde of creature you are moved, you ſhall finde the cauſe ſo

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ſmall, the effect ſo dangerous, your ſelfe ſo unworthy to run into the one, or to be driven by the other, that I doubt not, I ſhall quickly have occaſion rather to praiſe you for having conquered it, than to give you further counſell how to doe it. But in *Pyrocles* this ſpeech wrought no more, but that he, who before he was eſpyed, was afraid; after, being perceived, was aſhamed, now being hardly rub'd upon, left both fear and ſhame, and was moved to anger. But the exceeding good-will he bare to *Muſidorus* ſtriving with it; he thus, partly to ſatisfie him, but principally to looſe the reines to his owne motions, made him anſwer: Couſin, whatſoever good diſpoſition nature hath beſtowed upon me, or howſoever that diſpoſitiō hath bin by bringing up confirmed, this I muſt confeſſe, that I am not yet come to that degree of wiſedome, to thinke light of the ſexe, of whom I have my life, ſince if I be any thing (which your friendſhip rather finds, than I acknowledge) I was to come to it borne of a woman, & nurſed of a woman. And certainly (for this point of your ſpeech doth neereſt touch me) it is ſtrange to ſee the unmanlike cruelty of mankinde, who not content with their tyrannous ambition, to have brought the others vertuous patience under them (like childiſh maſters) thinke their maſterhood nothing, without doing injury to them, who (if we will argue by reaſon) are framed of nature with the ſame parts of the minde for the exerciſe of vertue, as we are. And for example, even this eſtate of *Amazons* (which I now for my greateſt honour do ſeeke to counterfeit) doth well witneſſe, that if generally the ſweetneſſe of their diſpoſition did not make them ſee the vainneſſe of theſe things which we account glorious, they neither want valour of mind, nor yet doth their faireneſſe take away their force. And truely we men, and praiſers of men, ſhould remember, that if we have ſuch excellencies, it is reaſon to thinke them excellent creatures, of whom we are; ſince a Kyte never brought forth a good flying Hawke. But to tell you true, as I thinke it ſuperfluous to uſe any words of ſuch a ſubject, who is ſo praiſed in it ſelfe as it needs no praiſes; ſo withall I feare leſt my conceit (not able to reach unto them) bring forth words, which for their unworthineſſe may be a diſgrace to them I ſo inwardly honor. Let this ſuffice, that they are capable of vertue, and vertue (you your ſelves ſay) is to be loved, and I too, truely: but this I willingly confeſſe, that it likes me much better, when I finde vertue in a faire lodging, than when I am bound to ſeeke it in an ill-favored creature, like a pearle in a dunghill. As for my fault of being an uncivill gueſt to *Kalander*, if you could feele what an inward gueſt my ſelfe am hoſte unto, ye would thinke it very excuſable, in that I rather perform the duties of an hoſt, than the ceremonies of a gueſt. And for my breaking the lawes of friendſhip with you (which I would rather die, than effectually doe,) truely I could find in my heart to aske you pardon for it, but that your now-handling of me gives me reaſon to confirme my former dealing. And here *Pyrocles* ſtayed, as to breathe himſelfe, having beene tranſported with a little vehemency, becauſe it ſeemed him, *Muſidorus* had over-bitterly glanced againſt the reputation of womankind: but then quieting his countenance (aſwel as out of an unquiet mind it might be) he thus proceeded on: And poore Love (ſaid he) deere couſin, is little beholding unto you, ſince you are not contented to ſpoyle it of the honour of the higheſt power of the mind, which notable men haue attributed unto it, but you deject it below all other paſſions, in truth ſomewhat ſtrangely; ſince, if love receive any diſgrace; it is by the company of theſe paſſions you preferre before it. For thoſe kinds of bitter objections (as, that luſt, idleneſſe, and a weake heart, ſhould be, as it were, the matter and forme of love) rather touch me, deere *Muſidorus*, than love, but I am a good witneſſe of mine owne imperfections, and therfore will not defend my

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ſelfe: but herein I muſt ſay, you deale contrary to your ſelfe: for if I be ſo weake, then can you not with reaſon ſtir me up as ye did, by remembrance of mine owne vertue: or if indeed I be vertuous, then muſt ye confeſſe, that love hath his working in a vertuous heart; and ſo no doubt hath it, whatſoever I be: for, if we love vertue, in whom ſhall we love it but in a vertuous creature? without your meaning be, I ſhould love this word *Vertue*, where I ſee it written in a booke. Thoſe troubleſome effects you ſay it breeds, be not the faults of love, but of him that loves, as an unable veſſell to beare ſuch a liquor, like evill eyes, not able to look on the Sunne; or like a weake braine ſooneſt overthrown with the beſt wine. Even that heavenly love you ſpeake of, is accompanied in ſome hearts with hopes, griefes, longings, and deſpaires. And in that heavenly love, ſince there are two parts, the one, the love it ſelf, th'other the excellency of the thing loved; I, not able at the firſt leap to frame both in me, doe now (like a diligent workman) make ready the chiefe inſtrument, and firſt part of that great worke, which is love it ſelfe; which when I have a while practiſed in this ſort, then you ſhall ſee me turne it to greater matters. And thus gently you may (if it pleaſe you) thinke of me. Neither doubt ye, becauſe I weare a womans apparell, I will be the more womaniſh, ſince I aſſure you (for all my apparell) there is nothing I deſire more, than fully to prove my ſelfe a man in this enterpriſe. Much might be ſaid in my defence, much more for love, and moſt of all for that divine creature, which hath joyned me and love together. But theſe diſputations are fitter for quiet ſchooles than my troubled braines, which are bent rather in deeds to performe, than in words to defend the noble deſire that poſſeſſeth me. O Lord (ſaid *Muſidorus*) how ſharpe-witted you are to hurt your ſelfe; No (anſwered he) but it is the hurt you ſpeake of, which makes me ſo ſharp-witted. Even ſo (ſaid *Muſidorus*) as every baſe occupation makes one ſharpe in that practiſe, and fooliſh in all the reſt. Nay, rather (anſwered *Pyrocles*) as each excellent thing once well learned ſerves for a meaſure of all other knowledges. And is that become (ſaid *Muſidorus*) a meaſure for other things, which never received meaſure in it ſelfe? It is counted without meaſure (anſwered *Pyrocles*) becauſe the workings of it are without meaſure, but otherwiſe, in nature it hath meaſure, ſince it hath an end allotted unto it. The beginning being ſo excellent, I would gladly know the end. Enjoying, anſwered *Pyrocles*, with a deep ſigh. O (ſaid *Muſidorus*) now ſet ye forth the baſeneſſe of it, ſince if it end in enjoying, it ſhewes all the reſt was nothing. Ye miſtake me (anſwered *Pyrocles*,) I ſpeake of the end to which it is directed; which end ends not, no ſooner than the life. Alas, let your owne braine diſenchant you (ſaid *Muſidorus*.) My heart is too farre poſſeſſed (ſaid *Pyrocles*.) But the head gives you direction: And the heart gives me life anſwered *Pyrocles*.

But *Muſidorus* was ſo grieved to ſee his well-beloved friend obſtinate (as he thought) to his owne deſtruction, that it forced him with more than accuſtomed vehemency to ſpeake theſe words. Well, well (ſaid he) you liſt to abuſe your ſelfe; it was a very white & red vertue, which you could pick out of a painterly gloſe of a viſage. Confeſſe the truth, and ye ſhall find the utmoſt was but beauty; a thing which though it be in as great excellency in your ſelf as may be in any, yet I am ſure you make no further reckning of it, than of an outward fading benefit nature beſtowed upon you. And yet ſuch is your want of a true-grounded vertue, which muſt be like it ſelfe in all points; that what you wiſely account a trifle in your ſelf, you fondly become a ſlave unto, in another. For my part I now proteſt, I haue left nothing unſaid, which my wit could make me know, or my moſt entire friendſhip to you requires of me; I do now beſeech you even for the love betwixt us (if this other love

have

have left any in you towards me) and for the remembrance of your old careful Father (if you can remember him that forget your ſelfe,) laſtly, for *Pyrocles* owne ſake (who is now upon the point of falling or riſing) to purge your ſelfe of this vile infection; otherwiſe give me leave to leave off this name of friendſhip, as an idle title of a thing which cannot be, where vertue is not eſtabliſht. The length of theſe ſpeeches before had not ſo much cloyed *Pyrocles*, though he were very impatient of long deliberations, as this laſt farewell of him he loved as his own life, did wound his ſoule. For thinking himſelfe afflicted, he was the apter to conceive unkindneſſe deepely: inſomuch that ſhaking his head, & delivering ſome ſhewes of teares, he thus uttered his griefes. Alas (ſaid he) Prince *Muſidorus*, how cruelly you deale with me; if you ſeeke the victory, take it; and if ye liſt, the triumph; have you all the reaſon of the world, and with me remaine all the imperfections; yet ſuch as I can no more lay from me, than the Crow can be perſwaded by the Swan to caſt off all his black feathers. But truly you deale with me like a Phyſician, that ſeeing his Patient in a peſtilent fever, ſhould chide him inſtead of miniſtring helpe, & bid him be ſick no more; or rather like ſuch a friend, that viſiting his friend condemned to perpetuall priſon, and laden with grievous fetters, ſhould will him to ſhake off his fetters, or he would leave him. I am ſicke, and ſicke to the death; I am priſoner, neither is there any redreſſe, but by her to whom I am a ſlave. Now if you liſt, leave him that loves you in the higheſt degree: But remember ever to carry this with you, that you abandon your friend in his greateſt extremity.

And herewith the deepe wound of his love, being rubbed a freſh with this new unkindneſſe, began, as it were, to bleed again, in ſuch ſort that he was unable to beare it any longer, but guſhing out abundance of teares, and croſſing his armes over his wofull heart, he ſunke downe to the ground; which ſudden traunce went ſo to the heart of *Muſidorus*, that falling downe by him, and kiſſing the weeping eyes of his friend, he beſought him not to make account of his ſpeech; which if it had bin overvehement, yet was it to be borne withall, becauſe it came out of a love much more vehement, that he had not thought fancy could have received ſo deepe a wound; but now finding in him the force of it, hee would no further contrary it, but employ all his ſervice to medicine it, in ſuch ſort as the nature of it required. But even this kindneſſe made *Pyrocles* the more to melt in the former unkindneſſe, which his manlike teares well ſhewed, with a ſilent looke upon *Muſidorus*, as who ſhould ſay, And is it poſſible that *Muſidorus* ſhould threaten to leave me? And this ſtrooke *Muſidorus* mind and ſenſes ſo dumbe too, that for griefe being not able to ſay any thing, they reſted with their eyes placed one upon another, in ſuch ſort, as might well point out the true paſſion of unkindneſſe to be never aright, but betwixt them that moſt dearely love.

And thus remained they a time, till at length *Muſidorus* embracing him, ſaid, And will you thus ſhake off your friend? It is you that ſhake mee off (ſaid *Pyrocles*) being for my unperfectneſſe unworthy of your friendſhip. But this (ſaid *Muſidorus*) ſhewes you more unperfect, to be cruell to him, that ſubmits himſelfe unto you: but ſince you are unperfect (ſaid he, ſmiling) it is reaſon you be governed by us wiſe and perfect men. And that authority will I begin to take upon me, with three abſolute commandements: the firſt, that you increaſe not your evill with further griefes: the ſecond, that you love her with all the powers of your mind: & the laſt commandement ſhall be, you command me to doe what ſervice I can towards the attaining of your deſires. *Pyrocles* heart was not ſo oppreſſed with the two mighty paſſions of love and unkindneſſe, but that it yeelded to ſome mirth at this commandement of

Muſidorus

Musidorus, that he should love, so that something clearing his face from his former shewes of griefe; Well (said he) deer cousin, I see by the well chusing of your commandements, that you are farre fitter to be a Prince than a Counsellor, and therefore I am resolved to imploy all my endevour to obey you, with this condition, that the commandements you command me to lay upon you, shall only be, that you continue to love me, and looke upon my imperfections with more affection than judgement. Love you (said he) alas, how can my heart be separated from the true imbracing of it, without it burst, by being too full of it? But (said he) let us leave off these flowers of new begun friendships, and now I pray you againe tell me, but tell it me fully, omitting no circumstance, the story of your affections, both beginning and proceeding; assuring your selfe, that there is nothing so great, which I will feare to do for you, no nothing so small, which I will disdaine to doe for you. Let me therefore receive a cleare understanding, which many times we misse, while those things we account small, as a speech, or a looke, are omitted, like as a whole sentence may faile of his congruity by wanting one particle. Therefore betweene friends all must be laid open, nothing being superfluous nor tedious. You shall be obeied (said *Pyrocles*) and here are we in as fit a place for it as may be; for this arbor no body offers to come into but my selfe, I using it as my melancholy retiring place, and therefore that respect is born unto it: yet if by chance any should come, say that you are a servant sent from the Queene of the *Amazons* to seeke me, and then let me alone for the rest. So sate they downe, and *Pyrocles* thus said.

Cosin (said he) then began the fatall overthrow of all my liberty, when walking among the pictures in *Kalanders* house, you your selfe delivered unto me what you had understood of *Philoclea*, who much resembling (though I must say) much surpassing) the Lady *Zelmane*, whom so well I loved: there were mine eyes infected, and at your mouth did I drink my poison. Yet alas, so sweet was it unto me, that I could not be contented, till *Kalander* had made it more and more strong with his declaration. Which the more I questioned, the more pitty I conceived of her unworthy fortune, and when with pitty once my heart was made tender, according to the aptnesse of the humour, it received quickly a cruell impression of that wonderfull passion, which to be defined is impossible, because no words reach to the strange nature of it, they only know it, which inwardly feel it; it is called Love. Yet did I not (poor wretch) at first know my disease, thinking it only such a wonted kind of desire to see rare sights, and my pity to be no other, but the fruits of a gentle nature. But even this arguing with my selfe came of further thoughts, and the more I argued, the more my thoughts encreased. Desirous I was to see the place where she remained, as though the Architecture of the Lodges would have been much for my learning; but more desirous to see her self; to be Iudge, forsooth, of the Painters cunning. For thus at the first did I flatter my selfe, as though my wound had beene no deeper; but when within short time I came to the degree of uncertaine wishes, and that those wishes grew to unquiet longings, when I could fixe my thoughts upon nothing, but that within little varying they should end with *Philoclea*: when each thing I saw, seemed to figure out some part of my passions; when even *Parthenia's* faire face became a lecture to me of *Philoclea's* imagined beauty; when I heard no word spoken, but that me thought it carried the sound of *Philoclea's* name; then indeed, then I did yeeld to the burthen, finding my self prisoner, before I had leisure to arme my self: and that I might well, like the Spaniell, gnaw upon the chaine that ties him; but I should sooner maime my teeth, than procure liberty: yet I take to witnesse the eternall spring of vertue, that I had never read, heard, nor seene any thing; I had never

any

any taſte of Philoſophy, nor inward feeling in my ſelfe, which for a while I did not cal to my ſuccor. But (alas) what reſiſtance was there, when ere long my very reaſon was, (you will ſay corrupted) I muſt confeſſe conquered, and that me thought even reaſon did aſſure me, that all eyes did degenerate from their creation, which did not honour ſuch beauty? Nothing in truth could hold any plea with it, but the reverend friendſhip I beare unto you. For as it went againſt my heart to breake any way from you, ſo did I feare more than any aſſault to breake it to you: finding (as it is indeed) that to a heart fully reſolute, counſel is tedious, but reprehenſion is lothſome: and that there is nothing more terrible to a guilty heart, than the eye of a reſpected friend. This made me determine with my ſelfe (thinking it a leſſe fault in friendſhip to doe a thing without your knowledge, than againſt your will) to take this ſecret courſe; which conceit was moſt builded up in me, the laſt day of my parting and ſpeaking with you, when upon your ſpeech with me, & my but naming love (when elſe perchance I would have gone further) I ſaw your voyce and countenance ſo change, as it aſſured me, my revealing it ſhould but purchaſe your griefe with my cumber, and therefore (deare *Muſidorus*) even ranne away from my well-knowne chiding for having written a letter, which I know not whether you found or no, & taken my chiefe Iewels with me, while you were in the midſt of your ſport, I got a time (as I thinke) unmarked by any, to ſteale away I cared not whither, ſo I might eſcape you, and ſo came I to *Ithonia*, in the Province of *Meſſenia*; where lying ſecret, I put this in practiſe, which before I had deviſed. For remembring by *Philanax* his letter & *Kalanders* ſpeech, how obſtinately *Baſilius* was determined not to mary his daughters, and therfore fearing leſt any publike dealing ſhould rather increaſe her captivity, than further my love; Love (the refiner of invention) had put in my head thus to diſguiſe my ſelfe, that under that maske I might (if it were poſſible) get acceſſe, & what acceſſe could bring forth, commit to fortune & induſtry, determining to beare the countenance of an *Amazon*. Therefore in the cloſeſt maner I could naming my ſelfe *Zelmane*, for that deare Ladies ſake, to whoſe memory I am ſo much bound, I cauſed this apparell to be made, and bringing it neare the Lodges, which are hard at hand, by night thus dreſſed my ſelfe, reſting till occaſion might make me to be found by them whom I ſought; which the next morning happened as well as mine own plot could have laid it. For after I had run over the whole pedegree of my thoughts, I gave my ſelf to ſing a little, which, as you know, I ever delighted in, ſo now eſpecially, whether it be the nature of this clime to ſtir up Poeticall fancies, or rather, as I thinke, of love, whoſe ſcope being pleaſure, will not ſo much as utter his griefes, but in ſome forme of pleaſure.

But I had ſung very little, when (as I thinke, diſpleaſed with my bad muſicke) comes maſter *Dametas* with a hedging bill in his hand, chafing and ſwearing by the pantoffle of *Pallas*, and ſuch other oathes as his ruſticall bravery could imagine; and when he ſaw me, I aſſure you, my beauty was no more beholding to him than my harmony; for leaning his hands upon his bill, and his chin upon his hands, with the voyce of one that playeth *Hercules* in a Play, but never had his fancy in his head, the firſt word he ſpake unto me, was, Am not I *Dametas*? why am not I *Dametas*? he needed not name himſelf, for *Kalanders* deſcriptiõ had ſet ſuch a note upon him, as made him very notable unto me, and therefore the height of my thoughts would not deſcend ſo much as to make him any anſwer, but continued on my inward diſcourſes; which he (perchance witneſſe of his owne unworthineſſe, and therefore the apter to thinke himſelfe contemned) tooke in ſo hainous manner, that ſtanding upon his tiptoes, and ſtaring, as if he would have had a mote pulled out of his eye,

Why, (ſaid he) thou woman, or boy, or both, whatſoever thou be, I tell thee here is no place for thee, get thee gone, I tell thee it is the Princes pleaſure. I tell thee it is *Dametas* pleaſure. I could not chuſe but ſmile at him, ſeeing him looke ſo like an Ape that had newly taken a purgation; yet taking my ſelfe with the manner, ſpake theſe words to my ſelfe: O ſpirit (ſaid I) of mine, how canſt thou receive any mirth in the midſt of thine agonies? and thou mirth, how dareſt thou enter into a minde ſo growne of late thy profeſſed enemy? Thy ſpirit? (ſaid *Dametas*) doſt thou think me a ſpirit? I tell thee I am *Baſilius* officer, & have charge of him and his daughters. O only pearle (ſaid I ſobbing) that ſo vile an oyſter ſhould keep thee: By the combcaſe of *Diana* (ware *Dametas*) this woman is mad: oyſters and pearles? doeſt thou thinke I will buy oyſters? I tell thee once again, get thee packing, and with that lifted up his bill to hit me with the blunt end of it: but indeed that put me quite out of my leſſon, ſo that I forgat all *Zelmanes* ſhip, and drawing out my ſword, the baſeneſſe of the villaine yet made me ſtay my ſtand, and he (who, as *Kalander* told me, from his child-hood ever feared the blade of a ſword) ranne back, backward (with his hands above his head) at leaſt twenty paces, gaping and ſtaring, with the very grace (I thinke) of the clownes, that by *Latona's* prayers were turned into Frogs. At length ſtaying, finding himſelfe without the compaſſe of blowes, he fell to a freſh ſcowlding, in ſuch manerly manner, as might well ſhew he had paſſed through the diſcipline of a Taverne. But ſeeing me walke up and downe, without marking what he ſaid, he went his way (as I perceived after) to *Baſilius*: for within a while he came unto me, bearing indeed ſhewes in his countenance of an honeſt and well-minded Gentleman, & with as much courteſie as *Dametas* with rudeneſſe ſaluting me: Faire Lady (ſaid he) it is nothing ſtrange, that ſuch a ſolitary place as this ſhould receive ſolitary perſons; but much doe I marvell, how ſuch a beautie as yours is, ſhould be ſuffered to be thus alone. I (that now knew it was my part to play) looking with a grave majeſtie upon him, as if I found in my ſelfe cauſe to be reverenced. They are never alone (ſaid I) that are accompanied with noble thoughts, but thoſe thoughts (replyed *Baſilius*) cannot in this your lonelineſſe neither warrant you from ſuſpition in others, nor defend you from melancholy in your ſelfe: I then ſhewing a miſlike that he preſſed me ſo farre; I ſeek no better warrant, ſaid I, than mine own conſcience, nor no greater pleaſure than mine own contentation. Yet vertue ſeekes to ſatisfie others, ſaid *Baſilius*. Thoſe that be good, ſaid I, and they will be ſatisfied as long as they ſee no evill: yet will the beſt in this country, ſaid *Baſilius*, ſuſpect ſo excellent beauty being ſo weakely guarded. Then are the beſt but ſtarke naught, anſwered I; for open ſuſpecting others, comes of ſecret condemning themſelves; but in my country (whoſe maners I am in all places to maintaine and reverence) the generall goodneſſe (which is nouriſhed in our hearts) makes every one thinke the ſtrength of vertue in another, whereof they find the aſſured foundation in themſelves. Excellent Lady, ſaid he, you praiſe ſo greatly (and yet ſo wiſely) your country, that I muſt needs deſire to know, what the neſt is, out of which ſuch birds doe flie. You muſt firſt deſerve it, ſaid I, before you may obtain it. And by what means, ſaid *Baſilius*, ſhall I deſerve to know your eſtate? By letting me firſt know yours, anſwered I. To obey you, ſaid he, I will do it, although it were ſo much more reaſon yours ſhould be known firſt, as you doe deſerve in all points to be preferd. Know you, faire Lady, that my name is *Baſilius*, unworthily Lord of this country: the reſt, either fame hath already brought to your eares, or (if it pleaſe you to make this place hapy by your preſence) at more leiſure you ſhal underſtand of me: I that from the beginning aſſured my ſelfe it was he, but would not

ſeeme I did ſo, to keepe my gravitie the better, making a piece of reverence unto him; Mightie Prince (ſaid I) let my not knowing you ſerve for the excuſe of my boldneſſe, and the little reverence I doe you, impute to the manner of my Country, which is the invincible land of the *Amazons*: my ſelfe Neece to *Senicia*, Queene thereof, lineally deſcended of the famous *Penthesilea*, ſlaine by the bloudy hand of *Pyrrhus*: I having in this my youth determined to make the world ſee the *Amazons* excellencies, as well in private, as in publike vertue, have paſſed ſome dangerous adventures in divers countries, till the unmercifull ſea deprived me of my company; ſo that ſhipwracke caſting me not farre hence, uncertaine wandring brought me to this place. But *Basilius* (who now began to taſte of that, which ſince he had ſwallowed up, as I will tell you) fell to more cunning intreating my abode, than any greedy hoſt would uſe to wel-paying paſſengers. I thought nothing could ſhoot righter at the marke of my deſires; yet had I learned already ſo much, that it was againſt my womanhood to be forward in my own wiſhes. And therfore he (to prove whether interceſſions in fitter mouthes might better prevaile) commanded *Dametas* to bring forthwith his wife and daughters thither, three Ladies, although of divers, yet of excellent beautie.

His wife in grave Matronlike attire, with countenance and geſture ſutable, and of ſuch faireneſſe (being in the ſtrength of her age) as if her daughters had not beene by, might with juſt price have purchaſed admiration; but they being there, it was enough that the moſt dainty eye would thinke her a worthy mother of ſuch children. The faire *Pamela*, whoſe noble heart I finde doth greatly diſdaine, that the truſt of her vertue is repoſed in ſuch a louts hands as *Dametas*, had yet, to ſhew an obedience, taken on ſhepheardiſh apparell, which was but of Ruſſet cloath, cut after their faſhion: with a ſtraight body, open breaſted, the neather part full of pleights, with long and wide ſleeves: but beleeve me ſhe did apparell her apparell, & with the precious neſſe of her body made it more ſumptuous. Her haire at the full length, wound about with gold lace, only by the compariſon to ſhew how farre her haire doth excell in colour: betwixt her breſts (which ſweetly roſe up like two faire mountaines in the pleaſant vale of *Tempe*) there hung a very rich Diamond ſet but in a blacke horne: the word I have ſeene read is this, *Yet ſtill my ſelfe*. And thus particularly have I deſcribed them, becauſe you may know that mine eyes are not ſo partiall, but that I marked them to. But when the ornament of the earth, the modell of heaven, the triumph of nature, the life of beautie, the Queene of love, young *Philoclea* appeared in her Nimph-like apparell, ſo neere nakedneſſe, as one might well diſcerne part of her perfections; and yet ſo apparelled, as did ſhew ſhe kept beſt ſtore of her beauty to her ſelfe: her haire (alas too poore a word, why ſhould I not rather call them her beames) drawne up into a net, able to have caught *Iupiter* when he was in the form of an Eagle; her body (ô ſweet body) covered with a light Taffata garment, ſo cut, as the wrought ſmock came through it in many places, enough to have made your reſtrained imagination have thought what was under it: with the caſt of her black eyes, blacke indeed, whether nature ſo made them, that we might be the more able to behold & beare their wonderfull ſhining, or that ſhe (goddeſſe-like) would worke this miracle with her ſelfe, in giving blackneſſe the price above all beauty. Then (I ſay) indeed me thought the Lillies grew pale for envy, the Roſes me thought bluſhed to ſee ſweeter Roſes in her cheeks, & the apples, me thought, fell down from the trees, to do homage to the apples of her breſt; then the clouds gaue place, that the heavens might more freely ſmile upon her, at the leaſt the clouds of my thoughts quite vaniſhed; and my ſight (then more cleere and

forcible than ever) was ſo fixed there, that (I imagine) I ſtood like a well-wrought Image, with ſome life in ſhew, but none in practiſe. And ſo had I bin like enough to have ſtayed long time, but that *Gynecia* ſtepped betweene my ſight and the onely *Philoclea*, the change of object made mee recover my ſenſes; ſo that I could with reaſonable good manner receive the ſalutation of her, and of the Princeſſe *Pamela*, doing them yet no further reverence than one Princeſſe uſeth to another. But when I came to the never-enough praiſed *Philoclea*, I could not but fall downe on my knees, and taking by force her hand, and kiſſing it (I muſt confeſſe) with more than womanly ardency, Divine Lady, ſaid I, let not the world, nor theſe great Princeſſes marvell, to ſee me (contrary to my manner) doe this ſpeciall honour unto you, ſince all both men and women, do owe this to the perfection of your beauty. But ſhe bluſhing (like a faire morning in May) at this my ſingularity, and cauſing me to riſe, Noble Lady, ſaid ſhe, it is no marvell to ſee your judgement much miſtaken in my beauty, ſince you begin with ſo great an errour, as to doe more honor unto me than to them, to whom I my ſelf owe al ſervice. Rather (anſwered I with a bowed down countenance) that ſhewes the power of your beauty, which forced me to do ſuch an errour, if it were errour. You are ſo well acquainted (ſaid ſhe ſweetly, moſt ſweetly ſmiling) with your owne beauty, that it makes you eaſily fall into the diſcourſe of beauty. Beauty in me? (ſaid I truly ſighing) alas, if there be any, it is in my eyes, which your bleſſed preſence hath imparted unto them.

But then (as I think *Baſilius* willing her ſo to do) Well, ſaid ſhe, I muſt needs confeſſe I have heard that it is a great happineſſe to bee praiſed of them that are moſt praiſe-worthy: and well I finde that you are an invincible *Amazon*, ſince you will overcome, though in a wrong matter. But if my beauty bee any thing, then let it obtaine thus much of you, that you will remaine ſome while in this company, to eaſe your owne travell and our ſolitarineſſe. First let me die (ſaid I) before any word ſpoken by ſuch a mouth ſhould come in vaine. And thus with ſome other words of entertaining, was my ſtaying concluded, and I led among them to the Lodge; truely a place for pleaſantneſſe, not unfit to flatter ſolitarineſſe, for it being ſet upon ſuch an unſenſible riſing of the ground, as you are come to a pretty height before almoſt you perceive that you aſcend, it gives the eye Lordſhip over a good large circuit, which according to the nature of the country, being diverſified betweene hills and dales, woods and plaines, one place more cleere, another more darkeſome, it ſeemes a pleaſant picture of nature, with lovely lightſomneſſe and artificiall ſhadowes. The Lodge is of a yellow ſtone, built in the forme of a ſtarre, having round about a garden framed into like points; and beyond the garden ridings cut out, each anſwering the angles of the Lodge: at the end of one of them is the other ſmaller Lodge, but of like faſhion, where the gracious *Pamela* liveth; ſo that the Lodge ſeemeth not unlike a faire Comet, whoſe taile ſtretcheth it ſelfe to a ſtar of leſſe greatneſſe.

So *Gynecia* her ſelfe bringing me to my lodging, anone after I was invited and brought down to Sup with them in the garden, a place not fairer in naturall ornaments, than artificiall inventions; where, in a banqueting houſe among certain pleaſant trees, whoſe heads ſeemed curled with the wrappings about of Vine-branches, the table was ſet neere to an excellent water-worke; for by the caſting of the water in moſt cunning manner, it makes (with the ſhining of the Sunne upon it) a perfect rain-bow, not more pleaſant to the eye than to the mind, ſo ſenſibly to ſee the proof of the heavenly *Iris*. There were birds alſo made ſo finely, that they did not only deceive the ſight with their figure; but the hearing with their ſongs, which the watery

inſtruments

inſtruments did make their gorge deliver. The table at which we ſate was round, which being faſt to the floore whereon we ſate, and that divided from the reſt of the buildings, with turning a Vice (which *Baſilius* at firſt did, to make me ſport) the table, and we about the table, did all turne round, by meanes of water which ran under, and carried it about as a mill. But alas, what pleaſure did it to me, to make divers times the full circle round about, ſince *Philoclea* (being alſo ſet) was carried ſtill in equall diſtance from me, and that onely my eyes did overtake her? which when the table was ſtayed, and we began to feed, dranke much more eagerly of her beauty, than my mouth did of any other liquor. And ſo was my common ſenſe deceived, (being chiefly bent to her) that as I dranke the wine, and withall ſtole a looke on her, me ſeemed I taſted her deliciouſneſſe. But alas, the one thirſt was much more inflamed than the other quenched. Sometimes my eyes would lay themſelves open to receive all the darts ſhe did throw, ſometimes cloſe up with admiration, as if with a contrary fancy, they would preſerve the riches of that ſight they had gotten, or caſt my lids as curtains over the image of beauty, her preſence had painted in them. True it is, that my reaſon (now grown a ſervant to paſſion) did yet often tell his maſter, that he ſhould more moderately uſe his delight. But he, that of a rebell was become a Prince, diſdained almoſt to allow him the place of a counſellor, ſo that my ſenſes delights being too ſtrong for any other reſolution, I did even looſe the reins unto them; hoping that (going for a woman) my lookes would paſſe, either unmarked, or unſuſpected.

Now thus I had (as me thought) well plaid my firſt act, aſſuring my ſelfe, that under that diſguiſement, I ſhould find opportunity to reveale my ſelfe to the owner of my heart. But who would thinke it poſſible (though I feele it true) that in almoſt eight weeks ſpace I have lived here (having no more company but her parents; and I being familiar, as being a woman, and watchful, as being a lover) yet could never find opportunity to have one minutes leiſure of private conference: the cauſe whereof is as ſtrange, as the effects are to me miſerable. And alas, this it is.

At the firſt ſight that *Baſilius* had of me (I think *Cupid* having headed his arrowes with my misfortune) he was ſtriken (taking me to be ſuch as I profeſſe) with great affection towards me, which ſince is growne to ſuch a doting love, that till I was faine to get this place (ſometimes to retire unto freely) I was even choaked with his tedioufneſſe. You never ſaw fourſcore yeares dance up and downe more lively in a young Lover; now, as fine in his apparell, as if he would make me in love with a cloake, and verſe for verſe with the ſharpeſt-witted Lover in *Arcadia*. Doe you not thinke that this is a ſallet of wormewood, while mine eyes feed upon the *Ambroſia* of *Philoclea's* beauty? But this is not all; no, this is not the worſt: for he (good man) were eaſie enough to be dealt with, but, as I thinke, Love & miſchiefe having made a wager, which ſhould have moſt power in me, have ſet *Gynecia* alſo on ſuch a fire towards me, as will never (I feare) be quenched but with my deſtruction. For (ſhe being a woman of excellent wit, and of ſtrong working thoughts) whether ſhe ſuſpected me by my over-vehement ſhewes of affection to *Philoclea* (which love forced me unwiſely to utter, while hope of my Maſk fooliſhly encouraged me) or that ſhe hath taken ſome other mark of me, that I am not a woman; or what divell it is hath revealed it unto her, I know not: but ſo it is, that all her countenances, words, and geſtures, are even miſerable portraitures of a deſperate affectiō. Wherby a man may learn, that theſe avoydings of company, doe but make the paſſions more violent, when they meet with fit ſubjects. Truely it were a notable dumbſhew of *Cupids* kingdome, to ſee my eyes (languiſhing with over-vehement longing) direct them-

ſelves to *Philoclea* and *Baſilius*, as buſie about me as a Bee, and indeed as cumberſom, making ſuch vehement ſuits to me, who neither could if I would, nor would if I could, helpe him, while the terrible wit of *Gynecia*, carried with the Beer of violent love, runnes through us all. And ſo jealous is ſhe of my love to her daughter, that I could never yet begin to open my mouth to the unevitable *Philoclea*, but that her unwiſhed preſence gave my tale a concluſion, before it had a beginning. And ſurely if I be not deceived, I ſee ſuch ſhewes of liking, and (if I be acquainted with paſſions) of almoſt a paſſionate liking in the heavenly *Philoclea* towards me, that I may hope her eares would not abhor my diſcourſe. And for good *Baſilius*, he thought it beſt to have lodged us together, but that the eternall hatefulneſſe of my deſtiny made *Gynecia's* jealouſie ſtop that, and all other my bleſſings. Yet muſt I confeſſe, that one way her love doth me pleaſure; for ſince it was my fooliſh fortune, or unfortunate folly, to be knowne by her, that keeps her from bewraying me to *Baſilius*. And thus (my *Muſidorus*) you have my Tragedy played unto you by my ſelfe, which I pray the gods may not indeed prove a Tragedie. And therewith he ended, making a full point of a hearty ſigh.

Muſidorus recommended to his beſt diſcourſe, all which *Pyrocles* had told him. But therein he found ſuch intricateneſſe, that he could ſee no way to lead him out of the maze; yet perceiving his affection ſo grounded, that ſtriving againſt it, did rather anger than heale the wound, and rather call his friendſhip in queſtion, than give place to any friendly counſell. Well (ſaid he) deere couſin, ſince it hath pleaſed the gods to mingle your other excellencies with this humour of love, yet happy it is, that your love is imployed upon ſo rare a woman: for certainly, a noble cauſe doth eaſe much a grievous caſe. But as it ſtands now, nothing vexeth me, as that I cannot ſee wherin I can be ſerviceable unto you. I deſire no greater ſervice of you (anſwered *Pyrocles*) than that you remain ſecretly in this country, and ſometimes come to this place, either late in the night or early in the morning, where you ſhall have my key to enter, becauſe as my fortune either amends or impaires, I may declare it unto you, and have your counſell and furtherance: and hereby I will of purpoſe lead her, that is the praiſe, and yet the ſtaine of all womankinde, that you may have ſo good a view, as to allow my judgement: and as I can get the moſt convenient time, I will come unto you; for though by reaſon of yonder wood you cannot ſee the Lodge, it is hard at hand. But now (ſaid ſhe) it is time for me to leave you, and towards evening we will walke out of purpoſe hitherward, therefore keepe your ſelfe cloſe till that time. But *Muſidorus* bethinking himſelf that his horſe might happen to bewray him, thought it beſt to return for that day to a village not far off, and diſpatching his horſe in ſome ſort, the next day early to come a foot thither, & ſo to keep that courſe afterward, which *Pyrocles* very well liked of. Now farewell deere couſin (ſaid he) from me, no more *Pyrocles*, nor *Daiphantus* now, but *Zelmane*: *Zelmane* is my name, *Zelmane* is my title, *Zelmane* is the onely hope of my advancement. And with that word going out, and ſeeing that the coaſt was cleere, *Zelmane* diſmiſſed *Muſidorus*, who departed as full of care to helpe his friend, as before he was to diſſwade him.

Zelmane returned to the Lodge, where (inflamed by *Philoclea*, watched by *Gynecia*, and tired by *Baſilius*) ſhe was like a horſe deſirous to runne, and miſerably ſpurred, but ſo ſhort rained as he cannot ſtirre forward: *Zelmane* ſought occaſion to ſpeake with *Philoclea*; *Baſilius* with *Zelmane*; and *Gynecia* hindred them all. If *Philoclea* happened to ſigh (and ſigh ſhe did often) as if that ſigh were to be waited on, *Zelmane* ſighed alſo, whereto *Baſilius* and *Gynecia* ſoon made up foure parts of ſorrow. Their affection

affection increaſed their converſation; and their converſation increaſed their affection. The reſpect borne, bred due ceremonies; but the affection ſhined ſo through them, that the ceremonies ſeemed not ceremonies. *Zelmanes* eyes were (like children before ſweet meat) eager, but fearefull of their ill-pleaſing governours. Time, in one inſtant, ſeeming both ſhort and long unto them: ſhort, in the pleaſingneſſe of ſuch preſence: long, in the ſtay of their deſires.

But *Zelmane* failed not to intice them all many times abroad, becauſe ſhe was deſirous her friend *Muſidorus* (neere whom of purpoſe ſhe led them) might have full ſight of them. Somtimes angling to a little river neere hand, which, for the moiſture it beſtowed upon roots of ſome flouriſhing trees, was rewarded with their ſhadow. There would they ſit downe, and prety wagers be made between *Pamelia* and *Philoclea* which could ſooneſt beguile ſilly fiſhes, while *Zelmane* proteſted that the fit prey for them was hearts of Princes. She alſo had an angle in her hand; but the taker was ſo taken, that ſhe had forgotten taking. *Baſilius* in the meane time would be the Cooke himſelfe of what was ſo caught, and *Gynecia* ſit ſtill, but with no ſtill penſiveneſſe. Now ſhe brought them to ſee a ſilly Dove, who the blinder ſhe was, the higher ſhe ſtrove. Another time a Kite, which having a gut cunningly pulled out of her, and ſo let fly, cauſed all the Kites in that quarter, who (as oftentimes the world is deceived) thinking her proſperous when indeed ſhe was wounded, made the poore Kite finde, that opinion of riches may well be dangerous.

But theſe recreations were interrupted by a delight of more gallant ſhew; for one evening, as *Baſilius* returned from having forced his thoughts to pleaſe themſelves in ſuch ſmall conqueſt, there came a ſhepheard, who brought him word, that a Gentleman deſired leave to doe a meſſage from his Lord unto him. *Baſilius* granted, whereupon the Gentleman came; and after the dutifull ceremonies obſerved in his maſters name told him, that he was ſent from *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, to crave licence, that as he had done in many other Courts, ſo he might in his preſence defie all *Arcadian* Knights in the behalfe of his Miſtris beauty, who would beſides, her ſelfe in perſon be preſent, to give evident proofe what his Launce ſhould affirme. The conditions of his challenge were, that the defendant ſhould bring his Miſtriſſe picture, which being ſet by the Image of *Arteſia* (ſo was the miſtris of *Phalantus* named) who in ſixe courſes ſhould have better of the other, in the judgement of *Baſilius*, with him both the honours and the pictures ſhould remaine. *Baſilius* (though he had retired himſelfe to that ſolitary dwelling, with intention to avoyd, rather than to accept any matters of drawing company, yet becauſe he would entertaine *Zelmane*, that ſhe might not thinke the time ſo gainefull to him, loſſe to her) granted him to pitch his tent for three dayes, not farre from the Lodge, and to proclaime his challenge, that what *Arcadian* Knight (for none elſe but upon his perill was licenſed to come) would defend what he honoured againſt *Phalantus*, ſhould have the like freedome of acceſſe and and returne.

This obtained and publiſhed, *Zelmane* being deſirous to learne what this *Phalantus* was having never knowne him further than by report of his good luſting, in ſo much as he was commonly called, the faire man of armes, *Baſilius* told her that he had had occaſion by one very inward with him, to know in part the diſcourſe of his life, which was, that he was baſtard-brother to the faire *Helen* Queen of *Corinth*, and deerely eſteemed of her for his exceeding good parts, being honourably courteous and wrongleſly valiant, conſiderately pleaſant in converſation, and an excellent Courtier without unfaithfulneſſe; who finding his ſiſters unperſwadable melancholy, (through the love of *Amphialus*) had for a time left the Court, & gone

into

into *Laconia*, where in the warre againſt the *Helots*, he had gotten the reputation of one, that both durſt and knew. But as it was rather choiſe than nature, that led him to matters of armes, ſo as ſoone as the ſpur of honour ceaſed, he willingly reſted in peaceable delights, being beloved in all companies for his lovely qualities, and (as a man may terme it) winning cheerfulneſſe, whereby to the Prince and Court of *Laconia*, none was more agreeable than *Phalantus*: and he, not given greatly to ſtruggle with his own diſpoſition, followed the gentle current of it, having a fortune ſufficient to content, and he content with a ſufficient fortune. But in that court he ſaw, and was acquainted with this *Arteſia*, whoſe beauty he now defends, became her ſervant, ſaid himſelfe, and perchance thought himſelfe her lover. But certainly, ſaid *Baſilius*, many times it fals out, that theſe yong companions make themſelves beleeve they love at the firſt liking of a likely beauty; loving, becauſe they will love for want of other buſineſſe, not becauſe they feele indeed that divine power, which makes the heart find a reaſon in paſſion, and ſo (God knowes) as inconſtantly leave upon the next chance that beauty caſts before them. So therefore taking love upon him like a faſhion, he courted this Lady *Arteſia*, who was as fit to pay him in his owne money as might be: for ſhe thinketh ſhe did wrong to her beauty, if ſhe were not proud of it, called her diſdaine of him chaſtitie, and placed her honour in little ſetting by his honouring her; determining never to marry, but him, whom ſhe thought worthy of her: and that was one, in whom all worthineſſes were harboured. And to this conceit, not onely nature had bent her, but the bringing up ſhe received at my ſiſter in Law *Cecropia*, had confirmed her; who having in her widowhood taken this yong *Arteſia* into her charge, becauſe her father had beene a deare friend of her dead husbands, had taught her to thinke that there is no wiſedome but in including both heaven and earth in ones ſelfe, and that love, courteſie, gratefulneſſe, friendſhip, and all other vertues are rather to be taken on, than taken in ones ſelfe. And ſo good diſcipline ſhe found of her, that liking the fruits of her own planting, ſhe was content (if ſo her ſonne could have liked of it) to have wiſhed her in marriage to my Nephew *Amphialus*. But I think that deſire hath loſt ſome of his heat, ſince ſhe hath known, that ſuch a Queene as *Helen* is, doth offer ſo great a price as a kingdome, to buy his favour; for if I be not deceived in my good ſiſter *Cecropia*, ſhe thinkes no face ſo beautifull, as that which lookes under a Crowne. But *Arteſia* indeed liked well of my Nephew *Amphialus*: for I can never deeme that love, which in haughty hearts proceeds of a deſire only to pleaſe, and, as it were, peacock themſelves; but yet ſhe hath ſhewed vehemency of deſire that way, I think, becauſe all her deſires be vehement, inſomuch that ſhe hath both placed her only brother (a fine youth called *Iſmenus*) to be his ſquire, and her ſelfe is content to wait upon my ſiſter, till ſhe may ſee the uttermoſt what ſhe may worke in *Amphialus*; who being of a melancholy (though I muſt ſay truely, courteous and noble) minde, ſeemes to love nothing leſſe than Love: and of late, having through ſome adventure, or inward miſcontentment, withdrawn himſelfe from any bodies knowledge, where he is: *Arteſia* the eaſier condiſcended to goe to the Court of *Lacunia*, whither ſhe was ſent for by the Kings wife, to whom ſhe is ſomewhat allied.

And there, after the war of the *Helots*, this Knight *Phalantus* (at leaſt for tongue-delight) made himſelfe her ſervant, and ſhe ſo little caring, as not to ſhew miſlike thereof, was content onely to be noted to have a notable ſervant. For truely one in my Court neerely acquainted with him, within theſe few dayes made me a pleaſant deſcription of their love, while he with cheerefull looks would ſpeake ſorrowfull words, uſing the phraſe of his affection in ſo high a ſtile, that *Mercury* would not have

have wooed *Venus* with more magnificent eloquence: but elſe neither in behaviour, nor action, accuſing in himſelfe any great trouble in minde, whether he ſped or no. And ſhe on the otherſide, well finding how little it was, & not caring for more, yet taught him, that often it falleth out but a fooliſh wittineſſe, to ſpeake more than one thinks.

For ſhe made earneſt benefit of his jeſt, forcing him in reſpect of his profeſſion, to do her ſuch ſervices, as were both cumberſome & coſtly unto him, while he ſtill thought hee went beyond her, becauſe his heart did not commit the idolatry. So that laſtly, ſhe (I thinke) having in mind to make the fame of her beauty an Oratour for her to *Amphialus*, (perſwading her ſelfe perhaps, that it might fall out in him as it doth in ſome that have delightfull meat before them, and have no ſtomacke to it, before other folks praiſe it) ſhe took the advantage one day upon *Phalantus* unconſcionable prayſing of her, & certaine caſt-away vowes, how much he would doe for her ſake, to arreſt his word aſſoon as it was out of his mouth, & by the vertue therof to charge him to go with her through all the courts of *Greece* & with the challenge now made to give her beauty the principality over all other. *Phalantus* was entrapped, and ſaw round about him, but could not get out. Exceedingly perplexed hee was (as he confeſt to him that told me the tale) not for doubt he had of himſelfe, (for indeed he had little cauſe, being accounted, with his Launce eſpecially, whereupon the challenge is to be tryed) as perfect as any that *Greece* knoweth; but becauſe he feared to offend his ſiſter *Helen*, and withall (as he ſaid) he could not ſo much beleeve his love, but that he muſt think in his heart (whatſoever his mouth affirmed) that both ſhe, my daughters, & the faire *Parthenia* (wife to a moſt noble Gentleman my wives neere kinſman) might far better put in their claime for that prerogative. But his promiſe had bound him prentiſe, and therefore it was now better with willingneſſe to purchaſe thankes, than with a diſcontented doing to have the paine and not the reward; and therefore went on, as his faith, rather than love, did leade him. And now hath he already paſſed the courts of *Laconia*, *Elis*, *Argos*, and *Corinth*, and (as many times happens) that a good pleader makes a bad cauſe to prevaile; ſo hath his Launce brought captives to the triumph of *Arteſia's* beauty, ſuch, as though *Arteſia* be among the faireſt, yet in that company were to have the preheminence. For in thoſe courts many Knights (that had bin in other farre countries) defended ſuch as they had ſeene, and liked in their travell: but their defence had been ſuch, as they had forced the pictures of their Ladies, to give a forced falſe teſtimony to *Arteſia's* excellency. And now laſtly is he come hither where he hath leave to try his fortune. But I aſſure you, if I thought it not in due and true conſideration an injurious ſervice and churliſh curteſie, to put the danger of ſo noble a title in the deciding of ſuch a dangerleſſe combat, I would make yong maſter *Phalantus* know, that your eyes can ſharpen a blunt Launce, & that age, which my gray hayres (only gotten by the loving care of others) makes ſeem more than it is, hath not diminiſhed in me the power to protect an undeniable verity: with that he buſtled up himſelfe, as though his heart would faine have walked abroad. *Zelmane* with an inward ſmiling gave him outward thanks, deſiring him to reſerve his force for worthier cauſes. So paſſing their time according to their wont, they waited for the comming of *Phalantus*, who the next morning having already cauſed his tents to be pitched, neere to a faire tree hard by the Lodge, had upon the tree made a ſhield to bee hanged up, which the defendant ſhould ſtrike, that would call him to the maintaining his challenge. The *Impreſſa* in the ſhield, was a heaven full of ſtarres, with a ſpeech, ſignifying, that it was *the beauty which gave the praiſe.*

Him

Himſelfe came in next after a triumphant Chariot, made of Carnation Velvet, enriched with purple and pearle, wherein *Arteſia* ſate, drawn by foure winged horſes with artificiall flaming mouthes, and fiery wings, as if ſhee had newly borrowed them of *Phœbus*. Before her marched, two after two, certain footmen pleaſantly attired, who betweene them held one picture after another of them, that by *Phalantus* well running had loſt the prize in the race of beauty, and at every place they ſtaied, turning the pictures to each ſide, ſo leiſurely, that with perfect judgemẽt they might be diſcerned. The firſt that came in (following the order of the time wherin they had beene woon) was the picture of *Andromana*, Queene of *Iberia*, whom a *Laconian* Knight, having ſometime (and with ſpeciall favour) ſerved, (though ſome yeares ſince returned home) with more gratefulneſſe than good fortune defended. But therein *Fortune* had borrowed wit; for indeed ſhe was not comparable to *Arteſia*; not becauſe ſhe was a good deale elder (for time had not yet beene able to impoveriſh her ſtore thereof) but an exceeding red haire with ſmall eyes, did (like ill companions) diſgrace the other aſſembly of moſt commendable beauties.

Next after her was born the counterfeit of the Princeſſe of *Elis*, a Lady that taught the beholders no other point of beauty, but this. That as liking is not alwaies the child of beauty; ſo whatſoever liketh is beautifull, for in that viſage there was neither majeſtie, grace, favour, nor faireneſſe, yet ſhe wanted not a ſervant that would have made her fairer than the faire *Arteſia*. But he wrote her praiſes with his helmet in the duſt, and left her picture to be a true witneſſe of his overthrow, as his running was of her beauty.

After her was the goodly *Artaxia*, great Q. of *Armenia*, a Lady upon whom nature beſtowed, and well placed her moſt delightfull colours; and withall, had proportioned her without any fault, quickely to be diſcovered by the ſenſes, yet altogether ſeemed not to make up that harmony, that *Cupid* delights in, the reaſon wherof might ſeeme a manniſh countenance, which overthrew that lovely ſweetneſſe, the nobleſt power of womankind, far fitter to prevaile by parley than by battell.

Of a farre contrary conſideration was the repreſentation of her that next followed, which was *Erona*, Queene of *Licia*; who though of ſo browne a haire, as no man ſhould have injured it to have called it blacke, & that in the mixture of her cheekes, the white did ſo much overcome the red (though what was, was very pure) that it came neare to paleneſſe, and that her face was a thought longer than the exact *Symmetrians* perhaps would allow: yet Love plaid his part ſo well in every part, that it caught hold of the judgement, before it could judge, making it firſt love, & after acknowledge it faire; for there was a certaine delicacy, which in yeelding conquered, and with a pitifull looke made one find cauſe to crave helpe himſelfe.

After her came two Ladies, of noble, but not of royall birth: the former was named *Baccha*, who though very faire, & of a fatneſſe rather to allure, then to miſlike, yet her breſts over-familiarly laid open, with a made countenance about her mouth, betweene ſimpring and ſmiling, her head howed ſomewhat downe, ſeemed to languiſh with over-much idleneſſe, and with an inviting looke caſt upward, diſſwaded with too much perſwading, while hope might ſeeme to over-run deſire.

The other (whoſe name was written *Leucippe*) was of a fine daintineſſe of beauty, her face carrying in it a ſober ſimplicity, like one that could doe much good, and meant no hurt, her eyes having in them ſuch a cheerefulneſſe, as nature ſeemed to ſmile in them, though her mouth and cheekes obeyed to that pretty demureneſſe, which the more one markt, the more one would judge the poore ſoule apt to beleeve, and therefore the more pitty to deceive her.

Next

Next came the Queen of *Laconia*, one that ſeemed born in the confines of beauties kingdome: for all her lineaments were neither perfect poſſeſſioners thereof, nor abſolute ſtrangers thereto: but ſhe was a Queen, and therfore beautifull.

But ſhe that followed, conquerd indeed, with being conquered, and might well have made all the beholders wait upon her triumph, while her ſelf were led captive. It was the excellently fair Queen *Helen*, whoſe Locipth haire curled by nature, but intercurled by art (like a fine brook through golden ſands) had a rope of fair pearle, which now hiding now hidden by the hair, did as it were play at faſt and looſe each with other, mutually giving and receiving richneſſe. In her face ſo much beauty and favour expreſſed, as if *Helen* had not bin known, ſome would rather have judged it the Painters exerciſe, to ſhew what he could do, than the counterfaiting of any living pattern, for no fault the moſt fault-finding wit could have found, if it were not that to the reſt of the body the face was ſomewhat too little: but that little was ſuch a ſpark of beauty, as was able to enflame a world of love; for every thing was full of a choyce fineneſſe, that if it wanted any thing in majeſtie, it ſupplied it with increaſe in pleaſure, and if at the firſt it ſtrake not with admiration, it raviſhed with delight, And no indifferēt ſoul there was, which if it could reſiſt frō ſubjecting it ſelf to make it his Princeſſe that would not long to have ſuch a play-fellow. As for her attire, it was coſtly and curious, though the look (fixt with more ſadneſſe than it ſeemed nature had beſtowed to any that knew her fortune) bewrayed, that as ſhe uſed thoſe ornaments, not for her ſelf, but to prevail with another, ſo ſhe feared that all would not ſerve. Of a far differing (though eſteemed equall) beauty, was the fair *Parthenia*, who next, waited on *Arteſia's* triumph, though far better ſhe might have ſate in the throne. For in her every thing was goodly, & ſtately; yet ſo, that it might ſeem that great-mindednes was but the Enſigne-bearer to the humblenes. For her great gray eye, which might ſeem full of her own beauty; a large, and exceedingly fair forehead, with all the reſt of her face and body, caſt in the mould of nobleneſſe, was yet ſo attired, as might ſhew, the miſtris thought it either not to deſerve, or not to need any exquiſite decking, having no adorning but cleanlineſſe; and ſo farre from all art, that it was full of careleſneſſe; unleſſe that careleſneſſe it ſelfe (in ſpight of it ſelf) grew artificiall. But *Baſilius* could not abſtaine from praiſing *Parthenia*, as the perfect picture of a womanly vertue, and wively faithfulneſſe, telling withall *Zelmane*, how he had underſtood, that when in the court of *Laconia*, her picture (maintained by a certain *Sycionian* Knight) was loſt, through want rather of valour, than Iuſtice, her husband (the famous *Argalus*) would in a chafe have gone & redeemed it with a new tryall. But ſhe (more ſporting than ſorrowing for her undeſerved Champion) told her husband, ſhe deſired to be beautifull in no bodies eyes but his, and that ſhe would rather marre her face as evill as ever it was, than that it ſhould be a cauſe to make *Argalus* put on armour. Then would *Baſilius* have told *Zelmane* that which he already knew, of the rare tryall of that coupled affection: but the next picture made their mouths give place to their eyes.

It was of a yong maid, which ſate pulling out a thorn out of a Lambs foot, with her look ſo attentive upon it, as if that little foot could have bin the circle of her thoughts; her apparell ſo poor, as it had nothing but the inſide to adorn it; a ſheephook lying by her, with a bottle upon it. But with all that poverty, beauty plaid the Prince, and commanded as many hearts as the greateſt Queen there did. Her beauty and her eſtate made her quickly to be known to be the fair ſhepheardeſſe *Urania*, whom a rich Knight called *Lacemon*, farre in love with her, had unluckily defended.

The

The last of all in place, because last in the time of her being captive, was *Zelmane*, daughter to the King *Plexirtus*: who at the first sight seemed to have some resemblance of *Philoclea*, but with more marking (comparing it to the present *Philoclea*, who indeed had no paragon but her sister) they might see, it was but such a likenesse as an unperfect glasse doth give; answerable enough in some features and colours, but erring in others. But *Zelmane* sighing, turning to *Basilius*, Alas sir, said she, here be some pictures which might better become the tombes of their Mistresses, than the triumph of *Artesia*. It is true sweetest Lady (said *Basilius*) some of them be dead, and some other captive; but that hath hapned so late, as it may be the Knights that defended their beauty, knew not so much without we wil say (as in some other hearts I know it would fall out) that death it selfe could not blot out the image which love hath engraven in them. But divers besides these (said *Basilius*) hath *Phalantus* won, but he leaves the rest, carrying onely such, who either for greatnesse of estate, or of beauty, may justly glorifie the glory of *Artesia's* triumph.

Thus talked *Basilius* with *Zelmane*, glad to make any matter subject to speake of with his mistris, while *Phalantus* in this pompous manner, brought *Artesia* with her gentlewoman into one Tent, by which he had another: where they both waited who would first strike upon the shield, while *Basilius* the Iudge appointed sticklers and trumpets, to whom the other should obey. But none that day appeared, nor the next, till already it had consumed halfe his allowance of light; but then there came in a Knight, protesting himselfe as contrary to him in minde, as he was in apparell. For *Phalantus* was all in white, having in his Bases, and caparison imbroidred a waving water: at each side whereof he had nettings cast over, in which were divers fishes naturally made, and so prettily, that as the horse stirred, the fishes seemed to strive, and leape in the net.

But the other Knight by name *Nestor*, by birth an *Arcadian*, & in affection vowed to the faire Shepheardesse, was all in black, with fire burning both upon his armour and horse. His *impresa* in his shield, was a fire made of Iuniper, with this word, *More easie, and more sweet*. But this hot Knight was cooled with a fall, which at the third course he received of *Phalantus*, leaving his picture to keep company with the other of the same stampe; he going away remediesse chafing at his rebuke. The next was *Polycetes*, greatly esteemed in *Arcadia*, for deeds he had done in armes: & much spoken of for the honourable love he had long born to *Gynecia*; which *Basilius* himselfe was content, not onely to suffer, but to be delighted with, he caried it in so honourable and open plainnesse, setting to his Love no other marke, than to doe her faithfull service. But neither her faire picture, nor his faire running, could warrant him from overthrow, and her from becomming as then the last of *Artesia's* victories: a thing *Gynecia's* vertues would little have recked at another time, nor then, if *Zelmane* had not seene it. But her Champion went away as much discomforted, as discomfited. Then *Thelamon* for *Polexena*, and *Enrilion* for *Elpine*, and *Leon* for *Zoana*, all brave Knights, all faire Ladies, with their going downe, lifted up the ballance of his praise for activity, and hers for faireness.

Vpon whose losse, as the beholders were talking, there comes into the place where they ranne, a shepheard stripling (for his height made him more than a boy, and his face would not allow him a man) brown of complexion (whether by nature or by the Sunnes familiarity) but very lovely withall; for the rest so perfectly proportioned, that nature shewed, shee doth not like men, who slubber up matters of mean account. And well might his proportion be judged, for he had nothing upon him but a paire of sloppes, and upon his body a Goat-skinne, which he cast over his

his ſhoulder, doing all things with ſo pretty a grace that it ſeemed ignorance could not make him do amiſſe, becauſe he had a heart to do well, holding in his right hand a long ſtaffe, and ſo comming with a looke full of amiable fierceneſſe, as in whom choler could not take away the ſweetneſſe; he came towards the King, and making a reverence (which in him was comely becauſe it was kindly,) My liege Lord (ſaid he) I pray you heare a few words; for my heart will breake if I ſay not my minde to you: I ſee here the picture of *Vrania*, which I cannot tell how, nor why theſe men when they fall down, they ſay, is not ſo faire as yonder gay woman. But pray God, I may never ſee my old mother alive, if I thinke ſhe be any more match to *Vrania*, than a Goat is to a fine Lamb; or than the Dogge that keeps our flocke at home, is like your white Grey-hound, that pulled downe the Stagge laſt day.

And therfore I pray you let me be dreſt as they be, and my heart gives me, I ſhall tumble him on the earth: for indeed he might aſwell ſay, that a Couſlip is as white as a Lilly: or elſe I care not, let him come with his great ſtaffe, and I with this in my hand, and you ſhall ſee what I can do to him. *Baſilius* ſaw it was the fine ſhepheard *Lalus*, whom once he had afore him in Paſtorall ſports, and had greatly delighted in his wit full of pretty ſimplicity, and therefore laughing at his earneſtneſſe, he bad him be content, ſince he ſaw the pictures of ſo great Queenes were faine to follow their Champions fortune. But *Lalus* (even weeping ripe) went among the reſt, longing to ſee ſome body that would revenge *Vrania's* wrong; and praying heartily for every body that ran againſt *Phalantus*, then beginning to feele poverty, that he could not ſet himſelfe to that tryall. But by and by, even when the Sunne (like a noble Hart) began to ſhew his greateſt countenance in his loweſt eſtate, there came in a knight called *Phrebilus*, a Gentleman of that countrey, for whom hatefull fortune had borrowed the dart of Love, to make him miſerable by the ſight of *Philoclea*. For he had even ſro her infancy lov'd her, & was ſtricken by her before ſhe was able to know what quiver of arrowes her eyes carried; but he loved & deſpaired, & the more he deſpaired, the more he loved. He ſaw his owne worthineſſe, & thereby made her excellency have more terrible aſpect unto him: he was ſo ſecret therin, as not daring to be open, that to no creature he ever ſpake of it, but his heart made ſuch ſilent complaints within it ſelfe, that while all his ſenſes were attentive thereto, cunning judges might perceive his minde: ſo that he was known to love though he denied, or rather was the better known, becauſe he denied it. His armour & his attire was for a Sea colour, his *Impreſa*, the fiſh called *Sepia*, which being in the net, caſts a blacke inke about it ſelfe, that in the darkneſſe thereof it may ſcape: his word was, *Nat ſo*. *Philoclea's* picture with almoſt an idolatrous magnificence was borne in by him. But ſtraight jealouſie was a harbinger for diſdaine in *Zelmanes* heart, when ſhe ſaw any (but her ſelfe) ſhould be avowed a champion for *Philoclea*: in ſo much that ſhe wiſht his ſhame, till ſhe ſaw him ſhamed. But at the ſecond courſe he was ſtriken quite from out of the ſaddle, ſo full of griefe, & rage withall, that he would fain with the ſword have revenged it, but that being contrary to the order ſet down, *Baſilius* would not ſuffer: ſo that wiſhing himſelfe in the bottome of the earth, he went his way, leaving *Zelmane* no leſſe angry with his loſſe, than ſhe would have bin with his victory. For if ſhe thought before a rivals praiſe would have angred her, her Ladies diſgrace did make her much more forget what ſhe then thought, while that paſſion raigned ſo much the more, as ſhe ſaw a pretty bluſh in *Philoclea's* cheeks bewray a modeſt diſcontentment. But the night commanded truce for thoſe ſports, & *Phalantus* (though inreated) would not leave *Artaſia*, who in no cale would come into the houſe, having (as it were) ſuckt of *Cecropia's* breath a mortall miſlike againſt *Baſilius*.

But the night meaſured by the ſhort ell of ſleepe, was ſoone paſt over, and the next morning had given the watchfull ſtarres leave to take their reſt, when a Trumpet ſummoned *Baſilius* to play his Iudges part: which he did, taking his wife and daughters with him; *Zelmane* having lockt her dore, ſo as they could not trouble her for that time: for already there was a Knight in the field, ready to prove *Helen* of *Corinth* had received great injury, both by the erring judgement of the challenger, and the unlucky weakneſſe of her former defender. The new Knight was quickly knowne to be *Clitophon* (*Kalanders* ſonne of *Baſilius* his ſiſter) by his armour, which all guilt, was ſo well handled, that it ſhewed like a glittering ſand and gravell enterlaced with ſilver Rivers: his device he had put in the picture of *Helen* which he defended; it was the *Ermion* with a ſpeech that ſignified, *Rather dead than ſpotted*. But in that armour ſince he had parted from *Helen* (who would no longer his company, finding him to enter into tearmes of affection) he had performed ſo honourable actions (ſtill ſeeking for his two friends by the names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*) that though his face were covered, his being was diſcovered, which yet *Baſilius*, (who had brought him up in his Court) would not ſeem to doe: but glad to ſee the tryall of him, of whom he had heard very well, he commanded the Trumpets to ſound; to which the two brave knights obeying, they performed their courſes, breaking their ſixe ſtaves, with ſo good, both skill in the hitting, and grace in the manner, that it bred ſome difficulty in the judgement. But *Baſilius* in the end gave ſentence againſt *Clitophon*, becauſe *Phalantus* had broken more ſtaves upon the head, and that once *Clitophon* had received ſuch a blow, that he had loſt the reynes of his horſe, with his head well nie touching the crooper of the horſe. But *Clitophon* was ſo angry with the judgement (wherein he thought he had received wrong) that he omitted his duty to his Prince, and Vncle; and ſodainly went his way ſtill in the queſt of them, whom as then he had left ſeeking; and ſo yeelded the field to the next commer.

Who comming in about two houres after, was no leſſe marked than all the reſt before, becauſe he had nothing worth the marking. For he had neither picture nor device, his armour of as old a faſhion (beſides the ruſty pooreneſſe) that it might better ſeeme a monument of his grand-fathers courage: about his middle he had in ſtead of Baſes, a long cloake of ſilke, which, as unhandſomely, as it needs muſt, became the wearer: ſo that all that lookt on, meaſured his length on the earth already, ſince he had to meet one who had been victorious of ſo many gallants. But he went on towards the ſhield, and with a ſober grace ſtrake it; but as he let his ſword fall upon it, another knight, all in blacke came ruſtling in, who ſtrake the ſhield almoſt as ſoone as he, and ſo ſtrongly that he brake the ſhield in two: the ill appointed knight (for ſo the beholders called him) angry with that (as he accounted) inſolent injury to himſelf, hit him ſuch a ſound blow, that they that looked on, ſaid, it well became a rude arme. The other anſwered him againe in the ſame caſe, ſo that Launces were put to ſilence, the ſwords were ſo buſie.

But *Phalantus* angry of this defacing ſhield came upon the black knight, & with the pommell of his ſword ſet fire to his eyes, which preſently was revenged, not onely by the black, but the ill apparelled knight, who diſdained another ſhould enter into his quarrel, ſo as, who ever ſaw a matachin dance to imitate fighting, this was a fight that did imitate the matachin: for they being but three that fought, every one had two adverſaries ſtriking him who ſtrook the third, & revenging perhaps that of him which he had received of the other. But *Baſilius* riſing himſelf came to part thē, the ſticklers authority ſcarcely able to perſwade cholerick hearers; & part them he did.

But

But before he could determine, comes in a fourth, halting on foot, who complained to *Baſilius*, demanding juſtice on the blacke knight, for having by force taken away the picture of *Pamela* from him, which in little forme he ware in a Tablet, and covered with ſilke had faſtened it to his Helmet, purpoſing for want of a bigger, to paragon the little one with *Arteſia's* length, not doubting but even in that little quantity, the excellency of that would ſhine thorow the weakeneſſe of the other, as the ſmalleſt ſtarre doth thorow the whole Element of fire. And by the way he had met with this blacke knight, who had (as he ſaid) robbed him of it. The injury ſeemed grievous, but when it came fully to be examined, it was found that the halting knight meeting the other, asking the cauſe of his going thitherward, and finding it was to defend *Pamela's* divine beauty againſt *Arteſia's*, with a proud jollity commanded him to leave that quarrell onely for him, who was onely worthy to enter into it. But the blacke knight obeying no ſuch commandements, they fell to ſuch a bickering, that he gat a halting, and loſt his picture. This underſtood by *Baſilius*, he told him he was now fitter to looke to his owne body, than anothers picture, and ſo (uncomforted therein) he ſent him away to learne of *Æſculapius*, that he was not fit for *Venus*. But then the queſtion ariſing, who ſhould be the former againſt *Phalantus*, of the blacke, or the ill apparelled knight (who now had gotten the reputation of ſome ſturdy lout, he had ſo well defended himſelfe;) of the one ſide, was alledged the having a picture, which the other wanted; of the other ſide, the firſt ſtriking the ſhield: but the concluſion was, that the ill apparelled knight ſhould have the precedence, if he delivered the figure of his miſtreſſe to *Phalantus*; who asking him for it, Certainly (ſaid he) her livelieſt picture (if you could ſee it) is in my heart, and the beſt compariſon I could make of her, is of the Sun and of all the other heavenly beauties. But becauſe perhaps all eyes cannot taſte the divinity of her beauty, & would rather be dazeled, than taught by the light, if it be not clouded by ſome meaner thing, know ye then, that I defend that ſame Lady, whoſe image *Phebilus* ſo feebly loſt yeſternight, and in ſtead of another (if you overcome me) you ſhall have me your ſlave to carry that image in your miſtreſſe triumph. *Phalantus* eaſily agreed to the bargaine, which readily he made his owne.

But when it came to the tryall, the ill apparelled knight chooſing out the greateſt ſtaves in all the ſtore, at the firſt courſe gave his head ſuch a remembrance, that he loſt almoſt his remembrance, he himſelf receiving the encounter of *Phalantus* without any extraordinary motion: and at the ſecond gave him ſuch a counterbuffe, that becauſe *Phalantus* was ſo perfect a horſeman, as not to be driven from the ſaddle, the ſaddle with broken girts was driven from the horſe; *Phalantus* remaining angry & amazed, becauſe now being come almoſt to the laſt of his promiſed enterpriſe, that diſgrace befell him, which he had never before known.

But the victory being by the Iudges given, and the Trumpets witneſſed to the ill appareled knight; *Phalantus* diſgrace was ingrieved in lieu of comfort of *Arteſia*, who telling him ſhe never lookt for other, bad him ſeeke ſome other miſtreſſe. He excuſing himſelfe, and turning over the fault to fortune, Then let that be your ill fortune too (ſaid ſhe) that you have loſt me.

Nay truely Madam (ſaid *Phalantus*) it ſhall not be ſo: for I thinke the loſſe of ſuch a miſtreſſe will prove a great gaine, and ſo concluded; to the ſport of *Baſilius* to ſee yong folks love, that come in maſke with ſome great pomp, go out with ſo little conſtancy. But *Phalantus* firſt profeſſing great ſervice to *Baſilius* for his courteous intermitting his ſolitary courſe for his ſake, would yet conduct *Arteſia* to the Caſtle of *Cecropia*, whither ſhe deſired to goe: vowing in himſelfe, that neither heart, nor

mouth-love, ſhould ever any more intangle him, and with that reſolution he left the company. Whence all being diſmiſſed (among whom the black knight went away repining at his luck, that had kept him from winning the honour, as he knew he ſhould have done to the picture of *Pamela*) the ill apparelled knight (who was only deſired to ſtay, becauſe *Baſilius* meant to ſhew him to *Zelmane*) pul'd off his Helmet, and then was known himſelfe to be *Zelmane:* who that morning (as ſhe told) while the others were buſie, had ſtoln out of the Princes ſtable, which was a mile off from the Lodge, had gotten a Horſe (they knowing it was *Baſilius* pleaſure ſhe ſhould be obeyed) & borrowing that homely armour for want of a better, had come upon the ſpur to redeeme *Philoclea's* picture, which ſhe ſaid, ſhe could not beare, (being one of that little wilderneſſe-company) ſhould be in captivity, if the cunning ſhe had learned in her Country of the noble *Amazons*, could withſtand it; and under that pretext faine ſhe would have given a ſecret paſport to her affection. But this act painted at one inſtant redneſſe in *Philoclea's* face, & paleneſſe in *Gynecia's*, but brought forth no other countenances but of admiration, no ſpeeches but of commendations: all theſe few (beſides love) thinking they honoured themſelves, in honouring ſo accompliſhed a perſon as *Zelmane*, whom daily they ſought with ſome or other ſports to delight; for which purpoſe *Baſilius* had in a houſe not farre off, ſervants, who though they came not uncalled, yet at call were ready.

And ſo, many dayes were ſpent, & many wayes uſed, while *Zelmane* was like one that ſtood in a tree waiting a good occaſion to ſhoot, and *Gynecia* a blancher, which kept the deareſt deere from her. But the day being come, on which, according to an appointed courſe, the ſhepheards were to aſſemble, and make their paſtorall ſports afore *Baſilius*. *Zelmane* (fearing leſt many eyes, and comming divers wayes, might hap to ſpy *Muſidorus*) went out to warn him thereof.

But before ſhe could come to the Arbour, ſhe ſaw walking from her-ward, a man in ſhepheardiſh apparell, who being in the ſight of the Lodge, it might ſeem he was allowed there. A long cloke he had on, but that caſt under his right arme, wherein he held a ſheephook, ſo finely wrought, that it gave a bravery to poverty; and his rayments, though they were meane, yet received they handſomneſſe by the grace of the wearer; though he himſelfe went but a kind of languiſhing pace, with his eyes ſometimes caſt up to heavē, as though his fancies ſtrove to mount higher; ſometimes thrown down to the ground, as if the earth could not beare the burthen of his ſorrowes; at length, with a lamentable tune, he ſung theſe few verſes.

Come ſhepheards weeds, become your maſters minde:
Yeeld outward ſhew, what inward change he tryes.
Nor be abaſht, ſince ſuch a gueſt you finde,
Whoſe ſtrongeſt hope in your weake comfort lyes.

Come ſhepheards weeds, attend my wōfull cryes:
Diſuſe your ſelves from ſweet Menalcas *voyce:*
For other be thoſe tunes which ſorrow tyes,
From thoſe cleere notes which freely may rejoyce.
Then powre out plaint, and in one word ſay this:
Helpleſſe his plaints, who ſpoyles himſelfe of bliſſe.

And having ended, he ſtrake himſelfe on the breaſt, ſaying, O miſerable wretch, whither doe thy deſtinies guide thee? The voyce made *Zelmane* haſten her pace to overtake

overtake him; which having done, ſhe plainly perceived that it was her dear friend *Muſidorus*, whereat mervailing not a little, ſhe demanded of him, whether the Goddeſſe of thoſe woods had ſuch a power to transforme every body, or whether, as in all enterprises elſe he had done, he meant thus to match her in this new alteration. Alas (ſaid *Muſidorus*) what ſhall I ſay, who am loth to ſay, & yet fain would have ſaid? I finde indeed, that all is but lip-wiſedome, which wants experience. I now (woe is me) doe try what love can doe. O *Zelmane*, who will reſiſt it, muſt either have no wit, or put out his eies: can any man reſiſt his creatiõ? certainly by love we are made, and to love we are made. Beaſts onely cannot diſcerne beauty, and let them be in the roll of Beaſts that doe not honour it. The perfect friendſhip *Zelmane* bare him, and the great pitty ſhe (by good tryall) had of ſuch caſes, could not keepe her from ſmiling at him, remebring how vehemently he had cryed out againſt the folly of lovers. And therefore a little to puniſh him, Why how now deare couſin (ſaid ſhe) you that were laſt day ſo high in the pulpit againſt lovers, are you now become ſo meane an auditor? Remember that love is a paſſion, & that a worthy mans reaſon muſt ever have the maſterhood. I recant, I recant (cryed *Muſidorus*) & withall falling down proſtrate, O thou celeſtiall, or infernall ſpirit of Love, or what other heavenly or helliſh title thou liſt to have (for effects of both I find in my ſelf) have compaſſion of me, & let thy glory be as great in pardoning of thẽ that be ſubmitted to thee, as in cõquering thoſe that were rebellious. No, no, ſaid *Zelmane*, I ſee you well enough; you make but an enterlude of my miſhaps, & doe but counterfeit thus, to make me ſee the deformity of my paſſions: but take heed, that this jeſt doe not one day turne to earneſt. Now I beſeech thee (ſaid *Muſidorus*, taking her faſt by the hand) even for the truth of our friendſhip, of which (if I be not altogether an unhappy man) thou haſt ſome remembrance, & by thoſe ſecret flames which (I know) have likewiſe neerly touched thee, make no jeſt of that, which hath ſo earneſtly pierced me thorow, nor let that be light to thee, which is to me ſo burdenous, that I am not able to beare it. *Muſidorus*, both in words and behaviour, did ſo lively deliver out his inward griefe, that *Zelmane* found indeed, he was ſo throughly wounded: but there roſe a new jealouſie in her mind, leſt it might be with *Philoclea*, by whom, as *Zelmane* thought, in right all hearts and eyes ſhould be inherited. And therefore deſirous to be cleered of that doubt, *Muſidorus* ſhortly (as in haſt and full of paſſionate perplexedneſſe) thus recounted his caſe unto her.

The day (ſaid he) I parted from you. I being in mind to return to a Towne, from whence I came hither, my Horſe being before tyred, would ſcarce beare me a mile hence, where being benighted, the ſight of a Candle (I ſaw a good way off) guided me to a young ſhepheards houſe, by name *Menalcas*, who ſeeing me to be a ſtraying ſtranger with the right honeſt hoſpitality which ſeems to be harboured in the *Arcadian* breaſts, and though not with curious coſtlineſſe, yet with cleanly ſufficiency, entertained me: and having by talke with him, found the manner of the Country, ſomething more in particular, than I had by *Kalanders* report, I agreed to ſojourne with him in ſecret, which he faithfully promiſed to obſerve. And ſo hither to your Arbour divers times repaired, and here by your names had the ſight (O that it had never been ſo, nay, O that it might ever be ſo) of the goddeſſe, who in a definite compaſſe can ſet forth infinite beauty. All this while *Zelmane* was racked with jealouſie. But he went on, for (ſaid he) I lying cloſe, and in truth thinking of you, and ſaying thus to my ſelfe, O ſweet *Pyrocles*, how art thou bewitched? where is thy vertue? where is the uſe of thy reaſon? How much am I inferiour to thee in that ſtate of minde? And yet know I that all the heavens cannot bring me ſuch a thraldome.

Scarcely, thinke I, had I spoken this word, when the Ladies came forth; at which sight, I thinke, the very words returned backe againe to strike my soule; at least, an unmeasurable sting I felt in my selfe, that I had spoken such words. At which sight (said *Zelmane*) not able to beare him any longer. O (said *Musidorus*) I know your suspition; No, no, banish all such feare, it was, it is, and must be *Pamela*. Then all is safe (said *Zelmane*) proceed deare *Musidorus*. I will not, said he, impute it to my late solitary life (which yet is prone to affections,) nor to the much thinking of you (though that call'd the consideration of love into my mind, which before I ever neglected) not to the exaltation of *Venus*, nor revenge of *Cupid*, but even to her, who is the Planet, nay, the Goddesse, against which, the only shield must be my Sepulcher. When I first saw her, I was presently striken, and I (like a foolish child, that when any thing hits him, will strike himselfe upon it) would needs look againe, as though I would perswade mine eyes, that they were deceived. But alas, well have I found, that Love to a yeelding heart is a King: but to a resisting is a tyrant. The more with arguments I shaked the stake, which he had planted in the ground of my heart, the deeper still it sank into it. But what meane I to speake of the causes of my Love, which is as impossible to describe, as to measure the backeside of heaven? Let this word suffice, I love.

And that you may know I doe so, it was I that came in blacke armour to defend her picture, where I was both prevented, and beaten by you. And so, I that waited here to do you service, have now my selfe most need of succour. But wherupon got you your self this apparell, said *Zelmane*? I had forgotten to tell you, said *Musidorus*, though that were one principall matter of my speech; so much am I now master of my owne minde. But thus it happened: being returned to *Menalcas* house, full of tormenting desire, after a while fainting under the weight, my courage stirr'd up my wit to seeke for some reliefe, before I yeelded to perish. At last this came into my head, that every evening, that I had to no purpose, last used my horse and armour. I told *Menalcas*, that I was a *Thessalian* Gentleman, who by mischance having killed a great favorite of the Prince of that country, was pursued so cruelly, that in no place, but either by favour, or corruption, they would obtain my destruction; & that therfore I was determined (till the fury of my persecutors might be asswaged) to disguise my selfe among the shepheards of *Arcadia*, & (if it were possible) to be one of them that were allowed the Princes presence; because if the worst should fall that I were discovered, yet having gotten the acquaintance of the Prince, it might happen to move his heart to protect me. *Menalcas* (being of an honest disposition) pittied my case, which my face through my inward torment made credible; and so (I giving him largely for it) let me have this rayment, instructing me in all the particularities, touching himselfe, or my selfe, which I desired to know: yet not trusting so much to his constancy, as that I would lay my life, and life of my life upon it, I hired him to goe into *Thessalia* to a friend of mine, and to deliver him a Letter from me; conjuring him to bring me as speedy an answer as he could, because it imported me greatly to know whether certaine of my friends did yet possesse any favour, whose intercessions I might use for my restitution. He willingly tooke my Letter, which being well sealed, indeed contained other matter, For I wrote to my trusty servant *Calodoulus* (whom you know) that as soone as he had delivered the Letter, he should keep him prisoner in his house, not suffering him to have conference with any body, till he knew my further pleasure: in all other respects that he should use him as my brother. And is *Menalcas* gone, and I here a poore shepheard? more proud of this estate than of any kingdome, so manifest

manifeſt it is, that the higheſt point outward things can bring one unto, is the contentment of the minde, with which, no eſtate; without which, all eſtates be miſerable. Now have I choſen this day, becauſe (as *Menalcas* told me) the other ſhepheards are called to make their ſports, and hope that you will with your credit, finde meanes to get me allowed among them. You need not doubt (anſwered *Zelmane*) but that I will be your good miſtreſſe: marry the beſt way of dealing muſt be by *Dametas*, who ſince his blunt braine hath perceived ſome favour the Prince doth beare unto me (as without doubt the moſt ſervile flattery is lodged moſt eaſily in the groſſeſt capacity; for their ordinary conceit draweth a yeelding to their greater, and then have they not wit to diſcerne the right degrees of duty) is much more ſerviceable unto me, than I can finde any cauſe to wiſh him. And therefore deſpaire not to winne him: for every preſent occaſion will catch his ſenſes, and with that bridle and ſaddle you ſhall well ride him. O heaven and earth (ſaid *Muſidorus*) to what a paſſe are our mindes brought, that from the right line of vertue, are wryed to theſe crooked ſhifts? But O Love, it is thou that doeſt it: thou changeſt name upon name, thou diſguiſeſt our bodies, and disfigureſt our mindes. But indeed thou haſt reaſon: for though the wayes be foule, the journeys end is moſt faire and honourable.

No more ſweet *Muſidorus* (ſaid *Zelmane*) of theſe philoſophies; for here comes the very perſon of *Dametas*. And ſo he did indeed, with a ſword by his ſide, a forreſt bill on his necke, and a chopping knife under his girdle: in which well provided ſort he had ever gone ſince the feare *Zelmane* had put him in. But he no ſooner ſaw her, but with head & armes he layd his reverence afore her, enough to have made any man forſweare all courteſie. And then in *Baſilius* name he did invite her to walke down to the place, where that day they were to have the paſtorals.

But when he ſpyed *Muſidorus* to be none of the ſhepheards allowed in that place, he would faine haue perſwaded himſelfe to utter ſome anger, but that he durſt not; yet muttering and champing, as though his cud troubled him, he gave occaſion to *Muſidorus* to come neere him, and feine his tale of his owne life: that he was a younger brother of the ſhepheard *Menalcas*, by name *Dorus*, ſent by his Father in his tender age to *Athens*, there to learne ſome cunning more than ordinary, that he might be the better liked of the Prince: and that after his Fathers death, his brother *Menalcas* (lately gone thither to fetch him home) was alſo deceaſed, where (upon his death) he had charged him to ſeek the ſervice of *Dametas*, and to be wholly & ever guided by him, as one in whoſe judgement & integrity the Prince had ſingular confidence. For token wherof, he gave to *Dametas* a good ſumme of gold in ready coine: which *Menalcas* had bequeathed unto him, upon condition he ſhould receive this poore *Dorus* into his ſervice, that his mind & manners might grow the better by his daily example. *Dametas*, that of all manners of ſtile could beſt conceive of golden eloquence, being withall tickled by *Muſidorus* prayſes, had his braine ſo turned, that he became ſlave to that, which he that ſued to be his ſervant offered to give him; yet for countenance ſake, he ſeemed very ſqueamiſh, in reſpect of the charge he had of the Princeſſe *Pamela*.

But ſuch was the ſecret operation of the gold, helped with the perſwaſion of the Amazon *Zelmane* (who ſaid it was pitty ſo handſome a young man ſhould be any where elſe than with ſo good a maſter) that in the end he agreed (if that day he behaved himſelfe ſo to the liking of *Baſilius*, as he might be contented) that then he would receive him into his ſervice.

And thus went they to the Lodge, where they found *Gynecia* and her daughters ready

ready to goe to the field, to delight themſelves there a while, untill the ſhepheards comming: whither alſo taking *Zelmane* with them, as they went, *Dametas* told them of *Dorus*, and deſired he might be accepted there that day in ſtead of his brother *Menalcas*. As for *Baſilius*, he ſtayed behind to bring the ſhepheards, with whom he meant to conferre, to breed the better *Zelmanes* liking (which he onely regarded) while the other beautifull band came to the faire field appointed for the ſhepheardiſh paſtimes. It was indeed a place of delight; for through the middeſt of it there ran a ſweet brook, which did both hold the eye open with her azure ſtreams, & yet ſeeke to cloſe the eye with the purling noiſe it made upon the pibble ſtones it ranne over: the field it ſelf being ſet in ſome places with Roſes, & in all the reſt conſtantly preſerving a flouriſhing green, the Roſes added ſuch a ruddy ſhew unto it, as though the field were baſhfull at his owne beauty: about it (as if it had beene to incloſe a Theatre) grew ſuch ſort of trees, as either excellency of fruit, ſtatelineſſe of growth, continuall greenneſſe, or poeticall fancies, have made at any time famous. In moſt part of which there had been framed by Art ſuch pleaſant Arbors, that (one anſwering another) they became a gallery aloft from Tree to Tree almoſt round about, which below gave a perfect ſhadow, a pleaſant refuge then from the cholerick look of *Phœbus*.

In this place while *Gynecia* walked hard by them, carrying many unquiet contentions about her, the Ladies ſate them downe (inquiring divers queſtions of the ſhepheard *Dorus*,) who (keeping his eye ſtill upon *Pamela*) anſwered with ſuch a trembling voyce, and abaſhed countenance, and oftentimes ſo farre from the matter, that it was ſome ſport to the young Ladies, thinking it want of education, which made him ſo diſcountenanced with unwonted preſence. But *Zelmane* that ſaw in him the glaſſe of her owne miſery, taking the hand of *Philoclea*, and with burning kiſſes ſetting it cloſe to her lips (as if it ſhould ſtand there like a hand in the margine of a book, to note ſome ſaying worthy to be marked) began to ſpeake theſe words: O Love, ſince thou art ſo changeable in mens eſtates, how art thou ſo conſtant in their torments? when ſodainly there came out of a wood, a monſtrous Lyon, with a ſhee Beare not farre from him, of little leſſe fierceneſſe, which (as they gheſt) having been hunted in forreſts farre off, were by chance come thither, where before ſuch beaſts had never been ſeen. Then care, not feare; or feare, not for themſelves, altered ſomething the countenances of the two Lovers, but ſo, as any man might perceive; was rather an aſſembling of powers, than diſmayedneſſe of courage. *Philoclea* no ſooner eſpyed the Lyon, but that obeying the commandement of fear, ſhe leapt up, and ranne to the Lodge-ward, as faſt as her delicate legs could carry her, while *Dorus* drew *Pamela* behind a tree, where ſhe ſtood quaking like the Partridge, on which the Hawk is even ready to ſeaze. But the Lyon (ſeeing *Philoclea* run away) bent his race to her ward, and was ready to ſeaze himſelfe on the prey, when *Zelmane* (to whom danger then was a cauſe of dreadleſneſſe, all the compoſition of her elements being nothing but fiery) with ſwiftneſſe of deſire croſt him, and with force of affection ſtrake him ſuch a blow upon his chine, that ſhe opened all his body: wherewith the valiant beaſt turning her with open jawes, ſhe gave him ſuch a thruſt through his breaſt, that all the Lyon could doe, was with his paw to teare off the mantle and ſleeve of *Zelmane*, with a little ſcratch, rather than a wound, his death blow having taken away the effect of his force: but there withall he fell downe, and gave *Zelmane* leiſure to take off his head, to carry it for a preſent to her Lady *Philoclea*: who all this while (not knowing what was done behind her) kept on her courſe, like *Arethuſa* when ſhe ran from *Alpheus*; her light apparell being carried

up-

up with the wind, that much of thoſe beauties, ſhe would at another time have willingly hidden, was preſented to the ſight of the twice wounded *Zelmane*. Which made *Zelmane* not follow her over-haſtily, leſt ſhe ſhould too ſoon deprive her ſelfe of that pleaſure: but carrying the Lyons head in her hād, did not fully overtake her, till they came to the preſence of *Baſilius*. Neither were they long there, but that *Gynecia* came thither alſo; who had been in ſuch a traunce of muſing, that *Zelmane* was fighting with the Lyon, before ſhe knew of any Lyons comming: but then affection reſiſting, and the ſoon ending of the fight preventing all extremity of feare, ſhe marked *Zelmanes* fighting: and when the Lyons head was off, as *Zelmane* ranne after *Philoclea*, ſo ſhe could not find in her heart but run after *Zelmane*: ſo that it was a new ſight Fortune had prepared to thoſe woods, to ſee theſe great perſonages thus runne one after the other, each carried forward with an inward violence; *Philoclea* with ſuch feare, that ſhe thought ſhe was ſtill in the Lyons mouth; *Zelmane* with an eager & impatient delight; *Gynecia* with wings of love, flying ſhe neither knew, nor cared to know whither. But now, being all come before *Baſilius*, amazed with this ſight, and feare having ſuch poſſeſſion in the faire *Philoclea*, that her bloud durſt not yet come to her face, to take away the name of paleneſſe from her moſt pure whiteneſſe; *Zelmane* kneeled downe, and preſented the Lyons head unto her: onely Lady (ſaid ſhe) here ſee you the puniſhment of that unnatural beaſt, which contrary to his own kind, would have wronged Princes bloud, guided with ſuch traiterous eyes, as durſt rebell againſt your beauty. Happy am I, and my beauty both (anſwered the ſweet *Philoclea* then bluſhing, for Feare had bequeathed his roome to his kinſman Bſhfulneſſe) that you, excellēt *Amazon*, were there to teach him good maners. And even thanks to that beauty (anſwered *Zelmane*) which can give an edge to the bluntеſt ſwords. There *Philoclea* told her Father how it had happened: but as ſhe had turned her eyes in her tale to *Zelmane*, ſhe perceived ſome bloud upon *Zelmanes* ſhoulder, ſo that ſtarting with the lovely grace and pitty, ſhe ſhewed it to her Father and Mother; who, as the nurſe ſometimes with over-much kiſſing may forget to give the babe ſucke, ſo had they with too much delighting, in beholding and prayſing *Zelmane*, left off to mark whether ſhe needed ſuccour. But then they ran both unto her like a Father and Mother to an only child, and (though *Zelmane* aſſured them it was nothing) would needs ſee it, *Gynecia* having ſkill in Chirurgery, an art in thoſe daies much eſteemed, becauſe it ſerved to vertuous courage, which even Ladies would (ever with the contempt of cowards) ſeem to cheriſh. But looking upon it (which gave more inward bleeding wounds to *Zelmane*, for ſhe might ſometimes feel *Philoclea's* touch, while ſhe helped her mother) ſhe found it was indeed of no importance; yet applied ſhe a precious balme unto it, of power to heale a greater griefe.

But even then, and not before, they remembred *Pamela*, and therefore *Zelmane* (thinking of her friend *Dorus*) was running backe to be ſatisfied, when they might all ſee *Pamela* comming between *Dorus* and *Dametas*, having in her hand the paw of a Beare, which the ſhepheard *Dorus* had newly preſented unto her, deſiring her to accept it, as of ſuch a beaſt, which though ſhe deſerved death for her preſumption, yet was her wit to be eſteemed ſince ſhe could make ſo ſweet a choyce. *Dametas* for his part came piping and dauncing, the merrieſt man ſo a pariſh: but when he came ſo neere as he might be heard of *Baſilius*, he would needs breake through his eares with this joyfull ſong of their good ſucceſſe:

NOw thanked be the great god Pan,
Which thus preſerves my loved life:

Thanked

Thanked be I that keepe a man,
who ended hath this bloudy ſtrife:
For if my man muſt prayſes have,
what then muſt I that keepe the knave?

For as the Moone the eye doth pleaſe,
with gentle beames not hurting ſight:
Yet hath ſir Sunne the greateſt prayſe,
becauſe from him doth come her light:
So if my man muſt prayſes have,
what then muſt I that keepe the knave?

Being all now come together, and all deſirous to know each others adventures, *Pamela's* noble heart would needs gratefully make known the valiant means of her ſafety, which (directing her ſpeech to her mother) ſhe did in this manner; Aſſoone, ſaid ſhe, as ye were all run away, & that I hoped to be in ſafety, there came out of the ſame woods a horrible foul Bear, which (fearing belike to deale, while the Lyō was preſent, aſſoone as he was gone) came furiouſly towards the place where I was, and this yong ſhepheard left alone by me; I truly (not guilty of any wiſdom, which ſince they lay to my charge, becauſe they ſay, it is the beſt refuge againſt that beaſt, but even pure fear bringing forth that effect of wiſedome) fell down flat on my face, needing not counterfeit being dead, for indeed I was little better. But this yong ſhepheard with a wonderfull courage, having no other weapon but that knife you ſee, ſtanding before the place where I lay, ſo behaued himſelfe, that the firſt fight I had (when I thought my ſelfe already neere *Charons* ferry) was the ſhepheard ſhewing me his bloudy knife in token of victory. I pray you (ſaid *Zelmane* ſpeaking to *Dorus*, whoſe valor ſhe was carefull to have manifeſted) in what ſort ſo ill weaponed, could you atchieve this enterpriſe? Noble Lady, ſaid *Dorus*, the maner of theſe beaſts fighting with any man, is to ſtand up upon their hinder feet, & ſo this did, & being ready to give me a ſhrewd embracement, I think the god *Pan* (ever carefull of the chiefe bleſſing of *Arcadia*) guided my hand ſo juſt to the heart of the beaſt, that neither ſhe could once touch me, nor (which is the only matter in this worthy remembrance) breed any danger to the Princeſſe. For my part, I am rather (with all ſubjected humbleneſſe) to thanke her excellencies, ſince the duty thereunto gave me heart to ſave my ſelfe, than to receive thanks for a deed, which was her onely inſpiring. And this *Dorus* ſpake, keeping affection as much as he could backe from comming into his eyes and geſtures. But *Zelmane* (that had the ſame character in her heart) could eaſily decipher it, and therfore to keep him the longer in ſpeech, deſired to underſtand the concluſion of the matter, and how the honeſt *Dametas* was eſcaped. Nay, ſaid *Pamela*, none ſhall take that office from my ſelfe, being ſo much bound to him as I am, for my education. And with that word, ſcorne borrowing the countenance of mirth, ſomewhat ſhe ſmiled, and thus ſpake on: When (ſaid ſhe) *Dorus* made me aſſuredly perceive, that all cauſe of feare was paſſed (the truth is) I was aſhamed to find my ſelfe alone with this ſhepheard, and therefore looking about me, if I could ſee any body, at length we both perceived the gentle *Dametas*, lying with his head and breaſt as far as he could thruſt himſelfe into a buſh, drawing up his legs as cloſe unto him as he could: for, like a man of a very kinde nature, ſoone to take pitty on himſelfe, he was fully reſolved not to ſee his owne death. And when this ſhepheard puſhed him, bidding him to be of good cheere; it was a great while ere we could perſwade

perſwade him, that *Dorus* was not the Beare: ſo that he was faine to pull him out by the heeles; and ſhew him the beaſt, as dead as he could wiſh it: which, you may beleeve me, was a very joyfull ſight unto him. But then he forgate all curteſie, for he fell upon the beaſt, giving it many a manfull wound: ſwearing by much, it was not well ſuch beaſts ſhould be ſuffered in a Common-wealth. And then my Governor as full of joy, as before of feare, came dancing and ſinging before, as even now you ſaw him. Well well (ſaid *Baſilius*) I have not choſen *Dametas* for his fighting, nor for his diſcourſing, but for his plainneſſe & honeſty; & therin I know he wil not deceive me. But then he told *Pamela* (not ſo much becauſe ſhe ſhould know it, as becauſe he would tell it) the wonderfull act *Zelmane* had performed, which *Gynecia* likewiſe ſpake of; both in ſuch extremity of praiſing, as was eaſie to be ſeen, the conſtruction of their ſpeech might beſt be made by the Grammar rules of affection. *Baſilius* told with what a gallant grace ſhe ranne with the Lyons head in her hand, like another *Pallas* with the ſpoyles of *Gorgon*. *Gynecia* ſware ſhe ſaw the very face of the young *Hercules* killing the *Nemean* Lyon; & all with a gratefull aſſent confirmed the ſame prayſes: onely poore *Dorus* (though of equall deſert, yet not proceeding of equall eſtate) ſhould have beene left forgotten, had not *Zelmane* againe with great admiration begun to ſpeake of him; asking, whether it were the faſhion or no, in *Arcadia*, that ſhepheards ſhould perform ſuch valorous enterpriſes.

This, *Baſilius* (having the quicke ſenſe of a Lover) tooke, as though his Miſtreſſe had given him a ſecret reprehenſion, that he had not ſhewed more gratefulneſſe to *Dorus*, and therefore (as nimbly as he could) enquired of his eſtate, adding promiſe of great rewards: among the reſt, offering to him, if he would exerciſe his courage in ſouldiery, he would commit ſome charge unto him under his Lieutenant *Philanax*. But *Dorus* (whoſe ambition climed by another ſtayre) having firſt anſwered touching his eſtate, that he was brother to the ſhepheard *Menalcas*, who among other, was wont to reſort to the Princes preſence, & excuſed his going to ſouldiery, by the unaptneſſe he found in himſelfe that way, he told *Baſilius*, that his brother in his laſt teſtament had willed him to ſerve *Dametas*, & therefore (for due obedience thereunto) he would thinke his ſervice greatly rewarded, if he might obtain by that meanes to live in the ſight of his Prince, and yet practiſe his owne choſen vocation. *Baſilius* (liking well his goodly ſhape and handſome manner) charged *Dametas* to receive him like a ſonne into his houſe; ſaying, that his valour, & *Dametas* truth would be good Bulwarkes againſt ſuch miſchiefes, as (he ſticked not to ſay) were threatned to his daughter *Pamela*.

Dametas, no whit out of countenance with all that had bin ſaid (becauſe he had no worſe to fall into than his own) accepted *Dorus*, & withall telling *Baſilius*, that ſome of the ſhepheards were come, demanded in what place he would ſee their ſports: who firſt was curious to know whether it were not more requiſite for *Zelmanes* hurt to reſt, than ſit up at thoſe paſtimes; and ſhe (that felt no wound but one) earneſtly deſired to have the paſtorals. *Baſilius* commanded it ſhould be at the gate of the Lodge, where the throne of the Prince being, (according to the ancient manner) he made *Zelmane* ſit between him and his wife therein, (who thought her ſelf between drowning and burning) and the two young Ladies of either ſide the throne, and ſo prepared their eyes and eares to be delighted by the ſhepheards.

But before all of them were aſſembled to begin their ſports, there came a fellow who being out of breath (or ſeeming ſo to be for haſte) with humble haſtineſſe told *Baſilius*, that his Miſtreſſe, the Lady *Cecropia*, had ſent him to excuſe the miſchance of her beaſt ranging in that dangerous ſort, being happened by the folly of the Keeper,

Keeper, who thinking himself able to rule them, had carried them abroad, & so was deceived: whom yet (if *Basilius* would punish for it) she was ready to deliver. *Basilius* made no other answer, but that his mistresse, if she had any more such beasts, should cause them to be killed: & then he told his wife & *Zelmane* of it, because they should not feare those words, as though they harboured such beasts where the like had never been seen. But *Gynecia* tooke a further conceit of it, mistrusting greatly *Cecropia*, because she had heard much of the divellish wickednesse of her heart, and that particularly she did her best to bring up her sonne *Amphialus* (being brothers son to *Basilius*) to aspire to the Crown, as next heire male after *Basilius*, & therefore saw no reason but that she might conjecture, it proceeded rather of some mischievous practise, than of misfortune. Yet did she onely utter her doubt to her daughters, thinking, since the worst was past, she would attend a further occasion, lest overmuch hast might seem to proceed of the ordinary mislike between sisters in law, onely they maruelled that *Basilius* looked no further into it, who (good man) thought so much of his late conceived Common-wealth, that all other matters were but digressions unto him. But the shepheards were ready, and with well handling themselves, called their senses to attend their pastimes.

THE FIRST ECLOGVE.

Basilius, because *Zelmane* so would have it, used the artificiall day of Torches, to lighten the sports their inventions could minister: & because many of the shepheards were but newly come, he did in a gentle manner chastise their negligence, with making them (for that night) the Torch bearers; and the others, he willed with all freedome of speech & behaviour to keep their accustomed method: which while they prepared to doe, *Dametas*, who much disdained (since his late authority) all his old Companions, brought his servant *Dorus* in good acquaintance and allowance of them, and himselfe stood like a directer over them, with nodding, gaping, winking, or stamping, shewing how he did like or mislike those things he did not understand. The first sports the shepheards shewed were full of such leaps and gambolds, as being accorded to the pipe (which they bare in their mouthes, even as they danced) made a right picture of their chiefe god *Pan*, and his companions the *Satyres*. Then would they cast away their pipes, and holding hand in hand dance as it were in a braule, by the onely cadence of their voyces, which they would use in singing some short coplets, whereto the one halfe beginning, the other halfe should answer: as the one halfe saying:

We love, and have our loves rewarded.

The other would answer,

We love and are no whit regarded.

The first againe,

We find most sweet affections snare.

With like tune it should be as in a Quire sent back again,

That sweet, but sonne despairefull care.

A third time like wise thus:

Who can despaire, whom hope doth beare?

The answer,

And who can hope that feeles despaire?

Then

Then joyning all their voyces, and dancing a faster measure, they would conclude with some such words:

As without breath no pipe doth move,
No musicke kindly without love.

Having thus varied both their song and dances into divers sorts of inventions; their last sport was, one of them to provoke another to a more large expressing of his passions: which *Thyrsis* (accounted one of the best singers amongst them) having marked in *Dorus* dancing, no lesse good grace and handsome behaviour, than extreme tokens of a troubled mind; began first with his pipe, and then with his voyce thus to challenge *Dorus*, and was by him answered in the under-written sort.

THYRSIS and DORUS.

Thyrsis. *Come* Dorus, *come, let sorrowes sorrie signifie,*
And if for want of use thy minde ashamed is,
That very shame with love's high title dignifie.
No stile is held for base where love well nameth is.
Each eare sucks up the words a true-love uttereth,
And plain speech oft, than quaint phrase better framed is.

Dorus. *Nightingales seldome sing, the Pye still chatereth,*
The wood cryes most, before it throughly kindled be,
Deadly wounds inward bleed, rash fight sore mattereth.
Hardly they heard which by good hunters singled be.
Shallow brookes murmur most, deep silent slide away;
Nor true-love, his love with others mingled be.

Thyrsis. *If thou wilt not be seene, thy face go hide away,*
Be none of us, or else maintaine our fashion:
Who frownes at others feasts, doth better bide away.
But if thou hast a love, in that loves passion,
I challenge thee by shew of her perfection,
Which of us two deserveth most compassion.

Dorus. *Thy challenge great, but greater my protection:*
Sing then, and see (for now thou hast enflamed me)
Thy health too meane a match for my infection.
No, though the heav'ns for high attempts have blamed me,
Yet high is my attempt, O Muse *histerifie*
Her praise, whose praise to learn your skill hath framed me.

Thyrsis. Muse *hold your peace, but thou my god* Pan *glorifie*
My Kalas *gifts, who with all good gifts filled is.*
Thy pipe, O Pan, *shall helpe, though I sing sorily.*
A heap of sweets she is, where nothing spilled is;
Who though she be no Bee, yet full of hony is.
A Lilly field, with plough of Rose which tilled is:
Milde as a Lambe, more daintie than a Conie is.

Her eyes my eye-sight is, her conversation
More glad to me than to a miser monie is.
What coy account she makes of estimation?
How nice to touch? how all her speeches poyzed be?
A Nymph thus turn'd, but mended in translation.

Dorus. *Such* Kala *is: but ah my fancies raised be*
In one, whose name to name were high presumption,
Since vertues all, to make her Title, pleased be.
O happie Gods, which by inward assumption
Enjoy her soule, in bodies faire possession,
And keepe it joyn'd, fearing your seats consumption.
How oft with raine of teares skies make confession,
Their dwellers rapt with sight of her perfection,
From heav'nly throne to her heav'n use digression?
Of best things then what world shall yeeld confection
To liken her? decke yours with your comparison:
She is her selfe of best things the collection.

Thyrsis. *How oft my dolefull Sire cride to me, tarry sonne,*
When first he spied my love: how oft he said to me,
Thou art no souldier fit for Cupids *garrison?*
My sonne, keepe this, that my long toyle hath laid to me:
Love well thine owne, me thinks wools whitenesse passeth all:
I never found long love such wealth hath payd to me.
This wind he spent: but when my Kala *glasseth all*
My sight in her faire limmes, I then assure my selfe,
Not rotten sheep, but high crownes she surpasseth all.
Can I be poore, that her gold hayre procure my selfe?
Want I white weall, whose eyes her white skin garnished?
Till I get her, shall I to keepe inure my selfe?

Dorus. *How oft, when Reason saw love of her harnesed*
With armour of my heart, he cryed, O vanitie
To set a pearle in steele so meanely varnished?
Looke to thy selfe, reach not beyond humanity.
Her minde, beames, state, farre from the weake wings banished:
And love with lovers hurt is inhumanitie.
Thus Reason said: but she came, Reason vanished;
Her eyes so mastering me, that such objection
Seem'd but to spoile the food of thoughts long famished.
Her peerlesse height my mind to high erection
Drawes up; and if hope fayling end lifes pleasure,
Of fairer death how can I make election?

Thyrsis. *Once my well waiting eyes espied my treasure,*
With sleeves turn'd up, loose haire, and breast enlarged,
Her fathers corne (moving her faire limmes) measure.

O cry'd I, of ſo meane worke be diſcharg'd:
Meaſure my caſe how by thy beauties filling,
With ſeed of woes my heart brim-full is charg'd.
Thy father bids thee ſave, and chides for ſpilling;
Save then my ſoule, ſpill not my thoughts well heap'd,
No lovely praiſe was ever got by killing:
Theſe bold words ſhe did beare, this fruit I reap'd,
That ſhe whoſe looke alone might make me bleſſed,
Did ſmile on me, and then away ſhe leaped.

Dorus. *Once, O ſweet once, I ſaw with Dread oppreſſed*
Her whom I dread, ſo that with proſtrate lying
Her length the earth in Loves chiefe clothing dreſſed,
I ſaw that riches fall, and fell a crying,
Let not dead earth enjoy ſo deare a cover,
But decke therewith my ſoule for your ſake dying:
Lay all your feare upon your fearefull Lover:
Shine eye on me, that both our lives be guarded;
So I your ſight, you ſhall your ſelves recover.
I cry'd, and was with open eyes rewarded:
But ſtraight they fled, ſummon'd by cruell honour,
Honour, the cauſe deſert is not regarded.

Thyrſis. *This Maide, thus made for joyes, O Pan bemone her,*
That without love ſhe ſpends her yeares of love:
So faire a field would well become an owner.
And if enchantment can a hard heart move,
Teach me what circle may acquaint her ſprite,
Affections charmes in my behalfe to prove.
The circle is my (round about her) ſight,
The pow'r I will invoke dwels in her eyes:
My charme ſhould be, ſhe hant me day and night.

Dorus. *Farre other caſe, O Muſe, my ſorrow tries,*
Bent to ſuch one in whom my ſelfe muſt ſay,
Nothing can mend one point that in her lies.
What circle then in ſo rare force beares ſway?
Whoſe ſprite all ſprites can foyle, raiſe, damne or ſave:
No charme holds her, but well poſſeſſe ſhe may,
Poſſeſſe ſhe doth, and makes my ſoule her ſlave,
My eyes the bands, my thoughts the fatall knot,
No thrall like them that inward bondage have.

Thyrſis. Kala, *at length conclude my lingring lot:*
Diſdaine me not, although I be not faire.
VVho is an heire of many hundred ſheepe,
Doth beauties keepe which never Sunne can burne,
Nor ſtormes doe turne: faireneſſe ſerves oft to wealth,
Yet all my health I place in your good will:
Which if you will (O doe) beſtow on me,

Such as you see, such still you shall me finde,
Constant and kinde, my sheep your food shall breed,
Their wool your weed, I will you Musicke yeeld
In flowry field; and as the day begins
With twenty ginnes we will the small birds take,
And pastimes make, as Nature things hath made.
But when in shade we meet of Myrtle boughes,
Then Love allowes our pleasures to enrich,
The thought of which doth passe all worldly pelfe.

Dorus. *Lady your selfe whom neither name I dare,*
And titles are but spots to such a worth,
Heare plaints come forth from dungeon of my mind.
The noblest kind rejects not others woes.
I have no shewes of wealth: my wealth is you,
My beauties hue your beames, my health your deeds;
My mind for weeds your vertues Livery weares.
My food is teares, my tunes lamenting yeeld,
Despaire my field; the flowers spirits warres:
My day new cares, my ginnes my daily sighs,
In which doe light small birds of thoughes orethrowne:
My pastimes none: time passeth on my fall.
Nature made all, but me of dolours made:
I finde no shade, but where my sunne doth burne:
No place to turne; without, within it fries:
Nor helpe by life or death, who living dies.

Thyrsis. *But if my* Kala *thus my suit denies,*
Which so much reason bearES:
Let Crowes picke out mine eyes, which too much saw.
If she still hate loves law,
My earthly mould doth melt in watry teares.

Dorus. *My earthly mould doth melt in watry teares,*
And they againe resolve
To aire of sighes, sighes to the hearts fire turne,
Which doth to ashes burne.
Thus doth my life within it selfe dissolve.

Thyrsis. *Thus doth my life within it selfe dissolve,*
That I grow like the beast,
Which beares the bit a weaker force doth guide,
Yet patient must abide.
Such weight it hath, which once in full possest.

Dorus. *Such weight it hath, which once in full possest,*
That I become a vision.
Which hath in others head his onely being,
And lives in fancy seeing,
O wretched state of man in selfe-division!

Thyrsis.

Thyrſis. *O wretched ſtate of man in ſelfe diviſion!*
O well thou ſayeſt! a feeling declaration
Thy tongue hath made, of Cupids deepe incision.
But now hoarſe voice, doth faile this occupation,
And others long to tell their loves condition:
Of ſinging thou haſt got the reputation.

Dorus. *Of ſinging thou haſt got the reputation,*
Good Thyrſis *mine, I yeeld to thy abilitie;*
My heart doth ſeeke another eſtimation.
But ah my Muſe, I would thou hadſt facilitie
To worke my Goddeſſe ſo by thy invention,
On me to caſt thoſe eyes where ſhine Nobilitie:
Seene and unknowne, heard, but without attention.

Dorus did ſo well in anſwering *Thyrſis*, that every one deſired to heare him ſing ſomething alone. Seeing therefore a Lute lying under the Princeſſe *Pamela's* feet, glad to have ſuch an errand to approach her, he came, but came with a diſmayed grace, all his bloud ſtirred betwixt feare and deſire, and playing upon it with ſuch ſweetneſſe, as every body wondred to ſee ſuch skill in a ſhepheard, he ſang unto it with a ſorrowing voyce, theſe Elegiake verſes:

Dorus. *--Fortune, Nature, Love, long have contended about me,*
Which ſhould moſt miſeries caſt on a worme that I am,
--Fortune thus gan ſay: miſery and misfortune is all one,
And of misfortune, fortune hath onely the gift.
--With ſtrong foes on land, on ſea with contrary tempeſts,
Still doe I croſſe this wretch, what ſo he taketh in hand.
--Tuſh, tuſh, ſaid Nature, this is all but a trifle, a mans ſelfe,
Gives haps or miſhaps, ev'n as he ord'reth his heart.
--But ſo his humour I frame, in a mould of choler adуſted,
That the delights of life ſhall be to him dolorous.
--Love ſmiled, and thus ſaid; Want joyn'd to deſire is unhappy:
But if he nought doe deſire: what can Heraclitus *aile?*
--None but I worke by deſire: by deſire have I kindled in his ſoule
Infernall agonies into a beauty divine:
--Where thou poore Nature left'ſt all thy due glory, to Fortune
Her vertu's ſoveraigne, Fortune a vaſſall of hers.
--Nature abaſh't went backe: Fortune bluſht: yet ſhe repli'd thus:
And ev'n in that love ſhall I reſerve him a ſpite.
--Thus, thus, alas! woefull by Nature, unhappy by Fortune,
But moſt wretched I am, now Love awakes my deſire.

Dorus when he had ſung this; having had all the while a free beholding of the fair *Pamela* (who could wel have ſpared ſuch honor, & defended the aſſault he gave unto her face with bringing a faire ſtaine of ſhamefaſtnes unto it) let fall his armes, & remained ſo faſtned in his thoughts, as if *Pamela* had graffed him there to grow in cõtinuall imagination. But *Zelmane* eſpying it, and fearing he ſhould too much forget himſelf, ſhe came to him, & took out of his hand the Lute, & laying faſt hold of *Philoclea's* face with her eyes, ſhe ſung theſe Saphikes, ſpeaking as it were to her owne hope.

If mine eyes can ſpeake to doe hearty errand,
Or mine eyes language ſhe doe hap to judge of,
So that eyes meſſage be of her received,
Hope we doe live yet.
But if eyes faile then, when I moſt doe need them,
Or if eyes language be not unto her knowne,
So that eyes meſſage doe returne rejected,
Hope we doe both die.
Yet dying, and dead, doe ſing her honour;
So becomes our tombes monuments of our praiſe;
So becomes our loſſe the triumph of her gaine;
Hers be the glorie.
If the Spheares ſenſeleſſe doe yet hold a muſique,
If the Swans ſweet voyce be not heard, but as death;
If the mute timber when it hath the life loſt
Yeeldeth a Lutes tune.
Are then humane mindes priviledg'd ſo meanly,
As that hateſull death can abridge them of power
With the vew of truth to record to all worlds
That we be her ſpoiles?
Thus not ending, ends the due praiſe of her praiſe;
Fleſhly vaile conſumes; but a ſoule hath his life,
Which is held in love, love it is, that hath joyn'd
Life to this our ſoule.
But if eyes can ſpeake to hearty errand,
Or mine eyes language ſhe doth hap to judge of,
So that eyes meſſage be of her received.
Hope we doe live yet.

Great was the pleaſure of *Baſilius*, and greater would have beene *Gynecia's*, but that ſhe found too well it was intended to her daughter. As for *Philoclea*, ſhe was ſweetly raviſhed withall. When *Dorus* deſiring in a ſecret manner to ſpeake of their caſes, as perchance the parties intended might take ſome light of it, making low reverence to *Zelmane*, began this provoking ſong in hexameter verſe unto her. Whereunto ſhe ſoone finding whither his words were directed (in like tune and verſe) anſwered as followeth.

DORVS. *ZELMANE.*

Dorus. *Lady reſerv'd by the heav'ns to doe paſtors company honor,*
Ioyning your ſweet voyce to the rurall muſe of a deſart,
Here you fully doe finde this ſtrange operation of love,
How to the woods love runnes as well as rides to the Pallace,
Neither he beares reverence to a Prince, nor pitty to begger,
But (like a point in midſt of a circle) is ſtill of a neereneſſe,
All to a leſſon he draws, neither hils nor caves can avoid him.

Zelm. *Worthy ſhepheard by my ſorg to my ſelfe all favour is happed,*
That to the ſacred Muſe my anneyes ſomwhat be revealed,

Sacred

Sacred Muſe, who in one containes what nine doe in all them.
But O happy be you, which ſafe from fiery reflection
Of Phœbus *violence in ſhade of ſweet* Cypariſſus,
Or pleaſant Myrtle, may teach th'unfortunate Eccho
In theſe woods to reſound the renowned name of a goddeſſe.
Happy be you that may to the ſaint, your onely Idea,
(Although ſimply attir'd) your manly affection utter.
Happy be thoſe miſhaps which juſtly proportion holding,
Give right ſound to the eares, and enter aright to the judgement;
But wretched be the ſoules, which vail'd in a contrary ſubject.
How much more we doe love, ſo the leſſe our loves be beleeved.
What's kill ſaluteth a ſore of a wrong infirmitie judged?
What can juſtice availe, to a man that tels not his owne caſe?
You though feares doe abaſh, in you ſtill poßible hopes be:
Nature againſt we doe ſeeme to rebell, ſeeme fooles in a vaine ſuit.
But ſo unheard, condemn'd, kept thence we doe ſeeke to abide in,
Selfe-loſt in wandring, baniſhed that place we doe come from,
What meane is there alas, we can hope our loſſe to recover?
What place is there left, we may hope our woes to recomfort?
Vnto the heav'ns? our wings be too ſhort: earth thinks us a burden,
Aire? we doe ſtill with ſighes encreaſe: to the fire? we doe want none.
And yet his outward heat our teares would quench, but an inward
Fire no liquor can coole: Neptunes *realme would not availe us.*
Happy ſhepheard, with thanks to the gods, ſtill think to be thankfull,
That to thy advancement their wiſedomes have thee abaſed.

Dorus. *Vnto the gods with a thankfull heart all thanks I doe render,*
That to my advancement their wiſedomes have me abaſed.
But yet, alas! O but yet alas! our haps be but hard haps,
Which muſt frame contempt to the fitteſt purchaſe of honour.
Well may a Paſtor plaine, but alas his plaints be not eſteem'd:
Silly ſhepheards poore pipe, when his harſh ſound teſtifies anguiſh,
Into the faire looker on, paſtime, not paſſion, enters.
And to the woods or brookes, who doe make ſuch dreary recitall?
What be the pangs they beare, and whence thoſe pangs be derived,
Pleas'd to receive that name by rebounding anſwer of Eccho,
May hope thereby to eaſe their inward horrible anguiſh.
When trees dance to the pipe, and ſwift ſtreames ſtay by the muſick,
Or when an Eccho *begins unmov'd to ſing them a love ſong;*
Say then, what vantage doe we get by the trade of a Paſtor?
(Since no eſtates be ſo baſe but love vouchſafeth his arrow,
Since no refuge doth ſerve from wounds we doe carry about us,
Since outward pleaſures be but halting helpes to decay'd ſoules)
Save that daily we may diſcerne what fire we doe burne in,
Farre more happy be you, whoſe greatneſſe gets a free acceſſe;
Whoſe faire bodily gifts are fram'd moſt lovely to each eye,
Vertue you have, of vertue you have left proofe to the whole world.
And vertue is gratefull, with beauty and richneſſe adorned:
Neither doubt you a whit, time will your paſſion utter.

Hardly

Hardly remaines fire hid where skill is bent to the hiding,
But in a mind thus would his flames ſhould not be repreſſed,
Nature worketh enough with a ſmall helpe for the revealing:
Give therefore to the Muſe great praiſe, in whoſe very likeneſſe,
You doe approach to the fruit your onely deſires be to gather.

Zelm. *Firſt ſhall fertile grounds not yeeld increaſe of a good ſeed:*
Firſt the Rivers ſhall ceaſe to repay their flouds to the Ocean:
Firſt may a truſty Greyhound transforme himſelfe to a Tygre:
Firſt ſhall vertue be vice, and beauty be counted a blemiſh,
Ere that I leaue with ſong of praiſe her praiſe to ſolemnize,
Her praiſe, whence to the world all praiſe hath his onely beginning:
But yet well I doe finde each man moſt wiſe in his owne caſe.
None can ſpeake of a wound with skill, if hee have not a wound felt.
Great to thee my ſtate ſeemes, thy ſtate is bleſt by my judgement:
And yet neither of us great or bleſt deemeth his owne ſelfe.
For yet (weigh this alas!) great is not great to the greater.
What judge you doth a hillocke ſhew, by the lofty Olympus?
Such my minute greatneſſe, doth ſeeme compar'd to the greateſt.
When Cedars to the ground fall downe by the weight of an Emmot,
Or when a rich Rubies juſt price be the worth of a Walnut,
Or to the Sunne, for wonders ſeeme ſmall ſparkes of a Candle:
Then by my high Cedar, rich Rubie, and onely ſhining Sunne,
Vertue, riches, beauties of mine ſhall great be reputed.
Oh, no, no, worthy ſhepheard, worth can never enter a Title,
Where proofes juſtly do teach, thus matcht, ſuch worth to be nought worth,
Let not a Puppet abuſe thy ſprite, Kings Crownes doe not helpe them
From the cruell head-ach, nor ſhooes of gold doe the Gowt heale:
And precious Couches full oft are ſhak't with a Feaver.
If then a bodily ill in a bodily gloze be not hidden,
Shall ſuch morning dewes be an eaſe to the heat of a loves fire?

Dorus. *O glittering miſeries of man, if this be the fortune*
Of thoſe fortunes lulls: ſo ſmall reſts reſt in a kingdome?
What marvell though a Prince transforme himſelfe to a Paſtor?
Come from marble bowres many times the gay harbor of anguiſh,
Vnto a ſilly Caban, thought weake, yet ſtronger againſt woes:
Now by thy words I begin, moſt famous Lady to gather
Comfort into my ſoule, I doe finde, I doe finde what a bleſſing
Is chanced to my life, that from ſuch muddy abundance
Of carking agonies (to ſtates which ſtill be adherent)
Deſtinie keepes me aloofe, for if all this ſtate to thy vertue
Ioyn'd by thy beautie adorn'd be no meanes theſe griefes to aboliſh:
If neither by that helpe, thou canſt clime up to thy fancie,
Nor yet fancie ſo dreſt doe receive more plauſible hearing:
Then doe I thinke indeed, that better it is to be private
In ſorrowes torments, then, tyed to the pompes of a pallace,
Nurſe inward maladies, which have not ſcope to be breath'd out:
But perforce digeſt all bitter joyes of horror

In ſilence, from a mans owne ſelfe with company robbed.
Better yet doe I liue, that though by my thoughts I be plunged
Into my liues bondage, yet may I disburden a paſſion
(Oppreſt with ruinous conceits) by the helpe of an Out-cry:
Not limited to a whiſpering note, the lament of a Courtier.
But ſometimes to the woods, ſometimes to the heav'n doe decypher
With bold clamor unheard, unmarkt, what I ſeeke, what I ſuffer:
And when I meet theſe trees, in the earths faire livery cloathed,
Eaſe I doe feele (ſuch eaſe as fals to one wholly diſeaſed)
For that I finde in them part of my ſtate repreſented.
Lawrell *ſhew's what I ſeeke, by the Myrre is ſhew'd how I ſeeke it,*
Olive *paints me the peace that I muſt aſpire to by conqueſt:*
Myrtell *makes my requeſt, my requeſt is crown'd with a Willow:*
Cyprus *promiſeth helpe, but a helpe where comes no recomfort:*
Sweet Iuniper *ſaith this, though I burne, yet I burne in a ſweet fire.*
Ewe *doth make me thinke what kind of Bow the Boy holdeth*
Which ſhoots ſtrongly without any noyſe, and deadly without ſmart,
Firre *trees great and greene, ſixt on a hie hill but a barren,*
Like to my noble thoughts, ſtill new, well plac'd to me fruitleſſe.
Figge that yeelds moſt pleaſant fruits, his ſhadow is hurtfull:
Thus be her gifts moſt ſweet, thus more danger to be neere her,
Now in a Palme *when I marke, how he doth riſe under a burden,*
And may I not (ſay then) get up though griefe be ſo weighty?
Pine *is a Maſt to a ſhip, to my ſhip ſhall Hope for a Maſt ſerve.*
Pine *is hie, Hope is as hie, ſharpe leav'd, ſharpe, yet be my Hopes Buds.*
Elme *embrac't by a* Vine, *embracing fancie reviveth:*
Popler *changeth his hue from a riſing Sunne to a ſetting:*
Thus to my Sunne doe I yeeld, ſuch looks her beames doe afford me:
Old aged Oke *cut downe, of new worke ſerves to the building:*
So my deſires by my feare cut downe, be the frames of her honor.
As he makes Speares which Shields do reſiſt, her force no repulſe takes.
Palmes *doe rejoyce to be joyn'd by the match of a Male to a Female,*
And ſhall ſenſitive things be ſo ſenſeleſſe as to reſiſt ſenſe?
Thus be my thoughts diſperſt, thus thinking nurſeth a thinking,
Thus both trees and each thing elſe, be the bookes of a fancie.
But to the Cedar, *Queene of Woods, when I lift my betear'd eyes,*
Then doe I ſhape to my ſelfe that forme which raigns ſo within me,
And thinke there ſhe doth dwell and heare what plaints I doe utter:
When that noble top doth nod, I beleeve ſhe ſalutes me;
When by the Wind it maketh a noyſe, I doe thinke ſhe doth anſwer.
Then kneeling to the ground, oft thus doe I ſpeake to that Image:
Onely Iewell, O onely Iewell, which onely deſerveſt,
That mens hearts be thy ſeat, and endleſſe Fame be thy ſervant,
O deſcend for a while, from this great height to behold me
But nought elſe to behold (elſe is nought worth the beholding)
Save what a worke, by thy ſelfe is wrought: and ſince I am uli'red
Thus by thy worke, diſdaine not that which is by thy ſelfe done.
In meane Caves oft Treaſure abides, to an Hiſtory a King comes.
And ſo behind foule clouds full oft faire Starres doe lie hidden.

Hardy

Zelman. *Hardy shepheard, such as thy merits, such may be her insight*
Iustly to grant thee reward, such envy I beare to thy fortune.
But to my selfe what wish can I make for a salve to my sorrowes,
Whom both Nature seemes to debarre from meanes to be helped,
And if a meane were found, fortune th'whole course of it thunders:
Thus plagu'd how can I frame to my sore any hope of amendment:
VVhence may I shew to my minde any light of possible escape?
Bound and bound by so noble bands, as loath to be unbound,
Iaylor I am to my selfe prison, and pris'ner to mine owne selfe.
Yet by my hopes thus plac'd, here fixed lives all my comfort,
That that deare Diamond, *where wisedome holdeth a sure seat,*
Whose force had such force so to transforme, nay to reforme me,
VVill at length perceive these flames by her beames to be kindled,
And will pitty the wound fest'red so strangely within me.
O be it so, grant such an event, O gods, that event give.
And for a sure sacrifice I doe daily oblation offer
Of mine owne heart where thoughts be the temple, sight is an altar.
But cease worthy shepheard, now cease we to weary the hearers
VVith monefull melodies, for enough our griefes be revealed,
If the parties meant our meanings rightly be marked,
And sorrowes doe require some respit unto the senses.

What exclaiming praises *Basilius* gave to this Eclogue any man may ghesse, that knowes love is better than a paire of spectacles to make every thing seeme greater which is seene through it: and then is never tongue-tyed, where fit commendation (whereof woman-kind is so likerous) is offered unto it. But before any other came in to supply the place, *Zelmane* having heard some of the shepheards by chance name *Strephon* and *Claius*, supposing thereby they had beene present, was desirous both to heare them for the fame of their friendly love, and to know them for their kindnesse towards her best loved friend. Much grieved was *Basilius*, that any desire of his mistresse should be unsatisfied, and therefore to represent them unto her (as well as in their absence it might be) he commanded one *Lamon*, who had at large set downe their country pastimes and first love to *Vrania*, to sing the whole discourse, which he did in this manner.

A Shepheards Tale no height of stile desires,
To raise in words what in effect is low:
A plaining song, plaine singing voyce requires,
For warbling notes from cheering spirit flow.
I then whose burd'ned breast but thus aspires
Of Shepheards two the seely cause to show.
Need not the stately Muses helpe invoke,
For creeping Rimes, which often sighings choke.
But you O you that thinke not teares too deare,
To spend for harmes, although they touch you not:
And deigne to deeme your neighbours mischiefe neare,
Although they be of meaner parents got:
You I invite with easie eares to heare
The poore clad truth of loves wrong-ord'red lot.

VVho

Who may be glad, be glad you be not such:
Who share in woe, weigh others have as much.
There was (O seldome blessed word of was!)
A paire of friends, or rather one cald two,
Train'd in the life which no short-bitten grasse
In shine or storme must set the clouted shoe:
He, that the other in some yeares did passe,
And in those gifts that yeares distribute doe,
Was Klaius *cald, (ah* Klaius, *wofull wight!)*
The later borne, yet too soone, Strephon *light,*
Epeirus *high was honest* Klaius *nest,*
To Strephon Æoles *land first breathing lent:*
But East and West were joyn'd by friendships hest.
As Strephons *eare and heart to* Klaius *bent,*
So Klaius *soule did in his* Strephon *rest,*
Still both their flocks flocking together went,
As if they would of owners humour be,
As eke their pipes did well as friends agree:
Klaius *for skill of herbs and shepheards art,*
Among the wisest was accounted wise;
Yet not so wise, as of unstained heart:
Strephon *was yong, yet markt with humble eyes*
How elder rul'd their flockes and cur'd their smart,
So that the grave did not his words despise.
Both free of mind both did cleare-dealing love,
And both had skill in verse their voyce to move.
Their cheerefull minds, vill pois'ned was their cheere,
The honest sports of earthly lodging prove;
Now for a clod-like Hare in forme they peere,
Now Bolt and Cudgell Squirrels leape doe move:
Now the ambitious Larke with mirrour cleare
They catch, while he (foole!) to himselfe makes love:
And now at Keels they try a harmelesse chance,
And now their Curre they teach to fetch and dance,
When merry May first early cals the morne,
With merry Maids a Maying they doe goe:
Then doe they pull from sharpe and niggard thorne
The plenteous sweets (can sweets so sharply grow?)
Then some green-Gownes are by the Lasses worne
In chastest playes, till home they walke a-row,
While dance about the May-pole is begun,
When if need were, they could at Quintain run:
While thus they ran a low, but levell'd race,
While thus they liv'd (this was indeed a life)
With Nature pleas'd, content with present case,
Free of proud feares, brave begg'ry smiling strife,
Of climbe-fall Court, the envy-hatching place:
While those restlesse desires in great men rise

To visite so low of folkes did much disdaine,
This while, though poore, they in themselves did raigne.
One day (O day, that shin'd to make them darke!)
While they did ward sun-beames with shady bay,
And Claius taking for his jongling carke,
(Lest greedy eyes to them might challenge lay)
Busie with Oker did their shoulders marke,
(His marke a pillar was devoid of stay,
As bragging that free of all passions none,
Well might he others beare, but leane to none.)
Strephon with leavy twigs of Laurell tree,
A garland made on temples for to weare,
For he then chosen was, the dignity
Of village Lord that Whitsontide to beare:
And full, poore foole, of boyish bravery,
With triumph's shewes would shew he nought did feare.
But fore-accounting oft makes builders misse:
They found, they felt, they had no lease of blisse.
For ere that either had his purpose done,
Behold (beholding well it doth deserve)
They saw a maid, who thither-ward did run,
To catch her sparrow which from her did swerve,
As she a blacke silke Cap on him begun
To set for foile of his milke-white to serve.
She chirping ran, he peeping flew away,
Till hard by them both he and she did stay.
Well for to see, they kept themselves unseen,
And saw this fairest mayd of fairer mind:
By fortune meane, in Nature borne a Queene,
How well apaid she was her bird to find:
How tenderly her tender hands betweene
In yvorie cage she did the pitcher bind:
How Rosie morsell'd lips about his beake
Moving, she seem'd at once to kisse, and speake.
Chastned but thus, and thus his lesson thought,
The happy wretch she put into her brest,
Which to their eyes the bowels of Venus brought,
For they seem'd made even of skie metall best,
And that the byas of her bloud was wrought.
Betwixt them two the peeper tooke his nest,
Where snugging well he well appeer'd content,
So to have done amisse, so to be shent.
This done, but done with captive-killing grace,
Each motion seeming shot from beauties bow,
With length laid downe she decht the lovely place.
Proud grew the grasse that under her did grow,
The trees spread out their armes to shade her face,
But she on elbow lean'd, with sighes did show

No graſſe, no trees, nor yet her ſparrow might
The long perplexed mind breed long delight.
She troubled was (alas that it might be!)
With tedious brawlings of her parents deare
VVho would have her in will and word agree
To wed Antaxius *their neighbour neare.*
A heardman rich, of much account was he,
In whom no evill did raigne, nor good appeare,
In ſome ſuch one ſhe lik'd not his deſire,
Faine would be free, but dreadeth parents ire.
Kinaly ſweet ſoule, ſhe did unkindneſſe take
That bagged baggage of a miſers mudd,
Should price of her, as in a market, make,
But gold can guild a rotten piece of wood,
To yeeld ſhe found her noble heart to ake.
To ſtrive ſhe fear'd how it with vertue ſtood.
Thus doubtings clouds o're-caſting heav'nly braine,
At length in rowes of Kiſſe-cheeks teares they raine.
Cupid *the wagge, that lately conquer'd had*
Wiſe Counſellours, ſtout Captaines, puiſſant Kings,
And ty'd them faſt to lead his triumph bad,
Glutted with them now playes with meaneſt things.
So oft in feaſts with coſtly changes clad
To crammed mawes a ſprat now ſtomacke brings.
So Lords with ſport of Stagge *and* Hearon *full*
Sometimes we ſee ſmall birds from neſts doe pull.
So now for prey theſe Shepheards two he tooke.
VVhoſe mettall ſtiffe he knew he could not bend
VVith hear ſay pictures, or a window-looke;
VVith one good dance, or letter finely pend,
That were in Court a well-proportion'd hooke,
VVhere piercing wits doe quickly apprehend,
Their ſenſes rude plaine objects onely move,
And ſo muſt ſee great cauſe before they love.
Therefore love arm'd in her now takes the field,
Making her beames his bravery and might:
Her hands which pierc'd the ſoules ſeven-double ſhield,
VVere now his darts leaving his wonted fight.
Brave creſt to him her ſcorne-gold haire did yeeld,
His compleat harneis was her pureſt white.
But fearing leſt all white might ſeeme too good,
In cheeks and lips the Tyrant threatens bloud.
Beſides this force, within her eyes he kept
A fire, to burne the priſoners he gaines,
VVhoſe boyling heart increaſed as ſhe wept:
For ev'n in forge cold water fire maintaines.
Thus proud and fierce unto the hearts he ſtept
Of them pooore ſoules: and cutting Reaſons raines.

Made them his owne before they had it wist.
But if they had' could sheepe-hookes this resist?
Claius *straight felt, and groned at the blow,*
And call'd, now wounded, purpose to his aide:
Strephon *fond boy, delighted did not know,*
That it was love that shin'd in shining maid:
But lickrous, poyson'd, faine to her would goe,
If him new-learned manners had not stay'd.
For then Urania *homeward did arise,*
Leaving in paine their well-fed hungry eyes.
She went they staid or rightly for to say,
She staid with them they went in thought with her:
Claius *indeed would faine have pull'd away*
This mote from out his eye thus inward burre,
And now proud Rebell gan for to gainsay
The lesson which but late he learn'd too furre:
Meaning with absence to refresh the thought
To which her presence such a feaver brought.
Strephon *did leape with joy and jollity,*
Thinking it just more therein to delight,
Than in good dog, faire field, or shading tree.
So have I seen trim-bookes in Velvet dight,
With golden leaves, and painted baberie
Of seely boyes, please unacquainted sight:
But when the rod began to play his part,
Faine would, but could not flye from golden smart.
He quickly learn'd Urania *was her name,*
And straight, for failing, grav'd it in his heart:
He knew her haunt, and haunted in the same,
And taught his sheepe her sheepe in food to thwart,
Which soone as it did hatefull question frame,
He might on knees confesse his faulty part,
And yeeld himselfe unto her punishment,
While nought but game, the selfe hurt wanton ment.
Nay, even unto her home he oft would goe,
Where bold and hurtlesse many play he tries,
Her parents liking well it should be so,
For simple goodnesse shined in his eyes.
There did he make her laugh in spite of woe,
So as good thoughts of him in all arise,
While into none doubt of his love did sinke,
For not himselfe to be in love did thinke.
But glad Desire, his late emboson'd guest,
Yet but a babe, with milke of Sight he nurst:
Desire the more he suckt, more sought the brest,
Like Dropsie-folke, still drinke to be a thirst.
Till one faire Ev'n an houre ere Sunne did rest,
Who then in Lyons Cave did enter first,

By neighbours prai'd she went abroad thereby,
At Barley-breake her sweet swift foot to try.
Never the earth on his round shoulders bare
A maid train'd up from high or low degree,
That in her doings better could compare
Mirth with respect, few words with courtesie
A careless comelinesse with comely care.
Selfe-gard with mildnesse, Sport with Majestie:
Which made her yeeld to decke this shepheards band;
And still, beleeve me, Strephon was at hand.
A field they goe, where many lookers be,
And thou seek-sorrow Claius them among:
Indeed thou said'st it was thy friend to see
Strephon, whose absence seem'd unto thee long,
While most with her he lesse did keepe with thee.
No, no, it was in spite of wisedomes song
Which absence wisht: love playd a victors part:
The heav'n-love-loadstone drew thy yron hart.
Then couples three be straight allotted there,
They of both ends the middle two doe flye,
The two that in mid place, Hell called were,
Must strive with waiting foot, and watching eye
To catch of them, and them to hell to beare,
That they, as well as they, Hell may supply:
Like some who seeke to salve their blotted name
With others blot, till all doe taste of shame.
There may you see, soone as the middle two
Doe coupled towards either couple make,
They false and fearefull doe their hands undoe,
Brother his brother, friend doth friend forsake,
Heeding himselfe, cares not how fellow doe,
But of a stranger mutuall helpe doth take:
As perjur'd cowards in adversitie
With sight of feare from friends to friend doe flie.
These sports shepheards deviz'd such faults to shew.
Geron though old, yet gamesome, kept one end
With Cosma, for whose love Pas past in woe.
Faire Nous with Pas the lot to hell did send:
Pas thought it hell, while he was Cosma fro,
At other end Vran did Strephon lend
Her happy-making hand, of whom one looke
From Nous and Cosma all their beautie tooke.
The Play began: Pas durst not Cosma chace,
But did intend next bout with her to meet,
So be with Nous to Geron turn'd their race,
With whom to joyne, fast ran Vrania sweet:
But light-legg'd Pas had got the middle space.
Geron strave hard, but aged were his feet,

And therefore finding force now faint to be,
He thought gray haires afforded subtiltie.
And so when Pas *hand reached him to take,*
The Fox on knees and elbowes tumbled downe;
Pas *could not stay, but over him did rake,*
And crown'd the earth with his first touching crowne:
His heeles grown proud did seeme at heav'n to shake,
But Nous *that slipt from* Pas *did catch the clowne.*
So laughing all, yee Pas *to ease some deal*
Geron *with* Vran *were condemn'd to hell.*
Cosma *this while to* Strephon *safely came,*
And all to second Barley-breake are bent:
The two in hell did toward Cosma *frame,*
Who should to Pas, *but they would her prevent,*
Pas *mad with fall, and madder with the shame,*
Most mad with beames which he thought Cosma *sent,*
With such mad haste he did to Cosma *goe,*
That to her breast he gave a noysome blow.
She quick, and proud, and who did Pas *despise,*
Vp with her fist, and tooke him on the face,
Another time, quoth she, become more wise.
Thus Pas *did kisse her hand with little grace,*
And each way luckless, yet in humble guise
Did hold her fast for feare of more disgrace,
While Strephon *might with pretty* Nous *have met,*
But all this while another course he fet.
For as Vrania *after* Cosma *ran,*
He ravished with sight how gracefully
She mov'd her lims, and drew the aged man,
Left Nous *to coast the loved beauty nie:*
Nous *cry'd, and chaf'd but he no other can.*
Till Vran *seeing* Pas *to* Cosma *flye,*
And Strephon *single, turned after him:*
Strephon *so chas'd did seeme in milke to swimme.*
He ran, but ran with eye o're shoulder cast,
More marking her, than how himselfe did goe,
Like Numid *Lyons by the hunters chas'd,*
Though they doe flie, yet backwardly doe glow
With proud aspect, disdaining greatest haste.
What rage in them, that love in him did show.
But God gives them instinct the man to shun,
And he by law of Barly-breake must run.
But as his heat with running did augment,
Much more his sight encreast his hot desire:
So is in her the best of Nature spent,
The aire her sweet race mov'd doth blow the fire.
Her feet be pursevants from Cupid *sent,*
With whose fine steps all loves and joyes conspire.

The

The hidden beauties, ſeem'd in wait to ly,
To drowne proud hearts that would not willing dy.
Thus, faſt he fled from her he follow'd ſore,
Still ſhunning Nous *to lengthen pleaſing race,*
Till that he ſpied old Geron *could no more,*
Then did he ſlacke his love-inſtructed pace.
So that Uran, *whoſe arme old* Geron *bore,*
Laid hold on him with moſt lay-holding grace.
So caught, him ſeem'd he caught of joyes the bell,
And thought it heav'n ſo to be drawne to hell:
To hell he goes, and Nous *with him muſt dwell,*
Nous *ſware it was no right; for his default*
Who would be caught, that ſhe ſhould goe to hell:
But ſo ſhe muſt. And now the third aſſault
Of Barly-breake among the ſixe befell,
Pas Coſma *matcht, yet angry with his fault,*
The other end Geron *with* Uran *gard:*
I thinke you thinke Strephon *bent thitherward.*
Nous *counſel'd* Strephon Geron *to purſue,*
For he was old, and eaſie would be caught:
But he drew her as love his fancy drew,
And ſo to take the gemme Urania *ſought,*
While Geron *old came ſafe to* Coſma *true,*
Though him to meet at all ſhe ſtirred nought.
For Pas, *whether it were for feare or love,*
Mov'd not himſelfe, nor ſuffered her to move.
So they three did together idly ſtay,
While deare Uran, *whoſe courſe was* Pas *to meet,*
(He ſtaying thus) was faine abroad to ſtray
With larger round, to ſhun the following feet.
Strephon, *whoſe eyes on her backe parts did play,*
With love drawne on ſo faſt with pace unmeet
Drew dainty Nous, *that ſhe not able ſo*
To runne, brake forth his hands, and let him goe,
He ſingle thus hop'd ſoone with her to be,
Who nothing earthly, but of fire and aire,
Though with ſoft legs, did runne as faſt as he.
He thrice reacht, thrice deceiv'd, when her to beare
He hopes, with dainty turnes ſhe doth him flee.
So on the Down's we ſee, neere Wilton *faire,*
A haſtn'd Hare from greedy Grey hound goe,
And paſt all hope his chaps to fruſtrate ſo.
But this ſtrange race more ſtrange conceits did yeeld;
Who victor ſeem'd, was to his ruine brought:
Who ſeem'd o'rethrowne was miſtreſſe of the field:
She fled and tooke; he followed, and was caught.
So have I heard to pierce purſuing ſhield,
By parents train'd the Tartars wilde are tought,

With ſhafts ſhot out from their back turned bow.
But ah! her darts did farre more deeply goe.
As Venus bird the white, ſwift, lovely dove,
(O happy Doves that are compar'd to her!)
Doth on her wings her utmoſt ſwiftneſſe prove,
Finding the gripe of Falcon fierce not furre:
So did Vran: the narre, the ſwifter move,
(Yet beauty ſtill as faſt as ſhe did ſturre)
Till with long race deare ſhe was breathleſſe brought,
And then the Phœnix feared to be cought.
Among the reſt, that there did take delight
To ſee the ſports of double ſhining day:
And did the tribute of their wondring ſight
To Natures heire, the faire Urania pay,
I tould you Claius was the hapleſſe wight,
Who earneſt found what they accounted play.
He did not there doe homage of his eyes,
But on his eyes his heart did ſacrifice.
With gazing lookes, ſhort ſighes unſetled feet,
He ſtood, but turn'd, as Girofol, to Sunne:
His fancies ſtill did her in halfe way meet,
His ſoule did fly as ſhe was ſeene to runn.
In ſumme, proud Boreas never ruled fleet
(Who Neptunes web on dangers diſtaffe ſpunne)
With greater power, than ſhe did make them wend
Each way, as ſhe, That Ages praiſe, did bend
Till ſpying well, ſhe well nigh weary was,
And ſurely taught by his love-open eye,
His eye, that ev'n did marke her troden graſſe,
That ſhe would faine the catch of Strephon fly,
Giving his reaſon paſſport for to paſſe
Whither it would, ſo it would let him dy;
He that before ſhund her, to ſhunne ſuch harmes,
Now runnes and takes her in his clipping armes.
For with pretence from Strephon her to guard,
He met her full, but full of warefulneſſe,
With inbow'd boſome well for her prepar'd,
When Strephon curſing his owne backwardneſſe,
Came to her backe, and ſo with double ward,
Impriſon'd her who both them did poſſeſſe
As heart-bound ſlaves: and happy then embrace
Vertues proofe, Fortunes victor, Beauties place.
Her race did not her beauties beames augment,
For, they were ever in the beſt degree,
But yet a ſetting forth it ſome way lent,
As Rubies luſtre when they rubbed bee.
The dainty deaw on face and body went

As on ſweet flowers, when mornings drops we ſee.
Her breath then ſhort, ſeem'd loth from home to paſſe,
Which more it mov'd, the more it ſweeter was.
Happy, O happy! if they ſo might bide,
To ſee their eyes, with how true humbleneſſe,
They looked downe to triumph over pride:
With how ſweet ſawce ſhe blam'd their ſawcineſſe,
To feele the panting heart, which through her ſide,
Did beat their hands, which durſt ſo neere to preſſe,
To ſee, to feele, to heare, to taſte, to know
More, than beſides her, all the earth could ſhow.
But never did Medea's golden weed
On Creons child his poyſon ſooner throw
Then thoſe delights through all their ſinewes breed,
A creeping Serpent-like of mortall woe.
Till ſhee brake from their armes (although indeed
Going from them, from them ſhe could not goe)
And fare-welling the flocke, did homeward wend,
And ſo that ev'n the barley-breake did end.
It ended, but the other woe began,
Began at leaſt to be conceiv'd as woe.
For then wiſe Claius found no abſence can
Helpe him, who can no more her ſight foregoe.
He found mans vertue is but part of man,
And part muſt follow where whole man doth goe.
He found that Reaſons ſelfe now reaſons found
To faſten knots, which fancy firſt had bound.
So doth he yeeld, ſo takes he on his yoke,
Not knowing who did draw with him therein;
Strephon poore youth, becauſe he ſaw no ſmoke,
Did not conceive what fire he had within:
But after this to greater rage it broke,
Till of his life it did full conqueſt win,
Firſt killing mirth, then baniſhing all reſt,
Filling his eyes with teares, with ſighes his breſt,
Then ſports grew paines, all talking tedious,
On thoughts he feeds, his lookes their figure change,
The day ſeemes long, but night is odious,
No ſleeps but dreames, no dreames but viſions ſtrange,
Till finding ſtill his evill encreaſing thus,
One day he with his flocke abroad did range:
And comming where he hop'd to be alone,
Thus on a hillocke ſet, he made his mone.
Alas! what weights are theſe that load my heart!
I am as dull as Winter-ſterved ſheepe,
Tir'd as a jade in over-loden cart,
Yet thoughts doe fly, though I can ſcarcely creepe.

All

All viſions ſeeme, at every buſh I ſtart:
Drowſie am I, and yet can rarely ſleepe.
Sure I bewitch'd am, it is even that,
Late neare a Croſſe I met an ugly Cat.
For, but by charmes, how fall theſe things on me,
That from thoſe eyes, where heav'nly apples beene,
Thoſe eyes, which nothing like themſelves can ſee,
Of faire Urania fairer than a greene,
Proudly bedect in Aprils livery,
A ſhot unheard gave me a wound unſeene:
He was inviſible that hurt me ſo,
And none inviſible, but ſpirits can goe.
When I ſee her, my ſinewes ſhake for feare,
And yet deare ſoule, I know ſhe hurteth none:
Amid my flocke, with wo my voyce I teare,
And, but bewitch'd, who to his flocke would mone?
Her cherry lips, milke hands, and golden haire
I ſtill do ſee, though I be ſtill alone.
Now make me thinke that there is not a fiend,
Who hid in Angels ſhape my life would end.
The ſports wherein I wonted to doe well,
Come ſhe, and ſweet the aire with open breaſt,
Then ſo I faile, when moſt I would doe well,
That at me ſo amaz'd my fellowes jeſt:
Sometimes to her newes of my ſelfe to tell
I goe about, but then is all my beſt
Wry words, and ſtaw'ring, or elſe doltiſh dumbe,
Say then, can this but of enchantment come?
Nay each thing is bewitcht to know my caſe:
The Nightingales for wo their ſongs refraine:
In river as I look'd, my pining face,
As pin'd a face as mine I ſaw againe,
The courteous mountaines griev'd at my diſgrace
Their ſnowie haire teare off in melting paine.
And now the dropping trees do weepe for me,
And now faire evenings bluſh my ſhame to ſee.
But you my Pipe, whilome my chiefe delight,
Till ſtrange delight, delight to nothing ware,
And you my flocke, care of my carefull ſight,
While I was I, and ſo had cauſe to care:
And thou my dog, whoſe truth and valiant might
Made Wolves (not inward Wolves) my Ewes to ſpare:
Goe you not from your maſter in his woe,
Let it ſuffice that he himſelfe forgoe.
For though like waxe this magicke makes me waſte,
Or like a Lambe, whoſe damme away is fet,
(Stolne from her young by theeves unchuſing-haſte)

He

He treble beas for helpe, but none can get,
Though thus, and worse, though now I am at last,
Of all the games that here ere now I met,
Doe you remember ſtill you once were mine,
Till mine eyes had their curſe from bleſſed eyne.
Be you with me, while I unheard doe crie,
While I doe ſcore my loſſes on the wind,
While I in heart my Will write ere I dye.
In which by will, my will and wits I bind,
Still to be hers, about her aye to flye.
As this ſame ſprite about my fancies blind
Doth daily haunt; but ſo, that mine become
As much more loving, as leſſe cumberſome.
Alas! a cloud hath over-caſt mine eyes:
And yet I ſee her ſhine amid the cloud.
Alas! of Ghoſts I heare the ghaſtly cries:
Yet there, me ſeemes, I heare her ſinging loud.
This ſong ſhe ſings in moſt commanding wiſe:
Come ſhepheards boy, let now thy heart be bow'd,
To make it ſelfe to my leaſt looke a ſlave:
Leave ſleepe, leave all, I will no piecing have
I will, I will, alas, alas, I will:
Wilt thou have more? more have, if more I be.
Away ragg'd rammes, care I what murraine kill?
Our ſhreaking Pipe, made of ſome witched tree:
Goe bawling Curre, thy hungry maw goe fill
On your foule flocke belonging not to me.
With that his dog he benc'd, his flocke he cur'ſt,
With that (yet kiſſed firſt) his Pipe he burſt.
This ſaid, this done, he roſe, even tyr'd with reſt,
With heart as carefull, as with careleſſe grace,
With ſhrinking legges, but with a ſwelling breaſt,
With eyes which threatned they would drowne his face.
Fearing the worſt, not knowing what were beſt,
And giving to his ſight a wandring race,
He ſaw behind a buſh where Claius ſate:
His well-knowne friend, but yet his unknowne mate.
Claius the wretch, who lately ſeelsen was
To beare the bonds which time nor wit could breake,
(With bluſhing ſoule at ſight of Judgements glaſſe,
While guilty thoughts accus'd his reaſon weake)
This morne alone to lovely VVilke did paſſe,
VVithin himſelfe of her deare ſelfe to ſpeake,
Till Strephons plaining voice him nearer drew,
VVhere by his words his ſelfe like eaſe he knew.
For hearing him ſo oft with words of woe
Vrania name, whoſe force he knew ſo well,
He quickly knew what VVitchcraft gave the blow,

VVhich made his Strephon *thinke himſelfe in hell.*
VVhich when he dia in perfect image ſhow
To his owne wit, thought upon thought did ſwell,
Breeding huge ſtormes within his inward part,
VVhich thus breath'd out with earthquake of his heart.

As *Lamon* would have proceeded, *Baſilius* knowing, by the waſting of the Torches, that the night alſo was farre waſted, and withall remembring *Zelmanes* hurt, asked her, whether ſhe thought it not better to reſerve the complaint of *Claius* till another day. Which ſhe, perceiving the ſong had already worne out much time, and not knowing when *Lamon* would end, being even now ſtepping over to a new matter, though much delighted with what was ſpoken, willingly agreed unto. And ſo of all ſides, they went to recommend themſelves to the elder brother of death.

The end of the firſt Booke.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE COVNTESSE OF *PEMBROOKS ARCADIA.*

IN theſe paſtorall times a great number of dayes were ſent to follow their flying predeceſſors, while the cup of poyſon (which was deeply taſted of the noble company) had left no ſinew of theirs without mortally ſearching into it; yet never manifeſting his venemous work, till once, that the night (parting away angry, that ſhe could diſtill no more ſleep into the eyes of Lovers) had no ſooner given place to the breaking out of the morning light, and the Sunne beſtowed his beames upon the toppes of the mountaines, but that the wofull *Gynecia* (to whom reſt was no eaſe) had left her loathed lodging, and gotten her ſelfe into the ſolitary places, thoſe deſerts were full of, going up and downe with ſuch unquiet motions, as a grieved and hopeleſſe minde is wont to bring forth. There appeared unto the eyes of her judgement, the evils ſhe was like to runne into, with ugly infamy waiting upon them: ſhe felt the terrours of her owne conſcience: ſhe was guilty of a long exerciſed vertue, which made his Vice the fuller of deformity. The uttermoſt of the good ſhe could aſpire unto, was a mortall wound to her vexed ſpirits: and laſtly, no ſmall part of her evils, was, that ſhe was wiſe to ſee her evils. Inſomuch, that having a great while throwne her countenance ghaſtly about her (as if ſhe had called all the powers of the world to be witneſſe of her wretched eſtate) at length caſting up her watery eyes to heaven; O Sunne (ſaid ſhe) whoſe unſpotted light directs the ſteps of mortall mankind, art thou not aſhamed to impart the clearneſſe of thy preſence to ſuch a duſt-creeping worme as I am? O you heavens (which continually keepe the courſe allotted unto you) can none of your influences prevaile ſo much upon the miſerable *Gynecia*, as to make her preſerve a courſe ſo long imbraced by her? O deſerts, deſerts, how fit a gueſt am I for you, ſince my heart can people you with wilde ravenous beaſts, which in you are wanting? O vertue, where doſt thou hide thy ſelfe? What hideous thing is this which doth eclipſe thee? Or is it true that thou wert never but a vaine name, and no eſſentiall thing; which haſt thus left thy profeſſed ſervant, when ſhe had moſt need of thy lovely preſence? O imperfect proportion of reaſon, which can too much foreſee, & too little prevent: Alas, alas, (ſaid ſhe) if there were but one hope for all my paines, or but one excuſe for all my faultineſſe. But wretch that I am, my torment is beyond all ſuccour, and my evill deſerving doth exceed my evill fortune. For nothing elſe did my husband take this ſtrange reſolution to live ſo ſolitarily: for nothing elſe have the winds delivered this ſtrange gueſt to my countrey: for nothing elſe have the deſtinies reſerved

reſerved my life to this time, but that onely I (moſt wretched I) ſhould become a plague to my ſelfe, and a ſhame to woman-kind. Yet if my deſire (how unjuſt ſoever it be) might take effect, though a thouſand deaths followed it, and every death were followed with a thouſand ſhames, yet ſhould not my ſepulcher receive me without ſome contentment. But alas, though ſure I am, that *Zelmane* is ſuch as can anſwer my love, yet as ſure I am, that this diſguiſing muſt needs come for ſome foretaken conceit: and then wretched *Gynecia*, where canſt thou find any ſmall ground-plot for hope to dwell upon? No, no, it is *Philoclea* his heart is ſet upon, it is my daughter I have borne to ſupplant me: but if it be ſo, the life I have given thee (ungratefull *Philoclea*) I will ſooner with theſe hands bereave thee of, than my birth ſhall glory ſhe hath bereaved me of my deſires: in ſhame there is no comfort, but to be beyond all bounds of ſhame.

Having ſpoken thns, ſhe began to make a piteous warre in her faire haire; when ſhe might heare (not farre from her) an extreamely dolefull voyce, but ſo ſuppreſſed with a kind of whiſpering note, that ſhe could not conceive the words diſtinctly. But (as a lamentable tune is the ſweeteſt muſicke to a wofull mind) ſhe drew thither neare-away (in hope to finde ſome companion of her miſery) and as ſhe paced on, ſhe was ſtopped with a number of trees, ſo thickly placed together, that ſhe was afraid ſhe ſhould (with ruſhing through) ſtop the ſpeech of the lamentable party, which ſhe was ſo deſirous to underſtand: and therefore letting her downe as ſoftly as ſhe could (for ſhe was now in diſtance to heare) ſhe might firſt perceive a Lute excellently well plaid upon, and then the ſame dolefull voice accompanying it with theſe verſes:

IN vaine, mine eyes you labour to amend
With flowing teares your fault of haſty ſight:
Since to my heart her ſhape you did ſo ſend,
That her I ſee, though you did loſe your light.

In vaine my heart (now you with ſight are burn'd)
With ſighes you ſeeke to coole your hot deſire:
Since ſighes into mine inward furnace turn'd)
For bellowes ſerve to kindle more the fire.

Reaſon in vaine (now you have loſt my heart)
My head you ſeeke, as to your ſtrongeſt fort:
Since there mine eyes have plaid ſo falſe a part,
That to your ſtrength your foes have ſure reſort.
Then ſince in vaine I find were all my ſtrife,
To this ſtrange death I vainly yeeld my life.

The ending of the ſong ſerved but for a beginning of new plaints, as if the mind (oppreſſed with too heavy a burthen of cares) was faine to diſcharge it ſelfe of all ſides, and (as it were) paint out the hideouſnes of the pain in all ſorts of colours. For the wofull perſon (as if the Lute had evill joyned with the voyce) threw it to the ground with ſuch like words. Alas, poor Lute, how much art thou deceived to think that in my miſeries thou couldſt eaſe my woes, as in my careleſſe times thou waſt wont to pleaſe my fancies? The time is changed; my Lute; the time is changed; and no more did my joyfull mind then receive every thing to a joyfull conſideration, than my carefull mind now makes each thing taſte the bitter juyce of care. The evill

evill is inward, my Lute, the evill is inward, which all thou doſt, doth ſerve but to make me thinke more freely of. And alas, what is then thy harmony, but the ſweet meats of ſorrow? the diſcord of my thoughts, my Lute, doth ill agree to the concord of thy ſtrings, therefore be not aſhamed to leave thy maſter, ſince he is not afraid to forſake himſelfe.

And thus much ſpoke (in ſtead of a concluſion) was cloſed up with ſo hearty a groning, that *Gynecia* could not refrain to ſhew her ſelf, thinking ſuch griefs could ſerve fitly for nothing but her own fortune. But as ſhe came into the little Arbor of this ſorrowfull muſick, her eyes met with the eyes of *Zelmane*, which was the party that thus had indited her ſelfe of miſery: ſo that either of them remained confuſed with a ſudden aſtoniſhment; *Zelmane* fearing leſt ſhe had heard ſome part of thoſe complaints, which ſhe had riſen up that morning early of purpoſe, to breathe out in ſecret to her ſelf. But *Gynecia* a great while ſtood ſtil, with a kind of dull amazemẽt, looked ſtedfaſtly upon her: at length returning to ſome uſe of her ſelf, ſhe began to aske *Zelmane* what cauſe carried her ſo early abroad: But as if the opening of her mouth to *Zelmane* had opened ſome great flood gate of ſorrow (whereof her heart could not abide the violent iſſue) ſhe ſanke to the ground, with her hands over her face, crying vehemẽtly, *Zelmane* help me, O *Zelmane* have pitty on me. *Zelmane* ran to her, marvelling what ſudden ſicknes had thus poſſeſſed her: & beginning to aske her the cauſe of her pain, & offering her ſervice to be employed by her. *Gynecia* opening her eies wildly upon her, pricked with the flames of love, & the tormẽts of her own conſcience; O *Zelmane*, *Zelmane*, ſaid ſhe, doſt thou offer my phyſick, which art my only poiſon? or wilt thou doe me ſervice, which haſt already brought me into eternall ſlavery? *Zelmane* then knowing well at what marke ſhe ſhot, yet loth to enter into it; Moſt excellent Lady (ſaid ſhe) you were beſt retire your ſelfe into your lodging, that you the better may paſſe this ſudden fit. Retire my ſelf? (ſaid *Gynecia*) If I had retired my ſelfe into my ſelf, when thou to me (unfortunate gueſt) cameſt to draw me from my ſelf, bleſſed had I bin, and no need had I had of this counſell. But now alas, I am forced to flie to thee for ſuccour, whom I accuſe of all my hurt, and make thee judge of my cauſe, who art the only author of my miſchiefe. *Zelmane* the more aſtoniſhed, the more ſhe underſtood her, Madam (ſaid ſhe) whereof do you accuſe me, that I will not cleare my ſelfe? Or wherein may I ſteed you, that you may not command me? Alas, anſwered *Gynecia*, what ſhall I ſay more? Take pitty of me, O *Zelmane*, but not as *Zelmane*, and diſguiſe not with me in words, as I know thou doeſt in apparell. *Zelmane* was much troubled with that word, finding her ſelfe brought to this ſtraight. But as ſhe was thinking what to anſwer her, they might ſee old *Basilius* paſſe hard by them, without ever ſeeing them; complaining likewiſe of love very freſhly, and ending his complaint with this ſong, Love having renewed both his invention and voyce:

Let not old age diſgrace my high deſire,
O heavenly ſoule, in humane ſhape contain'd:
Old wood inflam'd doth yeeld the braveſt fire,
When yonger doth in ſmoke his vertue ſpend.

Ne let white haires, which on my face doe grow,
Seeme to your eyes of a diſgracefull hue:
Since whiteneſſe doth preſent the ſweeteſt ſhow,
Which makes all eyes doe homage unto you.

Old age is wise, and full of constant truths,
Old age well stayed, from ranging humour lives:
Old age hath knowne what ever was in youth:
Old age o'recome, the greater honour gives:
And to old age since you your selfe aspire,
Let not old age disgrace my high desire.

Which being done, he looked very curiously upon himselfe, sometimes fetching a little skip, as if he had said his strength had not yet forsaken him: But *Zelmane* having in this time gotten some leisure to think for an answer, looking upon *Gynecia* as if she thought she did her some wrong: Madam (said she) I am not acquainted with those words of disguising, neither is it the profession of an *Amazon*, neither are you a party with whom it is to be used, if my service may please you, imploy it, so long as you doe me no wrong in mis-judging of me. Alas *Zelmane* (said *Gynecia*) I perceive you know full little how piercing the eyes are of a true Lover: there is no one beame of those thoughts you have planted in me, but is able to discerne a greater cloud than you do goe in. Seek not to conceale your selfe further from me, nor force not the passion of love into violent extremities. Now was *Zelmane* brought to an exigent, when the king turning his eyes that way through the trees, perceived his wife and mistresse together; so that framing the most lovely countenance he could, he came straightway towards them, and at the first word (thanking his wife for having entertained *Zelmane*) desired her she would now returne into the Lodge, because he had certaine matters of state to impart to the Lady *Zelmane*. The Queene (being nothing troubled with jealousie in that point) obeyed the kings commandement, full of raging agonies, and determinately bent, that as she would seek all loving meanes to winne *Zelmane*, so she would stirre up terrible tragedies, rather than faile of her intent. And so went she from them to the Lodge-ward, with such a battell in her thoughts, and so deadly an overthrow given to her best resolutions, that even her body (where the field was fought) was opprosse with all: making a languishing sicknesse wait upon the triumph of passion; which the more it prevailed in her, the more it made her jealousie watchfull, both over her daughter, and *Zelmane*, having ever one of them entrusted to her own eyes.

But as soone as *Basilius* was rid of his wives presence, falling downe on his knees, O Lady (said he) which hast onely had the power to stirre up againe those flames which had so long lyen dead in me; see in me the power of your beauty, which can make old age come to aske counsell of youth; and a Prince unconquered to become a slave to a stranger: and when you see that power of yours, love that at least in me, since it is yours, although of me you see nothing to be loved. Worthy Prince answered *Zelmane*, taking him up from his kneeling) both your manner, and your speech are so strange unto me, as I know not how to answer it better than with silence. If silence please you (said the King) it shall never displease me, since my heart is wholly pledged to obey you, otherwise, if you would vouchsafe mine eares such happinesse as to heare you, they shall convey your words to such a minde, as will with the humblest degree of reverence receive them. I disdaine not to speake to you (mighty Prince, said *Zelmane*) but I disdaine to speake of any matter which may bring my honor into question: and therewith, with a brave counterfeited scorne she departed from the king; leaving him not so sorry for his short answer, as proud in himselfe that he had broken the matter. And thus did the King (feeding his minde with those thoughts) passe great time in writing verses, and making more of himselfe,

ſelfe, than he was wont to doe, that with a little help he would have growne into a pretty kinde of dotage.

But *Zelmane* being rid of this loving, but little-loved company, Alas (ſaid ſhe) poore *Pyrocles*, was there ever one, but I, that had received wrong, and could blame no body? that having more than I deſire, am ſtill in want of what I would? Truely love, I muſt needs ſay thus much on my behalfe, thou haſt imployed my love there, where all love is deſerved; and for recompence haſt ſent me more love than ever I deſired. But what wilt thou doe *Pyrocles*? which way canſt thou finde to rid thee of thy intricate troubles? To her whom I would be known to, I live in darkneſſe: and to her am revealed, from whom I would be moſt ſecret. What ſhift ſhall I find againſt the diligent love of *Baſilius*? what ſhield againſt the violent paſſions of *Gynecia*? And if that be done, yet how am I the nearer to quench the fire that conſumes me? Well, well, ſweet *Philoclea*, my whole confidence muſt be builded in thy divine ſpirit, which cannot be ignorant of the cruell wound I have received by you.

But as ſicke-folkes, when they are alone, thinke company would relieve them, and yet having company do find it noyſome, changing willingly outward objects, when indeed the evill is inward: ſo poore *Zelmane* was no more weary of *Baſilius*, than ſhe was of her ſelfe, when *Baſilius* was gone: and ever the more, the more ſhe turned her eyes to become her own Iudges. Tired therewith, ſhe longed to meet her friend *Dorus*, that upon the ſhoulders of friendſhip, ſhe might lay the burthen of ſorrow, and therefore went toward the other Lodge, where among certain Beeches ſhe found *Dorus*, apparelled in Flannell, with a Goats-skin caſt upon him, and a garland of Laurell mixt with Cypres-leaves on his head; waiting on his maſter *Dametas*, who at that time was teaching him how with his ſheep-hook to catch a wanton Lamb, and how with the ſame to caſt a little clod at any one that ſtrayed out of company. And while *Dorus* was practiſing, one might ſee *Dametas* holding his hand under his girdle behind him, nodding from the waſte upwards, and ſwearing he never knew man goe more aukewardly to worke: and that they might talke of booke-learning what they would, but for his part, he never ſaw more unfeaty fellowes than great Clerkes were.

But *Zelmanes* comming ſaved *Dorus* from further chiding. And ſo ſhe beginning to ſpeake with him of the number of his maſters ſheep, and which Provinde of *Arcadia* bare the fineſt wool, drew him on to follow her in ſuch country diſcourſes, till being out of *Dametas* hearing) with ſuch vehemency of paſſion, as though her heart would climbe into her mouth, to take her tongues office, ſhe declared unto him, upon what briars the roſes of her affections grew: how time ſtill ſeemed to forget her, beſtowing no one houre of comfort upon her; ſhe remaining ſtill in one plight of ill fortune, ſaving ſo much worſe, as continuance of evill doth in it ſelf increaſe evil. Alas my *Dorus* (ſaid ſhe) thou ſeeſt how long & languiſhingly the weeks are paſt over ſince our laſt talking: and yet I am the ſame, miſerable I, that I was; only ſtronger in longing, & weaker in hoping. Then fell ſhe to ſo pitifull a declaration of the inſupportableneſſe of her deſires, that *Dorus* eares (not able to ſhew what wounds that diſcourſe gave unto them) procured his eyes with teares to give teſtimony how much they ſuffered for her ſuffering: till paſſion (a moſt cumberſome gueſt to it ſelf) made *Zelmane* the ſooner to ſhake it off) earneſtly intreat *Dorus* that he alſo (with like freedom of diſcourſe) would beſtow a Map of his little world upon her, that ſhe might ſee, whether it were troubled with ſuch unhabitable climes of cold deſpaires & hot rages, as hers was. And ſo walking under a few palm trees,

(which being loving in her own nature, ſeemed to give their ſhadow the willinglier, becauſe they held diſcourſe of love) *Dorus* thus entred to the deſcription of his fortune. Alas, ſaid he, deare couſin, that it hath pleaſed the high powers to throw us to ſuch an eſtate, as the onely entercourſe of our true friendſhip, muſt be a bartring of miſeries: for my part, I muſt confeſſe indeed, that from a huge darkneſſe of ſorrowes, I am crept (I cannot ſay to a light ſomneſſe, but) to a certain dawning, or rather peeping out of ſome poſſibility of comfort: but woe is me, ſo farre from the marke of my deſires, that I rather think it ſuch a light, as comes through a ſmall hole to a dungeon, that the miſerable caitiff may the better remember the light, of which he is deprived; or like a ſcholler, who is only come to that degree of knowledge to find himſelfe utterly ignorant: but thus ſtands it with me. After that by your means I was exalted to ſerve in yonder bleſſed lodge, for a while I had in the furnace of my agonies, this refreſhing; that (becauſe of the ſervice I had done in killing of the Beare) it pleaſed the Princeſs (in whom indeed ſtatelineſs ſhines through courteſie) to let fall ſome gracious look upon me: ſometimes to ſee my exerciſes, ſometimes to heare my ſongs. For my part, my heart would not ſuffer me to omit any occaſion whereby I might make the incomparable *Pamela* ſee how much extraordinary devotion I beare to her ſervice: and withall ſtrave to appeare more worthy in her ſight; that ſmall deſert, joyned to ſo great affection, might prevaile ſomething in the wiſeſt Lady. But too well (alas) I found, that a ſhepheards ſervice was but conſidered of, as from a ſhepheard, and the acceptation limited to no further proportion, than of a good ſervant. And when my countenance had once given notice that there lay affection under it, I ſaw ſtrait, Majeſty (ſitting in the throne of beauty) draw forth ſuch a ſword of juſt diſdaine, that I remained as a man thunder-ſtriken, not daring, no not able to behold that power. Now to make my eſtate known, ſeemed againe impoſſible, by reaſon of the ſuſpitiouſneſſe of *Dametas*, *Miſo*, and my yong miſtreſſe *Mopſa*: for *Dametas* (according to the conſtitution of a dull head) thinkes no better way to ſhew himſelf wiſe, than by ſuſpecting every thing in his way: which ſuſpition *Miſo* (for the hoggiſh ſhrewdneſſe of her braine) and *Mopſa* (for a very unlikely envy ſhe hath ſtumbled upon againſt the Princeſſes unſpeakeable beauty) were very glad to execute: ſo that I finding my ſervice by this meanes lightly regarded, my affection deſpiſed, and my ſelfe unknowne) remained no fuller of deſire, than voyd of counſell how to come to my deſire; which (alas) if theſe trees could ſpeake, they might well witneſſe: for, many times have I ſtood here, bewailing my ſelfe unto them: many times have I, leaning to yonder Palme, admired the bleſſedneſſe of it, that it could beare love without ſenſe of paine: many times when my maſters cattell came hither to chew their cud in this freſh place, I might ſee the young Bull teſtifie his love: but how? with proud looks and joyfulneſſe. O wretched mankind (ſaid I then to my ſelfe) in whom wit (which ſhould be the governour of his welfare) becomes the traitor to his bleſſedneſſe: theſe beaſts like children to nature, inherit her bleſſings quietly; we like baſtards are laid abroad even as foundlings to be trained up by griefe and ſorrow. Their mindes grudge not at their bodies comfort, nor their ſenſes are letted from enjoying their objects: we have the impediments of honour, and the torments of conſcience. Truely in ſuch cogitations I have ſometimes ſo long ſtood, that me thought my feet began to grow into the ground, with ſuch a darkeneſſe and heavineſſe of mind, that I might eaſily have been perſwaded to have reſigned over my very eſſence. But love (which one time layeth burthens, another time giveth wings) when I was at the loweſt of my downward thoughts, pull'd up my heart to remember, that nothing is atchieved

before

before it be throughly attempted, and that lying ſtill, doth never goe forward; and that therefore it was time, now or never, to ſharpen my invention, to pierce through the hardneſſe of this enterpriſe; never ceaſing to aſſemble all my conceits, one after another, how to manifeſt both my mind, & eſtate, till at laſt I lighted & reſolved on this way, which yet perchance you will thinke was a way rather to hide it. I began to counterfeit the extreameſt love towards *Mopſa* that might be; and as for the love, ſo lively it was indeed within me, (although to another ſubject) that little I needed to counterfet any notable demonſtrations of it; and ſo making a contrariety the place of my memory, in her fouleneſſe I beheld *Pamela's* faireneſſe, ſtill looking on *Mopſa*, but thinking on *Pamela*; as if I ſaw my Sun ſhine in a pudled water: I cryed out of nothing but *Mopſa*, to *Mopſa* my attendance was directed; to *Mopſa* the beſt fruits I could gather were brought; to *Mopſa* it ſeemed ſtill that mine eyes conveyed my tongue: ſo that *Mopſa* was my ſaying; *Mopſa* was my ſinging; *Mopſa* (that is onely ſutable in laying a foule complexion upon a filthy favour, ſetting forth both in ſluttiſhneſſe) ſhe was the load-ſtarre of my life; ſhe the bleſſing of mine eyes; ſhe the overthrow of my deſires, and yet the recompence of my overthrow; ſhe the ſweetneſſe of my heart, even ſweetning the death, which her ſweetneſſe drew upon me. In ſumme, whatſoever I thought of *Pamela*, that I ſaid of *Mopſa*; whereby as I gat my Maſters good will, who before ſpited me, fearing leſt I ſhould win the Princeſſe favour from him, ſo did the ſame make the Princeſſe the better content to allow me her preſence: whether indeed it were that a certaine ſparke of noble indignation did riſe in her, not to ſuffer ſuch a baggage to winne away any thing of hers, how meanely ſoever ſhe reputed of it, or rather (as I thinke) my words being ſo paſſionate, & ſhooting ſo quite contrary from the marks of *Mopſa's* worthineſſe, ſhe perceived well enough whither they were directed; and therefore being ſo maſked, ſhe was contented as a ſport of wit to attend them: whereupon one day determining to finde ſome meanes to tell (as of a third perſon) the tale of mine owne love and eſtate, finding *Mopſa* (like a Cuckoe by a Nightingale) alone with *Pamela*, I came in unto them, and with a face (I am ſure) full of cloudy fancies, tooke a Harp and ſung this ſong:

SInce ſo mine eyes are ſubject to your ſight,
That in your ſight they fixed have my braine:
Since ſo my heart is filled with that light,
That onely light doth all my life maintaine.

Since in ſweet you all goods ſo richly raigne,
That where you are no wiſhed good can want:
Since ſo your living Image lives in me,
That in my ſelfe your ſelfe true love doth plant:
How can you him unworthy then decree,
In whoſe chiefe part your worths implanted be?

The ſong being ended, which I had often broken off in the middeſt with grievous ſighes, which overtooke every verſe I ſang, I let fall my Harpe from me; and caſting mine eye ſometime upon *Mopſa*, but ſetling my ſight principally upon *Pamela*; And is it the onely fortune, moſt beautifull *Mopſa* (ſaid I) of wretched *Dorus*, that fortune muſt be the meaſure of his minde? Am I onely he, that becauſe I am in miſery, more miſery muſt be laid upon me? muſt that which ſhould be cauſe of

compassion, become an argument of cruelty against me? Alas excellent *Mopsa*, consider that a vertuous Prince requires the life of his meanest subject, & the heavenly Sunne disdaines not to give light to the smallest worme. O *Mopsa*, *Mopsa*, if my hart could be as manifest to you, as it is uncomfortable to me, I doubt not the height of my thoughts should well countervaile the lowness of my quality. Who hath not heard of the greatness of your estate? who seeth not, that your estate is much excelled with that sweet uniting of all beauties, which remaineth & dwelleth with you? who knowes not, that all these are but ornaments of that divine sparke within you, which being descended from heaven, could not else-where pick out so sweet a mansion? But if you will know what is the band that ought to knit all these excellencies together, it is a kind mercifulnesse to such a one, as is in his soule devoted to those perfections. *Mopsa* (who already had had a certaine smackring towards me) stood all this while with her hand sometimes before her face, but most commonly with a certain speciall grace of her own, wagging her lips, and grinning in stead of smiling: but all the words I could get of her, was, wrying her waste, and thrusting out her chinne, In faith you jest with me; you are a merry man indeed. But the ever-pleasing *Pamela* (that well found the Comedy would be marred, if she did not help *Mopsa* to her part) was content to urge a little further of me. Master *Dorus* (said the faire *Pamela*) me thinks you blame your fortune very wrongfully, since the fault is not in Fortune, but in you, that cannot frame your selfe to your fortune: and as wrongfully doe require *Mopsa* to so great a disparagement as to her fathers servant, since she is not worthy to be loved, that hath not some feeling of her owne worthinesse. I staid a good while after her words, in hope she would have continued her speech (so great a delight I received in hearing her,) but seeing her say no further (with a quaking all over my body) I thus answered her: Lady, most worthy of all duty, how fals it out, that you in whom all vertue shines, will take the patronage of fortune, the only rebellious handmaid against vertue; especially, since before your eyes you have a pitifull spectacle of her wickednes, a forlorn creature, which must remain not such as I am, but such as she makes me, since she must be the ballance of worthinesse or disparagement. Yet alas, if the condemned man (even at his death) have leave to speake, let my mortall wound purchase thus much consideration, since the perfections are such in the party I love, as the feeling of them cannot come into any unnoble heart: shall that heart, which doth not onely feele them, but hath all the working of his life placed in them, shall that heart, I say, lifted up to such a height, be counted base? O let not an excellent spirit do it selfe such wrong, as to think where it is placed, imbraced, and loved, there can be any unworthinesse, since the weakest mist is not easilier driven away by the Sunne, than that is chased away with so high thoughts. I will not deny (answered the gracious *Pamela*) but that the love you beare to *Mopsa*, hath brought you to the consideration of her vertues, and that consideration may have made you the more vertuous, and so the more worthy: But even that then (you must confesse) you have received of her, and so are rather gratefully to thank her, than to presse any further, till you bring something of your own, whereby to claime it. And truely *Dorus*, I must in *Mopsa's* behalfe say thus much to you, that if her beauties have so overtaken you, it becomes a true Lover to have your heart more set upon her good than your own, and to beare a tenderer respect to her honour, than your satisfaction. Now by my hallidame, Madam (said *Mopsa*, throwing a great number of sheeps eyes upon me) you have even touched mind own mind to the quicke, forsooth. I finding that the pollicy that I had used, had at least-wise produced thus much happinesse unto me, as

that

that I might even in my Ladies preſence, diſcover the ſore which had deeply feſtered within me, and that ſhe could better conceive my reaſons applied to *Mopſa*, than ſhe would have vouchſafed them, whilſt her ſelfe was a party, thought good to purſue on my good beginning, uſing this fit occaſion of *Pamela's* wit, and *Mopſa's* ignorance. Therefore with an humble piercing eye, looking upon *Pamela*, as if I had rather been condemned by her mouth, than highly exalted by the other, turning my ſelfe to *Mopſa*, but keeping mine eye where it was: Faire *Mopſa* (ſaid I) well doe I find by the wiſe knitting together of your anſwer, that any diſputation I can uſe, is as much too weake, as I unworthy. I find my love ſhall be proved no love, without I leave to love, being too unfit a veſſell in whom ſo high thoughts ſhould be engraven. Yet ſince the love I beare you, hath ſo joyned it ſelfe to the beſt part of my life, as the one cannot depart, but that the other will follow, before I ſeeke to obey you in making my laſt paſſage, let me know which is my unworthineſſe, either of mind, eſtate, or both? *Mopſa* was about to ſay, in neither; for her heart I think tumbled with overmuch kindneſſe, when *Pamela* with a more favourable countenance than before (finding how apt I was to fall into deſpair) told me, I might therin have anſwered my ſelfe: for, beſides that it was granted me, that the inward feeling of *Mopſa's* perfections had greatly beautified my mind, there was none could deny, but that my mind and body deſerved great allowance. But *Dorus* (ſaid ſhe) you muſt be ſo farre maſter of your love, as to conſider, that ſince the judgement of the world ſtands upon matter of fortune, and that the ſexe of womankind, of all other is moſt bound to have regardfull eie to mens judgements, it is not for us to play the Philoſophers, in ſeeking out your hidden vertues: ſince, that which in a wiſe Prince would be counted wiſedome, in us will be taken for a light grounded affection: ſo is not one thing, one, done by divers perſons. There is no man in a burning fever feels ſo great contentment in cold water greedily received (which as ſoone as the drinke ceaſeth, the rage renueth) as poore I found my ſoule refreſhed with her ſweetly pronounced words; and newly and more violently againe inflamed, as ſoon as ſhe had incloſed up her delightful ſpeech, with no leſſe wel-graced ſilence. But remembring in my ſelfe, that aſwell the Souldier dieth which ſtandeth ſtill, as he that gives the braveſt onſet: and ſeeing that to the making up of my fortune, there wanted nothing ſo much as the making known of mine eſtate, with a face well witneſſing how deeply my ſoule was poſſeſſed, and with the moſt ſubmiſſive behaviour that a thralled heart could expreſſe, even as my words had been too thick for my mouth, at length ſpake to this purpoſe: Alas, moſt worthy Princeſſe (ſaid I) and doe not then your own ſweet words ſufficiently teſtifie, that there was never man could have a juſter action againſt filthy fortune, than I, ſince all other things being granted me, her blindneſſe is my onely let? O heavenly God, I would either ſhe had ſuch eyes as were able to diſcern my deſires, or were blind not to ſee the daily cauſe of my misfortune. But yet (ſaid I) moſt honourable Lady, if my miſerable ſpeeches have not already doted you, and that the very preſence of ſuch a wretch become not hatefull in your eyes: let me reply thus much further againſt my mortall ſentence, by telling you a ſtory, which happened in this ſame country long ſince (for woes make the ſhorteſt time ſeem long) whereby you ſhall ſee that my eſtate is not ſo contemptible, but that a Prince hath been content to take the like upon him, and by that onely hath aſpired to enjoy a mighty Princeſſe. *Pamela* graciouſly harkened, and I told my tale in this ſort.

In the country of *Theſſalia*, (alas, why name I that accurſed country, which brings forth nothing but matters of tragedy? but name it I muſt) in *Theſſalia* (I ſay) there

was

was(well may I ſay,there was)a Prince(no,no Prince, whom bondage wholly poſſeſſed, but yet accounted a Prince, and) named *Muſidorus*. O *Muſidorus Muſidorus*! But to what ſerve exclamations, where there are no eares to receive the ſound? This *Muſidorus* being yet in the tendreſt age, his worthy father payed to nature (with a violent death) her loſt duties, leaving his childe to the faith of his friends, and the proofe of time: death gave him not ſuch pangs as the foreſightfull care he had of his ſilly ſucceſſour. And yet if in his foreſight he could have ſeen ſo much, happy was that good Prince in his timely departure, which barred him from the knowledge of his ſons miſeries, which his knowledge could neither have prevented nor relieved. The yong *Muſidorus* (being thus, as for the firſt pledge of the deſtinies good will, deprived of his principall ſtay) was yet for ſome yeares after (as if the ſtaires would breathe themſelves for a greater miſchiefe) lulled up in as much good luck, as the heedfull love of his dolefull mother, and the flouriſhing eſtate of his country could breed unto him.

But when the time now came, that miſery ſeemed to be ripe for him, becauſe he had age to know miſery, I thinke there was a conſpiracy in all heavenly and earthly things,to frame fit occaſions to leade him unto it. His people (to whom all forrein matters in foretime were odious) began to wiſh in their beloved Prince, experience by travaile: his deare mother whoſe eyes were held open (onely with the joy of looking upon him) did now diſpence with the comfort of her widowhood life, deſiring the ſame her ſubjects did,for the increaſe of her ſonnes worthineſſe.

And hereto did *Muſidorus* owne vertue (ſee how vertue can be a miniſter to miſchiefe) ſufficiently provoke him: for indeed thus much muſt I ſay for him, although the likeneſſe of our miſhaps makes me preſume to patterne my ſelfe unto him, That wel-doing was at that time his ſcope, from which no faint pleaſure could with-hold him. But the preſent occaſion which did knit all this together, was his uncle the King of *Macedon*, who having lately before gotten ſuch victories, as were beyond expectation, did at this time ſend both for the Prince his ſonne (brought up together,to avoyd the warres,with *Muſidorus*) and for *Muſidorus* himſelf,that his joy might be the more full,having ſuch partakers of it. But alas,to what a Sea of miſeries my plaintfull tongue doth lead me? and thus out of breath, rather with that I thought,than that I ſaid, I ſtayed my ſpeech, till *Pamela* ſhewing by countenance that ſuch was her pleaſure, I thus continued it: Theſe two yong Princes,to ſatisfie the King,took their way by Sea,towards *Thrace*, whither they would needs goe with a Navy to ſuccour him: he being at that time before *Byzantium* with a mighty Army beſieging it, where at that time his Court was. But when the conſpired heavens had gotten this Subject of their wrath upon ſo fit place, as the Sea was,they ſtraight began to breathe out in boyſterous windes ſome part of their malice againſt him;ſo that with the loſſe of all his Navy, he onely with the Prince his couſin,were caſt a land,far off from the place whither their deſires would have guided them. O cruell winds, in your unconſiderate rages, why either began you this fury, or why did you not end it in his end? But your cruelty was ſuch, as you would ſpare his life for many deathfull torments. To tell you what pitifull miſhaps fell to the yong Prince of *Macedon* his couſin, I ſhould too much fill your eares with ſtrange horrours;neither will I ſtay upon thoſe laboureſome adventures, nor loathſome miſadventures, to which, and through which his fortune and courage conducted him; My ſpeech haſteneth it ſelfe to come to the full point of *Muſidorus* misfortunes. For,as we finde the moſt peſtilent diſeaſes doe gather into themſelves all the infirmities with which the body before was annoyed; ſo did his loſt miſery

misery embrace in extremitie of it selfe all his former mischiefes. *Arcadia*; *Arcadia* was the place prepared to be the stage of his endlesse overthrow; *Arcadia* was (alas, well might I say it is) the charmed circle, where all his spirits for ever should be enchanted. For here (and no where else) did his infected eyes make his mind know, what power heavenly beauty had to throw it downe to hellish agonies. Here, here did he see the *Arcadian* Kings eldest daughter, in whom he forthwith placed so all his hopes of joy, and joyfull parts of his heart, that he left in himselfe nothing but a maze of longing, and a dungeon of sorrow. But alas, what can saying make them beleeve, whom seeing cannot perswade? Those paines must be felt before they can be understood; no outward utterance can command a conceit. Such was as then the state of the King, as it was no time by direct meanes to seeke her. And such was the state of his captived will, as he could delay no time of seeking her.

In this intangled cause, he clothed himselfe in a shepheards weed, that under the baseneſse of that forme, he might at last have free accesse to feed his eyes with that which should at length eate up his heart. In which doing, thus much without doubt he hath manifested, that this estate is not alwayes to be rejected, since under that vaile there may be hidden things to be esteemed. And if he might with taking on a shepheards looke cast up his eyes to the faireſt Princesse Nature in that time created; the like, nay the same desire of mine need no more to be disdained, or held for disgracefull. But now alas mine eyes waxe dimme, my tongue begins to falter, and my heart to want force to helpe either, with the feeling remembrance I have, in what heape of miseries the caitiffe Prince lay at this time buried. Pardon therefore most excellent Princesse, if I cut off the course of my dolorous tale, since if I be understood, I have said enough for the defence of my baseneſs, & for that which after might befall to that pattern of ill fortune (the matters are too monstrous for my capacity) his hatefull destinies must best declare their own workmanship.

Thus having delivered his tale in this perplexed manner, to the end the Princesse might judge that he meant himself, who spake so feelingly; her answer was both strange, and in some respect comfortable. For would you thinke it? she hath heard heretofore of us both, by means of the valiant Prince *Plangus*, and particularly of our casting away, which she (following mine own stile) thus delicately brought forth: You have told (said she) *Dorus*, a pretty Tale; but you are much deceived in the latter end of it. For the Prince *Musidorus* with his cousin *Pyrocles* did both perish upon the coast of *Laconia*; as a noble gentleman called *Plangus* (who was well acquainted with the History) did assure my Father. O how that speech of hers did poure joyes in my heart! O blessed name (thought I) of mine, since thou hast been in that tongue, and passed through those lips, though I can never hope to approach them. As for *Pyrocles* (said I) I will not deny it, but that he is perished: (which I said, lest sooner suspition might arise of your being here, than your selfe would have it) and yet affirmed no lye unto her, since I onely said, I would not deny it. But for *Musidorus* (said I) I perceive indeed you have either heard or read the story of that unhappy Prince; for this was the very objection, which that peerlesse Princesse did make unto him, when he sought to appeare such as he was before her wisedome: and thus I have read it faire written in the certainty of my knowledge, he might answer her, that indeed the ship wherein he came, by a treason was perished: and therefore that *Plangus* might easily be deceived: but that he himselfe was cast upon the coast of *Laconia*, where he was taken up by a couple of shepheards, who lived in those dayes famous; for that both loving one faire Maid, they yet remained

mained conſtant friends; one of whoſe ſongs not long ſince was ſung before you by the ſhepheard *Lamon*, and brought by them to a noblemans houſe, neere *Mantinea*, whoſe ſonne had a little before his marriage been taken priſoner, and by the helpe of this Prince *Muſidorus* (though naming himſelfe by another name) was delivered. Now theſe circumlocutions I did uſe, becauſe of the one ſide I knew the Princeſſe would know well the parties I meant, and of the other, if I ſhould have named *Strephon*, *Claius*, *Kalander* and *Climpheton*, perhaps it would have rubb'd ſome conjecture into the heavy head of Miſtreſſe *Mopſa*.

And therefore (ſaid I) moſt divine Lady, he juſtly was thus to argue againſt ſuch ſuſpitions, that the Prince might eaſily by thoſe parties be ſatisfied, that upon that wrack ſuch a one was taken up, & therfore that *Plangus* might well erre, who knew not of anies taking up: againe, that he that was ſo preſerved, brought good tokens to be one of the two, chiefe of that wracked company: which two, ſince *Plangus* knew to be *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, he muſt needs be one of them, although (as I ſaid) upon a foretaken vow, he was otherwiſe at that time called. Beſides, the Princeſſe muſt needs judge, that no leſſe than a Prince durſt undertake ſuch an enterpriſe, which (though he might get the favour of the Princeſſe) he could never defend with leſſe then a Princes power, againſt the force of *Arcadia*. Laſtly, (ſaid he) for a certaine demonſtration, he preſumed to ſhew unto the Princeſſe a marke he had on his face, as I might (ſaid I) ſhew this of my necke to the rare *Mopſa*: and withall, ſhewed my necke to them both, where (as you know) there is a red ſpot bearing figure (as they tell me) of a Lions paw, that ſhe may aſcertaine her ſelfe, that I am *Menalcas* brother. And ſo did he, beſeeching her to ſend ſome one ſhe might truſt into *Theſſalia*, ſecretly to be advertiſed, whether the age, the complexion, and particularly that notable ſigne, did not fully agree with their Prince *Muſidorus*. Do you not know further (ſaid ſhe, with a ſetled countenance, not accuſing any kinde of inward motion) of that ſtorie? Alas no, (ſaid I) for even here the Hiſtoriographers ſtopped, ſaying, The reſt belonged to Aſtrologe. And therewith, thinking her ſilent imaginations began to worke upon ſomwhat to mollifie them (as the nature of Muſicke is to doe) and withall to ſhew what kinde of ſhepheard I was, I took up my Harp, and ſang theſe few verſes:

MY ſheepe are thoughts, which I both guide and ſerve:
Their paſture is faire hills of fruitleſſe love:
On barren ſweets they feed, and feeding ſterve:
I waile their lot, but will not other prove.
My ſheephook is wanne Hope, which all upholds:
My weeds, Deſire, cut out in endleſſe folds.
What Will my ſheepe (hall beare, whiles thus they live,
In you it is, you muſt the judgement give.

And then, partly to bring *Mopſa* againe to the matter (leſt ſhe ſhould too much take heed to our diſcourſes) but principally, if it were poſſible, to gather ſome comfort out of her anſwers, I kneeled downe to the Princeſſe, and humbly beſought her to move *Mopſa* in my behalfe, that ſhe would unarme her noble heart of that ſteely reſiſtance againſt the ſweet blowes of Love: that ſince all her parts were decked with ſome particular ornament: her face with beauty, her head with wiſedome, her eyes with majeſty, her countenance with gracefulneſſe, her lips with lovelineſſe, her tongue with victory, that ſhe would make her heart

the

the throne of pitty, being the moſt excellent raiment of the moſt excellent part. *Pamela*, without ſhew either of favour or diſdaine, either of heeding or neglecting what I had ſaid, turned her ſpeech to *Mopſa*, and with ſuch a voyce and action, as might ſhew ſhe ſpeake of a matter which little did concern her; Take heed to your ſelfe (ſaid ſhe) *Mopſa*, for your ſhepheard can ſpeake well: but truely, if he do fully prove himſelfe ſuch as he ſaith, I meane, the honeſt ſhepheard *Menalcas* his brother and heire, I know no reaſon why you ſhould thinke ſcorne of him. *Mopſa*, though (in my conſcience) ſhe were even then farre ſpent towards me, yet ſhe anſwered her, That for all my quaint ſpeeches, ſhe would keep her honeſty cloſe enough: And that, as for the way of Matrimony, ſhe would ſtep never a foot further, till my Maſter her Father had ſpoken the whole word himſelfe, no ſhe would not. But ever and anone turning her muzzle towards me, ſhe threw ſuch a proſpect upon me, as might well have given a ſurfet to any weake Lovers ſtomack. But Lord, what a foole am I, to mingle that drivels ſpeeches among my noble thoughts! but, becauſe ſhe was an Actor in this Tragedy, to give you a full knowledge, and to leave nothing (that I can remember) unrepeated.

Now the Princeſſe being about to withdraw her ſelfe from us, I tooke a Iewell made in the figure of a Crab-fiſh, which, becauſe it lookes one way, and goes another, I thought it did fitly pattern out my looking to *Mopſa*, but bending to *Pamela*: The word about it was, *By force, not choyſe*; and ſtill kneeling, beſought the Princeſſe that ſhe would vouchſafe to give it *Mopſa*, and with the bleſſedneſſe of her hand to make acceptable unto her that toy which I had found, following of late an acquaintance of mine at the Plough. For (ſaid I) as the earth was turned up, the Plow-ſheare lighted upon a great ſtone: we pull'd that up, and ſo found both that and ſome other pretty things which we had divided betwixt us.

Mopſa was benummed with joy when the Princeſſe gave it her: but in the Princeſſe I could finde no apprehenſion of what I either ſaid or did, but with a calme careleſneſſe letting each thing ſlide, (juſt as we do by their ſpeeches who neither in matter nor perſon doe any way belong unto us) which kinde of cold temper, mixt with that lightning of her naturall majeſty, is of all others moſt terrible unto me: for yet if I found ſhe contemned me, I would deſperately labour both in fortune and vertue to overcome it; if ſhe onely miſdoubted me, I were in heaven; for quickly I would bring ſufficient aſſurance: laſtly, if ſhe hated me, yet I ſhould know what paſſion to deale with; and either with infiniteneſſe of deſert I would take away the fewell from that fire; or, if nothing would ſerve, then I would give her my heart bloud to quench it. But this cruell quietnes, neither retiring to miſſlike, nor proceeding to favour; gracious, but gracious ſtill after one maner: all her courteſies having this engraven in them, that what is done, is for vertues ſake, not for the parties, ever keeping her courſe like the Sun, who neither for our praiſes, nor curſes, will ſpur or ſtop his horſes. This (I ſay) heavenlineſſe of hers (for howſoever my miſery is, I cannot but ſo entitle it) is ſo impoſſible to reach unto, that I almoſt begin to ſubmit my ſelfe to the tyranny of deſpaire, not knowing any way of perſwaſion, wherewiſedome ſeems to be unſenſible. I have appeared to her eyes like my ſelfe, by a device I uſed with my maſter, perſwading him that we two might put on certaine rich apparell I had provided, and ſo practiſe ſomething on horſe-back before *Pamela*, telling him, it was apparell I had gotten for playing well the part of a King in a Tragedy at *Athens*: my horſe indeed was it I had left at *Menalcas* houſe, and *Dametas* got one by friendſhip out of the Princes ſtable. But howſoever I ſhew, I am no baſe body, all I doe is but to beat a Rocke and get ſome.

But

But as *Dorus* was about to tell further, *Dametas* (who came whistling, and counting upon his fingers, how many load of Hay seventeene fat Oxen eat up in a yeare) desired *Zelmane* from the King that she would come into the lodge, where they stayed for her. Alas (said *Dorus*, taking his leave) the summe is this, that you may well finde you have beaten your sorrow against such a wall, which with the force of rebound may well make your sorrow stronger. But *Zelmane* turning her speech to *Dametas*, I shall grow (said she) skilfull in country matters, if I have often conference with your servant. In sooth (answered *Dametas* with a graceleſſe scorn) the Lad may prove well enough, if he overloone thinke not too well of himselfe, & will beare away that he heareth of his elders: And therewith as they walked to the other lodge, to make *Zelmane* finde she might have spent her time better with him, he began with a wilde Methode to runne over all the art of husbandry; especially employing his tongue about well-dunging of a field: while poore *Zelmane* yeelded her eares to those tedious strokes, not warding them so much as with any one answer, till they came to *Basilius* and *Gynecia*, who attended for her in a coach to carry her abroad to see some sports prepared for her. *Basilius* and *Gynecia* sitting in the one end, placed her at the other, with her left side to *Philoclea*. *Zelmane* was moved in her mind, to have kissed their feet for the favour of so blessed a seat: for the narrownesse of the coach made them joyne from the foot to the shoulders very close together; the truer touch whereof though it were barred by their envious apparell, yet as a perfect Magnes, though but in an ivory boxe, will through the box send forth his imbracing vertue to a beloved needle; so this imparadised neighborhood made *Zelmanes* soule cleave unto her, both thorow the ivory case of her body, & the apparell which did overcloud it. All the bloud of *Zelmanes* body stirring in her, as wine will doe when sugar is hastily put into it, seeking to suck the sweetnesse of the beloved guest: her heart, like a Lyon new imprisoned, seeing him that restraines his liberty, before the grate; not panting, but striving violently (if it had beene possible) to have leapt into the lappe of *Philoclea*. But *Dametas*, even then proceeding from being Master of a Cart, to be doctour of a Coach, not a little proud of himselfe, that his whippe at that time guided the rule of *Arcadia*, drove the coach (the cover whereof was made with such joynts, that as they might (to avoid the weather) pull it up close when they listed, so when they would they might put each end down, and remaine as discovered and open-sighted as on horseback) till upon the side of the forrest they had both Greyhounds, Spaniels, and Hounds: whereof the first might seeme the Lords, the second the Gentlemen, and the last the yeomen of dogges; a cast of Merlins there was besides, which flying of a gallant height over certaine bushes, would beat the birds (that rose) downe unto the bushes, as Falcons will do wild-fowle over a river. But the sport which for that day *Basilius* would principally shew to *Zelmane*, was the mounty at a Hearne, which getting upon his wagling wings with paine, till he was come to some height (as though the ayre next to the earth were not fit for his great body to flie through) was now growne to diminish the sight of himselfe, and to give example to great persons, that the higher they be, the lesse they should shew: when a Iersaulcon was cast off after her, who streit spying where the prey was, fixing her eye with desire, and guiding her wing by her eye, used no more strength than industry. For as a good builder to a high tower, will not make his stayre upright, but winding almost the full compasse about, that the steepnesse be the more unsensible: so she, seeing the towring of her pursued chase, went circling, and compassing about, rising so with the lesse sense of rising; and yet finding that way scantly serve the greedinesse of

of her haſte, as an ambitious body will goe farre out of the direct way, to win to a point of height which he deſires; ſo would ſhe (as it were) turne taile to the Heron, and flie out quite another way, but all was to returne in a higher pitch; which once gotten, ſhe would either beat with cruell aſſaults the Heron, who now was driven to the beſt defence of force, ſince flight would not ſerve; or els claſping with him, come down together, to be parted by the over-partiall beholders.

Divers of which flights *Baſilius* ſhewing to *Zelmane*, thus was the riches of the time ſpent, and the day deceaſed before it was thought of, till night like a degenerating ſucceſſour made his departure the better remembred. And therefore (ſo conſtrained) they willed *Dametas* to drive homeward, who (halfe ſleeping, halfe muſing about the mending of a wine-preſſe) guided the horſes ſo ill, that the wheele comming over a great ſtub of a tree, it overturned the coach. Which though it fell violently upon the ſide where *Zelmane* and *Gynecia* ſate, yet for *Zelmanes* part ſhe would have been glad of the fall, which made her beare the ſweet burden of *Philoclea*, but that ſhe feared ſhe might receive ſome hurt. But indeed neither ſhe did nor any of the reſt, by reaſon they kept their armes and legs within the coach, ſaving *Gynecia*, who with the onely bruiſe of the fall, had her ſhoulder put out of joynt; which though, by one of the Faulkeners cunning, it was ſet well againe, yet with much paine was ſhe brought to the lodge; and paine (fetching his ordinary companion, a fever with him) drave her to entertain them both in her bed.

But neither was the fever of ſuch impatient heat, as the inward plague-ſore of her affection, nor the paine halfe ſo noyſome, as the jealouſie ſhe conceived of her daughter *Philoclea*, leſt this time of her ſickneſſe might give apt occaſion to *Zelmane* whom ſhe miſdoubted. Therefore ſhe called *Philoclea* to her, and though it were late in the night, commanded her in her care to goe to the other lodge, & ſend *Miſo* to her, with whom ſhe would ſpeake, & ſhe to lie with her ſiſter *Pamela*. The meane while *Gynecia* kept *Zelmane* with her, becauſe ſhe would be ſure ſhe ſhould be out of the lodg, before ſhe licenſed *Zelmane*. *Philoclea* not skild in any thing better than obedience, went quietly down; and the Moone then full (not thinking ſcorne to bea torch-bearer to ſuch beauty) guided her ſteppes, whoſe motions beare a mind which bare in it ſelfe farre more ſtirring motions. And alas (ſweet *Philoclea*) how hath my pen till now forgot thy paſſions, ſince to thy memory principally all this long matter is intended? pardon the ſlackneſſe to come to thoſe woes, which having cauſed in others, thou didſt feel in thy ſelf.

The ſweet minded *Philoclea* was in their degree of well doing, to whom the not knowing of evill ſerveth for a ground of vertue, and hold their inward powers in better forme with an unſpotted ſimplicity, than many, who rather cunningly ſeek to know what goodneſſe is, than willingly take into themſelves the following of it. But as that ſweet and ſimple breath of heavenly goodneſſe, is the eaſier to be altered, becauſe it hath not paſſed through the worldly wickednesſe, nor feelingly found the evill, that evill carries with it; ſo now the Lady *Philoclea* (whoſe eies and ſenſes had received nothing, but according as the naturall courſe of each thing required; whoſe tender youth had obediently lived under her parents beheſts, without framing out of her own will the fore-choſing of any thing) when now ſhe came to a point, wherein her judgement was to be practiſed, in knowing faultineſſe by his firſt tokens, ſhe was like a yong Faun, who comming in the wind of the hunters, doth not know whether it be a thing or no to be eſchewed; whereof at this time ſhe began to get a coſtly experience. For after that *Zelmane* had a while lived in the lodge with her, and that her onely being a noble ſtranger had bred a kinde of

heedfull attention; her comming to that lonely place (where ſhe had no body but her parents) a willingneſſe of converſation; her wit and behaviour a liking & ſilent admiration; at length the excellency of her naturall gifts, joyned with the extream ſhewes ſhe made of moſt devout honouring *Philoclea* (carrying thus in one perſon, the only two bands of good will, lovelineſſe and lovingneſſe) brought forth in her heart a yeelding to a moſt friendly affection; which when it had gotten ſo full poſſeſſion of the keyes of her minde, that it would receive no meſſage from her ſenſes, without that affection were the interpreter; then ſtraight grew an exceeding delight ſtil to be with her, with an unmeaſurable liking of all that *Zelmane* did; matters being ſo turned in her, that where at firſt liking her manners did breed good-will, now good-will became the chiefe cauſe of liking her manners: ſo that within a while *Zelmane* was not prized for her demeanure, but the demeanure was prized becauſe it was *Zelmanes*. Then followed that moſt naturall effect of conforming her ſelfe to that, which ſhe did like, and not onely wiſhing to be her ſelfe ſuch another in all things, but to ground an imitation upon ſo much an eſteemed authority: ſo that the next degree was to marke all *Zelmanes* doings, ſpeeches, and faſhions, and to take them into her ſelfe, as a pattern of worthy proceeding. Which when once it was enacted, not onely by the cominalty of Paſſions; but agreed unto by her moſt noble Thoughts, and that Reaſon it ſelfe (not yet experienced in the iſſues of ſuch matters) had granted his royall aſſent; then friendſhip (a diligent officer) took care to ſee the ſtatute throughly obſerved. Then grew on that not onely ſhe did imitate the ſoberneſſe of her countenance, the gracefulneſſe of her ſpeech, but even their particular geſtures: ſo that as *Zelmane* did often eye her, ſhe would often eye *Zelmane*, and as *Zelmanes* eyes would deliver a ſubmiſſive, but vehement deſire in their look, ſhe, though as yet ſhe had not the deſire in her, yet ſhould her eyes anſwer in like piercing kindneſſe of a looke. *Zelmane*, as much as *Gynecia's* jealouſie would ſuffer, deſired to be neere *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, as much as *Gynecia's* jealouſie would ſuffer, deſired to be neer *Zelmane*. If *Zelmane* tooke her hand, and ſoftly ſtrained it, ſhe alſo (thinking the knots of friendſhip ought to be mutuall) would (with a ſweet faſtneſſe) ſhew ſhe was loth to part from it. And if *Zelmane* ſighed, ſhe would ſigh alſo; when *Zelmane* was ſad, ſhe deemed it wiſdome, and therefore ſhe would be ſad too. *Zelmanes* languiſhing countenance with croſt armes, and ſometimes caſt-up eyes, ſhe thought to have an excellent grace: and therefore ſhe alſo willingly put on the ſame countenance: till at the laſt (poore ſoule, ere ſhe were aware) ſhe accepted not onely the badge, but the ſervice; not onely the ſigne, but the paſſion ſignified. For whether it were, that her wit in continuance did finde, that *Zelmanes* friendſhip was full of impatient deſire, having more than ordinary limits, & therfore ſhe was content to ſecond *Zelmane*, though her ſelfe knew not the limits; or that in truth, true love (well conſidered) hath an infective power; at laſt ſhe fell in acquaintance with loves harbenger, wiſhing: Firſt, ſhe would wiſh, that they two might live all their lives together, like two of *Diana's* Nymphs. But that wiſh, ſhe thought not ſufficient, becauſe ſhe knew, there would be more Nymphs beſides them, who alſo would have their part in *Zelmane*. Then would ſhe wiſh, that ſhe were her ſiſter, that ſuch a naturall band might make her more ſpeciall to her. But againſt that, ſhe conſidered, that, though being her ſiſter, if ſhe happened to be married, ſhe ſhould be robbed of her. Then grown bolder, ſhe would wiſh either her ſelfe, or *Zelmane* a man, that there might ſucceed a bleſſed marriage between them. But when that wiſh had once diſplayed his enſigne in her mind, then followed whole ſquadrons of longings, that ſo it might be, with a maine

maine battell of miſlikings, and repinings againſt their creation, that ſo it was not. Then dreams by night began to bring more unto her, then ſhe durſt wiſh by day, where out waking did make her know her ſelfe the better by the image of thoſe fancies. But as ſome diſeaſes when they are eaſie to be cured, they are hard to be known, but when they grow eaſie to be known, they are almoſt impoſſible to be cured: ſo the ſweet *Philoclea*, while ſhe might prevent it, ſhe did not feele it, now ſhe felt it, when it was paſt preventing; like a river, no rampiers being built againſt it, till already it have overflowed. For now indeed love puld off his maske, and ſhewed his face unto her, and told her plainly, that ſhe was his priſoner. Then needed ſhe no more paint her face with paſſions, for paſſions ſhone thorough her face; then her roſie colour was often encreaſed with extraordinary bluſhing, and ſo another time, perfect whiteneſſe deſcended to a degree of paleneſſe: now hot, then cold, deſiring ſhe knew not what, nor how, if ſhe knew what. Then her minde (though too late) by the ſmart was brought to thinke of the diſeaſe, and her own proofe taught her to know her mothers minde; which (as no error gives ſo ſtrong aſſault, as that which comes armed in the authority of a parent) ſo greatly fortified her deſires, to ſee, that her mother had the like deſires. And the more jealous her mother was, the more ſhe thought the Iewell precious, which was with ſo many locks guarded. But that prevailing ſo farre, as to keep the two lovers from private conference, then began ſhe to feele the ſweetneſſe of a lovers ſolitarineſſe, when freely with words and geſtures, as if *Zelmane* were preſent, ſhe might give paſſage to her thoughts: and ſo as it were, utter out ſome ſmoke of thoſe flames, wherewith elſe ſhe was not only burned but ſmoothered. As this night, that going from the one lodge to the other by her mothers commandement, with dolefull geſtures and uncertain paces, ſhe did willingly accept the times offer, to be a while alone: ſo that going a little aſide into the wood, where many times before ſhe had delighted to walk, her eyes were ſaluted with a tuft of trees, ſo cloſe ſet together, as with the ſhade the Moon gave through it, it might breed a fearfull kinde of devotion to look upon it. But true thoughts of love baniſhed all vaine fancy of ſuperſtition. Full well ſhe did both remember and like the place; for there had ſhe often with their ſhade beguiled *Phœbus* of looking upon her: There had ſhe enjoyed her ſelfe often, while ſhe was miſtreſſe of her ſelfe, and had no other thoughts, but ſuch as might ariſe out of quiet ſenſes.

But the principall cauſe that invited her remembrance, was a goodly white marble ſtone, that ſhould ſeem had been dedicated in ancient time to the *Sylvan* gods: which ſhe finding there a few dayes before *Zelmanes* comming, had written theſe words upon it, as a teſtimony of her minde, againſt the ſuſpition her captivity made her think ſhe lived in. The writing was this.

YOu living powers encloſ'd in ſtately ſhrine
Of growing trees: you rurall Gods that wield
Your ſcepters here, if to your eares divine
A voice may come, which troubled ſoule doth yeeld,
This vow receive, this vow O Gods maintaine,
My virgin life no ſpotted thought ſhall ſtaine.

Thou pureſt ſtone; whoſe pureneſſe doth preſent
My pureſt minde; whoſe temper hard doth ſhow
My tempred heart; by thee my promiſe ſent

Vnto my ſelfe let after-livers know.
No fancy mine, nor others wrong ſuſpect
Make me, O vertuous ſhame, thy lawes neglect.

O Chaſtity, the chiefe of heavenly lights,
Which mak'ſt us moſt immortall ſhape to weare,
Hold thou my heart, eſtabliſh thou my ſprights:
To onely thee my conſtant courſe I beare;
Till ſpotleſſe ſoule unto thy boſome flye.
Such life to leade, ſuch death I vow to dye.

But now that her memory ſerved as an accuſer of her change, and that her own hand-writing was there, to beare teſtimony againſt her fall; ſhe went in among thoſe few trees, ſo cloſed in the tops together, as they might ſeem a little chappell: and there might ſhe by the help of the Moon-light perceive the goodly ſtone, which ſerved as an altar in that woody devotion. But neither the light was enough to read the words, and the inke was already foreworn, and in many places blotted: which as ſhe perceived, Alas (ſaid ſhe) faire marble, which never receivedſt ſpot but by my writing: well doe theſe blots become a blotted writer. But pardon her which did not diſſemble then, although ſhe have changed ſince. Enjoy, enjoy the glory of thy nature, which can ſo conſtantly beare the marks of my inconſtancy. And herewith hiding her eyes with her ſoft hand, there came into her head certaine verſes, which if ſhe had had preſent commodity, ſhe would have adjoyned as a retraction to the other. They were to this effect.

MY words, in hope to blaze a ſtedfaſt minde,
This marble choſe, as of like temper knowne:
But loe, my words defac't my fancies blinde,
Blots to the ſtone, ſhames to my ſelfe I finde:
And witneſſe am, how ill agree in one,
A womans hand with conſtant marble ſtone.

My words full weake, the marble full of might,
My words in ſtore, the marble all alone;
My words blacke inke, the marble kindly white,
My words unſeene, the marble ſtill in ſight,
May witneſſe beare, how ill agree in one,
A womans hand, with conſtant marble ſtone.

But ſeeing ſhe could not ſee meanes to joyne as then this recantation to the former vow (laying all her faire length under one of the trees) for a while ſhe did nothing but turne up and downe, as if ſhe had hoped to turn away the fancy that maſtered her, and hid her face, as if ſhe could have hidden her ſelfe from her owne fancies. At length with a whiſpring note to her ſelfe; O me unfortunate wretch (ſaid ſhe) what poyſonous heats be theſe, which thus torment me? How hath the ſight of this ſtrange gueſt invaded my ſoule? Alas, what entrance found this deſire, or what ſtrength had it thus to conquer me? Then a cloud paſſing between her ſight and the Moone, O *Diana* (ſaid ſhe) I would either the cloud that now hides the light of my vertue, would as eaſily paſſe away, as you will quickly overcome

this

this let; or elſe that you were for ever thus darkened to ſerve for an excuſe of my outragious folly. Then looking to the ſtarres, which had perfectly as then beautified the cleere skie: My parents (ſaid ſhe) have told me, that in theſe faire heavenly bodies, there are great hidden deities, which have their working in the ebbing and flowing of our eſtates. If it be ſo; then (O you ſtarres) judge rightly of me; and if I have with wicked intent made my ſelfe a prey to fancy, or if by any idle luſts I framed my heart fit for ſuch an impreſſion, then let this plague daily encreaſe in me, till my name be made odious to womankind. But if extreame and unreſiſtable violence have oppreſſed me, who will ever doe any of you ſacrifice (O you ſtars) if you doe not ſuccour me? No, no, you will not helpe me. No, no, you cannot helpe me: Sinne muſt be the mother, and ſhame the daughter of my affection. And yet are theſe but childiſh objections (ſimple *Philoclea*) it is the impoſſibility that doth torment me: for, unlawfull deſires are puniſhed after the effect of enjoying, but unpoſſible deſires are puniſhed in the deſire it ſelfe. O then, O tenne times unhappy that I am, ſince where in all other hope kindleth love, in me deſpaire ſhould be the bellowes of my affection: and of all deſpaires the moſt miſerable, which is drawne from impoſſibility. The moſt covetous man longs not to get riches out of a ground which never can beare any thing, Why? becauſe it is impoſſible. The moſt ambitious wight vexeth not his wits to clime into heaven, Why? becauſe it is impoſſible. Alas then, O Love, why doeſt thou in thy beautifull ſampler ſet ſuch a work for my deſire to take out, which is as much impoſſible? And yet alas, why do I thus condemne my fortune, before I heare what ſhe can ſay for her ſelfe? What doe I, ſilly wench, know what Love hath prepared for me? Doe I not think my mother, as well, at leaſt as furiouſly as my ſelfe, love *Zelmane*? & ſhould I be wiſer than my mother? Either ſhe ſees a poſſibility in that which I ſee impoſſible, or elſe impoſſible loves need not misbecome me. And doe I not ſee *Zelmane* (who doth not thinke a thought which is not firſt wayed by wiſedome and vertue) doth not ſhe vouchſafe to love me with like ardour? I ſee it, her eyes depoſe it to be true; What then? and if ſhe can love poore me, ſhall I thinke ſcorne to love ſuch a woman as *Zelmane*? Away then all vaine examinations of why and how. Thou loveſt me, moſt excellent *Zelmane*, and I love thee: and with that, imbracing the very ground whereon ſhe lay, ſhe ſaid to her ſelfe (for even to her ſelf ſhe was aſhamed to ſpeake it out in words) O my *Zelmane*, governe and direct me: for I am wholly given over unto thee.

In this depth of muſes, and divers ſorts of diſcourſes, would ſhe ravingly have remained, but that *Dametas* and *Miſo* (who were round about to ſeeke her, underſtanding ſhe was to come to their Lodge that night) came hard by her; *Dametas* ſaying, that he would not deale in other bodies matters; but for his part, he did not like, that maids ſhould once ſtirre out of their fathers houſes, but if it were to milke a cow, or ſave a chicken from a kites foot, or ſome ſuch other matter of importance. And *Miſo* ſwearing that if it were her daughter *Mopſa*, ſhe would give her a leſſon for walking ſo late, that ſhould make her keep within doors for one fortnight. But their jangling made *Philoclea* riſe, and pretending as though ſhe had done it but to ſport with them, went with thē (after ſhe had willed *Miſo* to wait upon her mother) to the Lodge; where (being now accuſtomed by her parents diſcipline, as well as her ſiſter; to ſerve her ſelfe) ſhe went alone up to *Pamela's* chamber, where, meaning to delight her eyes, and joy her thoughts with the ſweet converſation of her beloved ſiſter, ſhe found her (though it were in the time that the wings of night doth blow ſleep moſt willingly into mortall creatures) ſitting in a chaire, lying backe-

Vnto my selfe let after-livers know.
No fancy mine, nor others wrong suspect
Make me, O vertuous shame, thy lawes neglect.

O Chastity, the chiefe of heavenly lights,
Which makst us most immortall shape to weare,
Hold thou my heart, establish thou my sprights:
To onely thee my constant course I beare;
Till spotlesse soule unto thy bosome flye.
Such life to leade, such death I vow to dye.

But now that her memory served as an accuser of her change, and that her own hand-writing was there, to beare testimony against her fall; she went in among those few trees, so closed in the tops together, as they might seem a little chappell: and there might she by the help of the Moon-light perceive the goodly stone, which served as an altar in that woody devotion. But neither the light was enough to read the words, and the inke was already foreworn, and in many places blotted: which as she perceived, Alas (said she) faire marble, which never receivedst spot but by my writing: well doe these blots become a blotted writer. But pardon her which did not dissemble then, although she have changed since. Enjoy, enjoy the glory of thy nature, which can so constantly beare the marks of my inconstancy. And herewith hiding her eyes with her soft hand, there came into her head certaine verses, which if she had had present commodity, she would have adjoyned as a retraction to the other. They were to this effect.

MY words, in hope to blaze a stedfast minde,
This marble chose, as of like temper knowne:
But loe, my words defac't my fancies blinde,
Blots to the stone, shames to my selfe I finde:
And witnesse am, how ill agree in one,
A womans hand with constant marble stone.

My words full weake, the marble full of might,
My words in store, the marble all alone;
My words blacke inke, the marble kindly white,
My words unseene, the marble still in sight,
May witnesse beare, how ill agree in one,
A womans hand, with constant marble stone.

But seeing she could not see meanes to joyne as then this recantation to the former vow (laying all her faire length under one of the trees) for a while she did nothing but turne up and downe, as if she had hoped to turn away the fancy that mastered her, and hid her face, as if she could have hidden her selfe from her owne fancies. At length with a whispring note to her selfe; O me unfortunate wretch (said she) what poysonous heats be these, which thus torment me? How hath the sight of this strange guest invaded my soule? Alas, what entrance found this desire, or what strength had it thus to conquer me? Then a cloud passing between her sight and the Moone, O *Diana* (said she) I would either the cloud that now hides the light of my vertue, would as easily passe away, as you will quickly overcome

this let; or elſe that you were for ever thus darkened to ſerve for an excuſe of my outragious folly. Then looking to the ſtarres, which had perfectly as then beautified the cleere skie: My parents (ſaid ſhe) have told me, that in theſe faire heavenly bodies, there are great hidden deities, which have their working in the ebbing and flowing of our eſtates. If it be ſo, then (O you ſtarres) judge rightly of me; and if I have with wicked intent made my ſelfe a prey to fancy, or if by any idle luſts I framed my heart fit for ſuch an impreſſion, then let this plague daily encreaſe in me, till my name be made odious to womankind. But if extreame and unreſiſtable violence have oppreſſed me, who will ever doo any of you ſacrifice (O you ſtars) if you doe not ſuccour me? No, no, you will not helpe me. No, no, you cannot helpe me: Sinne muſt be the mother, and ſhame the daughter of my affection. And yet are theſe but childiſh objections (ſimple *Philoclea*) it is the impoſſibility that doth torment me: for, unlawfull deſires are puniſhed after the effect of enjoying, but unpoſſible deſires are puniſhed in the deſire it ſelfe. O then, O tenne times unhappy that I am, ſince where in all other hope kindleth love, in me deſpaire ſhould be the bellowes of my affection: and of all deſpaires the moſt miſerable, which is drawne from impoſſibility. The moſt covetous man longs not to get riches out of a ground which never can beare any thing, Why? becauſe it is impoſſible. The moſt ambitious wight vexeth not his wits to clime into heaven, Why? becauſe it is impoſſible. Alas then, O Love, why doeſt thou in thy beautifull ſampler ſet ſuch a work for my deſire to take out, which is as much impoſſible? And yet alas, why do I thus condemne my fortune, before I heare what ſhe can ſay for her ſelfe? What doe I, ſilly wench, know what Love hath prepared for me? Doe I not think my mother, as well, at leaſt as furiouſly as my ſelfe, love *Zelmane*? & ſhould I be wiſer than my mother? Either ſhe ſees a poſſibility in that which I ſee impoſſible, or elſe impoſſible loves need not misbecome me. And doe I not ſee *Zelmane* (who doth not thinke a thought which is not firſt wayed by wiſedome and vertue) doth not ſhe vouchſafe to love me with like ardour? I ſee it, her eyes depoſe it to be true; What then? and if ſhe can love poore me, ſhall I thinke ſcorne to love ſuch a woman as *Zelmane*? Away then all vaine examinations of why and how. Thou loveſt me, moſt excellent *Zelmane*, and I love thee: and with that, imbracing the very ground whereon ſhe lay, ſhe ſaid to her ſelfe (for even to her ſelfe ſhe was aſhamed to ſpeak it out in words) O my *Zelmane*, governe and direct me: for I am wholly given over unto thee.

In this depth of muſes, and divers ſorts of diſcourſes, would ſhe ravingly have remained, but that *Dametas* and *Miſo* (who were round about to ſeeke her, underſtanding ſhe was to come to their Lodge that night) came hard by her; *Dametas* ſaying, that he would not deale in other bodies matters; but for his part, he did not like, that maids ſhould once ſtirre out of their fathers houſes, but if it were to milke a cow, or ſave a chicken from a kites foot, or ſome ſuch other matter of importance. And *Miſo* ſwearing that if it were her daughter *Mopſa*, ſhe would give her a leſſon for walking ſo late, that ſhould make her keep within doors for one fortnight. But their jangling made *Philoclea* riſe, and pretending as though ſhe had done it but to ſport with them, went with thē (after ſhe had willed *Miſo* to wait upon her mother) to the Lodge; where (being now accuſtomed by her parents diſcipline, as well as her ſiſter; to ſerve her ſelfe) ſhe went alone up to *Pamela's* chamber, where, meaning to delight her eyes, and joy her thoughts with the ſweet converſation of her beloved ſiſter, ſhe found her (though it were in the time that the wings of night doth blow ſleep moſt willingly into mortall creatures) ſitting in a chaire, lying backe-

ward; with her head almost over the back of it, and looking upon a waxe-candle which burnt before her; in one hand holding a letter, in the other her hand-kerchiefe, which had lately drunke up the teares of her eyes, leaving in stead of them, crimson circles; like red flakes in the element, when the weather is hotteſt, which *Philoclea* finding (for her eyes had learned to know the badges of sorrow) she earneſtly intreated to know the cauſe thereof, that either ſhe might comfort, or accompany her dolefull humour. But *Pamela*, rather ſeeming ſorry that ſhe had perceived ſo much, than willing to open any further; O my *Pamela* (ſaid *Philoclea*) who are to me a ſiſter in nature, a mother in counſell, a Princeſſe by the law of our country, and which name (me thinkes of all other) is the deareſt, a friend by my choiſe and your favour, what meanes this baniſhing me from your counſels? Doe you love your ſorrow ſo well as to grudge me part of it? Or doe you thinke I ſhall not love a ſad *Pamela*, ſo well as a joyfull? Or be my eares unworthy, or my tongue ſuſpected? What is it (my ſiſter) that you ſhould conceale from your ſiſter, yea and ſervant *Philoclea*? Theſe words wanne no further of *Pamela*, but that telling her they might talke better as they lay together; they impoveriſhed their clothes to enrich their bed, which for that night might well ſcorne the ſhrine of *Venus*: and there cheriſhing one another with deare, though chaſte embracements; with ſweet, though cold kiſſes; it might ſeeme that love was come to play him there without dart; or that weary of his owne fires, he was there to refreſh himſelfe between their ſweet breathing lippes. But *Philoclea* earneſtly againe intreated *Pamela* to open her griefe; who (drawing the curtaine, that the candle might not complaine of her bluſhing) was ready to ſpeake: but the breath, almoſt formed into words, was againe ſtopt by her, and turned into ſighes. But at laſt, I pray you (ſaid ſhe) ſweet *Philoclea*, let us talke of ſome other thing: and tell me whether you did ever ſee any thing ſo amended as our Paſtorall ſports be, ſince that *Dorus* came hither? O love, how farre thou ſeeſt with blinde eyes? *Philoclea* had ſtraight found her, and therefore to draw out more, Indeed (ſaid ſhe) I have often wondred to my ſelfe how ſuch excellencies could be in ſo meane a perſon: but belike fortune was afraid to lay her treaſures, where they ſhould be ſtained with ſo many perfections: onely I marvaile how he can frame himſelf to hide ſo rare gifts under ſuch a blocke as *Dametas*. Ah (ſaid *Pamela*) if you knew the cauſe, but no more doe I neither: and to ſay the truth: but Lord, how are we faine to talke of this fellow? And yet indeed if you were ſometimes with me to marke him, while *Dametas* reades his ruſticke lecture unto him (how to feed his beaſts before noone, where to ſhade them in the extreame heat, how to make the manger handſome for his Oxen, when to uſe the goad, and when the voyce, giving him rules of a heardman, though he pretend to make him a ſhepheard) to ſee all the while with what a grace (which ſeemes to ſet a crowne upon his baſe eſtate) he can deſcend to thoſe poore matters, certainly you would: but to what ſerves this? no doubt we were better ſleep than talke of theſe idle matters. Ah my *Pamela* (ſaid *Philoclea*) I have caught you: the conſtancy of your wit was not wont to bring forth ſuch diſioynted ſpeeches: you love, diſſemble no further. It is true (ſaid *Pamela*) now you have it: and with leſſe adoe ſhould, if my heart could have thought thoſe words ſutable for my mouth. But indeed (my *Philoclea*) take heed: for I thinke vertue it ſelfe is no armour of proofe againſt affection. Therefore learne by my example. Alas thought *Philoclea* to her ſelfe, your ſheeres come too late to clip the birds wings that already is flown away. But then *Pamela* being once ſet in the ſtreame of her love, went away amain, withall, telling her how his noble qualities had drawne her liking towards him:

but

but yet ever waying his meanneſſe, and ſo held continually in due limits; till ſeeking many meanes to ſpeake with her, and ever kept from it (as well becauſe ſhe ſhund it, ſeeing and diſdaining his minde, as becauſe of her jealous jaylors) he had at length uſed the fineſt policy that might be in counterfaiting love to *Mopſa*, and ſaying to *Mopſa* whatſoever he would have her know: and in how paſſionate manner he had told his own tale in a third perſon, making poore *Mopſa* beleeve, that it was a matter fallen out many ages before. And in the end, becauſe you ſhall know my teares come not, neither of repentance nor miſery, who think you, is my *Dorus* fallen out to be? even the Prince *Muſidorus*, famous over all *Aſia*, for his heroicall enterpriſes, of whom you remember how much good the ſtranger *Plangus* told my father; he not being drowned (as *Plangus* thought) though his couſin *Pyrocles* indeed periſhed. Ah my ſiſter, if you had heard his words, or ſeene his geſtures, when he made me know what, and to whom his love was, you would have matched in your ſelfe (thoſe two rarely matched together) pitty and delight. Tell me deare ſiſter (for the Gods are my witneſſes I deſire to doe vertuouſly) can I without the deteſtable ſtaine of ungratefulneſſe abſtaine from loving him, who (farre exceeding the beautifulneſſe of his ſhape with the beautifulneſſe of his minde, and the greatneſſe of his eſtate with the greatneſſe of his acts) is content ſo to abaſe himſelfe, as to become *Dametas* ſervant for my ſake? You will ſay, how know I him to be *Muſidorus*, ſince the hand-maid of wiſedome is ſlow of beliefe? That conſideration did not want in me: for the nature of deſire it ſelfe is no eaſier to receive beliefe, than it is hard to ground beliefe. For as deſire is glad to embrace the firſt ſhew of comfort, ſo is deſire deſirous of perfect aſſurance: and that have I had of him, not onely by neceſſary arguments to any of common ſenſe, but by ſufficient demonſtrations. Laſtly, he would have me ſend to *Theſſalia*: but truely I am not as now in mind to doe my honourable love ſo much wrong, as ſo farre to ſuſpect him: yet, poore ſoule, knowes he no other, but that I doe both ſuſpect, neglect, yea, and deteſt him. For every day he findes one way or other to ſet forth himſelfe unto me, but all are rewarded with like coldneſſe of acceptation.

A few dayes ſince, he and *Dametas* had furniſhed themſelves very richly to run at the ring before me. O how mad a ſight it was to ſee *Dametas*, like rich Tiſſew furd with Lambe-skins? But O how well it did with *Dorus*, to ſee with what a grace he preſented himſelfe before me on horſebacke, making majeſty wait upon humbleneſſe? how at the firſt, ſtanding ſtill with his eyes bent upon me, as though his motions were chained to my look, he ſo ſtaid till I cauſed *Mopſa* bid him doe ſomthing upon his horſe: which no ſooner ſaid, but (with a kinde rather of quicke geſture, than ſhew of violence) you might ſee him come towards me, beating the ground in ſo due time, as no dancer can obſerve better meaſure. If you remember the ſhip we ſaw once, when the ſea went high upon the coaſt of *Argos*; ſo went the beaſt. But he (as if Centaur-like he had been one piece with the horſe) was no more moved than one with the going of his owne legges: and in effect ſo did he command him, as his owne limmes: for though he had both ſpurres and wand, they ſeemed rather markes of ſoveraignty, than inſtruments of puniſhment, his hand and legge (with moſt pleaſing grace) commanding without threatning, and rather remembring than chaſtiſing; at leaſt if ſometimes he did, it was ſo ſtolne, as neither our eyes could diſcerne it, nor the horſe with any change did complaine of it: he ever going ſo juſt with the horſe, either forth-right, or turning, that it ſeemed, as he borrowed the horſes body, ſo he lent the horſe his minde: in the turning one might perceive the bridle-hand ſomething gently ſtirre: but indeed ſo gently, as it did rather diſtill

vertue,

vertue, than use violence. Himselfe (which mee thinkes is strange) shewing at one instant both steadinesse and nimbleneſſe; sometimes making him turne close to the ground, like a cat, when scratchingly she wheeles about after a mouse: sometimes with a little more rising before, now like a Raven leaping from ridge to ridge, then like one of *Dametas's* kids bound over the hillocks: and all so done, as neither the lusty kinde shewed any roughnesse, nor the easier any idlenesse: but still like a well obeyed Master, whose becke is enough for a discipline, ever concluding each thing he did with his face to me-wards, as if thence came not onely the beginning, but ending of his motions. The sport was to see *Dametas*, how hee was toſt from the saddle to the mane of the horse, and thence to the ground, giving his gay apparell almost as foule an out-side, as it had an inside. But as before he had ever said, he wanted but horse and apparell to bee as brave a Courtier as the best, so now bruised with proofe, he proclaimed it a folly for a man of wisedome to put himselfe under the tuition of a beast; so as *Dorus* was faine alone to take the Ring. Wherein truely at least my womanish eyes could not discerne, but that taking his staffe from his thigh, the descending it a little downe, the getting of it up into the rest, the letting of the point fall, and taking the Ring, was but all one motion, at least (if they were divers motions) they did so stealingly slippe one into another, as the latter part was ever in hand, before the eye could discerne the former was ended. Indeed *Dametas* found fault that he shewed no more strength in shaking of his staffe: but to my conceite the fine cleanenesse of bearing it was exceeding delightfull.

But how delightfull soever it was, my delight might well be in my soule, but it never went to looke out of the window to doe him any comfort. But how much more I found reason to like him, the more I set all the strength of mind to suppresse it, or at least to conceale it. Indeed I must confesse, that as some Physitians have told me, that when one is cold outwardly, he is not inwardly, so truly the cold ashes laid upon my fire, did not take the nature of fire from it. Full often hath my breast swollen with keeping my sighs imprisoned; full often have the teares I drave back from mine eyes, turned back to drowne my heart. But alas what did that help poor *Dorus*? Whose eies (being his diligent intelligencers) could carry unto him no other news, but discomfortable. I think no day past, but by some one invention he would appeare unto me to testifie his love. One time he daunced the Matachine daunce in armour (O, with what a gracefull dexterity!) I thinke to make me see, that hee had been brought up in such exercises: another time he perswaded his Master (to make my time seem shorter) in maner of a Dialogue, to play *Priamus* while he plaid *Paris*. Think (sweet *Philoclea*) what a *Priamus* we had: but truly, my *Paris* was a *Paris*, and more than a *Paris*: who while in a savage apparell, with naked neck, armes, and legs, he made love to *Oenone*, you might well see by his changed countenance, and true teares, that hee felt the part he plaid. Tell me (sweet *Philoclea*) did you ever see such a shepheard? tell me, did you ever heare of such a Prince? And then tell me, if a small or unworthy assault have conquered mee. Truely I would hate my life, if I thought vanity led mee. But since my parents deale so cruelly with mee, it is time for mee to trust something to my owne judgement. Yet hitherto have my looks beene as I told you, which continuing after many of these his fruitlesse trials, have wrought such change in him, as I tell you true (with that word shee laid her hand upon her quaking side) I do not a little feare him. See what a letter this is (then drew she the curtaine, and took the letter from under the pillow) which to day (with an afflicted humblenesse) he delivered me, pretending before *Mopsa*, that I should

reade

reade it unto her, to mollifie (forſooth) her iron ſtomacke; with that ſhe read the letter containing thus much.

MOſt bleſſed paper, which ſhalt kiſſe that hand, whereto all bleſſedneſſe is in nature a ſervant, doe not yet diſdaine to carry with thee the wofull words of a miſer now deſpairing: neither be afraid to appeare before her, bearing the baſe title of the ſender. For no ſooner ſhall that divine hand touch thee, but that thy baſeneſſe ſhall be turned to moſt high preferment. Therefore mourne boldly my inke; for while ſhe looks upon you, your blackneſſe will ſhine: cry out boldly my lamentation; for while ſhe reades you, your cries will be muſicke. Say then (O happy meſſenger of a moſt unhappy meſſage) that the too ſoone born, and too late dying creature, which dares not ſpeake, no not looke, no not ſcarcely thinke (as from his miſerable ſelfe, unto her heavenly highneſſe) onely preſumes to deſire thee (in the time that her eyes and voyce doe exalt thee) to ſay, and in this manner to ſay, not from him, O no, that were not fit, but of him, thus much unto her ſacred judgement. O you, the onely honour to women, to men the onely admiration, you that being armed by love, defie him that armed you, in this high eſtate wherein you have placed me, yet let me remember him to whom I am bound for bringing me to your preſence; and let me remember him, who (ſince he is yours, how meane ſoever he be) it is reaſon you have an account of him. The wretch (yet your wretch) though with languiſhing ſteppes runnes faſt to his grave; and will you ſuffer a temple (how poorely built ſoever, but yet a temple of your deitie) to be raſed? But he dyeth: it is moſt true, he dyeth; and he in whom you live, to obey you, dyeth. Whereof though he plaine, he doth not complaine: for it is a harme, but no wrong, which he hath received. He dyes, becauſe in wofull language all his ſenſes tell him, that ſuch is your pleaſure: for you will not that he live, alas, alas, what followeth, what followeth of the moſt ruined *Dorus*, but his end? End then, evill deſtined *Dorus*, end; and end thou wofull letter end; for it ſufficeth her wiſedome to know, that her heavenly will ſhall be accompliſhed.

O my *Philoclea*, is he a perſon to write theſe words? and are theſe words lightly to be regarded? But if you had ſeen, when with trembling hand he had delivered it, how he went away, as if he had been but the coffin that carried himſelfe to his ſepulcher. Two times (I muſt confeſſe) I was about to take curteſie into mine eyes; but both times the former reſolution ſtopt the entry of it: ſo that he departed without obtaining any further kindeneſſe. But he was no ſooner out of the door, but that I looked to the door kindly; and truely the feare of him ever ſince hath put me into ſuch perplexity, as now you found me. Ah my *Pamela* (ſaid *Philoclea*) leave ſorrow. The river of your teares will ſoon loſe his fountain; it is in your hand as well to ſtitch up his life again, as it was before to rent it. And ſo (though with ſelfe-grieved minde) ſhe comforted her ſiſter, till ſleep came to bath himſelfe in *Pamela's* faire weeping eyes.

Which when *Philoclea* found, wringing her hands, O me (ſaid ſhe) indeed the onely ſubject of the deſtinies diſpleaſure, whoſe greateſt fortunateneſſe is more unfortunate, then my ſiſters greateſt unfortunateneſſe. Alas ſhe weeps becauſe ſhe would be no ſooner happy; I weep, becauſe I can never be happy; her teares flow from pitty, mine from being too farre lower then the reach of pitty. Yet do I not envy thee, deare *Pamela*, I do not envy thee; onely I could wiſh that being thy ſiſter in nature, I were not ſo farre off a kin in fortune.

But

But the darknesse of sorrow over-shadowing her minde, as the night did her eies, they were both content to hide themselves under the wings of sleep, till the next morning had almost lost his name, before the two sweet sleeping sisters awaked from dreames, which flattered them with more comfort, then their walking could, or would consent unto. For then they were called up by *Miso*; who having bin with *Gynecia*, had received commandement to be continually with her daughters, and particularly not to let *Zelmane* and *Philoclea* have any private conference, but that she should be present to heare what passed. *Miso* having now her authority increased, but came with skowling eyes to deliver a slavering good morrow to the two Ladies, telling them, it was a shame for them to marre their complexions, yea and conditions too, with long lying a bed: and that, when she was of their age, she trowed, she would have made a handkerchiefe by that time a day. The two sweet Princes with a smiling silence answered her entertainment, and obeying her direction, covered their dainty beauties with the glad clothes. But as sooneas *Pamela* was ready (and sooner she was then her sister) of the agony of *Dorus* giving a fit to her selfe, which the words of his letter (lively imprinted in her minde) still remembred her of, she called to *Mopsa*, and willed her to fetch *Dorus* to speake with her; because (she said) she would take further judgement of him, before she would move *Dametas* to grant her in marriage unto him: *Mopsa* (as glad as of sweet-meat to goe of such an arrant) quickly returned with *Dorus* to *Pamela*, who entended both by speaking with him to give some comfort to his passionate heart, and withall to heare some part of his life past; which although fame had already delivered unto her, yet she desired in more particular certainties to have it from so beloved an historian. Yet the sweetnesse of vertues disposition, jealous, even over it selfe, suffered her not to enter abruptly into questions of *Musidorus* (whom she was halfe ashamed she did love so well, and more then halfe sorry she could love no better) but thought best first to make her talke arise of *Pyrocles*, and his vertuous father: which thus she did.

Dorus (said she) you told me the last day, that *Plangus* was deceived in that he affirmed the Prince *Musidorus* was drowned: but withall, you confessed his cosin *Pyrocles* perished; of whom certainly in that age there was a great losse, since (as I have heard) he was a young Prince, of whom all men expected as much, as mans power could bring forth, and yet vertue promised for him, their expectation should not be deceived. Most excellent Lady (said *Dorus*) no expectation in others, nor hope in himself could aspire to a higher marke, then to be thought worthy to be praised by your judgement, and made worthy to be praised by your mouth. But most sure it is, that as his fame could by no means get so sweet & noble an aire to fly in, as in your breath, so could not you (leaving your selfe aside) finde in the world a fitter subject of commendation: as noble as a long succession of royall ancestors, famous, and famous for victories, could make him, of shape most lovely, and yet of minde more lovely: valiant, courteous, wise, what should I say more? sweet *Pyrocles*, excellent *Pyrocles*, what can my words but wrong thy perfections, which I wold to God in some small measure thou hadst bequeathed to him that ever must have thy vertues in admiration, that masked at least in them, I might have found some more gracious acceptation: with that he imprisoned his look for a while upon *Mopsa*, who thereupon fell into a very wide smiling. Truely (said *Pamela*) *Dorus* I like well your minde, that can raise it self out of so base a fortune, as yours is, to think of the imitating so excellent a Prince, as *Pyrocles* was. Who shooteth at the midday Sunne, though he be sure he shall never hit the marke; yet as sure he is, he shall shoot higher, then

who

who rymes but at a bush. But I pray you *Dorus* (said she) tell me since I perceive you are well acquainted with that story) what Prince was that *Euarchus* father to *Pyrocles* of whom so much fame goes, for his rightly royall vertues, or by what wayes he got that opinion. And then so descend to the causes of his sending first away from him, and then to him for that excellent sonne of his, with the discourse of his life and losse: and therein you may (if you list) say something of that same *Musidorus* his cosin, because, they going together, the story of *Pyrocles* (which I onely desire) may be the better understood.

Incomparable Lady (said he) your commandement doth not only give me the will, but the power to obey you; such influence hath your excellency. And first, for that famous king *Euarchus*, he was (at this time you speake of) king of *Macedon*, a kingdome, which in elder time had such a soveraignty over all the Provinces of *Greece*, that even the particular kings therein did acknowledge (with more or lesse degrees of homage) some kind of fealty thereunto: as among the rest, even this now most noble (& by you ennobled) kingdome of *Arcadia*. But he, when he came to his crown, finding by his latter ancestors either negligence, or misfortune, that in some ages many of those duties had been intermitted, would never stirre up old titles (how apparent soever) whereby the publike peace (with the losse of many not guilty souls) should be broken; but contenting himselfe to guide that shippe, wherein the heavens had placed him, shewed no lesse magnanimity in dangerlesse despising, than others in dangerous affecting the multiplying of kingdomes: for the earth hath since born enow bleeding witnesses that it was no want of true courage. Who as he was most wise to see what was best, and most just in the performing what he saw, & temperate in abstaining from any thing any way contrary: so think I, no thought can imagine a greater heart to see and contemn danger, where danger would offer to make any wrongfull threatning upon him. A Prince, that indeed especially measured his greatnesse by his goodnesse: and if for any thing he loved greatnesse, it was, because therein he might exercise his goodnesse. A Prince of a goodly aspect, and the more goodly by a grave majesty, wherewith his minde did decke his outward graces; strong of body, and so much the stronger, as he by a well disciplined exercise taught it both to do and suffer. Of age so as he was above fifty years when his Nephew *Musidorus* took on such shepheardish apparell for the love of the worlds paragon, as I now weare.

This king left Orphan both of father and mother, (whose father and grandfather likewise had died young) he found his estate, when he came to the age (which allowed his authority) so dis-joynted even in the noblest & strongest limbs of government, that the name of a king was grown even odious to the people, his authority having bin abused by those great Lords, and little kings: who in those between times of raigning (by unjust favouring those that were partially theirs, and oppressing them that would defend their liberty against them) had brought in (by a more felt than seen manner of proceeding) the worst kinde of *Oligarchie*, that is, when men are governed indeed by a few, and yet are not taught to know what those few be, to whom they should obey.

For they having the power of kings, but not the nature of kings, used the authority as men do their farmes, of which they see within a yeare they shall go out: making the kings sword strike whom they hated, the kings purse reward whom they loved: and (which is worst of all) making the royall countenance serve to undermine the royall soveraignty. For the subjects could taste no sweeter fruits of having a king, than grievous taxation to serve vaine purposes; lawes made rather to finde

finde faults, than to prevent faults: the Court of a Prince rather deemed as a privileged place of the unbridled licentiousnesse, than as the abiding of him, who as a father should give a fatherly example unto his people. Hence grew a very dissolution of all estates, while the great men (by the nature of ambition never satisfied) grew factious among themselves: and the underlings, glad indeed to be underlings to them they hated least, to preserve them from such they hated most. Men of vertue suppressed, least they shining should discover the others filthinesse; and at length vertue it selfe almost forgotten, when it had no hopefull end whereunto to be directed; old men long nusled in corruption, scorning them that would seek reformation; young men were fault-finding, but very faulty: and so given to new fanglenes both of manners, apparell, and each thing else, by the custome of selfe-guilty evill, glad to change, though oft for worse; merchandise abused, and so Towns decayed for want of just and naturall liberty; offices, even of judging soules, sold; publike defences neglected, and in summe, (lest too long I trouble you) all awry and (which wryed it to the most wry course of all) witte abused, rather to faine reason why it should be amisse, than how it should be amended.

In this, & a much worse plight than it is fit to trouble your excellent eares withall did the king *Euarchus* finde his estate, when he took upon him the regiment; which by reason of the long streame of abuse, he was forced to establish by some even extreame severity, not so much for the very faults themselves, (which he rather sought to preuent than to punish) as for the faulty ones, who strong, even in their faults, scorned his youth, and could not learne to digest, that the man, which they so long had used to maske their own appetites, should now be the reducer of them into order. But so soone as some few (but indeed notable) examples, had thundered a duty into the subjects hearts, he soone shewed, no baseneste of suspition, nor the basest baseneste of envy, could any whit rule such a ruler. But then shined forth indeed all love among them, when an awefull feare ingendred by justice, did make that love most lovely: his first and principall care being to appeare into his people, such as he would have them be, and to be such as he appeared; making his life the example of his lawes, and his lawes, as it were, his axiomes arising out of his deeds. So that within small time, he wanne a singular love in his people, and engraffed singular confidence. For how could they choose but love him, whom they found so truly to love them? He even in reason disdaining, that they that have charge of beasts, should love their charge, and care for them; and that he that was to govern the most excellent creature, should not love so noble a charge. And therefore, where most Princes (seduced by flattery to build upon false grounds of government) make themselves (as it were) another thing from the people, and so count it gaine what they get from them: and (as it were two counter-ballances, that their estate goes highest when the people goes lowest) by a fallacy of argument thinking themselves most kings, when the subject is most basely subjected: He contrariwise, vertuously and wisely acknowledging, that he with his people made all but one politike body, whereof himselfe was the head, even so cared for them, as he would for his own limmes: never restraining their liberty, without it stretched to licentiousnesse, nor pulling from them their goods, which they found were not imployed to the purchase of a greater good: but in all his actions shewing a delight in their welfare, brought that to passe, that while by force he took nothing, by their love he had all. In summe (peerlesse Princesse) I might as easily set down the whole art of government, as to lay before your eyes the picture of his proceedings. But in such sort he flourished in the sweet comfort of doing much good,

when

when by an occasion of leaving his country, he was forced to bring forth his vertue of magnanimity, as before he had done of justice.

He had onely one sister, a Lady (lest I should too easily fall to partiall praises of her) of whom it may be justly said, that she was no unfit branch to the noble stocke wherof she was come. Her he had given in marriage to *Dorilaus* Prince of *Thessalia*, not so much to make a friendship, as to confirme the friendship betweene their posterity, which betweene them, by the likenesse of vertue, had beene long before made: for certainly, *Dorilaus* could need no amplifiers mouth for the highest point of praise. Who hath not heard (said *Pamela*) of the valiant, wise, and just *Dorilaus*, whose unripe death doth yet (so many yeares since) draw teares from vertuous eies? And indeed, my Father is wont to speak of nothing with greater admiration, than of the notable friendship (a rare thing in Princes, more rare betweene Princes) that so holily was observed to the last of those two excellent men. But (said she) go on I pray you. *Dorilaus* (said he) having married his sister, had his marriage in short time blest (for so are folke wont to say, how unhappy soever the children after grow) with a Sonne, whom they named *Musidorus*: of whom I must needes first speake before I come to *Pyrocles*, because as he was borne first, so upon his occasion grew (as I may say accidentally) the others birth. For scarcely was *Musidorus* made partaker of this oft-blinding light, when there were found numbers of Southsayers, who affirmed, strange & incredible things should be performed by that child; whether the heavens at that time listed to play with ignorant mankinde, or that flattery be so presumptuous, as even at times to borrow the face of Divinity. But certainly, so did the boldnesse of their affirmation accompany the greatnesse of what they did affirme (even descending to particularities, what Kingdomes he should overcome) that the King of *Phrygia* (who over-superstitiously thought himselfe touched in the matter) sought by force to destroy the Infant, to prevent his after expectations: because a skilfull man (having compared his nativity with the child) so told him. Foolish man, either vainly fearing what was not to be feared, or not considering that if it were a worke of the superior powers, the heavens at length are never children. But so he did, & by the aid of the Kings of *Lydia* and *Crete* (joyning together their armies) invaded *Thessalia*, and brought *Dorilaus* to some behind hand of fortune; when his faithfull friend & brother *Euarchus* came so mightily to his succour, that with some interchanging changes of fortune, they begat of a just war, the best child, peace. In which time *Euarchus* made a crosse marriage also with *Dorilaus* his sister, and shortly left her with child of the famous *Pyrocles*, driven to return to the defence of owne country, which in his absence (helped with some of the ill contented nobility) the mighty King of *Thrace*, and his brother, King of *Pannonia*, had invaded. The successe of those warres was too notable to be unknown to your eares, to which it seemes all worthy fame hath glory to come unto. But there was *Dorilaus* (valiantly requiring his friends helpe) in a great battaile deprived of life, his obsequies being no more solemnized by the teares of his partakers, than the blood of his enemies; with so piercing a sorrow to the constant heart of *Euarchus*, that the newes of his Sonnes birth could lighten his countenance with no shew of comfort, although all the comfort that might be in a child, truth it felt in him forthwith delivered. For what fortune only Southsayers foretold of *Musidorus*, that all men might see prognosticated in *Pyrocles*, both Heavens & Earth giving tokens of the comming forth of an Heroicall vertue. The senate-house of the Planets was at no time so set for the decreeing of perfection in a man, as at that time all folks skilfull therein did acknowledge: only love was threatned, & promised to him, and so

to his couſin, as both the tempeſt and haven of his beſt yeares. But as death may have prevented *Pyrocles*, ſo unworthines muſt be the death of *Muſidorus*.

But the Mother of *Pyrocles* (ſhortly after her child-birth) dying, was cauſe that *Euarchus* recommended the care of his only Sonne to his ſiſter; doing it the rather becauſe the war continued in cruell heate, betwixt him and thoſe ill neighbours of his. In which meane time thoſe young Princes (the only comforters of that vertuous widdow) grew on ſo, that *Pyrocles* taught admiration to the hardeſt conceits: *Muſidorus* (perchance becauſe among his ſubjects) exceedingly beloved: and by the good order of *Euarchus* (well performed by his ſiſter) they were ſo broght up, that all the ſparkes of vertue, which nature had kindled in them, were ſo blown to give forth their uttermoſt heate, that juſtly it may be affirmed, they inflamed the affections of all that knew them. For almoſt before they could perfectly ſpeak, they began to receive conceits not unworthy of the beſt ſpeakers: excellent devices being uſed, to make even their ſports profitable; images of battailes, & fortifications being thē delivered to their memory, which after their ſtronger judgements might diſpenſe, the delight of tales being converted to the knowledge of all the ſtories of worthy Princes, both to move them to do nobly, and teach them how to do nobly, the beauty of vertue ſtill being ſet before their eyes, and that taught them with far more diligent care, than grammaticall rules, their bodies exerciſed in all abilities, both of doing and ſuffering, and their minds acquainted by degrees with dangers, and in ſumme, all bent to the making up of princely minds: no ſervile feare uſed towards them, nor any other violent reſtraint, but ſtill as to Princes: ſo that a habite of commanding was naturallized in them, and therefore the farther from Tyranny: Nature having done ſo much for them in nothing, as that it made them Lords of truth, whereon all the other goods were builded.

Among which, nothing I ſo much delight to recount, as the memorable friendſhip that grew betwixt the two Princes, ſuch as made them more like than the likeneſſe of all other vertues, and made them more neere one to the other, than the neereneſſe of their blood could aſpire unto: which I thinke grew the faſter, and the faſter was tyed betweene them, by reaſon that *Muſidorus* being elder by three or foure yeares, it was neither ſo great a difference in age as did take away the delight in ſociety, and yet by the difference there was taken away the occaſion of childiſh contentions; till they had both paſt over the humour of ſuch contentions. For *Pyrocles* bare reverence full of love to *Muſidorus*, and *Muſidorus* had a delight full of love in *Pyrocles*. *Muſidorus*, what he had learned either for body or minde, would teach it to *Pyrocles*; and *Pyrocles* was ſo glad to learne of none, as of *Muſidorus*: till *Pyrocles*, being come to ſixteene yeares of age, he ſeemed ſo to over-run his age in growth, ſtrength, and all things following it, that not *Muſidorus*, no nor any man living (I think) could performe any action, either on horſe, or foot, more ſtrongly, or deliver that ſtrength more nimbly, or become the delivery more gracefully, or imploy all more vertuouſly. Which may well ſeeme wonderfull: but wonders are no wonders in a wonderfull ſubject.

At which time, underſtanding that the King *Euarchus*, after ſo many yeares of war, and the conqueſt of all *Pannonia*, and almoſt *Thrace*, had now brought the concluſion of all to the ſiege of *Bizantium* (to the raiſing of which ſiege, great forces were made) they would needs fall to the practice of thoſe vertues, which they before learned. And therefore the mother of *Muſidorus* nobly yeelding over her own affects to her childrens good (for a mother ſhee was in effect to them both) the rather that they might helpe her beloved brother, they brake off all delaies; which

Muſidorus

Muſidorus for his part thought already had devoured too much of his good time, but that hee had once granted a boone (before he knew what it was) to his deere friend *Pyrocles*: that he would never ſeeke the adventures of armes, untill he might goe with him: which having faſt bound his heart (a true ſlave to faith) he had bid a tedious delay of following his owne humour for his friends ſake, till now being both ſent for by *Euarchus*, and finding *Pyrocles* able every way to goe thorow with that kind of life, he was as deſirous for his ſake, as for his owne, to enter into it. So therfore preparing a Navy, that they might go like themſelves, and not only bring the comfort of their preſence, but of their power, to their deere parent *Euarchus*, they recommended themſelves to the Sea, leaving the ſhoare of *Theſſalia* full of teares and vowes; and were received thereon with ſo ſmooth and ſmiling a face, as if *Neptune* had as then learned falſely to fawne on Princes. The wind was like a ſervant, waiting behind them ſo juſt, that they might fill the ſayles as they liſted; and the beſt ſaylers ſhewing themſelves leſſe covetous of his liberality, ſo tempered it, that they all kept together like a beautifull flocke, which ſo well could obey their Maſters pipe: without ſometimes, to delight the Princes eyes, ſome two or three of them would ſtrive, who could (either by the cunning of well ſpending the winds breath, or by the advantageous building of their moving houſes) leave their fellowes behinde them in the honour of ſpeed: while the two Princes had leiſure to ſee the practice of that, which before they had learned by bookes; to conſider the art of catching the winde priſoner, to no other end, but to runne away with it; to ſee how beauty, & uſe can ſo well agree together, that of all the trinkets, wherewith they are attired, there is not one but ſerves to ſome neceſſary purpoſe. And (O Lord) to ſee the admirable power and noble effects of Love, whereby the ſeeming inſenſible Loadſtone, with a ſecret beauty (holding the ſpirit of iron in it) can draw that hard-hearted thing unto it, and (like a vertuous miſtreſſe) not onely make it bow it ſelfe, but with it make it aſpire to ſo high a Love, as of the heavenly Poles; and thereby to bring forth the nobleſt deedes, that the children of the Earth can boaſt of. And ſo the Princes delighting their conceits with confirming their knowledge, ſeeing wherein the Sea-diſcipline differed from Land-ſervice, they had for a day and almoſt a whole night, as pleaſing entertainment, as the falſeſt heart could give to him he meanes worſt to.

But by that the next morning beganne a little to make a gilden ſhew of a good meaning, there aroſe even with the Sunne, a vaile of darke cloudes before his face, which ſhortly (like inke powred into water) had blacked over al the face of heaven; preparing (as it were) a mournefull ſtage for a Tragedy to be played on. For forthwith the winds began to ſpeake lowder, and as in a tumultuous Kingdome, to think themſelves fitteſt inſtruments of commandement; and blowing whole ſtormes of haile and raine upon them, they were ſooner in danger, then they could almoſt bethink themſelves of change. For then the trayterous Sea began to ſwell in pride againſt the afflicted Navy, under which (while the heaven favoured them) it had laine ſo calmely, making mountaines of it ſelfe, over which the toſſed and tottering ſhip ſhould clime, to be ſtraight carried down againe to a pit of helliſh darkneſſe; with ſuch cruell blows againſt the ſides of the ſhip (that, which way ſoever it went, was ſtill in his malice) that there was left neither power to ſtay, nor way to eſcape. And ſhortly had it ſo diſſevered the loving company, which the day before had tarried together, that moſt of them never met againe, but were ſwallowed up in his never-ſatisfied mouth. Some indeede (as ſince was knowne) after long wandring, returned into *Theſſalia*; other recovered *Bizantium*, and ſerved *Euarchus* in his

warre. But in the ſhip wherein the Princes were (now left as much alone as proud Lords be when fortune failes them) though they imployed all induſtry to ſave themſelves, yet what they did, was rather for duty to nature, than hope to eſcape. So ougly a darkneſs (as if it would prevent the nights comming) uſurped the daies right: which (accompanied ſometimes with thunders, alwaies with horrible noiſes of the chafing windes) made the Maſters and Pilots ſo aſtoniſhed, that they knew not how to direct; and if they knew, they could ſcarcely (when they directed) heare their owne whiſtle. For the ſea ſtrave with the windes which ſhould bee lowder, and the ſhrouds of the ſhip with a ghaſtfull noiſe to them that were in it, witneſſed, that their ruine was the wager of the others contention, and the heaven roaring out thunders the more amazed them, as having thoſe powers for enemies. Certainely there is no danger carries with it more horrour, than that which growes in thoſe floating Kingdomes. For that dwelling place is unnaturall to mankinde, and then, the terriblenes of the continuall motion, the deſolation of the far being from comfort, the eye and the eare having ougly images ever before it, doth ſtill vexe the mind, even when it is beſt armed againſt it. But thus the day paſt (if that might be called day) while the cunningeſt mariners were ſo conquered by the ſtorm, as they thought it beſt with ſtriken ſayles to yeeld to be governed by it: the valianteſt feeling inward diſmayednes, and yet the fearfulleſt aſhamed fully to ſhew it, ſeeing that the Princes (who were to part from the greateſt fortunes) did in their countenances accuſed no point of feare, but encouraging them to doe what might bee done (putting their hands to every moſt painefull office) taught them at one inſtant to promiſe themſelves the beſt, and yet to deſpiſe the worſt. But ſo were they carried by the tyranny of the wind, and the treaſon of the Sea, all that night, which the elder it was, the more wayward it ſhewed it ſelf towards them till the next morning (known to be a morning better by the houre-glaſſe, than by the daies cleereneſſe) having run fortune ſo blindly, as it ſelfe ever was painted, leſt the concluſion ſhould not anſwer to the reſt of the play, they were driven upon a rock: which hidden with thoſe outragious waves, did, as it were, cloſely diſſemble his cruell mind, till with an unbeleeved violence (but to them that have tried it) the ſhip ranne upon it; and ſeeming willinger to periſh than to have her courſe ſtayed, redoubled her blowes, till ſhe had broken her ſelfe in pieces; and as it were tearing out her owne bowels to feed the ſeas greedineſſe, left nothing within it, but deſpaire of ſafety, and expectation of a loathſome end. There was to be ſeen the diverſe manner of minds in diſtreſſe: ſome ſate upon the top of the poupe weeping and wailing, till the Sea ſwallowed them; ſome one more able to abide death, than feare of death, cut his owne throat to prevent drowning; ſome prayed: and there wanted not of them which curſed, as if the heavens could not be more angry than they were. But a monſtrous cry begotten of many roaring voyces, was able to infect with feare a minde that had not prevented it with the power of reaſon.

But the Princes, uſing the paſſions of fearing evill, and deſiring to eſcape, only to ſerve the rule of vertue, not to abandon ones ſelfe, lept to a rib of the ſhip, which broken for his fellowes, floted with more likely-hood to do ſervice, than any other limme of that ruinous body; upon which there had gotten already two brethen, well knowne ſervants of theirs, and ſtraight they foure were carried out of ſight, in that huge riſing of the Sea, from the reſt of the ſhip. But the piece they were on, ſinking by little and little under them, not able to ſupport the weight of ſo many, the brethren (the elder whereof was *Leucippus*, the yonger *Neſſus*) ſhewed themſelves right faithfull and gratefull ſervants unto them; gratefull (I ſay) for

for this cauſe: Thoſe two gentlemen had been taken priſoners in the great warre the king of *Phrygia* made upon *Theſſalia*, in the time of *Muſidorus* his infancy; and having been ſold into another country (though peace fell after between theſe Realmes) could not be delivered, becauſe of their valour known, but for a farre greater ſumme, than either all their friends were able, or the Dowager willing to make, in reſpect of the great expences her ſelfe and people had been put to in thoſe warres; and ſo had they remained in priſon about thirteen years, when the two young Princes (hearing ſpeeches of their good deſerts) found meanes both by ſelling all the Iewels they had of a great price, and by giving under their hands great eſtates when they ſhould come to be Kings (which promiſes their vertue promiſed for them ſhould be kept) to get ſo much treaſure as redeemed them from captivity. This remembred, and kindly remembred by theſe two brothers, perchance helped by a naturall duty to their Princes bloud, they willingly left hold of the boord, committing themſelves to the Seas rage, and even when they meant to dye, themſelves praying for the Princes lives. It is true, that neither the paine nor danger, ſo moved the Princes hearts as the tenderneſſe of that loving part, farre from glory, having ſo few lookers on; farre from hope of reward, ſince themſelves were ſure to periſh.

But now of all the royall Navy they lately had, they had left but one little piece of one ſhip, whereon they kept themſelves, in all truth having enterchanged their cares, while either cared for other, each comforting and counſelling how to labour for the better, and to abide the worſe. But ſo fell it out, that as they were carried by the tyde (which there ſeconded by the ſtorm, ran exceeding ſwiftly) *Muſidorus* ſeeing (as he thought) *Pyrocles* not well upon the boord, as he would with his right hand have helped him on better, he had no ſooner unfaſtned his hold, but that a wave forcibly ſpoiled his weaker hand of hold, & ſo for a time parted thoſe friends, each crying to the other; but the noiſe of the ſea drowned their farewell. But *Pyrocles* (then careleſſe of death, if it had come by any means, but his own) was ſhortly brought out of the Seas fury to the lands comfort, when (in my conſcience I know) that comfort was but bitter unto him: and bitter indeed it fell out even in it ſelfe to be unto him.

For being caſt on land much bruiſed and beaten both with the ſeas hard farewell, and the ſhores rude welcome; and even almoſt deadly tyred with the length of his uncomfortable labour, as he was walking up to diſcover ſome body, to whom he might go for reliefe; there came ſtraight running unto him certain, who (as it was after known) by appointment watched (with many others) in divers places along the coaſt: who laid hands on him, and without either queſtioning with him, or ſhewing will to heare him, (like men fearefull to appeare curious) or which was worſe, having no regard to the hard plight he was in (being ſo wet and weak) they carried him ſome miles thence, to a houſe of a principall officer of that country, who with no more civility (though with much more buſineſſe than thoſe under-fellowes had ſhewed) began in captious manner to put interrogatories unto him. To which (he unuſed to ſuch entertainment) did ſhortly & plainly anſwer, what he was, and how he came thither. But that no ſooner known, with numbers of armed men to guard him (for miſchiefe, not from miſchiefe) he was ſent to the Kings Court, which as then was not above a daies journey off, with letters from that officer, containing his owne ſerviceable diligence in diſcovering ſo great a perſonage, adding withall more than was true of his conjectures, becauſe he would endeare his owne ſervice.

This Countrey whereon he fell was *Phrygia*, and it was to the King thereof to whom he was ſent, a Prince of a melancholy conſtitution both of body and mind; wickedly ſad, ever muſing of horrible matters, ſuſpecting, or rather condemning all men of evill, becauſe his minde had no eye to eſpye goodneſſe: and therefore accuſing *Sycophants* of all men did beſt ſort to his nature; but therefore not ſeeming *Sycophants*, becauſe of no evill they ſaid, they could bring any new or doubtfull thing unto him, but ſuch as already he had beene apt to determine, ſo as they came but as proofes of his wiſedome: fearefull and never ſecure, while the feare he had figured in his mind had any poſſibility of event. A rode-like retiredneſſe, and cloſeneſſe of minde; nature teaching the odiouſneſſe of poyſon, and the danger of odiouſneſſe. Yet while youth laſted in him, the exerciſes of that age, and his humour (not yet fully diſcovered) made him ſomething the more frequentable, and leſſe dangerous. But after that yeares began to come on with ſome, though more ſeldome, ſhewes of a bloody nature, and that the prophecy of *Muſidorus* deſtiny came to his eares (delivered unto him, and received of him with the hardeſt interpretation, as though his ſubjects did delight in the hearing thereof.) Then gave he himſelfe indeed to the full current of his diſpoſition, eſpecially after the warre of *Theſſalia*, wherein (though in truth wrongly) hee deemed, his unſucceſſe proceeded of their unwillingneſſe to have him proſper: and then thinking himſelfe contemned (knowing no countermine againſt contempt, but terrour) began to let nothing paſſe which might beare the colour of a fault, without ſharpe puniſhment: and when he wanted faults, excellency grew a fault; and is was ſufficient to make one guilty, that he had power to be guilty. And as there is no humour, to which impudent poverty cannot make it ſelfe ſerviceable: ſo were there enow of thoſe of deſperate ambition, who would build their houſes upon others ruines, which after ſhould fall by like practices. So as a ſervitude came mainly upon that poore people, whoſe deeds were not only puniſhed, but words corrected, and even thoughts by ſome meane or other puld out of them: while ſuſpition bred the mind of cruelty, and the effects of cruelty ſtirred a new cauſe of ſuſpition. And in this plight (full of watchfull fearefulneſſe) did the ſtorme deliver ſweet *Pyrocles* to the ſtormy minde of that Tyrant, all men that did ſuch wrong to ſo rare a ſtranger (whoſe countenance deſerved both pity and admiration) condemning themſelves as much in their hearts, as they did brag in their faces.

But when this bloody King knew what he was, & in what order he and his coſin *Muſidorus* (ſo much of him feared) were come out of *Theſſalia*, aſſuredly thinking (becauſe ever thinking the worſt) that thoſe forces were provided againſt him; glad of the periſhing (as he thought) of *Muſidorus*, determined in publike ſort to put *Pyrocles* to death. For having quite loſt the way of noblenеſſe, he ſtrave to clime to the height of terribleneſſe; and thinking to make all men a dread, to make ſuch one an enemy, who would not ſpare, nor feare to kill ſo great a Prince; and laſtly having nothing in him why to make him his friend, he thought he would take him away from being his enemy. The day was appointed, and all things prepared for that cruell blow, in ſo ſolemne an order, as if they would ſet forth tyranny in moſt gorgeous decking. The Princely youth, of invincible valour, yet ſo unjuſtly ſubjected to ſuch outragious wrong, carrying himſelf in all his demeanour ſo conſtantly abiding extremity, that one might ſee it was the cutting away of the greateſt hope of the world, and deſtroyed vertue in his ſweeteſt growth.

But ſo it fell out, that his death was prevented by a rare example of friendſhip in *Muſidorus*; who being almoſt drowned, had bin taken up by a fiſherman belonging

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ing to the Kingdome of *Bithinia*; and being there, and underſtanding the full diſcourſe (as Fame was very prodigall of ſo notable an accident) in what caſe *Pyrocles* was; learning withall, that his hate was far more to him than to *Pyrocles*, he found meanes to acquaint himſelfe with a Noble man of that Country, to whom largely diſcovering what he was, he found him a moſt fit inſtrument to affectuate his deſire. For this Nobleman had beene one, who in many warres had ſerved *Euarchus*, and had been ſo minde-ſtriken by the beauty of vertue in that noble King, that (though not borne his ſubject) he ever profeſt himſelfe his ſervant. His deſire therefore to him was, to keepe *Muſidorus* in a ſtrong Caſtle of his, and then to make the King of *Phrygia* underſtand, that if he would deliver *Pyrocles*, *Muſidorus* would willingly put himſelfe into his hands; knowing well, that how thirſty ſoever he was of *Pyrocles* blood, he would rather drinke that of *Muſidorus*.

The Nobleman was loth to preſerve one by the loſſe of another: but time vrging reſolution; the importunity of *Muſidorus* (who ſhewed a mind not to overlive *Pyrocles*) with the affection he bare to *Euarchus*, ſo prevailed, that hee carried this ſtrange offer of *Muſidorus*, which by the Tyrant was greedily accepted.

And ſo upon ſecurity of both ſides, they were enterchanged. Where I may not omit the worke of friendſhip in *Pyrocles*, who both in ſpeech and countenance to *Muſidorus*, well ſhewed, that he thought himſelfe injured, & not relieved by him: aſking him, what he had ever ſeene in him, why he could not beare the extremities of mortall accidents as well as any man? and why he ſhould envy him the glory of ſuffering death for his friends cauſe, and (as it were) rob him of his owne poſſeſſion? But in that notable contention (where the conqueſt muſt be the conquerers deſtruction, and ſafety the puniſhment of the conquerer) *Muſidorus* prevailed: becauſe he was a more welcome prey to the unjuſt King; and as cheerefully going towards, as *Pyrocles* went frowardly fromward his death, hee was delivered to the King who could not be enough ſure of him, without he fed his owne eyes upon one, whom he had begun to feare, as ſoone as the other began to be.

Yet becauſe he would in one act, both make oſtentation of his own felicity (into whoſe hands his moſt feared enemy was fallen) & withall cut off ſuch hopes from his ſuſpected ſubjects (when they ſhould know certainely he was dead) with much more skilfull cruelty, and horrible ſolemnity he cauſed each thing to bee prepared for his triumph of tyrãny. And ſo the day being come, he was led forth by many armed men (who often had beene the fortifiers of wickedneſſe) to the place of execution: where comming with a mind comforted in that he had done ſuch ſervice to *Pyrocles*, this ſtrange encounter he had.

The excelling *Pyrocles* was no ſooner delivered by the Kings ſervants to a place of liberty, than he bent his wit and courage (and what would not they bring to paſſe?) how either to deliver *Muſidorus*, or to periſh with him. And (finding he could get in that countrey no forces ſufficient by force to reſcue him) to bring himſelfe to dy with him, (little hoping of better event) he put himſelfe in poore rayment, and by the helpe of ſome few crownes he tooke of that noble-man (who full of ſorrow, though not knowing the ſecret of his intent, ſuffered him to goe in ſuch order from him) he (even he, borne to the greateſt expectation, and of the greateſt blood that any Prince might be) ſubmitted himſelfe to be ſervant to the executioner that ſhould put to death *Muſidorus*: a farre notabler proofe of his friendſhippe, conſidering the height of his minde, than any death could be. That bad officer not ſuſpecting him, being arrayed fit for ſuch an eſtate, and having his beauty hidden by many foule ſpots he artificially put upon his face, gave him leave not onely to

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weare a ſword himſelfe, but to beare his ſword prepared for the juſtified murder. And ſo *Pyrocles* taking his time, when *Muſidorus* was upon the ſcaffold (ſeparated ſomewhat from the reſt, as allowed to ſay ſomething) he ſtept unto him, and putting the ſword into his hand not bound (a point of civility the officers uſed towards him, becauſe they doubted no ſuch enterpriſe) *Muſidorus* ſaid he, dye nobly. In truth, never man between joy before knowledge what to be glad of, and feare after conſidering his caſe, had ſuch a confuſion of thoughts, as I had, when I ſaw *Pyrocles* ſo neare me. But with that *Dorus* bluſhed, and *Pamela* ſmiled: and *Dorus* the more bluſhed at her ſmiling, and ſhe the more ſmiled at his bluſhing: becauſe he had (with the remembrance of that plight he was in) forgotten in ſpeaking of himſelfe to uſe the third perſon. But *Muſidorus* turned againe her thoughts from his cheeks to his tongue in this ſort: But, ſaid he, when they were with ſwords in hands, not turning backs one to the other (for there they knew was no place of defence) but making it a preſervation in not hoping to be preſerved, and now acknowledging themſelves ſubject to death, meaning only to doe honour to their Princely birth, they flew amongſt them all (for all were enemies) and had quickly either with flight or death, left none upon the ſcaffold to annoy them. Wherein *Pyrocles* (the excellent *Pyrocles*) did ſuch wonders beyond beliefe, as was able to lead *Muſidorus* to courage, though he had been born a coward. But indeed juſt rage and deſperate vertue did ſuch effects, that the popular ſort of the beholders began to be almoſt ſuperſtitiouſly amazed, as at effects beyond mortall power. But the king with angry threatnings from out a window (where he was not aſhamed the world ſhould behold him a beholder) commanded his guard and the reſt of his ſouldiers to haſten their death. But many of them loſt their bodies to loſe their ſoules, when the Princes grew almoſt ſo weary, as they were ready to be conquered with conquering.

But as they were ſtill fighting with weake armes and ſtrong hearts, it happened, that one of the ſouldiers (commanded to go up after his fellowes againſt the Princes) having received a light hurt, more wounded in his heart, went backe with as much diligence, as he came up with modeſty: which another of his fellowes ſeeing, to picke a thank of the king, ſtrake him upon the face, reviling him, that ſo accompanied, he would run away from ſo few. But he (as many times it fals out) only valiant, when he was angry, in revenge thruſt him thorough: which with his death was ſtraight revenged by a brother of his: and that againe requited by a fellow of the others. There began to be a great tumult amongſt the ſouldiers; which ſeene and not underſtood by the people (uſed to feares, but not uſed to be bold in them) ſome began to cry treaſon; and that voyce ſtraight multiplying it ſelfe, the king (O the cowardiſe of a guilty conſcience) before any man ſet upon him fled away. Wherewith a bruit (either by art of ſome well meaning men, or by ſome chance as ſuch things often fall out by) ran from one to the other, that the king was ſlaine; wherewith certaine young men of the braveſt mindes, cryed with a loud voyce, Liberty, and encouraging the other Citizens to follow them, ſet upon the guard and ſouldiers, as chiefe inſtruments of tyranny, and quickly aided by the Princes, they had left none of them alive, nor any other in the city, who they thought had in any ſort ſet his hand to the worke of their ſervitude, and (God knowes) by the blindeneſſe of rage, killing many guiltleſſe perſons, either for affinity to the tyrant, or enmity to the tyrant-killers. But ſome of the wiſer (ſeeing that a popular licence is indeed the many-headed tyrannie) prevailed with the reſt to make *Muſidorus* their chiefe: chooſing one of them (becauſe Princes) to defend them, & him becauſe elder

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and moſt hated of the Tyrant, and by him to be ruled: whom forthwith they lifted up, Fortune (I think) ſmiling at her work therein, that a ſcaffold of execution ſhould grow to a ſcaffold of coronation.

But by and by there came newes of more certaine truth, that the King was not dead, but fled to a ſtrong caſtle of his, neere hand, where he was gathering forces in all ſpeed poſſible to ſuppreſſe this mutiny. But now they had runne themſelves too far out of breath, to go back againe to the ſame career; and too well they knew the ſharpeneſſe of his memory to forget ſuch an injury; therefore learning vertue of neceſſity, they continued reſolute to obey *Muſidorus*. Who ſeeing what forces were in the City, with them iſſued againſt the tyrant, while they were in this heat; before practiſes might be uſed to deliver them: and with them met the King, who likewiſe hoping little to prevaile by time, knowing and finding his peoples hate, met him with little delay in the field: where himſelfe was ſlaine by *Muſidorus*, after he had ſeene his only Son (a Prince of great courage and Beauty, but foſtered up in blood by his naughty Father) ſlaine by the hand of *Pyrocles*. This victory obtained with great, and truly not undeſerved honour to the two Princes, the whole eſtates of the country, with one conſent, gave the Crown and all other markes of ſoveraignety to *Muſidorus*; deſiring nothing more than to live under ſuch a governmennt as they promiſed themſelves of him.

But he, thinking it a greater greatneſſe to give a kingdome, than get a kingdome, underſtanding that there was left of the blood royall, and next to the ſucceſſion, an aged Gentleman of approved goodneſſe (who had gotten nothing by his coſins power but danger from him, and odiouſneſſe for him) having paſt his time in modeſt ſecrecy, and as much from intermedling in matters of government, as the greatnes of his blood would ſuffer him, did (after having received the full power to his owne hand) reſigne all to the Nobleman; but with ſuch conditions, and cautions of the conditions, as might aſſure the people (with as much aſſurance as worldly matters beare) that not only that governour, of whom indeed they looked for of good, but the nature of the government, ſhould be no way apt to decline to tyranny.

This doing ſet forth no leſſe the magnificence, than the other act did his magnanimity; ſo that greatly praiſed of all, and juſtly beloved of the new King, who in all both words & behaviour proteſted himſelf their Tenant, and Liegeman, they were drawne thence to avenge thoſe two ſervants of theirs, of whoſe memorable faith, I told you (moſt excellent Princeſſe) in willingly giving themſelves to be drowned for their ſakes; but drowned indeed they were not, but gate with painfull ſwimming upon a rocke: from whence (after being come as neere famiſhing, as before drowning) the weather breaking up, they were brought to the main land of *Bithynia*; the ſame country upon which *Muſidorus* alſo was fallen, but not in ſo lucky a place.

For they were brought to the King of the country, a Tyrant alſo, not through ſuſpition, greedineſſe, or revengefulneſſe, as he of *Phrygia*, but (as I may terme it) of a wanton cruelty: inconſtant in his choiſe of friends, or rather never having a friend but a playfellow, of whom, when he was weary, he could not otherwiſe rid himſelf than by killing them, giving ſometimes prodigally, not becauſe he loved them to whom he gave, but becauſe he luſted to give: puniſhing, not ſo much for hate or anger, as becauſe he felt not the ſmart of puniſhment: delighted to be flattered, at firſt for thoſe vertues which were not in him, at length making his vices vertues worthy the flattering: with like judgement glorying, when he had happened to do a thing well, as when he had performed ſome notable miſchiefe.

He chanced at that time (for indeed long time none laſted with him) to have

next in uſe about him, a man of the moſt envious diſpoſition, that (I thinke) ever infected the ayre with his breath; whoſe eyes could not looke right upon any happy man, nor eares beare the burthen of any bodies praiſe: contrary to the natures of all other plagues, plagued with others well being; making happineſſe the ground of his unhappines, and good news the argument of his ſorrow: in ſum, a man whoſe favour no man could winne, but by being miſerable. And ſo, becauſe theſe two faithfull ſervants of theirs came in miſerable ſort to that Court, he was apt enough at firſt to favour them; and the King underſtanding of their adventure, (wherein they had ſhewed ſo conſtant a faith unto their Lords) ſodainely fals to take a pride in making much of them; extolling them with infinite prayſes, and praiſing himſelfe in his heart, in that hee praiſed them. And by and by were they made great Courtiers, and in the way of Minions, when advancement (the moſt mortall offence to envy) ſtirred up their former friend, to overthrow his owne work in them; taking occaſion upon the knowledge (newly come to the Court) of the late death of the King of *Phrygia*, deſtroyed by their two Lords, who having been a neere kinſman to this Prince of *Pontus*, by this envious Counſeller, partly with ſuſpicion of practice, partly with glory of (in part) revenging his couſins death, the King was ſodainly turned (and every turne with him was a down-fall) to locke them up in priſon, as ſervants to his enemies, whom before he had never known, nor (till that time one of his owne ſubjects had entertained and dealt for them) did ever take heed of. But now earneſt in every preſent humour, and making himſelfe brave in his liking, he was content to give them juſt cauſe of offence, when they had power to make juſt revenge. Yet did the Princes ſend unto him before they entred into warre, deſiring their ſervants liberty. But he ſwelling in their humbleneſſe, (like a bubble blowne up with a ſmall breath, broken with a great) forgetting, or never knowing humanity, cauſed their heads to be ſtriken off, by the advice of his envious Counſellour (who now hated them ſo much the more as hee foreſaw their happineſſe in having ſuch, and ſo fortunate Maſters) and ſent them with unroyall reproches to *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, as if they had done trayterouſly, and not heroically in killing his tyrannicall couſin.

But that injury went beyond all degree of reconcilement; ſo that they making forces in *Phrygia* (a kingdome wholly at their commandement, by the love of the people, and gratefulneſſe of the King) they entred his Country; and wholly conquering it (with ſuch deeds as at leaſt Fame ſaid (were excellent) tooke the King, and by *Muſidorus* commandement (*Pyrocles* heart more enclining to pity) he was ſlaine upon the tombe of their two true ſervants; which they cauſed to be made for them with royall expences, and notable workmanſhip to preſerve their dead lives. For his wicked ſervant, he ſhould have felt the like, or worſe, but that his heart brake even to death with the beholding the honour done to their dead carcaſſes. There might *Pyrocles* quietly have enjoyed that Crowne, by all the deſire of that people, moſt of whom had revolted unto him: but he finding a ſiſter of the late Kings (a faire and well eſteemed Lady) looking for nothing more, than to be oppreſſed with her brothers ruines, gave her in marriage to the Nobleman his Fathers old friend, and endowed them with the Crowne of that Kingdome. And not content with thoſe publike actions, of princely, and (as it were) governing vertue, they did (in that Kingdome and ſome other neere about) divers acts of particular trialls, more famous, becauſe more perilous. For in that time thoſe regions were full both of cruell monſters, and monſtrous men: all which in ſhort time by private combates they delivered the countries of.

Among

Among the reſt, two brothers of huge both greatneſſe and force, therefore commonly called Giants, who kept themſelves in a caſtle ſeated upon the top of a rock, impregnable, becauſe there was no comming unto it but by one narrow path, where one mans force was able to keepe downe an army. Theſe brothers had a while ſerved the king of *Pontus*, & in all his affaires (eſpecially of warre, whereunto they were only apt) they had ſhewed, as unconquered courage, ſo a rude faithfulneſſe: being men indeed by nature apter to the faults of rage, than of deceit; not greatly ambitious, more than to bee well and uprighly dealt with; rather impatient of injury, than delighted with more than ordinary courteſies; and in injuries more ſenſible of ſmart or loſſe, than of reproach or diſgrace. Theſe men, being of this nature (and certainly jewels to a wiſe man, conſidering what indeed wonders they were able to performe) yet were diſcarded by that worthy Prince, after many notable deſerts, as not worthy the holding. Which was the more evident to them; becauſe it ſuddainly fell from an exceſſe of favour, which (many examples having taught them) never ſtopt his race till it came to an headlong overthrowe: they full of rage, retired themſelves unto this caſtle: where thinking nothing juſter than revenge, nor more noable than the effects of anger, that (according to the nature) full of inward bravery and fierceneſſe, ſcarcely in the glaſſe of reaſon, thinking it ſelfe faire but when it is terrible, they immediately gave themſelves to make all the country about them (ſubject to that King) to ſmart for their Lords folly: not caring how innocent they were, but rather thinking the more innocent they were, the more it teſtified their ſpight, which they deſired to manifeſt. And with uſe of evill, growing more and more evill, they tooke delight in ſlaughter, and pleaſed themſelves in making others wrack the effect of their power; ſo that where in the time that they obeyed a maſter, their anger was a ſerviceable power of the mind to doe publike good, ſo now unbridled, and blind judge of it ſelfe, it made wickedneſſe violent, and praiſed it ſelfe in excellency of miſchiefe; almoſt to the ruine of the country, not greatly regarded by their careleſſe and loveleſſe king. Till now theſe Princes finding them ſo fleſhed in cruelty, as not to be reclaimed, ſecretly undertooke the matter alone: for accompanied they would not have ſuffered them to have mounted; and ſo thoſe great fellowes ſcornefully receiving them, as fooliſh birds fallen into their net, it pleaſed the eternall juſtice to make them ſuffer death by their hands: and ſo they were manifoldly acknowledged the ſavers of that country.

It were the part of a very idle Orator to ſet forth the numbers of well deviſed honors done unto them: but as high honour is not only gotten and borne by pain and danger, but muſt be nurſt by the like, or elſe vaniſheth as ſoone as it appeares to the world: ſo the naturall hunger thereof (which was in *Pyrocles*) ſuffered him not to account a reſting ſeat of that, which either riſeth or falleth, but ſtill to make one occaſion beget another; whereby his doings might ſend his praiſe to others mouthes to rebound again true contentment to his ſpirit. And therefore having well eſtabliſhed thoſe kingdomes under good Governours, & rid them by their valour of ſuch Giants and Monſters, as before time armies were not able to ſubdue, they determined in unknowne order to ſee more of the world, and to imploy thoſe gifts eſteemed rare in them, to the good of mankind; and therefore would themſelves (underſtanding that the King *Euarchus* was paſſed all the cumber of his warres) goe privately to ſeeke exerciſes of their vertue, thinking it not ſo worthy to be brought to heroicall effects by fortune, or neceſſity, (like *Vlyſſes* and *Æneas*) as by ones owne choice and working. And ſo went they away from very unwilling people to leave them,

them, making time haſte it ſelf to be a circumſtance of their honour, and one place witneſſe to another of the truth of their doings. For ſcarcely were they out of the confines of *Pontus*, but that as they rid alone armed, (for alone they went, one ſerving the other) they met an adventure; which though not ſo notable for any great effect they performed, yet worthy to be remembred for the muſed examples therein, as well of true naturall goodneſſe, as of wretched ungratefulneſſe.

It was in the Kingdome of *Galacia*, the ſeaſon being (as in the depth of Winter) very cold, and as then ſodainely growne to ſo extreame and foule a ſtorme, that never any winter (I think) brought forth a fouler child: ſo that the Princes were even compelled by the haile, that the pride of the wind blew into their faces, to ſeek ſome ſhrowding place; which a certain hollow rock offering unto them, they made it their ſhield againſt the tempeſts fury. And ſo ſtaying there, till the violence thereof was paſſed, they heard the ſpeech of a couple, who not perceiving them, being hid within that rude canopy, held a ſtrange and pitifull diſputation, which made them ſtep out, yet in ſuch ſort as they might ſee unſeene. There they perceived an aged man, and a young, ſcarcely come to the age of a man, both poorely arrayed, extreamely weather-beaten; the old man blind, the young man leading him: and yet through all thoſe miſeries, in both there ſeemed to appeare a kind of noblenes, not ſutable to that affliction. But the firſt words they heard, were theſe of the old man. Well *Leonatus* (ſaid he) ſince I cannot perſwade thee to lead me to that which ſhould end my griefe, & my trouble, let me now intreat thee to leave me: feare not, my miſery cannot be greater than it is, and nothing doth become mee but miſerie: feare not the danger of my blind ſteps, I cannot fall worſe than I am: and doe not I pray thee, do not obſtinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednesſe: but fly, fly from this region onely worthy of mee. Deare Father (anſwered he) do not take away from me the onely remnant of my happineſſe: while I have power to doe you ſervice, I am not wholly miſerable. Ah my Son (ſaid he, and with that he groned, as if ſorrow ſtrave to break his heart) how evill fits it me to have ſuch a ſonne, and how much doth thy kindneſſe upbraid my wickedneſſe? Theſe dolefull ſpeeches, and ſome others to like purpoſe (well ſhewing they had not beene borne to the fortune they were in) moved the Princes to go out unto them, and aske the younger what they were. Sirs (anſwered he with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certaine noble kind of pitiouſneſſe) I ſee well you are ſtrangers, that know not our miſery, ſo well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that wee muſt be miſerable. Indeed our ſtate is ſuch, as though nothing is ſo needfull unto us as pity, yet nothing is more dangerous unto us, than to make our ſelves ſo known as may ſtir pity: but your preſence promiſeth that cruelty ſhall not overrune hate: and if it did, in truth our ſtate is ſunke below the degree of feare.

This old man (whom I leade) was lately rightfull Prince of this Country of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-hearted ungratefulneſſe of a Sonne of his, deprived not only of his Kingdome (whereof no forraine forces were ever able to ſpoile him) but of his ſight the riches which Nature grants to the pooreſt creatures. Whereby, and by other his unnaturall dealings, hee hath beene driven to ſuch griefe, as even now hee would have bad mee to have ledde him to the top of this rocke, thence to caſt himſelfe headlong to death: and ſo would have had mee, who received my life of him, to be the worker of his deſtruction. But noble Gentlemen, ſaid he, if either of you have a father, and feele what dutifull affection is ingraffed in a Sons heart, let me intreate you to convey this afflicted Prince to ſome place of reſt and ſecurity: amongſt your worthy acts it ſhall be none of the leaſt, that a King

of

of ſuch might and fame, and ſo unjuſtly oppreſſed, is in any ſort by you relieved.

But before they could make him anſwer, his father began to ſpeake. Ah my ſonne, ſaid he, how evill an hiſtorian are you, that leave out the chiefe knot of all the diſcourſe? my wickednesſe, my wickednesſe: and if thou doſt it to ſpare my eares (the only ſenſe now left me proper for knowledge) aſſure thy ſelf thou doeſt miſtake me: and I take witneſſe of that Sunne which you ſee (with that he caſt up his blinde eyes, as if he would hunt for light) and wiſh my ſelfe in worſe caſe than I do wiſh my ſelfe, which is as evill as may be, if I ſpeake untruely, that nothing is ſo welcome to my thoughts, as the publiſhing of my ſhame. Therefore know you Gentlemen (to whom from my heart I wiſh that it may not prove ſome ominous foretoken of misfortune to have met with ſuch a miſer as I am) that whatſoever my ſon (O God, that truth binds me to reproch him with the name of my ſon) hath ſaid is true. But beſides thoſe truths, this alſo is true, that having had in lawfull marriage, of a mother fit to beare royall children, this ſonne (ſuch a one as partly you ſee, and better ſhall know by my ſhort declaration) and ſo enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was grown to juſtifie their expectations (ſo as I needed envy no farther for the chiefe comfort of mortality, to leave another ones-ſelfe after me) I was carried by a baſtard ſonne of mine (if at leaſt I be bound to beleeve the words of that baſe woman my concubine, his mother) firſt to miſlike, then to hate, laſtly to deſtroy, or to doe my beſt to deſtroy this ſonne (I thinke you thinke) undeſerving deſtruction. What wayes ſhe uſed to bring me to it, if I ſhould tell you, I ſhould tediouſly trouble you with as much poyſonous hypocriſie, deſperate fraud, ſmooth malice, hidden ambition and ſmiling envy, as in any living perſon could be harboured: but I liſt it not; no remembrance of naughtineſſe delights me but mine own, and me thinks, the accuſing his traps might in ſome manner excuſe my fault, which certainly I lothe to doe. But the concluſion is, that I gave order to ſome ſervants of mine, whom I thought as apt for ſuch charities as my ſelfe, to leade him out into a forreſt, and there to kill him.

But thoſe theeves (better natured to my ſonne than my ſelfe) ſpared his life, letting him go to learne to live poorly: which he did, giving himſelfe to be a private ſouldier in a country here by: but as he was ready to be greatly advanced for ſome noble pieces of ſervice which he did, he heard newes of me: who (drunke in my affection to that unlawfull and unnaturall ſonne of mine) ſuffered my ſelfe ſo to be governed by him, that all favours and puniſhments paſſed by him, all offices and places of importance diſtributed to his favorites; ſo that ere I was aware, I had left my ſelfe nothing but the name of a king: which he ſhortly weary of too, with many indignities (if any thing may be called an indignity, which was laid upon me) threw me out of my ſeat, & put out my eyes, & then (proud of his tyranny) let me goe, neither impriſoning nor killing me; but rather delighting to make me feel my miſery; miſery indeed, if ever there were any; full of wretchednesſe, fuller of diſgrace, and fulleſt of guiltineſſe. And as he came to the crown by ſo unjuſt means; as unjuſtly he kept it, by force of ſtranger ſouldiers in *Cittadels*, the neaſts of tyranny, and murderers of liberty; diſarming all his own country men, that no man durſt ſhew himſelf a wel-willer of mine: to ſay the truth (I think) few of them being ſo (conſidering my cruell folly to my good ſonne, and fooliſh kindneſſe to my unkind baſtard,) but if there were any who felt a pity of ſo great a fall, & had yet any ſparks of unſlain duty left in them towards me; yet durſt they not ſhew it, ſcarcely with giving me almes at their doors; which yet was the onely ſuſtenance of my diſtreſſed life, no body daring to ſhew ſo much charity, as to lend me a hand to

guide my darke ſteps: till this ſonne of mine (God knowes, worthy of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father) forgetting my abhominable wrongs, not reckoning danger, and neglecting the preſent good way he was in of doing himſelfe good, came hither to do this kinde office you ſee him performe towards me, to my unſpeakable griefe; not only becauſe his kindneſſe is a glaſſe even to my blind eyes of my naughtineſſe, but that above all griefes, it grieves me he ſhould deſperately adventure the loſſe of his well-deſerving life for mine, that yet owe more to Fortune for my deſerts, as if he would carry mudde in a cheſt of Cryſtall: for well I know, he that now reigneth, how much ſoever (and with good reaſon) he deſpiſeth me, of all men deſpiſed; yet he will not let ſlip any advantage to make away him, whoſe juſt title (ennobled by courage and godneſſe) may one day ſhake the ſeat of a never ſecure tyranny. And for this cauſe I crayed of him to leade me to the top of this rock, indeed I muſt confeſſe, with meaning to free him from ſo ſerpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purpoſed, only therein ſince he was born, ſhewed himſelfe diſobedient unto me. And now Gentlemen you have the true ſtory, which I pray you publiſh to the world, that my miſchievous proceedings may be the glory of his filiall pitie, the onely reward now left for ſo great a merit. And if it may be, let me obtain that of you, which my ſonne denies me: for never was there more pitty in ſaving any, than in ending me, both becauſe therein my agony ſhall end, and ſo you ſhall preſerve this excellent young man, who elſe wilfully followes his own ruine.

The matter in it ſelfe lamentable, lamentably expreſſed by the old Prince (which needed not take to himſelfe the geſtures of pitie, ſince his face could not put off the marks thereof) greatly moved the two Princes to compaſſion, which could not ſtay in ſuch hearts as theirs without ſeeking remedy. But by and by the occaſion was preſented: for *Plexirtus* (ſo was the baſtard called) came thither with forty horſe, onely of purpoſe to murder his brother, of whoſe comming he had ſoone advertiſment, and thought no eyes of ſufficient credit in ſuch a matter, but his owne, and therefore came himſelfe to be actor, and ſpectator. And as ſoon as he came, not regarding the weake (as he thought) guard but of two men, commanded ſome of his followers to ſet their hands to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the young Prince (though not otherwiſe armed but with a ſword) how falſely ſoever he was dealt with by others, would not betray himſelfe; but bravely drawing it out, made the death of the firſt that aſſailed him, warne his fellowes to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* were quickly become parties (ſo juſt a defence deſerving as much as old friendſhip) and ſo did behave them among that company (more injurious than valiant) that many of them loſt their lives for their wicked maſter.

Yet perhaps had the number of them at laſt prevailed, if the King of *Pontus* (lately by them made ſo) had not come unlooked for to their ſuccour. Who (having had a dreame which had fixt his imagination vehemently upon ſome great danger, preſently to follow thoſe two Princes, whom he moſt dearly loved) was come in all haſte, following as well as he could their track with a hundred horſes in that country, which he thought (conſidering who then reigned) a fit place enough to make the ſtage of any Tragedy.

But then the match had beene ſo ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life, and worſe-gotten honour ſhould have tumbled together to deſtruction; had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with forty or fifty in their ſuit, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. Theſe two were brothers, of the nobleſt houſe of that country, brought up

from

from their infancy with *Plexirtus*, men of ſuch proweſſe, as not to know feare in themſelves, and yet to teach it in others that ſhould deale with them: for they had often made their lives triumph over moſt terrible dangers; never diſmayed, and ever fortunate; and truely no more ſettled in valour, than diſpoſed to goodneſſe and juſtice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could have learned to make friendſhip a childe, & not the father of vertue. But bringing up (rather than choice) having firſt knit their mindes vnto him (indeed crafty enough, either to hide his faults, or never to ſhew them, but when they might pay home) they willingly held out the courſe, rather to ſatisfie him, than all the world; and rather to be good friends, than good men; ſo as though they did not like the evill he did, yet they liked him that did the evill; and though not counſellors of the offence, yet protectors of the offendor. Now they having heard of this ſodain going out with ſo ſmall a company, in a country full of evill-wiſhing mindes toward him (though they knew not the cauſe) followed him; til they found him in ſuch caſe, as they were to venture their lives, or elſe he to loſe his: which they did with ſuch force of minde and body, that truely I may juſtly ſay, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* had never till then found any, that could make them ſo well repeat their hardeſt leſſon in the feates of arms. And briefly ſo they did, that if they overcame not, yet were they not overcome, but carried away the ungratefull maſter of theirs to a place of ſecurity, howſoever the Princes laboured to the contrary. But this matter being thus farre begun, it became not the conſtancy of the Princes ſo to leave it; but in all haſte making forces both in *Pontus* and *Phrygia*, they had in few daies left him but onely that one ſtrong place where he was. For, feare having been the only knot that had faſtned his people unto him, that once united by a greater force, they all ſcattered from him, like ſo many birds, whoſe cage had been broken.

In which ſeaſon the blind king (having in the chiefe City of his Realme ſet the crowne upon his ſonne *Leonatus* head) with many teares (both of joy & ſorrow) ſetting forth to the whole people, his own fault and his ſonnes vertue, after he had kiſt him, and forc't his ſonne to accept honour of him (as of his new-become ſubject) even in a moment died, as it ſhould ſeem, his heart broken with unkindneſſe and affliction, ſtretched ſo farre beyond his limits with this acceſſe of comfort, as it was bale no longer to keep ſafe his vitall ſpirits. But the new King (having no leſſe lovingly performed all duties to him dead, than alive) purſued on the ſiege of his unnaturall brother, as much for the revenge of his father, as the eſtabliſhing of his owne quiet. In which ſiege truely I cannot but acknowledge the proweſſe of thoſe two brothers, than whom the Princes never found in all their travell, two of greater ability to perform, nor of abler skill for conduct.

But *Plexirtus* finding that if nothing elſe, famine would at laſt bring him to deſtruction, thought better by humbleneſſe to creep, where by pride he could not march. For certainly ſo had nature formed him, and the exerciſe of craft conformed him to all turningneſſe of ſlights, that though no man had leſſe goodneſſe in his ſoule than he, no man could better find the places whence arguments might grow of goodneſſe to another; though no man felt leſſe pitty, no man could tell better how to ſtirre pitty; no man more impudent to deny, where proofes were not manifeſt; no man more ready to confeſſe with a repenting maner of aggravating his own evill, where deniall would but make the fault fouler. Now he took this way, that having gotten a paſport for one (that pretended he would put *Plexirtus* alive into his hands) to ſpeake with the King his brother, he himſelfe (though much againſt the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wiſhed to die in brave defence)

with a rope about his neck, bare-footed, came to offer himſelfe to the diſcretion of *Leonatus*. Where what ſubmiſſion he uſed, how cunningly in making greater the fault, he made the faultineſſe the leſſe, how artificially he could ſet out the torments of his own conſcience, with the burdenſome cumber he had found of his ambitious deſires, how finely, ſeeming to deſire nothing but death, as aſhamed to live, he begg'd life in the refuſing it, I am not cunning enough to be able to expreſſe: but ſo fell out of it, that though at firſt ſight *Leonatus* ſaw him with no other eye, than as the murderer of his father, and anger already began to paint revenge in many colours, ere long he had not only gotten pitty, but pardon; and if not an excuſe of the fault paſt, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poore villaines (chiefe miniſters of his wickedneſſe, now betrayed by the authour thereof) were delivered to many cruell ſorts of death; he ſo handling it, that it rather ſeemed, he had more come into the defence of an unremediable miſchiefe already committed, than that they had done it at firſt by his conſent.

In ſuch ſort the Princes left theſe reconciled brothers (*Plexirtus* in all his behaviour carrying him in far lower degree of ſervice, than the ever-noble nature of *Leonatus* would ſuffer him) & taking likewiſe their leaves of their good friend the king of *Pontus* (who returned to enjoy ſome benefit both of his wife and kingdome) they privately went thence, having onely with them the two valiant brothers, who would needs accompany them through divers places; they foure doing acts more dangerous, though leſſe famous, becauſe they were but private chivalries: till hearing of the faire and vertuous Queen *Erona* of Lycia, beſieged by the puiſſant king of Armenia, they bent themſelves to her ſuccour, both becauſe the weaker (and weaker as being a Lady) and partly becauſe they heard the king of Armenia had in his company three of the moſt famous men living, for matters of Armes, that were known to be in the world. Whereof one was the Prince *Plangus* (whoſe name was ſweetned by your breath, peerleſſe Lady, when the laſt day it pleaſed you to mention him unto me:) the other two were two great Princes (though holding of him) *Barzanes* and *Evardus*, men of Giant-like both hugeneſſe and force: in which two eſpecially, the truſt the king had of victory was repoſed. And of them, thoſe brothers *Tydeus* and *Telenor* (ſufficient Iudges in war-like matters) ſpake ſo high commendations, that the two Princes had even a youthfull longing to have ſome tryall of their vertue. And therefore as ſoone as they were entred into Lycia, they joyned themſelves with them that faithfully ſerved the poor Queen, at that time beſieged: and ere long animated in ſuch ſort their almoſt overthrown hearts, that they went by force to relieve the Town, though they were deprived of a great part of their ſtrength by the parting of the two brothers, who were ſent for in all haſte to return to their old friend and maſter *Plexirtus:* who (willingly hood-winking themſelves from ſeeing his faults, and binding themſelves to beleeve what he ſaid) often abuſed the vertue of courage to defend his foule vice of injuſtice. But now they were ſent for to advance a conqueſt he was about; while *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* purſued the delivery of the Queen *Erona*.

I have heard, ſaid *Pamela*, that part of the ſtory of *Plangus*, when he paſſed through this country: therefore you may (if you liſt) paſſe over that warre of *Erona's* quarrell, leſt if you ſpeake too much of warre matters, you ſhould wake *Mopſa*, which might happily breed a great broile. He looked, & ſaw that *Mopſa* indeed ſate ſwallowing of ſleep with open mouth, making ſuch a noyſe withall, as no body could lay the ſtealing of a nap to her charge. Whereupon, willing to uſe that occaſion, I kneeled down, & with humble-heartednes & harty earneſtneſſe printed in my gra-

ces,

ces, Alas ſaid I, divine Lady, who have wrought ſuch miracles in me, as to make a Prince (none of the baſeſt) to think all principalities baſe, in reſpect of the ſheephook which may hold him up in your ſight; vouchſafe now at laſt to hear in direct words my humble ſute, while this dragon ſleeps, that keeps the golden fruit. If in my deſire I wiſh, or in my hopes aſpire, or in my imagination fain to my ſelfe any thing which may be the leaſt ſpot to that heavenly vertue, which ſhines in all your doings; I pray the eternall powers, that the words I ſpeake may be deadly poyſons, while they are in my mouth, & that all my hopes, all my deſires, all my imaginatiõs may only work their own confuſion. But if love, love of you, love of your vertues, ſeek onely that favour of you, which becommeth that gratefulneſſe, which cannot misbecome your excellency, O doe not. He would have ſaid further; but *Pamela* calling aloud *Mopſa*, ſhe ſuddenly ſtart up, ſtaggering; and rubbing her eyes, ranne firſt out of the doore, and then backe to them before ſhe knew how ſhe went out, or why ſhe came in againe: till at length, being fully come to her little ſelfe, ſhe asked *Pamela*, why ſhe had called her. For nothing, ſaid *Pamela*, but that ye might heare ſome tales of your ſervants telling: and therefore now, ſaid ſhe, *Dorus* goe on.

But as I (who found no ſo good ſacrifice as obedience) was returning to the ſtory of my ſelfe, *Philoclea* came in, and by and by after her, *Miſo*; ſo as for that time they were faine to let *Dorus* depart. But *Pamela* (delighted even to preſerve in her memory the words of ſo well a beloved ſpeaker) repeated the whole ſubſtance to her ſiſter, till their ſober dinner being come and gone, to recreate themſelves ſomething, (even tyred with the noyſomneſſe of *Miſo's* converſatiõ) they determined to goe (while the heat of the day laſted) to bathe themſelves (ſuch being the manner of the *Arcadian* Nymphs often to doe) in the river of *Ladon*, and take with them a Lute, meaning to delight them under ſome ſhadow. But they could not ſtirre, but that *Miſo* with her daughter *Mopſa* was after them: & as it lay in their way to paſſe by the other lodge, *Zelmane* out of her window eſpied them: and ſo ſtole down after them, which ſhe might the better doe, becauſe that *Gynecia* was ſicke, and *Baſilius* (that day being his birth-day) according to his manner, was buſie about his devotions; and therefore ſhe went after, hoping to finde ſome time to ſpeake with *Philoclea*: but not a word could ſhe beginne, but that *Miſo* would be one of the audience: ſo that ſhe was driven to recommend thinking, ſpeaking, and all, to her eies, who diligently performed her truſt, till they came to the rivers ſide, which of all the rivers of *Greece* had the price for excellent pureneſſe and ſweetneſſe, inſomuch as the very bathing in it was accounted exceeding healthfull. It ranne upon ſo fine and delicate a ground, as one could not eaſily judge, whether the River did more waſh the gravell, or the gravell did purifie the River, the River not running forth right, but almoſt continually winding, as if the lower ſtreames would returne to their ſpring, or that the river had a delight to play with it ſelfe. The bankes of either ſide ſeeming armes of the loving earth, that faine would embrace it; and the River a wanton Nymph which ſtill would ſlip from it: either ſide of the banke being fringed with moſt beautifull trees, which reſiſted the Sunnes darts from over-much piercing the naturall coldneſſe of the River. There was the [illegible] But amongſt the reſt a goodly *Cypres*, who bowing her faire head over the water, it ſeemed ſhe looked into it, & dreſſed her green locks by that running river. There the Princeſſes determining to bathe themſelves, though it was ſo priviledged a place upon pain of death, as no body durſt preſume to come thither; yet for the more ſuretv, they looked round about, and could ſee nothing but a water ſpaniell, who came down the River ſhewing

ing that he hunted for a ducke,& with a ſnuffling grace, diſdaining that his ſmelling force could not as well prevaile thorow the water,as thorow the ayre;& therefore waiting with his eye,to ſee whether he could eſpy the ducks getting up again: but then a little below them, failing of his purpoſe, he got out of the river, and ſhaking off the water (as great men doe their friends) now he had no further cauſe to uſe it, inweeded himſelfe ſo,as the Ladies loſt the further marking his ſportfulneſſe: and inviting *Zelmane* alſo to waſh her ſelfe with them, and ſhe excuſing her ſelfe with having taken a late cold,they began by piece-meale to take away the eclipſing of their apparell.

Zelmane would have put to her helping hand, but ſhe was taken with ſuch a quivering,that ſhe thought it more wiſedome to leane her ſelfe to a tree, and looke on, while *Miſo* and *Mopſa* (like a couple of foreſwat melters) were getting the pure ſilver of their bodies out of the ure of their garments. But as the rayments went off to receive kiſſes of the ground, *Zelmane* envied the happineſſe of all, but of the ſmock was even jealous:and when that was taken away too, and that *Philoclea* remained (for her *Zelmane* only marked)like a Diamond taken from out of the rock,or tather like the Sunne getting from under a cloud,and ſhewing his naked beames to the full view,then was the beauty too much for a patient ſight, the delight too ſtrong for a ſtaied conceit: ſo that *Zelmane* could not chuſe but runne to touch, embrace and kiſſe her: But conſcience made her come to her ſelfe, and leave *Philoclea*,who bluſhing,and withall ſmiling,making ſhamefaſtneſſe pleaſant, & pleaſure ſhamefaſt, tenderly moved her feet, unwonted to feele the naked ground, till the touch of the cold water made a pretty kinde of ſhrugging come over her body, like the twinkling of the faireſt among the fixed ſtarres. But the river it ſelfe gave way unto her, ſo that ſhe was ſtraight breaſt high; which was the deepeſt that there-about ſhe could be:and when cold *Ladon* had once fully imbraced them,himſelf was no more ſo cold to thoſe Ladies,but as if his cold complexion had been heated with love,ſo ſeem'd he to play about every part he could touch.

Ah ſweet,now ſweeteſt *Ladon*,(ſaid *Zelmane*) why doſt thou not ſtay thy courſe to have more full taſt of thy happines? But the reaſon is manifeſt,the upper ſtreams make ſuch haſte to have their part of imbracing, that the neather (though lothly) muſt needs give place unto them. O happy *Ladon*, within whom ſhe is, upon whom her beauty fals,through whom her eye pierceth. O happy *Ladon*,which art now an unperfect mirrour of all perfection,canſt thou ever forget the bleſſednes of this impreſſion? if thou do,then let thy bed be turned from fine gravell to weeds and mud; if thou do,let ſome unjuſt niggards make weres to ſpoyle thy beauty; if thou do,let ſome greater river fall into thee,to take away the name of *Ladon*. O *Ladon*, happy *Ladon*,rather ſlide than run by her, leſt thou ſhouldeſt make her legs ſlip from her; & then, O happy *Ladon*,who would then call thee, but the moſt curſed *Ladon*? But as the Ladies plaid then in the water, ſomtimes ſtriking it with their hands, the water (making lines in his face) ſeemed to ſmile at ſuch beating, and with twenty bubbles not to be content to have the picture of their face in large upon him, but he would in each of thoſe bubbles ſet forth the miniature of them.

But *Zelmane*,whoſe ſight was gain-ſaid by nothing but the tranſparent vaile of *Ladon* (like a chamber where a great fire is kept, though the fire be at one ſtay, yet with the continuance continually hath his heat encreaſed) had the coales of her affection ſo kindled with wonder, and blown with delight, that now all her parts grudged, and her eyes ſhould doe more homage than they, to the Princeſſe of them. Inſomuch that taking up the Lute. her wit began to be with a divine fury inſpired;

inſpired; her voice would in ſo beloved an occaſion ſecond her wit; her hands accorded the Lutes muſicke to the voice; her panting heart danced to the muſicke; while I thinke her feet did beat the time; while her body was the room where it ſhould be celebrated; her ſoule the Queen which ſhould be delighted. And ſo together went the utterance and invention, that one might judge, it was *Philoclea's* beauty which did ſpeedily write it in her eyes; or the ſenſe thereof, which did word by word indite it in her minde, whereto ſhe (but as an organ) did only lend utterance. The ſong was to this purpoſe:

VVHat tongue can her perfection tell,
In whoſe each part all pens may dwell:
Her haire fine threads of fineſt gold,
In curled knots mans thought to hold:
But that her forehead ſayes, in me
A whiter beauty you may ſee;
Whiter indeed, more white than ſnow,
VVhich on cold winters face doth grow:
That doth preſent thoſe even browes,
VVhoſe equall line their angles bowes
Like to the Moone when after change
Her horned head abroad doth range:
And arches be two heavenly lids,
VVhoſe winke each bold attempt forbids.
For the blacke ſtarres thoſe ſpheares containe,
The matchleſſe paire, even praiſe doth ſtaine.
No lampe whoſe light by Art is got,
No ſunne which ſhines and ſeeth not,
Can liken them without all peere,
Save one as much as other cleere:
VVhich onely thus unhappy be,
Becauſe themſelves they cannot ſee.
Her cheekes with kindly claret ſpread,
Aurora-*like new out of bed;*
Or like the freſh Queene-apples *ſide,*
Bluſhing at ſight of Phœbus *pride.*
Her noſe, her chinne pure ivory weares:
No purer than the pretty eares.
So that therein appeares ſome bloud,
Like wine and milke that mingled ſtood.
In whoſe Incirclets if ye gaze,
Your eyes may tread a Lovers maze.
But with ſuch turnes the voyce to ſtray,
No talke untaught can finde the way.
The tippe no jewell needs to weare:
The tippe is jewell of the eare.
But who thoſe ruddy lippes can miſſe,
VVhich bleſſed ſtill themſelves doe kiſſe:
Rubies, Cherries, and Roſes new,
In worth, in taſte, in perfect hew:

VVhich

Which neuer part, but ehat they stew
Of precious pearles the double row,
Are fenced sweetly-fented hard,
Her louely deiected tongue to guard,
Whence neuer stond in vaine did flow,
Faire vnder these doth softely grow,
The handle of this precious worke,
The necke, in which strange graces lurke.
Such be I thinke the sumptuous towers
Which skill doth make in Princes bowers.
So good a say invites the eye,
A little downeward to espie,
The lively clusters of her brests,
Of Venus *babe the wanton nests:*
Like pomels round of marble cleere:
Where azurd veines well mixt appeare,
With deerest tops of porphyrie.
Betwixt these two a way doth lye,
A way more worthy beauties fame,
Than that which beares the Milkie *name.*
This leades into the joyous field,
Which onely still doth Lillies yeeld:
But Lillies such whose native smell
The Indians odours doth excell.
Waste it is call'd, for it doth waste
Mens lives, untill it be imbrac't.
There may one see, and yet not see
Her ribbes in white all armed be,
More white than Neptunes *fomie face,*
When struggling rockes he would imbrace.
In those delights the wandring thought
Might of each side astray be brought,
But that her navell doth unite,
In curious circle, busie sight,
A dainty seale of virgin wax,
Where nothing but impression lackes.
Her belly their glad sight doth fill,
Iustly intit'led Cupids *hill:*
A hill most fit for such a master,
A spotlesse mine of Alablaster.
Like Alablaster faire and sleeke,
But soft and supple, satten-like,
In that sweet seat the boy doth sport.
Loath, I must leave his chiefe resort,
For such an use the world hath gotten,
The best things still must be forgotten.
Yet never shall my song leave
Her thighes, for Ovids *song more fit,*
Which flanked with two sugred flanker,

Lift up her ſtately ſwelling bankes;
That Albion *cliffes in whiteneſſe paſſe.*
VVith hanches ſmooth as looking-glaſſe.
But bow all knees, now of her knees
My tongue doth tell what fancy ſees.
The knots of joy, the gemmes of love,
VVhoſe motion makes all graces move.
VVhoſe bought incav'd doth yeeld ſuch ſight,
Like cunning Painter ſhadowing white.
The gartring place with child-like ſigne,
Shewes eaſie print in matt all fine.
But then againe the fleſh doth riſe
In her brave calves, like cryſtall skies.
VVhoſe Atlas *is a ſmalleſt ſmall,*
More white than whiteſt bone of all.
Thereout ſteales out that round cleave foot
This noble Cedars precious root:
In ſhew and ſent pale violets,
VVhoſe ſtep on earth all beauty ſets.
But backe unto her Backe, my Muſe,
VVhere Ledas *ſwanne his feathers mewes,*
Along whoſe ridge ſuch bones are met,
Like comfits round in marchpave ſet.
Her ſhoulders be like two white Doves,
Pearching within ſquare royall rooves,
VVhich leaded are with ſilver skinne,
Paſſing the hate-ſpot Emerlin.
And thence thoſe armes derived are;
The Phœnix *wings are not ſo rare*
For faultleſſe length, and ſtaineleſſe hue.
Ah woe is me, my woes renue.
Now courſe doth leade me to her hand,
Of my firſt love the fatall band.
VVhere whiteneſſe doth for ever ſit:
Nature her ſelfe enameld it.
For there with ſtrange compact doth lye
VVarme ſnow, moiſt pearle, ſoft ivory.
There fall thoſe Saphir coloured brookes,
VVhich conduit-like with curious crookes,
Sweet Ilands make in that ſweet land.
As for the fingers of the hand,
The bloudy ſhafts of Cupids *warre,*
VVith amatiſts they headed are.
Thus hath each part his beauties part:
But how the Graces doe impart,
To all her limmes a ſpeciall grace,
Becomming every time and place.
VVhich doth even beauty beautifie,
And moſt bewitch the wretched eye.

Now

How all this is but a faire Inne
Of fairer guests, which dwell therein,
Of whose high praise, and praisefull blisse,
Goodnesse the penne, and heav'n paper is:
The inke immortall fame doth lend:
As I began, so must I end.
No tongue can her perfection tell,
In whose each part all tongues may dwell.

But as *Zelmane* was comming to the latter end of her song, she might see the same water-spaniell which before had hunted, come & fetch away one of *Philoclea's* gloves; whose fine proportion, shewed well what a dainty guest was wont there to be lodged. It was a delight to *Zelmane*, to see that the dog was therewith delighted, and so let him goe a little way withall, who quickly carried it out of sight among certaine trees and bushes, which were very close together. But by and by he came againe, and amongst the rayments (*Miso* and *Mopsa* being preparing sheets against their comming out) the dog lighted upon a little booke of four or five leaves of paper, and was bearing that away too. But when *Zelmane* (not knowing what importance it might be of) ran after the dog, who going straight to those bushes, she might see the dog deliver it to a Gentleman, who secretly lay there. But she hastily comming in, the Gentleman rose up, & with a courteous (though sad) countenance presented himselfe unto her. *Zelmanes* eyes straight willed her mind to marke him: for she thought in her selfe, she had never seene a man of a more goodly presence, in whom strong making took not away delicacie, nor beauty fiercenesse: being indeed such a right manlike man, as Nature often erring, yet shewes she would faine make. But when she had a while (not without admiration) viewed him, she desired him to deliver backe the glove and paper, because they were the Lady *Philoclea's*; telling him withall, that she would not willingly let them know of his close lying in that prohibited place, while they were bathing themselves, because she knew they would be mortally offended withall. Faire Lady answered he, the worst of the complaint is already passed, since I feele of my fault in my selfe the punishment. But for these things, I assure you, it was my dogs wanton boldnes, not my presumption. With that he gave her backe the paper: But for the glove, said he, since it is my Lady *Philoclea's*, give me leave to keep it, sith my heart cannot perswade it selfe to part from it. And I pray you tell the Lady (Lady indeed of all my desires) that owes it, that I will direct my life to honour this glove with serving her. O villaine (cryed out *Zelmane*, madded with finding an unlooked-for Rivall, & that he would make her a messenger) dispatch, said she, and deliver it, or by the life of her that owes it, I wil make thy soul (though too base a price) pay for it: And with that drew out her sword, which (*Amazon* like) she ever ware about her. The Gentleman retired himselfe into an open place from among the bushes, and then drawing out his too, he offered to deliver it unto her, saying withall, God forbid I should use my sword against you, sith (if I be not deceived) you are the same famous *Amazon*, that both defended my Ladies just title of beauty against the valiant *Phalantus*, and saved her life in killing the Lyon: therefore I am rather to kisse your hands, with acknowledging my selfe bound to obey you. But this courtesie was worse than a bastinado to *Zelmane:* so that againe with ragefull eyes she bad him defend himselfe, for no lesse than his life should answer it. A hard case (said he) to teach my sword that lesson, which hath ever used to turne it selfe to a shield in a Ladies presence. But *Zelmane* harkening

harkening to no more words, began with ſuch wittie fury to purſue him with blowes and thruſts, that Nature and Vertue commanded the Gentleman to looke to his ſafety. Yet ſtill courteſie, that ſeemed incorporate in his heart, would not be perſwaded by danger to offer any offence, but onely to ſtand upon the beſt defenſive guard he could; ſometimes going backe, being content in that reſpect to take on the figure of cowardiſe; ſometimes with ſtrong and well-met wards; ſomtimes cunning avoydings of his body; & ſomtimes faining ſome blows, which himſelf pull'd backe before they needed to be withſtood. And ſo with play did he a good while fight againſt the fight of *Zelmane*, who (more ſpited with that curteſie, that one that did nothing ſhould be able to reſiſt her) burned away with choller any motions, which might grow out of her own ſweet diſpoſition, determining to kill him if he fought no better; & ſo redoubling her blowes, drave the ſtranger to no other ſhift than to ward and goe backe; at that time ſeeming the image of innocency againſt violence. But at length he found, that both in publike & private reſpects, who ſtands onely upon defence, ſtands upon no defence: for *Zelmane* ſeeming to ſtrike at his head, & he going to ward it, withall ſtept backe as he was accuſtomed: ſhe ſtopt her blow in the ayre, and ſodainly turning the point ran full at his breaſt; ſo as he was driven with the pommell of his ſword (having no other weapon of defence) to beat it down: but the thruſt was ſo ſtrong, that he could not ſo wholly beat it away, but that it met with his thigh, thorow which it ran. But *Zelmane* retiring her ſword, & ſeeing his bloud, victorious anger was conquered by the before-conquered pitie, and heartily ſory, & even aſhamed with her ſelf ſhe was, conſidering how little he had done, who well ſhe found could have done more. Inſomuch that ſhe ſaid, Truely I am ſorry for your hurt, but your ſelfe gave the cauſe, both in refuſing to deliver the glove, and yet not fighting as I know you could have done. But (ſaid ſhe) becauſe I perceive you diſdaine to fight with a woman, it may be before a yeare come about, you ſhall meet with a neere kinſman of mine, *Pyrocles* Prince of Macedon, and I give you my word, he for me ſhall maintaine this quarrell againſt you. I would (anſwered *Amphialus*) I had many more ſuch hurts to meet and know that worthy Prince, whoſe vertue I love and admire, though my good deſtiny hath not been to ſee his perſon.

But as they were ſo ſpeaking, the young Ladies came, to whom *Mopſa* (curious in any thing, but her own good behaviour) having followed and ſeene *Zelmane* fighting, had cried, what ſhe had ſeene, while they were drying themſelves; and the water (with ſome drops) ſeemed to weep, that it ſhould part from ſuch bodies. But they carefull of *Zelmane* (aſſuring themſelves that any Arcadian would beare reverence to them) *Pamela* with a noble minde, and *Philoclea* with a loving (haſtily hiding the beauties, whereof Nature was proud, and they aſhamed) they made quicke worke to come to ſave *Zelmane*. But already they found them in talke, and *Zelmane* carefull of his wound. But when they ſaw him, they knew it was their coſin germane, the famous *Amphialus*; whom yet with a ſweet-graced bitterneſſe they blamed for breaking their fathers commandement, eſpecially while themſelves were in ſuch ſort retired. But he craved pardon, proteſting unto them that he had onely been to ſeek ſolitary places, by an extreme melancholy that had a good while poſſeſt him, & guided to that place, by his ſpaniell, where while the dog hunted in the river, he had withdrawne himſelfe to pacifie with ſleep his overwatched eyes: till a dreame waked him, and made him ſee that whereof he had dreamed, and withall not obſcurely ſignified, that he felt the ſmart of his owne doings. But *Philoclea* (that was even jealous of her ſelfe for *Zelmane*) vvould needs have her glove,

glove, and not without so mighty a lowre as that face could yeeld. As for *Zelmane*; when she knew it was *Amphialus*; Lord *Amphialus* (said she) I have long desired to know you, heretofore I must confesse with more good will, but stil with honouring your vertue, though I love not your person: and at this time I pray you let us take care of your wound, upon condition you shall hereafter promise, that a more knightly combat shalbe performed between us. *Amphialus* answered in honorable sort, but with such excusing himselfe, that more and more accused his love to *Philoclea*, and provoked more hate in *Zelmane*. But *Mopsa* had already called certain shepheards not far off (who knew & well observed their limits) to come & help to carry away *Amphialus*, whose wound suffered him not without danger to straine it: and so he leaving himselfe with them, departed from them, faster bleeding in his heart, than at his wound: which (bound up by the sheets, wherewith *Philoclea* had been wrapped) made him thank the wound, and blesse the sword for that favour.

He being gone, the Ladies (with merry anger talking, in what naked simplicity their cousin had seen them) returned to the Lodge-ward: yet thinking it too early (as long as they had any day) to breake off so pleasing a company, with going to perform a cumbersome obedience, *Zelmane* invited them to the little arbour, only reserved for her, which they willingly did: and there sitting, *Pamela* having a while made the Lute in his language shew how glad it was to be touched by her fingers; *Zelmane* delivered up the paper, which *Amphialus* had at first yeelded unto her: and seeing written upon the back side of it, the complaint of *Plangus*, remembring what *Dorus* had told her, and desiting to know how much *Philoclea* knew of her estate, she tooke occasion in presenting of it, to aske whether it were any secret or no. No truely (answered *Philoclea*) it is but even an exercise of my fathers writing, upon this occasion: He was one day (somewhile before your comming hither) walking abroad, having us two with him, almost a mile hence; & crossing a high-way, which comes from the City of *Magalopolis*, he saw this Gentleman, whose name is there written, one of the properest and best graced men that ever I saw, being of middle age and of a meane stature. He lay as then under a Tree, while his servants were getting fresh post-horses for him. It might seem he was tyred with the extreme travaile he had taken: and yet not so tyred, that he forced to take any rest; so hasty he was upon his journey: and withall so sorrowfull, that the very face therof was painted in his face; which with pittifull motions, even groanes, teares, and passionate talking to himselfe, moved my Father to fall in talk with him: who at first not knowing him, answered him in such a desperate phrase of griefe, that my Father afterward took a delight to set it down in such form as you see: which if you reade, what you doubt of, my sister and I are able to declare unto you. *Zelmane* willingly opened the leaves, and read it being written Dialogue-wise in this manner.

Plangus. Basilius.

Plangus. *Alas how this pilgrimage doth last?*
Ah! What greater ills have now the heavens in store,
To couple comming harmes with sorrowes past?
Long since my voyce is hoarse, and throat is sore,
With cries to skies, and curses to the ground,
But more I plaine, I feele my woes the more.
Ah where was first that cruell cunning found,
To frame of earth a vessell of the minde,
Where it should be to selfe-destruction bound:

what

What needed so high spirits, such mansions blinde?
Or wrapt in flesh what doe they here obtaine,
But glorious name of wretched humane kinde?
Balles to the starres, and thralles to Fortunes ire,
Turn'd from themselves, infected with their cage,
Where death is fear'd, and life is held with paine,
Like Players plac't to fill a filthy stage,
Where change of thoughts one foote in other shames,
And all but jests, save onely sad exclaimes.
The child feeles that, the man laments ensuing,
Which cries first borne, the presage of his life,
Where wit but serves, to have true taste of woes.
A Shop of shame, a Booke where blots be rife,
This body is: this body so compos'd,
As in it selfe to nourish mortall strife:
So divers be the Elements dispos'd
In this weake worke, that it can never be
Made uniforme to any state repos'd.
Griefe onely makes his wretched state to see
(Even like a top which nought but whipping moves)
This man, this talking beast, this walking tree,
Griefe is the stone which finest judgements proves:
For who grieves not hath but a blackish braine,
Since cause of griefe no cause from life removes.

Basilius. *How long wilt thou with mournefull musicke staine*
The cheerefull notes these pleasant places yeelds,
Where all good haps a perfect state maintaine?

Plangus. *Curst be good haps, and curst be they that build*
Their hopes on haps, and doe not make despaire
For all these certaine blowes the surest shield.
Shall I that saw Erona's *shining haire*
Torne with her hands, and those same hands of snow
With losse of purest bloud themselves to teare?
Shall I that saw those breasts, where beauties flow,
Swelling with sighes, made pale with mindes disease,
And saw those eyes (those Sunnes) such showers to show?
Shall I whose eares her mournefull words did seaze,
Her words in Syrup laid of sweetest breath,
Relent those thoughts which then did so displease:
No, no: Despaire my daily lesson saith,
And saith, although I seeke my life to flie,
Plangus *must live to see* Erona's *death.*
Plangus *must live some helpe for her to try*
(Though in despaire) for love so forceth me.
Plangus *doth live, and shall* Erona *die?*
Erona *die? O heaven (if heaven there be)*
Hath all thy whirling course so small effect?

Serve all thy starry eyes this shame to see?
Let dolts in haste some altars faire erect
To those high powers, which idly sit above,
And vertue doe in greatest need neglect.

Basilius. O man, take heed, how thou the Gods doe move
To cause-full wrath, which thou canst not resist.
Blasphemous words the speaker vaine doe prove.
Alas while we are wrapt in foggy mist
Of our selfe-love (so passions doe deceive)
We thinke they hurt, when most they doe assist.
To harme us wormes should that high Iustice leave
His nature? nay himselfe? for so it is.
What glory from our losse can he receive?
But still our dazled eyes their way doe misse,
While that we doe at his sweet scourge repine,
The kindly way to beat us on to blisse.
If she must die, then hath she past the line
Of loathsome dayes, whose losse how canst thou mone,
That dost so well their miseries define?
But such we are with inward tempest blowne
Of windes quite contrary in waves of will:
We mone that lost, which had we did bemone.

Plangus. And shall she die? shall cruell fire spill
Those beames that set so many hearts on fire?
Hath she not force even death with love to kill?
Nay even cold death enflam'd with hot desire
Her to enjoy where joy it selfe is thrall,
Will spoyle the earth of his most rich attire.
Thus death becomes a rivall to us all,
And hopes with foule embracements her to get,
In whose decay Vertues faire shrine must fall.
O vertue weake, shall death his triumph set
Vpon the spoyles, which never should lye waste?
Let Death first die, be thou his worthy let.
By what eclipse shall that Sunne be defac't?
What mine hath erst throwne downe so faire a tower?
What sacriledge hath such a Saint disgrac't?
The world the garden is, she is the flower
That sweetens all the place, she is the guest
Of rarest price, both heaven and earth her bower.
And shall (O me) all this in ashes rest?
Alas, if you a Phœnix new will have
Burnt by the Sunne, she first must build her nest.
But well you know, the gentle Sunne would save
Such beames so like his owne, which might have might
In him the thoughts of Phaetons damme to grave,
Therefore, alas, you use vile Vulcans spight,

Which

Which nothing ſpares, to melt that virgin-waxe,
Which while it is, it is all Aſia's *light.*
O Mars *for what doth ſerve thy armed axe?*
To let that wit-old beaſt conſume in flames,
Thy Venus *child, whoſe beautie* Venus *lackes:*
O Venus *(if her praiſe no envy frames*
In thy high minde) get her thy husbands grace.
Sweet ſpeaking oft a cutriſh heart reclaimes.
O eyes of mine, where once ſhe ſaw her face,
Her face which was more lively in my heart,
O braine, where thought of her hath onely lace,
O hand, which touch't her hand when we did part,
O lips, that kiſt that hand with my teares ſprent,
O tongue, then dumbe, not daring tell my ſmart,
O ſoule whoſe love in her is onely ſpent,
What ere you ſee, thinke, touch, kiſſe, ſpeake, or love,
Let all for her, and unto her be bent.

Baſilius. *Thy wailing words doe much my ſpirits move,*
They uttered are in ſuch a feeling faſhion,
That ſorrowes worke againſt my will I prove.
Me thinkes I am partaker of thy paſſion,
And in thy caſe doe glaſſe mine owne debilitie
Selfe-guiltie folke moſt prone to feele compaſſion.
Yet reaſon ſaith, Reaſon ſhould have ability
To hold theſe worldly things in ſuch proportion,
As let them come or goe with even facilitie.
But our deſires tyrannicall extortion
Doth force us there to ſet our cheefe delightfulneſſe,
Where but a bayting place is all our portion.
But ſtill, although we faile of perfect rightfulneſſe,
Seeke we to tame theſe childiſh ſuperfluities:
Let us not winke though void of pureſt ſightfulneſſe,
For what can breed more peeviſh incongruities,
Than vow to yeeld to female lamentations?
Let us ſome Grammar learne of more congruities.

Plangus. *If through mine eares pierce any conſolation*
By wiſe diſcourſe, ſweet tunes, or Poets fiction,
If ought I ceaſe theſe hideous exclamations,
While that my ſoule, ſhe, ſhe lives in affliction,
Then let my life long time on earth maintained be,
To wretched me, the laſt worſt malediction.
Can I, that knew her ſacred parts, reſtrayned be
From any joy: knew fortunes vile diſplacing her,
In morall rules let raging woes containned be?
Can I forget, when they in priſon placing her,
With ſwelling heart in ſuite and due diſdainefulneſſe
She lay for dead, till I helpt with unlacing her?

Can I forget from how much mourning painefulneſſe
With Diamond in window glaſſe ſhe graved,
Erona *die, and end this ougly painefulneſſe?*
Can I forget in how ſtrange phraſe ſhe craved
That quickly they would her burne, drowne, or ſmother,
As if by death ſhe onely might be ſaved?
Then let me eke forget one hand from other:
Let me forget that Plangus *I am called:*
Let me forget I am ſonne to my mother:
But if my memory muſt thus be thralled
To that ſtrange ſtroke which conquer'd all my ſenſes,
Can thoughts ſtill thinking, ſo reſt unappalled?

Baſilius. *Who ſtill doth ſeeke againſt himſelfe offences,*
What pardon can availe? or who employes him
To hurt himſelfe, what ſhields can be defences?
Woe to poore man: each outward thing annoyes him
In divers kinds, yet as he were not filled,
He heapes in outward griefe, that moſt deſtroyes him.
Thus is our thought with paine for thiſtles tilled:
Thus be our nobleſt parts dry'd up with ſorrow:
Thus is our minde with too much minding ſpilled.
One day layes up ſtuffe of griefe for the morrow:
And whoſe good haps doe leave him unprovided,
Condoling cauſe of friendſhip he will borrow,
Betwixt the good and ſhade of good divided,
We pitty deeme that which but weakeneſſe is:
So are we from our high creation ſlided.
But Plangus, *leſt I may your ſickneſſe miſſe,*
Or rubbing, hurt the ſore, I here doe end.
The aſſe did hurt when he did thinke to kiſſe.

When *Zelmane* had read it over, marvelling very much of the ſpeech of *Erona's* death, and therefore deſirous to know further of it, but more deſirous to heare *Philoclea* ſpeake. Moſt excellent Lady (ſaid ſhe) one may be little the wiſer for reading this Dialogue, ſince it neither ſets forth what this *Plangus* is, nor what *Erona* is, nor what the cauſe ſhould be which threatens her with death, and him with ſorrow: therefore I would humbly crave to underſtand the particular diſcourſe thereof: becauſe (I muſt confeſſe) ſomething in my travaile I have heard of this ſtrange matter, which I would be glad to finde by ſo ſweet an authority confirmed. The truth is (anſwered *Philoclea*) that after he knew my father to be Prince of this country, while he hoped to prevaile ſomething with him in a great requeſt he made unto him, he was content to open fully the eſtate both of himſelfe, and of that Lady, which with my ſiſters helpe (ſaid ſhe) who remembers it better than I, I will declare unto you: and firſt of *Erona* (being the chiefe ſubject of this diſcourſe) this ſtory (with more teares and exclamations than I liſt to ſpend about it) he recounted.

Of late there raigned a king in *Lydia*, who had for the bleſſing of his marriage, this onely daughter of his, *Erona*; a Princeſſe worthy for her beauty, as much praiſe,

as

as beauty may be praise-worthy. This Princesse *Erona* being nineteen yeers of age: seeing the country of *Lydia* so much devoted to *Cupid*, as that in every place his naked pictures and images were superstitiously adored (either moved thereunto by the esteeming that it could be no Godhead, which could breed wickednesse, or the shamefast consideration of such nakednesse) procured so much of her father, as utterly to pull downe, and deface all those statues and pictures. Which how terribly he punished (for to that the *Lydians* impute it) quickly after appeared.

For she had not lived a yeere longer, when she was stricken with most obstinate love, to a young man but of meane parentage, in her fathers court, named *Antiphilus*: so meane, as that he was but the sonne of her Nurse, & by that meanes (without other desert) became knowne of her. Now so evill could she conceale her fire, and so wilfully persevered she in it, that her father offering her the marriage of the great *Teridates* king of Armenia (who desired her more than the joyes of heaven) she for *Antiphilus* sake refused it. Many wayes her father sought to withdraw her from it; sometimes perswasions, sometimes threatnings; once hiding *Antiphilus*, and giving her to understand that he was fled the countrey: lastly making a solemne execution to be done of another, under the name of *Antiphilus*, whom he kept in prison. But neither she liked perswasions, nor feared threatnings, nor changed for absence; and when she thought him dead, she sought all meanes (as well by poyson as knife) to send her soule, at least, to be married in the eternall Church with him. This so brake the tender fathers heart, that (leaving things as he found them) he shortly after died. Then forthwith *Erona* (being seized of the crowne, and arming her will with authority) sought to advance her affection to the holy title of Matrimony.

But before she could accomplish all the solemnities, she was overtaken with a war the king *Tiridates* made upon her, only for her person, towards whom (for her ruine) Love had kindled his cruell heart: indeed cruell and tyrannous, for (being far too strong in the field) he spared no man, woman, and child, but (as though there could be found no foile to set forth the extremity of his love, but extremity of hatred) wrote, as it were, the Sonets of his Love, in the bloud, and tuned them in the cries of her subjects; although his faire sister *Artaxia* (who would accompany him in the army) sought all meanes to appease his fury: till lastly, he besieged *Erona* in her best city, vowing to win her, or lose his life. And now had he brought her to the point either of a wofull consent, or a ruinous deniall, when there came thither (following the course which Vertue & Fortune led them) two excellent yong Princes, *Pyrocles* & *Musidorus*, the one Prince of *Macedon*, the other of *Thessalia*: two Princes, as *Plangus* said (and he witnessed his saying with sighes and teares) the most accomplished both in body and mind, that the Sun ever look'd upon. While *Philoclea* spake those words; O sweet words (thought *Zelmane* to her selfe) which are not onely a praise to me, but a praise to praise it selfe, which out of that mouth issueth.

These two Princes (said *Philoclea*) as well to helpe the weaker (especially being a Lady) as to save a Greek people from being ruined by such, whom we call & count barbarous, gathering together such of the honestest Lycians, as would venture their lives to succour their Princesse: giving order by a secret message, they sent into the City, that they should issue with all force at an appointed time; they set upon *Tiridates* campe with so well guided a fiercenesse, that being of both sides assaulted, he was like to be overthrowne: but that this *Plangus* (being Generall of *Tiridates* horsmen) especially aided by the two mighty men *Evardes* and *Barzanes*, rescued the footmen, even almost defeated: but yet could not barre the Princes (with their succours both of men and victuall) to enter the City.

Which when *Tiridates* found would make the war long, (which length ſeemed to him worſe than a languiſhing conſumption) he made a challenge of three Princes in his retinue, againſt thoſe two Princes and *Antiphilus*: and that thereupon the quarrell ſhould be decided, with compact, that neither ſide ſhould helpe his fellow: but of whoſe ſide the more overcame, with him the victory ſhould remaine. *Antiphilus* (though *Erona* choſe rather to bide the brunt of warre, than venture him, yet) could not for ſhame refuſe the offer, eſpecially ſince the two ſtrangers, that had no intereſt in it, did willingly accept it: beſides that, he ſaw it like enough, that the people (weary of the miſeries of war) would rather give him up, if they ſaw him ſhrink, than for his ſake venture their ruine: conſidering that the challengers were of farre greater worthineſſe than himſelfe. So it was agreed upon; and againſt *Pyrocles* was *Euardes* king of Bythinia; *Barzanes* of Hircania againſt *Muſidorus*; two men, that thought the world ſcarce able to reſiſt them: and againſt *Antiphilus* he placed that fame *Plangus*, being his owne couſin germane, and ſonne to the king of *Iberia*. Now ſo it fell out, that *Muſidorus* ſlew *Barzanes*, & *Pyrocles Euardes*; which victory thoſe Princes eſteemed above all that ever they had: but of the other ſide *Plangus* tooke *Antiphilus* priſoner: under which colour (as if the matter had beene equall, though indeed it was not, the greater part being overcome of his ſide) *Tiridates* continued his warre: and to bring *Erona* to a compelled yeelding, ſent her word that he would the third morrow after, before the walles of the Towne, ſtrike off *Antiphilus* head, without his ſuit in that ſpace were granted; adding withall (becauſe he had heard of her deſperate affection) that if in the meane time ſhe did her ſelfe any hurt, what tortures could be deviſed ſhould be laid upon *Antiphilus*.

Then lo if *Cupid* be a god, or that the tyrannie of our owne thoughts ſeeme as a god unto us: but whatſoever it was, then it did ſet forth the miſerableneſſe of his effects: ſhe being drawne to two contraries by one cauſe (for the love of him commanded her to yeeld to no other: the love of him commanded her to preſerve his life: (which knot might well be cut) but united it could not be. So that love in her paſſions (like a right make-bate) whiſpered to both ſides arguments of quarrell. What, ſaid he (of the one ſide) doeſt thou love *Antiphilus*, O *Erona*? and ſhall *Tiridates* enjoy thy body? With what eyes wilt thou looke upon *Antiphilus*, when hee ſhall know that another poſſeſſeth thee? But if thou wilt doe it, canſt thou doe it? canſt thou force thy heart? Thinke with thy ſelfe, if this man have thee, thou ſhalt never have more part of *Antiphilus* than if he were dead. But thus much more, that the affection ſhall be ſtill gnawing, and the remorſe ſtill preſent. Death perhaps will coole the rage of thy affection: where thus, thou ſhalt ever love, and ever lacke. Think this beſide, if thou marry *Tiridates*, *Antiphilus* is ſo excellent a man, that long he cannot be from being in ſome high place maryed; canſt thou ſuffer that too? If another kill him, He doth him the wrong: If thou abuſe thy body, Thou doeſt him the wrong. His death is a worke of nature, & either now, or at another time he ſhall die. But it ſhall be thy work, thy ſhamefull worke, which is in thy power to ſhun, to make him live to ſee thy faith falſified, and his bed defiled. But when love had well kindled that party of her thoughts, then went he to the other ſide. What (ſaid he) O *Erona*, and is thy love of *Antiphilus* come to that point, as thou doſt now make it a queſtion, whether he ſhall die, or no? O excellent affection, which for too much love, will ſee his head off. Marke well the reaſons of the other ſide, & thou ſhalt ſee, it is but love of thy ſelfe which ſo diſputeth. Thou canſt not abide *Tiridates*: this is but love of thy ſelfe: thou ſhalt be aſhamed to looke upon him afterwards; this is but feare of ſhame, and love of thy ſelfe: thou ſhalt want him as much then; this is

but

but love of thy ſelfe: he ſhalbe marryed, if he be well, why ſhould that grieve thee, but for love of thy ſelfe? No, no, pronounce theſe words if thou canſt, Let *Antiphilus* die. Then the images of each ſide ſtood before her underſtanding; one time ſhe thought ſhe ſaw *Antiphilus* dying: another time ſhe thought *Antiphilus* ſaw her by *Tiridates* enjoyed: twenty times calling for a ſervant to carry meſſage of yeelding, but before he came the minde was altred. She bluſht when ſhe conſidered the effect of granting; ſhe was pale, when ſhe remembred the fruits of denying. For weeping, ſighing, wringing her hands, and tearing her hayre were indifferent of both ſides. Eaſily ſhe would have agreed to have broken all diſputations with her owne death, but that the feare of *Antiphilus* further torments, ſtayd her. At length, even the evening before the day appointed of his death, the determination of yeelding prevailed, eſpecially growing upon a meſſage of *Antiphilus*; who with all the Conjuring tearmes he could deviſe, beſought her to ſave his life, upon any conditions. But ſhe had no ſooner ſent her meſſenger to *Tiridates*, but her minde changed, and ſhe went to the two yong Princes, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, and falling down at their feet, deſired them to try ſome way for her deliverance; ſhewing her ſelfe reſolved, not to over-live *Antiphilus*, nor yet to yeeld to *Tiridates*.

They that knew not what ſhe had done in private, prepared that night accordingly, and as ſometimes it falls out, that what is inconſtancie, ſeemes cunning; ſo did this change indeed ſtand in as good ſtead as a witty diſſimulation. For it made the King as reckleſſe, as them diligent: ſo that in the dead time of the night, the Princes iſſued out of the Towne, with whom ſhe would needs goe, either to dye her ſelfe, or relcue *Antiphilus*, having no armour, or weapon but affection. And I cannot tell you how, or by what device (though *Plangus* at large deſcribed it) the concluſion was, the wonderfull valour of the two Princes ſo prevailed, that *Antiphilus* was ſuccoured, and the King ſlaine. *Plangus* was then the chiefe man left in the Campe, & therefore ſeeing no other remedy, conveyed in ſafety into her countrie *Artaxia*, now Queene of *Armenia*; who, with true lamentations, made knowne to the world, that her new greatneſſe did no way comfort her in reſpect of her brothers loſſe; whom ſhe ſtudied by all meanes poſſible to revenge upon every one of the occaſioners, having (as ſhe thought) overthrowne her brother by a moſt abominable treaſon. Inſomuch, that being at home ſhe proclaymed great rewards to any private man, and her ſelfe in mariage to any Prince, that would deſtroy *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*. But thus was *Antiphilus* redeemed, and (though againſt the conſent of all her nobility) married to *Erona*; in which caſe the two Greeke Princes (being called away by another adventure) left them.

But now me thinkes, as I have read ſome Poets, who when they intend to tell ſome horrible matter, they bid men ſhun the hearing of it, ſo if I doe not deſire you to ſtop your ears from me, yet may I well deſire a breathing time, before I am to tel the execrable treaſon of *Antiphilus*, that brought her to this miſery; and withall wiſh you all, that from all mankind indeed you ſtop your eares. O moſt happy were we, if we did ſet our loves one upon another, (And as ſhe ſpake that word, her checkes in red letters writ more than her tongue did ſpeake.) And therefore ſince I have named *Plangus*, I pray you ſiſter (ſaid ſhe) helpe me with the reſt, for I have held the ſtage long enough; and if it pleaſe you to make his fortune knowne, as I have done *Erona's*, I will after take heart againe to goe on with his falſhood; and ſo betweene us both, my Lady *Zelmane* ſhall underſtand both the cauſe and parties of this lamentation. Nay, I beſhrow me then (ſaid *Miſo*) I will none of that, I promiſe you, as long as I have the government, I will firſt have my tayle, and then my Lady

Pamela,

Pamela, my Lady *Zelmane*, & my daughter *Mopsa* (for *Mopsa* was then returned from *Amphialus*) may draw cuts, and the shortest cut speake first. For I tell you, and this may be suffered when you are married, you will have first & last word of your husbands. The Ladies laughed to see with what an eager earnestnes she looked, having threatning not onely in her ferret eyes; but while she spake, her nose seeming to threaten her chin, and her shaking limbs one to threaten an other. But there was no remedy, they must obey, and *Miso* (sitting on the ground with her knees up, and her hands upon her knees) toning her voice with many a quavering cough, thus discoursed unto them. I tel you true (said she) whatsoever you think of me, you will one day be as I am; and I, simple though I sit here, thought once my penny as good silver as some of you doe: & if my father had not plaid the hasty foole (it is no lie I tell you) I might have had another-gaines husband than *Dametas*. But let that passe, God amend him: and yet I speake it not without good cause. You are full in your tittle tatlings of *Cupid*, here is *Cupid*, & there is *Cupid*: I will tell you now what a good old woman told me, what an old wife man told her, what a great learned Clearke told him, and gave it him in writing; & here I have it in my prayer book. I pray you (said *Philoclea*) let us see it and reade it. No haste but good (said *Miso*) you shall first know how I came by it. I was a yong girle of seven and twenty years old, and I could not goe through the street of our village, but I might heare the yong men talke: O the pretty little eyes of *Miso*: ô the fine thin lips of *Miso*: ô the goodly fat hands of *Miso*: besides, how well a certaine wrying I had of my necke became me. Then the one would winke with one eye, and the other cast Dayses at me: I must confesse seeing so many amorous, it made me set up my peacockes tayle with the highest. Which when this good old woman perceived (O the good old woman, well may the bones rest of the good old woman) she cald me to her into her house. I remember full well it stood in the lane as you go to the Barbers shop; all the towne knew her, there was a great losse of her: she called me to her, and taking first a sop of wine to comfort her heart (it was of the same wine that comes out of *Candia*, which we pay so deare for now a dayes, and in that good world was very good cheape) she call'd me to her; Minion said she (indeed I was a pretty one in those daies, though I say it) I see a number of lads that love you: well (said she) I say no more; doe you know what Love is? With that she brought me into a corner, where there was painted a foule fiend I trow: for he had a payre of hornes like a Bull, his feet cloven, as many eyes upon his body, as my gray Mare hath dapples, and for all the world so placed. This monster sate like a hangman upon a payre of gallows; in his right hand, he was painted holding a crown of laurell, in his left hand a purse of mony, & out of his mouth hung a lace of two faire pictures of a man and a woman; and such a countenance he shewed, as if he would perswade folks by those allurements to come thither and be hanged. I, like a tender-hearted wench, skriked out for feare of the divell: Well (said she) this same is even love: therefore doe what thou list with all those fellowes one after another, & it recks not much what they doe to thee, so it be in secret; but upon my charge, never love none of them, Why mother (said I) could such a thing come from the belly of faire *Venus*? for a few dayes before, our Priest (betweene him & me) had told me the whole story of *Venus*. Tush (said she) they are all deceived: & therewith gave me this booke, which she said, a great maker of ballads had given to an old painter, who for a little pleasure had bestowed both booke and picture of her. Reade there (said she) and thou shalt see that his mother was a Cow, & the false *Argus* his father. And so she gave me this booke, and there now you may reade it. With that the remembrance of the good old woman, made her make such a face

to

to weepe, as if it were not ſorrow, it was the carcaſſe of ſorrow that appeared there. But while her teares came out, like raine falling upon durtie furrowes, the latter end of her prayer booke was read among theſe Ladies, which contained this:

POore Painters oft with ſilly Poets joyne,
To fill the world with ſtrange but vaine conceits:
One brings the ſtuffe, the other ſtamps the coyne,
Which breeds nought elſe but gloſſes of deceits.
Thus Painters Cupid *paint, thus Poets doe*
A naked God, blind, young, with arrowes two.
Is he a God, that ever flies the light?
Or naked he, diſguis'd in all untruth?
If he be blind, how hitteth he ſo right?
How is he young that tam'd old Phœbus *youth?*
But arrowes two, and tipt with gold or lead?
Some hurt, accuſe a third with horny head.
No, nothing ſo; an old falſe knave he is,
By Argus *got on* Io, *then a Cow:*
What time for her Iuno *her* Iove *did miſſe*
And charge of her to Argus *did allow.*
Mercury kill'd his falſe ſire for this act,
His dumme a beaſt was pardon'd beaſtly fact.
With fathers death, and mothers guiltie ſhame,
With Iove's *diſdaine at ſuch a rivals ſeed:*
The wretch compeld, a runnegate became,
And learn'd what ill a miſer-ſtate doth breed:
To lye, to ſteale, to prie, and to excuſe,
Nought in himſelfe, each other to abuſe.
Yet beares he ſtill his parents ſtately gifts,
A horn'd head, cloven feet, and thouſand eyes,
Some gazing ſtill, ſome winking wily ſhifts,
With long large eares, where never rumour dies.
His horned head doth ſeeme the heaven to ſpight,
His cloven foot doth never tread aright.
Thus halfe a man, with man he daily haunts,
Cloath'd in the ſhape which ſooneſt may deceive:
Thus halfe a beaſt, each beaſtly vice he plants,
In thoſe weake hearts that his advice receive.
He proules each place in new colours bedeckt,
Sucking ones ill, another to infect.
To narrow breaſts he comes all wrapt in gaine:
To ſwelling hearts he ſhines in honours fire:
To open eyes all beauties he doth raine,
Creeping to each with flattering of deſire.
But for that Love is worſt which rules the eyes,
Thereon his name, there his chiefe triumph lyes.
Millions of yeares this old drivell Cupid *lives,*
While ſtill more wretch, more wicked he doth proove:
Till now at length that Iove *him office gives,*

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At Iuno's *ſuit, who much did* Argus *love)*
In this our world a hang-man for to be
Of all thoſe fooles, that will have all they ſee.

The Ladies made ſport at the deſcription and ſtory of *Cupid.* But *Zelmane* could ſcarce ſuffer thoſe blaſphemies (as ſhe tooke them) to be read, but humbly beſought *Pamela* ſhe would perform her Sifters requeſt of the other part of the ſtory. Noble Lady anſwered ſhe (beautifying her face with a ſweet ſmiling, & the ſweetneſſe of her ſmiling with the beauty of her face) ſince I am borne a Princes daughter, let me not give example of diſobedience. My Governeſſe will have us draw cuts, & therefore I pray you let us doe ſo: & ſo perhaps it will light upon you to entertaine this company with ſome ſtory of your owne; and it is reaſon our eares ſhould be willinger to heare, as your tongue is abler to deliver. I will thinke (anſwered *Zelmane*) excellent Princeſſe, my tongue of ſome value, if it can procure your tongue thus much to favour me. But *Pamela* pleaſantly perſiſting to have Fortune their Iudge, they ſet hands, & *Mopſa* (though at the firſt for ſqueamiſhneſſe going up and downe with her head like a boat in a ſtorme) put to her golden gols among them, & blinde Fortune (that ſaw not the colour of them) gave her the preheminence: and ſo being her time to ſpeake (wiping her mouth as there was good cauſe) ſhe thus tumbled into her matter. In time paſt (ſaid ſhe) there was a king, the mightieſt man in all his country, that had by his wife the faireſt daughter that did ever eat pap. Now this king did keepe a great houſe, that every body might come and take their meat freely. So one day, as his daughter was ſitting in her window, playing upon a Harp, as ſweet as any Roſe; and combing her head with a combe all of precious ſtones, there came in a knight into the Court, upon a goodly Horſe, one haire of gold, and the other of ſilver; *and ſo* the knight caſting up his eyes to the window, did fall into ſuch love with her, that he grew not worth the bread he eate; till many a ſorry day going over his head, with daily diligence and grieſly groanes, he wan her affection, ſo that they agreed to run away together. *And ſo in May when all true hearts rejoyce*, they ſtole out of the Caſtle, without ſtaying ſo much as for their breakfaſt. Now forſooth, as they went together, often all to kiſſing one another, the knight told her, he was brought up among the water-Nimphs, who had ſo bewitched him, that if he were ever askt his name, he muſt preſently vaniſh away: & therefore charged her upon his bleſſing, never to aske him what he was, nor whither hee would. *And ſo* a great while ſhe kept his commandement; till once, paſſing through a cruell wilderneſſe, as darke as pitch, her mouth ſo watered, that ſhe could not chooſe but aske him the queſtion. And then, he making the grievouſeſt complaints that would have melted a Tree to have heard them, vaniſht quite away: and ſhe lay downe, caſting forth as pitiful cries as any ſhrich-owle. But having layne ſo (wet by the raine, and burnt by the Sunne) five dayes, and five nights, ſhe gat up and went over many a high hill, and many a deepe river, till ſhe came to an Aunts houſe of hers, and came and cried to her for helpe: and ſhe for pitty gave her a Nut, and bad her never open her Nut, till ſhe was come to the extreameſt miſery that ever tongue could ſpeake of. *And ſo* ſhe went, & ſhe went, and never reſted the evening, where ſhe went in the morning, till ſhe came to a ſecond Aunt, and ſhe gave her another Nut.

Now good *Mopſa* (ſaid the ſweet *Philoclea*) I pray thee at my requeſt keepe this tale, till my marriage day, and I promiſe thee that the beſt gowne I weare that day ſhall be thine. *Mopſa* was very glad of that bargaine, eſpecially that it ſhould grow a feſtivall tale: ſo that *Zelmane*, who deſired to finde the uttermoſt what theſe Ladies underſtood

understood touching her selfe, & having understood the danger of *Erona*, (of which before she had never heard) purposing with her selfe (as soone as this pursuit she now was in, was brought to any effect) to succour her, intreated againe, that shee might know as well the story of *Plangus*, as of *Erona*. *Philoclea* referred it to her Sisters perfecter remembrance: who with so sweet a voyce, and so winning a grace, as in themselves were of most forcible eloquence to procure attention, in this manner to their earnest request soone condiscended.

The father of this Prince *Plangus* as yet lives, and is king of *Iberia*: a man (if the judgement of *Plangus* may be accepted) of no wicked nature, nor willingly doing evill, without himselfe mistake the evill, seeing it disguised under some forme of goodnesse. This Prince, being married at the first to a Princesse (who both from her ancesters, and in her selfe was worthy of him) by her had this sonne *Plangus*. Not long after whose birth, the Queene (as though she had performed the message for which she was sent into the world) returned again unto her maker. The king (sealing up all thoughts of love under the image of her memory) remayned a widower many yeares after; recompencing the griefe of that disjoyning from her, in conjoyning in himselfe both a fatherly and motherly care toward her onely child *Plangus*. Who being growne to mans age, as our owne eyes may judge, could not but fertilly requite his fathers fatherly education.

This Prince (while yet the errors in his nature were excused by the greennesse of his youth, which tooke all the fault upon it selfe) loved a private mans wife of the principall Citie of that kingdome, if that may be called love, which he rather did take into himselfe willingly, than by which he was take forcibly. It sufficeth, that the yong man perswaded himselfe he loved her: she being a woman beautifull enough, if it be possible, that the onely outside can justly entitle a beauty. But finding such a chase as onely fled to be caught, the young Prince brought his affection with her to that point, which ought to ingrave remorse in her heart, & to paint shame upon her face. And so possest he his desire without any interruption; he constantly favouring her, and she thinking, that the enameling of a Princes name, might hide the spots of a broken wedlocke. But as I have seene one that was sicke of a sleeping disease, could not be made wake, but with pinching of him: so out of his sinfull sleepe his minde (unworthy so to be lost) was not to be cald to it selfe, but by a sharpe accident. It fell out, that his many-times leaving of the Court (in undue times) began to be noted; and (as Princes eares be manifold) from one to another came unto the king; who (carefull of his onely sonne) fought and found by his spies (the necessary evill servants to a king) what it was, whereby he was from his better delights so diverted. Whereupon the king (to give his fault the greater blow) used such meanes by disguising himselfe, that he found them (her husband being absent) in her house together: which he did, to make them the more feelingly ashamed of it. And that way he tooke, laying threatnings upon her, and upon him reproches. But the poore young Prince (deceived with that young opinion, that if it be ever lawfull to lye, it is for ones Lover) imployed all his wit to bring his father to a better opinion. And because he might bend him from that (as he counted it) crooked conceit of her, he wrested him, as much as he could possibly, to the other side: not sticking with prodigall protestations to set forth her chastity; not denying his owne attempt, but thereby the more extolling her vertue. His Sophistry prevailed, his father beleeved, and so beleeved, that ere long (though he were already stept into the winter of his age) he found himselfe warme in those desires, which were in his sonne far more excusable. To be short, he gave himselfe over unto it; and because he would avoid

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the odious comparison of a young rivall) sent away his sonne with an army, to the subduing of a Province lately rebelled against him; which he knew could not be a lesse worke than of three or foure yeares. Wherein he behaved him so worthily, as even to this country the fame thereof came, long before his owne comming: while yet his father had a speedier successe, but in a farre unnobler conquest. For while *Plangus* was away, the old man (growing oneely in age and affection) followed his suit with all meanes of unhonest servants, large promises, and each thing else that might helpe to countervaile his owne unlovelinesse.

And she (whose husband about that time died) forgetting the absent *Plangus*, or at least not hoping of him to obtaine so aspiring a purpose, left no Art unused, which might keep the line from breaking, whereat the fish was already taken; not drawing him violently, but letting him play himselfe upon the hook, which he had so greedily swallowed. For, accompanying her mourning garments with a dolefull countenance, yet neither forgetting handsomnesse in her mourning garments, nor sweetnesse in her dolefull countenance; her words were ever seasoned with sighes, & any favour she shewed bathed in teares, that affection might see cause of pittie, and pitty might perswade cause of affection. And being growne skilfull in his humors, she was no lesse skilfull in applying his humors; never suffering his fear to fall to a despaire, nor his hope to hasten to an assurance: she was content he should think that she loved him; & a certaine stolne looke should sometimes (as though it were against her will) bewray it. But if thereupon he grew bold, he straight was encountred with a maske of vertue. And that which seemeth most impossible unto me (for as neer as I can, I repeat it as *Plagus* told it) she could not only sigh when she would, as al can do, & weep when she would, as (they say) some can do, but (being most impudent in her heart) she could, when she would, teach her cheeks blushing, & make shamefastnesse the cloke of shamelessnesse. In sum, to leave out many particularities which he recited, she did not only use so the spur, that his desire ran on, but so the bit, that it ran on even in such a career as she would have it, that within a while the king, seeing with no other eyes but such as she gave him, and thinking on no other thoughts but such as she taught him, having at first liberall measures of favors, then shortned of them, when most his desire was inflamed, he saw no other way but marriage to satisfie his longing, & her minde (as he thought) loving, but chastly loving: so that by the time *Plangus* returned from being notably victorious of the Rebels, he found his father, not only maryed, but already a father of a son & a daughter by this woman. Which though *Plagus* (as he had every way just cause) was grieved at, yet did his grief never bring forth either contening of her, or repining at his father. But she (who besides that she was grown a mother, and a stepmother, did reade in his eyes her own fault, and made his conscience her guiltinesse) thought still that his presence carried her condomnation: so much the more, as that she (unchastly attempting his wonted fancies) found (for the reverence of his fathers bed) a bitter refusall; which breeding rather spite than shame in her, or if it were a shame, a shame not of the fault, but of the repulse; she did not onely (as hating him) thirst for a revenge, but (as fearing harme from him) endevoured to doe harme unto him.) Therfore did she try the uttermost of her wicked wit, how to overthrow him in the foundation of his strength which was in the favour of his father, which because she saw strong both in nature and desert, it required the more cunning how to undermine it. And therefore (shunning the ordinary trade of hireling *Sycophants*) she made her prayses of him, to be accusations, and her advaneing him, to be his ruine. For first with words (neerer admiration than liking) she would extoll his excellencies, the goodlinesse

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of his ſhape, the power of his wit, the valiantneſſe of his courage, the fortunateneſſe of his ſucceſſes: ſo as the Father might finde in her a ſingular love towards him: nay, ſhe ſhunned not to kindle ſome few ſparks of jealouſie in him. Thus having gotten an opinion in his Father, that ſhe was farre from meaning miſchief to the ſonne, then fell ſhe to prayſe him with no leſſe vehemency of affection, but with much more cunning of malice. For then ſhe ſets forth the liberty of his minde, the high flying of his thoughts, the fitneſſe in him to bear rule, the ſingular love the ſubjects bare him; that it was doubtfull, whether his wit were greater in winning their favours, or his courage in imploying their favours: that he was not born to live a ſubject-life, each action of his bearing in it Majeſty; ſuch a Kingly entertainment, ſuch a Kingly magnificence, ſuch a Kingly heart for enterpriſes: eſpecially remembring thoſe vertues, which in a ſucceſſor are no more honoured by the ſubjects, than ſuſpected of the Princes. Then would ſhe by putting off objection, bring in objections to her husbands head, already infected with ſuſpition. Nay (would ſhe ſay) I dare take it upon my death, that he is no ſuch ſonne, as many like might have been, who loved greatneſſe ſo well, as to build their greatneſſe upon their Fathers ruine. Indeed Ambition, like Love, can abide no lingring, and ever urgeth on his own ſucceſſes; hating nothing, but what may ſtop them. But the gods forbid, we ſhould ever once dream of any ſuch thing in him, who perhaps might be content, that you and the World ſhould know, what he can do: but the more power he hath to hurt, the more admirable is his prayſe, that he will not hurt. Then ever remembring to ſtrengthen the ſuſpicion of his eſtate with private jealouſie of her love doing him exceſſive honour when he was in preſence, and repeating his pretty ſpeeches and graces in his abſence; beſides, cauſing him to be imployd in all ſuch dangerous matters, as either he ſhould periſh in them, or if he prevayled, they ſhould increaſe his glory: which ſhe made a weapon to wound him; untill ſhe found that ſuſpicion began already to ſpeak for it ſelf, and that her husbands eares were grown hungry of rumors, and his eyes prying into every accident.

Then took ſhe help to her of a ſervant neer about her husband, whom ſhe knew to be of a haſty ambition, and ſuch a one, who wanting true ſufficiency to rayſe him, would make a ladder of any miſchief. Him ſhe uſeth to deal more plainly, in alleaging cauſes of jealouſie, making him know the fitteſt times when her husband already was ſtirred that way. And ſo they two, with divers wayes, nouriſhed one humor, like Muſicians, that ſinging divers parts, make one muſick. He ſomtime with fearfull countenance would deſire the King to look to himſelf; for that all the Court and City were full of whiſperings, and expectation of ſome ſudden change, upon what ground himſelf knew not. Another time he would counſell the King to make much of his ſonne, and hold his favour, for that it was too late now to keep him under. Now ſeeming to fear himſelf, becauſe (he ſaid) *Plangus* loved none of them that were great about his Father. Laſtly, breaking with him directly (making a ſorrowfull countenance, and an humble geſture bear falſe witneſſe for his true meaning) that he found, not onely ſouldiery, but people weary of his government, and all their affection bent upon *Plangus*; both hee and the Queene concurring in ſtrange dreams, and each thing elſe, that in a minde (already perplexed) might breed aſtoniſhment: ſo that within a while, all *Plangus* actions began to be tranſlated into the language of ſuſpicion.

Which though *Plangus* found, yet could he not avoid, even contraries being driven to draw one yoke of argument. If he were magnificent, he ſpent much with an aſpiring intent: if he ſpared, hee heaped much with an aſpiring intent: if hee ſpake

courteouſly, he angled the peoples hearts: if he were ſilent, he muſed upon ſome dangerous plot. In ſumme, if he could have turned himſelfe to as many formes as *Proteus*, every forme ſhould have beene made hideous.

But ſo it fell out, that a meere trifle gave them occaſion of further proceeding: The King one morning, going to a vineyard that lay a long the hill whereupon his Caſtle ſtood, he ſaw a vine-labourer, that finding a bough broken, tooke a branch of the ſame bough for want of another thing, and tyed it about the place broken. The King asking the fellow what he did, Marry (ſaid he) I make the Sonne bind the Father. This word (finding the King already ſuperſtitious through ſuſpition) amazed him ſtreight, as a preſage of his owne fortune: ſo that, returning and breaking with his Wife how much he miſdoubted his eſtate, ſhe made ſuch gaine-ſaying anſwers, as, whil they ſtrove, ſtrove to be overcome. But even while the doubts moſt boyled, ſhe thus nouriſhed them.

She under-hand dealt with the principall men of that countrey, that at the great Parliament (which was then to be held) they ſhould in the name of all the eſtates perſwade the King (being now ſtept deepely into old age) to make *Plangus* his aſſociate in government with him; aſſuring them, that not onely ſhe would joyne with them, but that the Father himſelfe would take it kindly: charging them not to acquaint *Plangus* withall; for that perhaps it might be harmefull unto him, if the King ſhould find that he were a party. They (who thought they might doe it, not only willingly, becauſe they loved him, and truly, becauſe ſuch indeed was the mind of the people; but ſafely, becauſe ſhe who ruled the King was agreed thereto) accompliſhed her counſell; ſhe indeed keeping promiſe of vehement perſwading the ſame: which the more ſhe and they did, the more ſhe knew her husband would feare, and hate the cauſe of his feare. *Plangus* found this, and humbly proteſted againſt ſuch deſire or will to accept. But the more he proteſted, the more his Father thought her diſſembled, accounting his integrity to be but a cunning face of falſhood: & therefore delaying the deſire of his ſubjects, attended ſome fit occaſion to lay hands upon his Sonne: which his Wife brought thus to paſſe.

She cauſed the ſame miniſter of hers to go unto *Plangus*, & (enabling his words with great ſhew of faith, and endearing them with deſire of ſecrecy) to tell him, that he found his ruine conſpired by his ſtepmother, with certaine of the noblemen of that country, the King himſelfe giving his conſent, and that few daies ſhould paſſe before the putting it in practice: withall diſcovering the very trueth indeed, with what cunning his ſtepmother had proceeded. This agreeing with *Plangus* his owne opinion, made him give him the better credit: yet not ſo farre, as to fly out of his countrey (according to the naughty fellowes perſwaſion) but to attend, and to ſee further. Whereupon the fellow (by the direction of his miſtreſſe) told him one day, that the ſame night about one of the clock, the King had appointed to have his Wife, and thoſe noblemen together, to deliberate of their manner of proceeding againſt *Plangus*: and therefore offered him, that if himſelfe would agree, he would bring him into a place where he ſhould heare all that paſſed; and ſo have the more reaſon both to himſelfe, and to the world, to ſeeke his ſafety. The poor *Plangus* (being ſubject to that only diſadvantage of honeſt hearts, credulity) was perſwaded by him: and arming himſelf (becauſe of his late going) was cloſely conveyed into the place appointed. In the meane time his ſtepmother, making all her geſtures cunningly counterfeit a miſerable affliction, ſhe lay almoſt groveling on the floore of her chamber, not ſuffering any body to comfort her; untill they calling for her husband, and he held off with long inquiry, at length, ſhe told him (even almoſt crying

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ing out of every word) that she was weary of her life, since she was brought to that plunge, either to conceale her husbands murther, or accuse her sonne, who had ever beene more deare, than a sonne unto her. Then with many interruptions and exclamations she told him, that her sonne *Plangus* (soliciting her in the old affection betweene them) had besought her to put to her helping hand to the death of the King, assuring her, that though all the lawes in the world were against it, he would marry her when he were King.

She had not fully said thus much, with many pitifull digressions, when in comes the same fellow, that brought *Plangus*: and running himselfe out of breath, fell at the Kings feete, beseeching him to save himselfe; for that there was a man with a sword drawne in the next roome. The king affrighted, went out, & called his guard, who entring the place, found indeed *Plangus* with his sword in his hand, but not naked, yet standing suspitiously enough, to one already suspitious. The King (thinking hee had put up his sword because of the noyse) never tooke leasure to heare his answer, but made him prisoner, meaning the next morning to put him to death in the Market place.

But the day had no sooner opened the eies and eares of his friends & followers, but that there was a little army of them, who came, & by force delivered him; although numbers on the other side (abused with the fine framing of their report) tooke armes for the King. But *Plangus*, though he might have used the force of his friends, to revenge his wrong, & get the Crown; yet the naturall love of his Father, and hate to make their suspition seeme just, caused him rather to choose a voluntary exile, than to make his Fathers death the purchase of his life: and therefore went he to *Tiridates*, whose mother was his fathers sister, living in his court eleven or twelve yeares, ever hoping by his intercession, and his owne desert, to recover his Fathers grace. At the end of which time, the warre of *Erona* happened, which my sister, with the cause thereof, discoursed unto you.

But his Father had so deepely engraven the suspition in his heart, that he thought his flight rather to proceed of a fearefull guiltines, than of an humble faithfulnesse, and therefore continued his hate, with such vehemency, that hee did even hate his Nephew *Tiridates*, and afterwards his Neece *Artaxia*, because in his Court hee received countenance: leaving no meanes unattempted of destroying his Sonne, among other, employing that wicked servant of his, who undertooke to empoyson him. But his cunning disguised him not so well, but that the watchfull servants of *Plangus* did discover him. Whereupon the wretch was taken, and (before his well deserved execution) by tortures forced to confesse the particularities of this, which in generall I have told you.

Which confession authentically set down (though *Tiridates* with solemne embassage sent to the King) wrought no effect. For the King having put the reines of the government into his wives hand, never did so much as reade it; but sent it streight by her to be considered. So as they rather heaped more hatred on *Plangus*, for the death of their servant. And now finding, that his absence, and their reports had much diminished the wavering peoples affectiō towards *Plangus*, with advancing fit persons for faction, and granting great immunities to the commons, they prevayled so farre, as to cause the sonne of the second wife, called *Palladius*, to be proclaymed successor, and *Plangus* quite excluded: So that *Plangus* was driven to continue his serving *Tiridates*, as hee did in the warre against *Erona*, and brought home *Artaxia* as my sister told you; whē *Erona* by the treason of *Antiphilus*. But at that word shee stopped. For *Basilius*, not able longer to abide their absence, came suddenly

among them, and with ſmiling countenance, telling *Zelmane* he was affraid ſhe had ſtolne away his daughters, invited them to follow the Sunnes counſell in going then to their lodging; for indeed the Sun was ready to ſet. They yeelded, *Zelmane* meaning ſome other time to underſtand the ſtory of *Antiphilus* treaſon, and *Erona's* danger, whoſe cauſe ſhe greatly tendred. But *Miſo* had no ſooner eſpied *Baſilius*, but as ſpitefully, as her rotten voyce could utter it, ſhe ſet forth the ſaucineſſe of *Amphialus*. But *Baſilius* onely attended what *Zelmanes* opinion was: who though ſhe hated *Amphialus*, yet the nobility of her courage prevayled over it, and ſhe deſired he might be pardoned that youthfull errour; conſidering the reputation he had, to be one of the beſt knights in the world; ſo as hereafter he governed himſelfe, as one remembring his fault. *Baſilius* giving the infinite tearmes of praiſes to *Zelmanes* both valour in conquering, and pitifulneſſe in pardoning, commanded no more words to be made of it, ſince ſuch he thought was her pleaſure.

So brought he them up to viſit his wife, where betweene her and him, the poore *Zelmane* received a tedious entertaynment; oppreſſed with being loved, almoſt as much, as with loving. *Baſilius* not ſo wiſe in covering his paſſion, could make his tongue goe almoſt no other paſe, but to run into thoſe immoderate prayſes, which the fooliſh Lover thinkes ſhort of his Miſtreſſe, though they reach farre beyond the heavens. But *Gynecia* (whom womanly modeſty did more outwardly bridle) yet did ſometimes uſe the advantage of her ſexe in kiſſing *Zelmane*, as ſhe ſate upon her bed-ſide by her; which was but ſtill more and more ſweete incenſe, to caſt upon the fire wherein her heart was ſacrificed: Once *Zelmane*, could not ſtirre, but that (as if they had beene poppets, whoſe motion ſtood only upon her pleaſure) *Baſilius* with ſerviceable ſteps, *Gynecia* with greedy eyes would follow her. *Baſilius* minde *Gynecia* well knew, & could have found in her heart to laugh at, if mirth could have borne any proportion with her fortune: but all *Gynecia's* actions were interpreted by *Baſilius*, as proceeding from jealouſie of his amorouſneſſe. *Zelmane* betwixt both (like the poore child, whoſe Father, while he beats him, will make him beleeve it is for love; or like the ſick man, to whom the Phyſition ſweares, the ill-taſting wallowiſh medicine he proffers, is of a good taſt) their love was hatefull, their courteſie troubleſome, their preſence cauſe of her abſence thence, where not only her light, but her life conſiſted. Alas, thought ſhe to her ſelfe, deare *Dorus*, what odds is there betweene thy deſtiny and mine? For thou haſt to do in thy purſuite but with ſhepherdiſh folks, who trouble thee with a little envious care, & affected diligence. But I (beſides that I have now *Miſo* the worſt of thy divels, let looſe upon me) am waited on by Princes, and watched by the two wakefull eyes of Love and Iealouſie. Alas incomparable *Philoclea*, thou ever ſeeſt me, but doeſt never ſeeme as I am: thou heareſt willingly al that I dare ſay, & I dare not ſay that which were moſt fit for thee to heare. Alas who ever but I was impriſoned in liberty, and baniſhed being ſtill preſent? To whom but me have lovers beene jaylours, and honour a captivity?

But the night comming on with her ſilent ſteps upon them, they parted each from other (if at leaſt they could be parted, of whom every one did live in another) and went about to flatter ſleepe in their beds, that diſdained to beſtow it ſelfe liberally upon ſuch eyes which by their will would ever be looking & in leaſt meaſure upon *Gynecia*. Who (when *Baſilius* after long toſſing was gotten a ſleepe, and the cheerfull comfort of the lights removed from her) kneeling up in her bed, began with a ſoft voyce, & ſwoln heart, to renew the curſes of her birth; & then in a maner embracing her bed; Ah chaſteſt bed of mine, ſaid ſhe, which never heretofore couldſt accuſe me of one defiled thought, how canſt thou now receive this diſaſtred changling? happy,

happy, be they only which be not: & thy bleſſednes only in this reſpect thou maiſt feele, that thou haſt no feeling. With that ſhe furiouſly tare off a great part of her faire hairo: Take here O forgotten vertue (ſaid ſhe) this miſerable ſacrifice; while my ſoule was clothed with modeſty, that was a comely ornament: now why ſhould nature crowne that head, which is ſo wicked, as her only deſire is, ſhe cannot bee enough wicked? More ſhe would have ſaid, but that *Baſilius* (awaked with the noyſe) tooke her in his armes, and began to comfort her; the good man thinking it was all for a jealous love of him: which humour if ſhee would a little have maintayned, perchance it might have weakened his new conceived fancies. But he finding her anſweres wandring from the purpoſe, left her to her ſelfe (glad the next morning to take the advantage of a ſleepe, which a little before day overwatched with ſorrow, her teares had as it were ſealed up in her eyes) to have the more conference with *Zelmane*: who bayted on this faſhion by theſe two lovers, and ever kept from any meane to declare her ſelfe, found in her ſelfe a daily increaſe of her violent deſires; like a River, the more ſwelling, the more his current is ſtopped.

The chiefe recreation ſhe could finde in her anguiſh, was ſometime to viſite that place, where firſt ſhe was ſo happy as to ſee the cauſe of her unhap. There would ſhe kiſſe the ground, and thanke the Trees, bleſſe the Ayre, and do dutifull reverence to every thing that ſhe thought did accompany her at their firſt meeting: then returne againe to her inward thoughts; ſometime diſpaire darkening all her imaginations, ſometimes the active paſſion of love cheering and cleering her invention, how to unbar that comberſome hindrance of her two ill matched lovers. But this morning *Baſilius* himſelfe gave her good occaſion to goe beyond them. For having combd and trickt himſelfe more curiouſly, than any time forty winters before, comming wher *Zelmane* was, he found her given over to her muſicall Muſes, to the great pleaſure of good old *Baſilius*, who retired himſelfe behinde a tree, while ſhe with a moſt ſweet voyce did utter theſe paſſionate verſes.

Loved I am, and yet complaine of Love:
As loving not, accus'd in Love I dye.
When pity moſt I crave, I cruell prove:
Still ſeeking Love, Love found, as much I flye.
Burnt in my ſelfe, I muſe at others fire:
What I call wrong, I doe the ſame, and more:
Barr'd of my will, I have beyond deſire:
I wayle for want, and yet am chokt with ſtore.
This is thy worke, thou God for ever blinde:
Though thouſands old a Boy entit'led ſtill.
Thus children doe the ſilly Birds they finde,
With ſtroking hurt, and too much cramming kill.
Yet thus much Love, O Love, I crave of thee!
Let me be lov'd, or elſe not loved bee.

Baſilius made no great haſte from beyond the trees, till he perceived ſhe hand fully ended her muſicke. But then, loath to loſe the precious fruit of time, he preſented himſelfe unto her, falling downe upon both his knees, and holding up his hands, as the old Governeſſe of *Danae* is painted, when ſhe ſuddenly ſaw the golden ſhowre. O heavenly woman! or earthly Goddeſſe (ſaid ſhe) let not my preſence be odious unto you, nor my humble ſuit ſeeme of ſmall weight in your eares. Vouchſafe your

eyes to descend upon this miserable old man, whose life hath hitherto bin maintained but to serve as an increase of your beautifull triumphs. You onely have overthrown me, and in my bondage consists my glory. Suffer not your own work to be despised of you, but looke upon him with pitty, whose life serves for your praise. *Zelmane* (keeping a countenance ascanses she understood him not) told him, It became her evill to suffer such excessive reverence of him, but that it worse became her to correct him, to whom she owed duty: that the opinion she had of his wisdom was such, as made her esteeme greatly of his words, but that the words themselves sounded so, as she could not imagine what they might intend. *Intend?* said *Basilius* (proud that that was brought in question) what may they intend, but a refreshing of my soule, & asswaging of my heart, & enjoying those your excellencies, wherein my life is upheld, and my death threatned? *Zelmane* lifting up her face, as if she had received a mortall injury of him, And is this the devotion your ceremonies have bin bent to? said shee: Is it the disdaine of my estate, or the opinion of my lightnes that have emboldened such base fancies towards me? Enjoying, quoth you? now little joy come to them that yeeld to such enjoying. Poore *Basilius* was so appalled, that his legges bowed under him; his eies lookt as though he would gladly hide himselfe; and his old blood going to his heart, a generall shaking all over his body possessed him. At length with a wan mouth, he was about to give a stammering answer, whē it came into *Zelmanes* head by this devise to make her profit of his folly; and therefore with a relented countenance, thus said unto him: Your words (mighty Prince) were unfit either for me to heare, or you to speake: but yet the large testimony I see of your affection makes me willing to suppresse a great number of errors. Only thus much I think good to say, that the same words in my Lady *Philoclea's* mouth, as from one woman to another (so as there were no other body by) might have had a better grace; and perchance have found a gentler receipt.

Basilius (whose senses by desire were held open, and conceit was by love quickned) heard scarcely halfe her answere out, but that (as if speedy flight might save his life) hee turned away, and ranne with all the speed his body would suffer him towards his daughter *Philoclea*: whom hee found at that time dutifully watching by her mother, and *Miso* curiously watching her; having left *Mopsa* to doe the like service to *Pamela*. *Basilius* forthwith calling *Philoclea* aside (with all the conjuring wordes which Desire could endite and Authority utter) besought her shee would preserve his life, in whom her life was begunne; shee would save his gray haires from rebuke, and his aged minde from despaire; that if shee were not cloyed with his company, and that shee thought not the earth over-burthened with him, shee would coole his fiery griefe, which was to be done but by her breath, That in fine, whatsoever he was, he was nothing but what it pleased *Zelmane*; all the powers of his spirit depending of her: that if she continued cruell, he could no more sustaine his life, than the earth remaine fruitfull in the Sunnes continuall absence. He concluded, she should in one payment requite all his deserts: and that she needed not to disdain any service (though never so meane) which was warranted by the sacred name of Father. *Philoclea* more glad than ever she had knowne her selfe, that shee might by this occasion, enjoy the private conference of *Zelmane*, yet had so sweete a feeling of vertue in her mind, that she would not suffer a vile colour to bee cast over her faire thoughts, but with humble grace answered her Father: that there needed neither promise nor perswasion to her, to make her doe her uttermost for her Fathers service: that for *Zelmane's* favour shee would in all vertuous sort seeke it towards him: and that as shee would not pierce further into his meaning, than

himselfe

himselfe should declare, so would she interpret all his doings to be accomplished in goodnesse: and therefore desired (if otherwise it were) that he would not impart it to her, who then should be forced to begin, by true obedience, a shew of disobedience: rather performing his generall commandement, which had ever beene to embrace vertue, than any new particular, sprung out of passion, and contrary to the former. *Basilius* content to take that, since hee could have no more (thinking it a great point, if by her meanes, he could get but a more free accesse unto *Zelmane* (allowed her reasons, and tooke her proffer thankfully, desiring only a speedy return of comfort. *Philoclea* was parting, & *Miso* streight behind her, like *Alecto* following *Proserpine*. But *Basilius* forced her to stay, though with much adoe, she being sharpset upon the fulfilling of a shrewd office, in over-looking *Philoclea*: and said to *Basilius*, that she did as she was commanded, and could not answer it to *Gynecia*, if she were any whit from *Philoclea*: telling him true, that he did evill to take her charge from her. But *Basilius* (swearing he would put out her eyes, if she stirred a foote to trouble his daughter) gave her a stop for that while.

So away departed *Philoclea*, with a new field of fancies for her travailing mind: For well she saw her father was growne her adverse party, and yet her fortune such, as shee must favour her Rivall; and the fortune of that fortune such, as neither that did hurt her, nor any contrary meane helpe her.

But she walkt but a little on, before she saw *Zelmane* lying upon a banke, with her face so bent over *Ladon*, that (her teares falling into the water) one might have thought that she began meltingly to be metamorphosed to the under-running river. But by and by with speech she made it owne, as well that she lived as that shee sorrowed. Faire streame, said she, that doe vouchsafe in your cleerenesse to represent unto me my blubbered face, let the tribute-offer of my teares unto you procure your stay a while with me, that I may begin yet at last to find some thing that pitties me: and that all things of comfort and pleasure do not fly away from me. But if the violence of your spring command you to haste away, to pay your duties to your great Prince, the Sea; yet carry with you these few words, and let the uttermost ends of the world know them. A love more cleere than your selves, dedicated to a love (I feare) more cold than your selves, with the cleerenesse layes a night of sorrow upon me; and with the coldnesse enflames a world of fire within me. With that she tooke a willow stick, and wrote in a sandy banke these few verses.

Over these brookes trusting to ease mine eyes,
(Mine eyes even great in labour with their teares)
I laide my face; my face wherein there lies
Clusters of clouds, which no Sunne ever cleares,
In watry glasse my watry eyes I see:
Sorrowes ill eas'd, where sorowes painted be.

My thoughts impriso'n'd in my secret woes,
With flamy breath doe issue oft in sound:
The sound of this strange ayre no sooner goes,
But that it doth with Ecchoes force rebound,
And make me heare the plaints I would refraine:
Thus outward helpes my inward griefe maintaine.

Now in this sand I would discharge my minde,

And

And cast from me part of my burdenous cares:
But in the sand my tales foretold I finde,
And see therein how well the writer fares.
Since streame, ayre, sand, mine eyes and eares conspire;
What hope to quench, where each thing blowes the fire?

And assoone as shee had written them (a new swarme of thoughts stinging her minde) she was ready with her foote to give the new-borne Letters both death and buriall. But *Philoclea* (whose delight of hearing and seeing was before a stay from interrupting her) gave her selfe to bee seene unto her, with such a lighting beauty upon *Zelmane*, that neyther shee could looke on, nor would looke off. At last *Philoclea* (having a little mused how to cut the threed even, betweene her owne hopelesse affection, and her Fathers unbridled hope) with eyes, cheeks, and lips, (whereof each sang their part, to make up the harmony of bashfulnesse) began to say, My Father, to whom I owe my selfe; and therefore, when *Zelmane* (making a womanish habite to bee the Armour of her boldnesse, giving up her life to the lips of *Philoclea*, and taking it againe by the sweetnesse of those kisses) humbly besought her to keepe her speech for a while within the Paradise of her mind. For well she knew her Fathers errand, who should soone receive a sufficient answere. But now she demanded leave not to lose this long sought-for commodity of time, to ease her heart thus farre, that if in her agonies her destiny was to bee condemned by *Philoclea's* mouth, at least *Philoclea* might know, whom she had condemned. *Philoclea* easily yeelded to grant her owne desire: and so making the greene banke the situation, and the River the prospect of the most beautifull buildings of nature; *Zelmane* doubting how to beginne, though her thoughts already had runne to the end, with a mind fearing the unworthines of every word that should be presented to her eares, at length brought it forth in this manner.

Most beloved Lady, the incomparable excellencies of your selfe (waited-on by the greatnesse of your estate) & the importance of the thing (whereon my life consisted) doth require both many ceremonies before the beginning, and many circumstances in the uttering my speech, both bold and fearefull. But the small opportunity of envious occasion (by the malicious eye hatefull Love doth cast upon mee) and the extreame bent of my affection (which will eyther breake out in words, or breake my heart) compell me, not onely to embrace the smallest time, but to passe by the respects due unto you, in respect of your poore caytifes life, who is now, or never to be preserved; I do therefore vow unto you, hereafter never more to omit all dutifull forme: doe you onely now vouchsafe to heare the matter of a minde most perplexed. If ever the sound of Love have come to your eares, or if ever you have understood, what force it hath had to conquer the strongest hearts, and change the most settled estates; receive heere an example of those strange Tragedies; one, that in himselfe contayneth the particularities of all those misfortunes: and from henceforth beleeve that such a thing may be, since you shall see it is. You shall see (I say) a living image, & a present story of what love can do when he is bent to ruine.

But alas, whither goest thou my tongue? Or how doth my heart consent to adventure the revealing his neerest touching secret? But peace, Feare, thou commest too late, when already the harme is taken. Therefore I say againe, O onely Princesse, attend here a miserable miracle of affection! Behold here before your eyes *Pyrocles* Prince of *Macedon*, whom you onely have brought to this game of Fortune, and unused *Metamorphosis*: whom you only have made neglect his countrey, forget

forget his Father, and laſtly, forſake to be *Pyrocles*: The ſame *Pyrocles*, who (you heard) was betrayed by being put in a Ship, which being burned, *Pyrocles* was drowned. O moſt true preſage! for theſe traytors, my eyes, putting me into a Ship of Deſire, which daily burneth; thoſe eyes, I ſay, which betrayed me, will never leave till they have drowned me. But be not, be not (moſt excellent Lady) you that nature hath made to be the Load-ſtarre of Comfort, be not the Rocke of ſhippe-wracke: you whom vertue hath made the Princeſſe of felicity, be not the miniſter of ruine: you whom my choyce hath made the Goddeſſe of my ſafety, O let not, let not, from you be poured upon me deſtruction. Your faire face hath many tokens in it of amazement at my words: thinke then what his amazement is, from whence they come: ſince no words can carry with them the life of the inward feeling. I deſire that my deſire may be weighed in the ballances of honour; and let Vertue hold them. For if the higheſt Love in no baſe perſon may aſpire to grace, then may I hope your beauty will not be without pitty. If otherwiſe you be (alas but let it not be ſo) reſolved, yet ſhall not my death be comfortleſſe, receiving it by your ſentence.

The joy which wrought into *Pigmalions* minde, while he found his beloved image, was ſofter and warmer in his folded armes, till at length it accompliſhed his gladneſſe with a perfect womans ſhape (ſtill beautified with the former perfections) was even ſuch, as by each degree of *Zelmanes* words creepingly entred into *Philoclea*: till her pleaſure was fully made up with the manifeſting of his being; which was ſuch as in hope did overcome hope. Yet doubt would faine have played his part in her minde, and cald in queſtion, how ſhe ſhould be aſſured that *Zelmane* was *Pyrocles*. But love ſtraight ſtood up and depoſed, that a lye could not come from the mouth of *Zelmane*. Beſides, a certaine ſparke of honour, which roſe in her well diſpoſed minde, made her feare to be alone with him, with whom alone ſhe deſired to be (with all the other contradictions growing in thoſe minds, which neither abſolutely climbe the rock of Vertue, nor freely ſinke into the Sea of vanity) but that ſparke ſoone gave place, or at leaſt gave no more light in her minde, than a Candle doth in the Sunnes preſence. But even ſick with a ſurfet of joy, and fearefull of ſhe knew not what (as he that newly findes huge treaſures, doubts whether he ſleep or no; or like a fearfull Deer, which then looks moſt about, when he comes to the beſt feed) with a ſhrugging kind of tremor through all her principall parts, ſhe gave theſe affectionate words for anſwer. Alas, how painefull a thing it is to a divided minde to make a wel-joyned anſwer? how hard it is to bring inward ſhame to outward confeſſion? and what handſomneſſe trow you can be obſerved in that ſpeech, which is made one knowes not to whom? Shall I ſay O *Zelmane*? Alas your words be againſt it. Shall I ſay Prince *Pyrocles*? Wretch that I am, your ſhew is manifeſt againſt it. But this, this I may well ſay; If I had continued as I ought, *Philoclea*, you had either never been or ever been *Zelmane*: you had either never attempted this change, ſet on with hope, or never diſcovered it, ſtopt with deſpaire. But I feare me, my behaviour ill governed, gave you the firſt comfort: I feare me, my affection ill hid, hath given you this laſt aſſurance: I feare indeed, the weakeneſſe of my government before, made you thinke ſuch a maske would be gratefull unto me: and my weaker government ſince, makes you to pull off the viſor. What ſhould I do then? ſhall I ſeeke farre fetched inventions? ſhall I labour to lay marble colours over my ruinous thoughts? or rather though the pureneſſe of my virgin-mind be ſtayned, let me keep the true ſimplicity of my word. True it is, alas too true it is, O *Zelmane*, for ſo I love to call thee, ſince in that name my love firſt began, and in the ſhade of that

name

name my love shall best ly hidden, that even while so thou wert (what eye bewitched me, I know not) my passions were fitter to desire, than to be desired. Shall I say then, I am sorry, or that my love must be turned to hate, since thou art turned to *Pyrocles*? How may that well bee? since when thou wert *Zelmane*, the despaire thou mightest not be thus, did most torment me. Thou hast then the victory: use it with vertue. Thy vertue wan me; with vertue preserve me. Dost thou love me? Keepe me then still worthy to be loved.

Then held she her tongue, and cast downe a self-accusing looke, finding that in her selfe she had, as it were, shot out of the bow of her affection, a more quicke opening of her mind, thã she minded to have don. But *Pyrocles* so carried up with joy, that hee did not envy the gods felicity, presented her with some Iewels of right princely value, as some little tokens of his love and quality: and withall shewed her Letters from his Father King *Euarchus*, unto him, which even in the Sea, had, amongst his Iewels, beene preserved. But little needed those proofes to one, who would have falne out with her selfe, rather than make any contrary conjectures to *Zelmanes* speeches; so that with such imbracements, as it seemed their soules desir'd to meete, and their hearts to kisse, as their mouthes did, they passed the promise of marriage: which faine *Pyrocles* would have sealed with the chiefe armes of his desire; but *Philoclea* commanded the contrary.

And then at *Philoclea's* intreaty, who was willing to purloyne all occasions of remayning with *Zelmane*, she told her the story of her life, from the time of their departing frõ *Erona*, for the rest she had already understood of her sister. For, said she, I have understood, how you first in the company of your noble cousin *Musidorus*, parted from *Thessalia*, and of divers adventures, which with no more danger than glory you passed through, till your comming to the succour of the Queene *Erona*, and the end of that warre (you might perceive by my selfe) I had understood of the Prince *Plangus*. But what since was the course of your doings, untill you came, after so many victories, to make a conquest of poore mee, that I know not; the Fame thereof having rather shewed it by pieces, than delivered any ful forme of it. Therefore, deare *Pyrocles* (for what can my eares be so sweetly fed with, as to heare you, of you) be liberall unto me of those things, which have made you indeed precious to the world: And now doubt not to tell of your perils, for since I have you here out of them, even the remembrance of them is pleasant. *Pyrocles* easily perceived shee was content with kindnesse, to put off occasion of further kindnesse; wherein Love shewed himselfe a cowardly boy, that durst not attempt for feare of offending. But rather Love proved himselfe valiant, that durst with the sword of reverent duty gayne-stand the force of so many enraged desires. But so it was, that though hee knew this discourse was to entertaine him from a more straight parley, yet he durst not but kisse his rod, & gladly make much of that entertainment which she allotted unto him: & therefore with a desirous sigh, chastening his breast for too much desiring; Sweete Princesse of my life, said hee, what Trophees, what Triumph, what Monuments, what Histories might ever make my fame yeeld so sweet a Musicke to my eares, as that it pleaseth you to lend your minde to the knowledge of any thing touching *Pyrocles*, only therefore of value, because he is your *Pyrocles*? And therefore grow I now so proud, as to thinke it worth the hearing, sith you vouchsafe to give it the hearing. Therefore (only height of my hope) vouchsafe to know, that after the death of *Tiridates*, and setling *Erona* in her government, for setled wee left her, howsoever since (as I perceived by your speech the last day) the ungratefull treason of her ill-chosen husband overthrew her; a thing in truth never till this time

by

by mee eyther heard, or ſuſpected: for who could thinke, without having ſuch a mind as *Amphilus*, that ſo great a beauty as *Erona's* (indeed excellent) could not have held his affection? So great goodneſſe could not have bound gratefulneſſe? and ſo high advancement could not have ſatisfied his ambition? But therefore true it is, that wickednesſe may well be compared to a bottomeleſſe pit, into which it is farre eaſier to keepe ones ſelfe from falling, than being fallen, to give ones ſelfe any ſtay from falling infinitely. But for my couſin and mee, upon this cauſe we parted from *Erona*.

Euardes (the brave and mighty Prince, whom it was my fortune to kill in the combate for *Erona*) had three Nephewes, Sonnes to a Siſter of his; all three ſet among the formoſt rankes of Fame for great mindes to attempt, and great force to performe what they did attempt, eſpecially the eldeſt, by name *Anaxius*, to whom all men would willingly have yeelded the height of prayſe, but that his nature was ſuch, as to beſtow it upon himſelfe, before any could give it. For of ſo unſupportable a pride he was, that where his deeds might well ſtir envy, his demeanor did rather breed diſdaine. And if it be true that the Gyants ever made warre againſt heaven, he had beene a fit Enſigne-bearer for that company. For nothing ſeemed hard to him, though impoſſible; and nothing unjuſt, while his liking was his Iuſtice. Now he in theſe wars had flatly refuſ'd his ayd; becauſe he could not brooke, that the worthy Prince *Plangus* was by his couſin *Tiridates* preferred before him. For, allowing no other weights but the ſword & ſpeare in judging of deſert, how much he eſteemed himſelfe before *Plangus* in that, ſo much would he have had his allowance in his ſervice.

But now that he underſtood that his Vncle was ſlain by me, I think rather ſcorne that any ſhould kill his Vncle, than any kindneſſe (an un-uſed gueſt to an arrogant ſoule) made him ſeeke his revenge; I muſt confeſſe in manner gallant enough. For he ſent a challenge unto me to meet him at a place appointed, in the confines of the Kingdome of *Lycia*, where he would prove upon me, that I had by ſome treachery overcome his uncle, whom elſe many hundreds ſuchas I, could not have withſtood. Youth and ſucceſſe made me willing enough to accept any ſuch bargaine, eſpecially, becauſe I had heard that your couſin *Amphialus* (who for ſome yeares hath born univerſally the name of the beſt Knight in the world) had divers times fought with him, and never beene able to maſter him; but ſo had left him, that every man thought *Anaxius* in that one vertue of courteſie farre ſhort of him; in all other his match: *Anaxius* ſtill deeming himſelf for his ſuperiour. Therefore to him I would go, and I would needs goe alone, becauſe ſo I underſtood for certaine, he was; and (I muſt confeſſe) deſirous to do ſomething without the company of the incomparable Prince *Muſidorus*, becauſe in my heart I acknowledge that I owed more to his preſence, than to any thing in my ſelfe, what ever before I had done. For of him indeed (as of any worldly cauſe) I muſt grant as received, what ever there is, or may be good in me. He taught me by word, and beſt by example, giving me in him ſo lively an image of vertue, as ignorance could not caſt ſuch a miſt over mine eies, as not to ſee, and to love it; and all with ſuch deare friendſhip and care, as (O heaven) how can my life ever requite to him? Which made me indeed find in my ſelfe ſuch a kind of depending upon him as without him I found a weakeneſſe, and a miſtruſtfulneſſe of my ſelfe, as one ſtrayed from his beſt ſtrength, when at any time I miſt him. Which humour perceiving to over-rule me, I ſtrove againſt it, not that I was unwilling to depend upon him in judgement, but by weakneſſe I would not; which though it held me to him, made me unworthy of him. Therefore I deſired his leave,

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and obtayned it, ſuch confidence he had in me, preferring my reputation before his own tendernesſe; and ſo privately went from him, he determining (as after I knew) in ſecret manner, not to be farre from the place, where we appointed to meete, to prevent any foule play, that might be offered unto me. Full loath was *Erona* to let us depart from her (as it were) ſore feeling the harmes which after fell to her. But I (ridfully from thoſe cumbers of kindnes, and halfe a dayes journey in my way toward *Anaxium*) met an adventure, which (though in it ſelfe of ſmall importance) I wil tell you at large, becauſe by the occaſion thereof I was brought to as great cumber and danger, as lightly any might eſcape.

As I paſt through a Launde (each ſide whereof was ſo bordered both with high timber Trees, and copſes of farre more humble growth, that it might eaſily bring a ſolitary mind to looke for no other companions, than the wild burgeſſes of the foreſt) I heard certaine cryes, which comming by pawſes to mine eares from within the wood of the right hand, made me well aſſured by the greatneſſe of the cry, it was the voyce of a man, though it were a very unmanlike voyce, ſo to cry. But making mine eares my guide; I left not many Trees behind me, before I ſaw at the bottome of one of them a Gentleman, bound with many garters hand and foote, ſo as well he might tumble and toſſe, but neyther runne nor reſiſt he could. Upon him (like ſo many Eagles upon an Oxe) were nine Gentlewomen; truely ſuch, as one might well enough ſay, they were handſome. Each of them held bodkins in their hands, wherewith continually they pricked him, having beene before hand unarmed of any defence from the waſte upward, but onely of his ſhirt: ſo as the poore man wept and bled, cryed and prayed, while they ſported themſelves in his paine, and delighted in his prayers as the arguments of their victory.

I was moved to compaſſion, and ſo much the more that he ſtraight cald to me for ſuccour, deſiring me at leaſt to kill him, to deliver him from thoſe tormentors. But before my ſelfe could reſolve, much leſſe any other tell what I would reſolve, there came in cholericke haſte towards me about ſeven or eight knights; the foremoſt of which willed me to get away, and not to trouble the Ladies, while they were taking their due revenge, but with ſo overmaſtering a manner of pride, as truly my heart could not brooke it: and therefore (anſwering them, that how I would have defended him from the Ladies I knew not, but from them I would) I began a combate firſt with him particularly, and after his death with the others (that had leſſe good manners) joyntly. But ſuch was the end of it, that I kept the field with the death of ſome, and flight of others. In ſo much as the women (affraid, what angry victory would bring forth) ran all away, ſaving only one, who was ſo fleſht in malice, that neyther during, nor after the fight, ſhe gave any truce to her cruelty, but ſtill uſed the litle inſtrument of her great ſpite, to the well witneſt paine of the impatient patient: and was now about to put out his eies, which all this while were ſpared, becauſe they ſhould do him the diſcomfort of ſeeing who prevailed over him. When I came in, and after much adoe, brought her to ſome conference, (for ſome time it was before ſhe would hearken, more before ſhe would ſpeake, and moſt before ſhe would in her ſpeech leave off the ſharpe remembrance of her bodkin) but at length when I puld off my head-peece, and humbly intreated her pardon, of knowledge why ſhe was cruell, out of breath more with choler (which increaſed in his owne exerciſe) than with the pain ſhe took, much to this purpoſe ſhe gave her griefe unto my knowledge. Gentleman (ſaid ſhe) much it is againſt my will to forbeare any time the executing of my juſt revenge upon this naughty creature, a man in nothing, but in deceiving women. But becauſe I ſee you are young, and like enough

enough to have the power (if you would have the minde) to doe much more mischiefe than he, I am content upon this bad subject to reade a lecture to your vertue.

This man, called *Pamphilus*, in birth I must confesse is noble (but what is that to him, if it shall be a staine to his dead Ancestors to have left such an off-spring?) in shape, as you see, not uncomely (indeed the fit maske of his disguised falshood) in conversation wittily pleasant, and pleasantly gamesome; his eies full of merry simplicity, his words full of hearty companableness, and such a one whose head one would not thinke so staied, as to thinke mischievously: delighted in all such things, which by imparting the delight to others, makes the user thereof welcome; as, Musicke, Dancing, Hunting, Feasting, Riding, and such like. And to conclude, such a one, as who can keepe him at armes end, need never wish a better companion. But under these qualities lies such a poysonous Adder, as I will tell you. For by those gifts of Nature and Fortune (being in all places acceptable) he creeps, nay (to say truely) he flies so into the favour of poore silly women, that I would be too much ashamed to confesse, if I had not revenge in my hand, as well as shame in my cheeks. For his heart being wholly delighted in deceiving us, we could never bee warned, but rather one bird caught, served for a stale to bring in more. For the more he gat, the more still he shewed, that he (as it were) gave away to his new mistresse, when he betrayed his promises to the former. The cunning of his flattery, the readinesse of his teares, the infiniteness of his vowes, were but among the weakest threeds of his net. But the stirring our owne passions, and by the entrance of them, to make himselfe Lord of our forces; there lay his masters part of cunning, making us now jealous, now envious, now proud of what he had, desirous of more, now giving one the triumph, to see him that was Prince of many subject to her; now with an estranged looke, making her feare the losse of that minde, which indeed could never be had: never ceasing humbleness and diligence, till hee had imbarked us in some such disadvantage, as we could not returne dry-shod; and then suddenly a tyrant, but a crafty tyrant. For so would he use his imperiousnesse, that wee had a delightfull feare and an awe, which made us loth to lose our hope. And which is strangest (when sometimes with late repentance I thinke of it) I must confesse, even in the greatest tempest of my judgement was I never driven to thinke him excellent, and yet so could set my mind, both to get and keep him, as though therein had lyen my felicity: like them I have seene play at the ball, grow extremely earnest, who should have the ball, and yet every one knew it was but a ball. But in the end, the bitter sawce of the sport was, that we had either our hearts broken with sorrow, or our estates spoyled with being at his direction, or our honours for ever lost, partly by our owne faults, but principally by his faulty using of our faults. For never was there man that could with more scornefull eyes behold her, at whose feet hee had lately laine, nor with a more unmanlike Bravery use his tongue to her disgrace, which lately had sung Sonets of her praises: being so naturally inconstant, as I marvell his soule finds not some way to kill his body, whereto it had beene so long united. For so hath he dealt with us (unhappy fooles) as we could never tell, whether he made greater haste after he once liked to enjoy, or after he once enjoyed to forsake. But making a glory of his owne shame, it delighted him to be challenged of unkindnesse: it was a triumph unto him to have his mercy called for: and he thought the fresh colours of his beauty were painted in nothing so well, as in the ruines of his Lovers: yet so far had we engaged our selves (unfortunate soules) that we listed not complaine, since our complaints could not but carry the greatest occasion to our selves. But every of us (each for her selfe) laboured all meanes how to recover

him, while he rather daily sent us companions of our deceit, than ever returned in any sound and faithfull manner. Till at length he concluded all his wrongs with betrothing himselfe to one (I must confesse) worthy to bee liked, if any worthinesse might excuse so unworthy a changeableness; leaving us nothing but remorse for what was past, and despaire of what might follow. Then indeed the common injury made us all joyne in fellowship, who till that time had imployed our endeavours one against the other. For wee thought nothing was a more condemning of us, than the justifying of his love to her by marriage. Then Despaire made Feare valiant, and Revenge gave Shame countenance. Whereupon wee (that you saw here) devised how to get him among us alone: which hee (suspecting no such matter of them whom he had by often abuses, he thought, made tame to be still abused) easily gave us opportunity to doe.

And a man may see, even in this, how soone Rulers grow proud, and in their pride fooliſh: he came with such an authority among us, as if the Planets had done enough for us, that by us once he had been delighted. And when we began in courteous maner, one after the other, to lay his unkindnesse unto him, he seeing himselfe confronted by so many (like a resolute Orator) went not to deniall, but to justifie his cruell falshood, and all with such jests, and disdainfull passages, that if the injury could not be made greater, yet were our conceits made the apter to apprehend it.

Among other of his answers (forsooth) I shall never forget, how he would prove it was no inconstancie to change from one love to another, but a great constancy; and contrary, that which wee call constancy, to be most changeable. For (said hee) I ever loved my delight, and delighted alwaies in what was lovely: and whereſoever I found occasion to obtaine that, I constantly followed it. But these constant fooles you speake of, though their Mistresse grow by sicknesse foule, or by fortune miserable, yet still will love her, and so commit the absurdest inconstancy that may be, in changing their love from fairnesse to foulenesse, and from lovelinesse to his contrary; like one not content to leave a friend, but will straight give over himselfe to his mortall enemy: where I (whom you call inconstant) am ever constant; to beauty in others, and delight my selfe. And so in this jolly-scoffing bravery he went over us all, saying, he left one, because she was over-wayward: another, because shee was too soone wonne: a third, because she was not merry enough: a fourth, because shee was over-gamesome: the fift, because she was growne with griefe subject to sickneſſe: the sixt, because shee was so fooliſh, as to be jealous of him: the seventh, because shee had refused to carry a letter for him to another that he loved: the eighth, because she was not secret: the ninth, because she was not liberall: but to me, who am named *Dido*, and indeed have met with a false *Æneas*; to me, I say (O the ungratefull Villaine) hee could finde no other fault to obiect, but that (per-die) he met with many fairer.

But when he had thus played the careleſſe Prince, wee (having those servants of ours in readinesse, whom you lately so manfully overcame) laid hold of him; beginning at first but that trifling revenge, in which you found us busie; but meaning afterwards to have mangled him so, as should have lost his credit for ever abusing more. But as you have made my fellowes flie away, so for my part the greatnesse of his wrong over-shadowes, in my judgement, the greatnesse of any danger. For was it not enough for him to have deceived me, and through the deceit abused me, and after the abuse forsaken me, but that he must now, of all the company, and before all the company, lay want of beauty to my charge? Many fairer? I trow even in your judgement, Sir, (if your eyes doe not beguile me) not many fairer; and I know (whosoever

(whosoever sayes the contrary) there are not many fairer. And of whom should I receive this reproach, but of him who hath best cause to know there are not many fairer? And therefore howsoever my fellowes pardon his injures, for my part I will ever remember, and remember to revenge this scorne of all scornes. With that she to him afresh; and surely would have put out his eyes (who lay mute for shame, if he did not sometimes cry for feare) if I had not leapt from my horse, and mingling force with entreaty, stayed her fury.

But while I was perswading her to meeknesse, comes a number of his friends, to whom he forthwith cryed, that they should kill that woman, that had thus betrayed and disgraced him. But then I was faine to forsake the Ensigne under which I had before served, & to spend my uttermost force in the protecting of the Lady; which so well prevailed for her, that in the end there was a faithfull peace promised of all sides. And so I leaving her in a place of security, as she thought, went on my journey towards *Anaxius*, for whom I was faine to stay two dayes in the appointed place, he disdaining to wait for me till he was sure I were there.

I did patiently abide his angry pleasure, till about that space of time he came, indeed, according to promise, alone: and, that I may not say too little, because hee is wont to say too much, like a man, whose courage was apt to clime over any danger. And as soone as ever he came neere mee, in fit distance for his purpose, hee with much fury (but with fury skilfully guided) ran upon me; which I, in the best sort I could, resisted; having kept my selfe ready for him, because I had understood that he observed few complements in matter of armes, but such as a proud anger did indite unto him. And so putting our horses into a full careere, wee hit each other upon the head with our Launces: I thinke he felt my blow; for my part, I must confesse, I never received the like: but I thinke, though my senses were astonied, my mind forced them to quicken themselves, because I had learned of him, how little favour he is wont to shew in any matter of advantage. And indeed he was turned, and comming upon me with his sword drawn, both our staves having been broken at that encounter: but I was so ready to answer him, that truely I know not who gave the first blow. But whosoever gave the first, was quickely seconded by the second. And indeed, excellentest Lady, I must say true, for a time it was well fought betweene us; hee undoubtedly being of singular valour, I would God it were not abased by his too much loftinesse: but as by the occasion of the combate, winning and losing ground, wee changed places, his horse happed to come upon the point of the broken Speare, which fallen to the ground, chanced to stand upward, so as it lighting upon his heart, the horse died. He driven to dismount, threatned, if I did not the like, to doe as much for my horse as Fortune had done for his. But whether for that, or because I would not be beholding to Fortune for any part of the victorie, I descended. So began our foot-fight in such sort that we were well entred to bloud of both sides, when there comes by that unconstant *Pamphilus*, whom I had delivered (easie to be knowne, for he was bare-faced) with a dozen armed men after him; but before him he had *Dido*, that Lady, who had most sharpely punished him, riding upon a Palfrey, he following her with most unmanlike cruelty, beating her with wands he had in his hand, shee crying for sense of paine, or hope of succour: which was so pittifull a sight unto me, that it moved me to require *Anaxius* to deferre our combate till another day, and now to performe the duties of Knighthood in helping this distressed Lady. But hee that disdaines to obey any thing but his passion, which he cals his minde, bade me leave off that thought; but when hee had killed me, he would then, perhaps, goe to her succour. But I well finding the

fight would be long betweene us (longing in my heart to deliver the poore *Dido*) giving him so great a blow, as somewhat stayed him (to terme it aright) I flatly ran away from him toward my horse, who trotting after the company in mine armour, I was put to some paine, but that use made mee nimble unto it. But as I followed my horse, *Anaxius* followed me; but his proud heart did so disdaine that exercise, that I had quickly over-runne him, and overtaken my horse; being, I must confesse, ashamed to see a number of country folkes, who happened to passe there by, who hollowed and howted after me, as at the erranteſt coward that ever shewed his shoulders to his enemy. But when I had leapt on my horse, with such speedy agility, that they all cryed, O see how feare gives him wings; I turned to *Anaxius*, and aloud promised him to returne thither againe as soone as I had relieved the injured Lady. But he railed at me with all the base words angry contempt could indite; I said no more, but, *Anaxius*, assure thy selfe, I neither fear thy force, nor thy opinion. And so using no weapon of a knight at that time but my spurres, I ranne in my knowledge after *Pamphilus*, but in all their conceits from *Anaxius*, which as farre as I could heare, I might well heare testified with such laughters and games, that I was some few times moved to turne backe againe.

But the Ladies misery over-ballanced my reputation: so that after her I went, and with sixe houres hard riding through so wild places, as it was rather the cunning of my horse sometimes, than of my selfe, so rightly to hit the way, I overgat them a little before night, neere to an old ill-favoured castle, the place where I perceived they meant to performe their unknightly errand. For there they began to strip her of her clothes, when I came in among them; and running thorow the first with a launce, the justnesse of the cause so enabled me against the rest, false-hearted in their owne wrong-doing, that I had in as short time almost as I had beene fighting with onely *Anaxius*, delivered her from those injurious wretches, most of whom carried news to the other world, that amongst men secret wrongs are not alwaies left unpunished. As for *Pamphilus*, he having once seene, and (as it should seeme) remembred me, even from the beginning began to be in the rereward, and before they had left fighting, he was too far off to give them thankes for their paines. But when I had delivered to the Lady a full liberty, both in effect and in opinion, (for some time it was before shee could assure her selfe shee was out of their hands, who had laid so vehement apprehension of death upon her) shee then told me, how as she was returning towards her fathers, weakely accompanied, as too soone trusting to the falshood of reconcilement, *Pamphilus* had set upon her, and killing those that were with her, carried her selfe by such force, and with such maner as I had seene, to this place, where he meant in cruell and shamefull maner to kill her, in the sight of her owne Father, to whom he had already sent word of it, that out of his castle window (for this castle, she said, was his) hee might have the prospect of his onely childs destruction: if my comming, whom (she said) he feared, as soone as he knew me by the armour, had not warranted her from that neere approaching cruelty. I was glad I had done so good a deed for a Gentlewoman not unhandsome, whom before I had in like sort helped. But the night beginning to perswade some retyring place, the Gentlewoman, even out of countenance before she began her speech, much after this maner invited me to lodge that night with her father.

Sir, said she, how much I owe you, can bee but abased by words, since the life I have, I hold it now the second time of you, and therefore need not offer service unto you, but onely to remember you, that I am your servant: and I would, my being so might any way yeeld any small contentment unto you. Now onely I can but

desire

desire you to harbour your selfe this night in this Castle, because the time requires it; and in truth this countrey is very dangerous for murthering theeves, to trust a sleeping life among them. And yet I must confesse, that as the love I beare you makes mee thus invite you, so the same love makes mee ashamed to bring you to a place, where you shall be so (not spoken by ceremony but by truth) miserably entertained. With that she told me, that though she spake of her father (whom shee named *Chremes*) she would hide no truth from me; which was in sum, That as hee was of all that region the man of greatest possessions and riches, so was he either by nature, or an evill received opinion, given to sparing, in so unmeasurable sort, that he did not only barre himselfe from the delightfull, but almost from the necessary use thereof; scarcely allowing himselfe fit sustenance of life, rather than hee would spend of those goods, for whose sake onely he seemed to joy in life. Which extreme dealing (descending from himselfe upon her) had driven her to put her selfe with a great Lady of that countrey, by which occasion she had stumbled upon such mischances, as were little for the honour either of her, or her family. But so wise had he shewed himselfe therein, as while hee found his daughter maintained without his cost, hee was content to be deafe to any noyse of infamy: which though it had wronged her much more than she deserved, yet she could not deny, but she was driven thereby to receive more than descent favours. She concluded, that there at least I should be free from injuries, and should be assured to her word to abound as much in the true causes of welcomes, as I should finde wants of the effects thereof.

I, who had acquainted my selfe to measure the delicacy of food and rest by hunger and wearinesse, at that time well stored of both, did not abide long entreaty; but went with her to the Castle: which I found of good strength, having a great Mote round about it; the worke of a noble Gentleman, of whose unthriftie sonne he had bought it; the bridge drawne up, where we were faine to crie a good while before we could have answer, and to dispute a good while before answer would be brought to acceptance. At length a willingnesse, rather than a joy to receive his daughter, whom he had lately seene so neer death, and an opinion brought into his head by course, because hee heard himselfe called Father, rather than any kindnesse that he found in his owne heart, made him take us in; for my part by that time growne so weary of such entertainment, that no regard of my selfe, but onely the importunity of his daughter, made mee enter. Where I was met with this *Chremes*, a driveling old fellow, leane, shaking both of head and hands, already halfe earth, and yet then most greedy of earth: who scarcely would give mee thankes for what I had done; for feare, I suppose, that thankfulnesse might have an introduction of reward. But with a hollow voyce, giving me a false welcome, I might perceive in his eye to his daughter, that it was hard to say, whether the displeasure of her company did not over-weigh the pleasure of her owne comming. But on hee brought me, into so bare a house, that it was the picture of miserable happinesse, and rich beggery (served onely by a company of rusticall villaines, full of sweat and dust, not one of them other than a labourer) in summe (as he counted it) profitable drudgery: and all preparations both for food and lodging such, as would make one detest niggardnesse, it is so sluttish a vice. His talke of nothing but of his poverty, for feare belike left I should have proved a young borrower. In summe, such a man, as any enemy could not wish him worse than to bee himselfe. But there that night bid I the burthen of being a tedious guest to a loathsome Oast: over-hearing him sometimes bitterly warne his daughter of bringing such costly mates under his roofe: which she grieved at, desired much to know my name, I thinke partly of

kindneſſe, to remember who had done ſomething for her, and partly becauſe ſhee aſſured her ſelfe I was ſuch a one as would make even his miſer-minde contented with that he had done. And accordingly ſhe demanded my name, and eſtate, with ſuch earneſtneſſe, that I, whom Love had not as then ſo robbed mee of my ſelfe as to be another than I am, told her directly my name and condition: whereof ſhee was no more glad than her father, as I might well perceive by ſome ill-favoured cheerefulneſſe, which then firſt began to wrinkle it ſelfe in his face.

But the cauſes of their joyes were farre different; for as the Shepheard and the Butcher both may looke upon one ſheep with pleaſing conceits, but the Shepheard with minde to profit himſelfe by preſerving, the Butcher with killing him: So ſhe rejoyced to find that mine owne benefits had made mee to be her friend, who was a Prince of ſuch greatneſſe, & lovingly rejoyced: but his joy grew (as I to my danger after perceived) by the occaſion of the Queen *Artaxia's* ſetting my head to ſaile, for having ſlaine her brother *Tiridates*; which being the ſumme of an hundred thouſand crownes (to whoſoever brought mee alive into her hands) that old wretch, who had over-lived all good nature, though he had lying idely by him much more than that, yet above all things loving money for monies owne ſake, determined to betray me, ſo well deſerving of him, for to have that which hee was determined never to uſe. And ſo, knowing that the next morning I was reſolved to goe to the place where I had left *Anaxius*, he ſent in all ſpeed to a Captaine of a Garriſon neere by, which though it belonged to the King of *Iberia*, yet (knowing the Captaines humour to delight ſo in riotous ſpending, as he cared not how he came by the meanes to maintaine it) doubted not that to be halfe with him in the gaine, he would play his quarter part in the treaſon. And therefore that night agreeing of the fitteſt places where they might ſurpriſe me in the morning, the old caitiffe was grown ſo ceremonious, as hee would needs accompany mee ſome miles in my way; a ſufficient token to me, if Nature had made me apt to ſuſpect: ſince a Churles courteſie rarely comes, but either for gaine or falſhood. But I ſuffered him to ſtumble into that point of good maners: to which purpoſe he came out with all his clownes, hors'd upon ſuch Cart-jades, and ſo furniſhed, as in good faith I thought with my ſelfe, if that were thrift, I wiſht none of my friends or ſubjects ever to thrive. As for his daughter, the gentle *Dido*, ſhe would alſo (but in my conſcience with a farre better mind) prolong the time of farewell as long as he.

And ſo vve went on together: he ſo old in wickedneſſe, that he could looke me in the face, and freely talke with me, whoſe life he had already contracted for: till comming into the falling of a way which led us into a place, of each ſide whereof men might eaſily keepe themſelves undiſcovered, I was encompaſſed ſuddenly by a great troupe of enemies both of horſe and foot, vvho vvilled me to yeeld my ſelfe to the Queen *Artaxia*. But they could not have uſed worſe eloquence to have perſwaded my yeelding than that; I knowing the little good will *Artaxia* bare me. And therefore making neceſſity and juſtice my beſt ſword & ſhield, I uſed the other weapons I had as vvell as I could; I am ſure to the little eaſe of a good number, who truſting to their number more than to their valour, and valuing money higher than equity, felt that guiltineſſe is not alwaies with eaſe oppreſſed. As for *Chremes*, he withdrew himſelfe, ſo gilding his wicked conceits with his hope of gaine, that he was content to be a beholder how I ſhould be taken to make his prey.

But I was growne ſo weary, that I ſupported my ſelfe more with anger than ſtrength, when the moſt excellent *Muſidorus* came to my ſuccour; who having followed my trace as well as he could, after he found I had left the fight with *Anaxius*

came

came to the niggards Caſtle, where he found all burned and ſpoyled by the countrey people, who bare mortall hatred to that covetous man, and now took the time, when the Caſtle was left almoſt without guard, to come in, and leave monuments of their malice therein: which *Muſidorus* not ſtaying either to further or impeach, came upon the ſpurre after mee (becauſe with one voyce many told him, that if I were in his company, it was for no good meant unto mee) and in this extremitie found me. But when I ſaw that Couſin of mine, me thought my life was doubled, and where I before thought of a noble death, I now thought of a noble victory. For who can feare that hath *Muſidorus* by him? who, what hee did there for me, how many he killed, not ſtranger for the number, than for the ſtrange blowes wherewith he ſent them to a well-deſerved death, might well delight me to ſpeake of, but I ſhould ſo hold you too long in every particular. But in truth, there if ever, and ever, if ever any man, did *Muſidorus* ſhew himſelfe ſecond to none in able valour.

Yet what the unmeaſurable exceſſe of their number would have done in the end, I know not, but the triall thereof was cut off by the chanceable comming thither of the King of *Iberia*, that ſame father of the worthy *Plangus*, whom it hath pleaſed you ſometimes to mention: who not yeelding over to old age his countrey delights (eſpecially of Hawking) was at that time (following a Merline) brought to ſee this injury offered unto us: and having great numbers of Courtiers waiting upon him, was ſtraight knowne, by the ſouldiers that aſſaulted us, to be their King, and ſo moſt of them withdrew themſelves.

He by his authority knowing of the Captaines owne conſtrained confeſſion, what was the motive of this miſchievous practice, miſliking much ſuch violence ſhould be offered in his Countrey to men of our ranke, but chiefely diſdaining it ſhould be done in reſpect of his Niece, whom I muſt confeſſe wrongfully hee hated, becauſe hee interpreted that her brother and ſhe had maintained his ſonne *Plangus* againſt him, cauſed the Captaines head preſently to be ſtriken off, and the old bad *Chremes* to be hanged: though truely for my part, I earneſtly laboured for his life, becauſe I had eaten of his bread. But one thing was notable for a concluſion of his miſerable life, that neither the death of his daughter, (who, alas poore Gentlewoman, was by chance ſlaine among his clownes, while ſhee over-boldly for her weak ſex ſought to hold them from me) nor yet his own ſhamefull end was ſo much in his mouth as hee was led to execution, as the loſſe of his goods, and burning of his houſe; vvhich often, with more laughter than teares of the hearers, hee made pitifull exclamations upon.

This Juſtice thus done, and we delivered, the King indeed in royall ſort invited us to his Court, not farre thence: in all points entertaining us ſo, as truely I muſt ever acknowledge a beholdingneſſe unto him; although the ſtream of it fell out not to be ſo ſweet as the ſpring. For after ſome dayes being there (curing our ſelves of ſuch wounds as vve had received, while I, cauſing diligent ſearch to be made for *Anaxius*, could learne nothing, but that he was gone out of the countrey, boaſting in every place how he had made me run away) we were brought to receive the favour of acquaintance with the Queene *Andromana*, vvhom the Princeſſe *Pamela* did in ſo lively colours deſcribe the laſt day, as ſtill me thinkes the figure thereof poſſeſſeth mine eyes, confirmed by the knowledge my ſelfe had.

And therefore I ſhall need the leſſe to make you know what kinde of woman ſhe was; but this onely, that firſt with the reines of affection, and after with the very uſe of directing, ſhee had made her ſelfe ſo abſolute a maſter of her husbands mind, that a while he would not, & after, he could not tell how to governe vvithout being

being governed by her: but finding an eaſe in not underſtanding, let looſe his thoughts wholly to pleaſure, entruſting to her the entire conduct of all his royall affaires. A thing that may luckily fall out to him that hath the bleſſing, to match with ſome Heroicall minded Lady. But in him it was neither guided by Wiſdome, nor followed by Fortune, but thereby was ſlipt inſenſibly into ſuch an eſtate, that he lived at her undiſcreet diſcretion: all his ſubjects having by ſome yeeres learned, ſo to hope for good, and feare of harme, onely from her, that it ſhould have needed a ſtronger vertue than his, to have unwound ſo deeply an entred vice. So that either not ſtriving, becauſe he was contented; or contented, becauſe he would not ſtrive; he ſcarcely knew what was done in his owne chamber, but as it pleaſed her Inſtruments to frame the relation.

Now we being brought knowne unto her (the time that we ſpent in curing ſome very dangerous wounds) after once we were acquainted (and acquainted we were ſooner than our ſelves expected) ſhee continually almoſt haunted us, till (and it was not long a doing) we diſcovered a moſt violent bent of affection: and that ſo ſtrangely, that we might well ſee, an evill minde in authoritie, doth not onely follow the ſway of the deſires already within it, but frames to it ſelfe new deſires, not before thought of. For, with equall ardour ſhe affected us both: and ſo did her greatneſſe diſdaine ſhamefac'tneſſe, that ſhe was content to acknowledge it to both. For (having many times torne the vaile of modeſty) it ſeemed, for a laſt delight, that ſhee delighted in infamy: which often ſhe had uſed to her husbands ſhame, filling all mens eares, but his, with his reproach; while hee (hoodwinkt with kindneſſe) leaſt of all men knew who ſtrake him. But her firſt degree was, by ſetting forth her beauties (truely in nature not to be miſliked, but as much advanced to the eye, as abaſed to the judgement by art) thereby to bring us (as willingly caught fiſhes) to bite at her bait. And thereto had ſhe that Scutchion of her deſires ſupported by certaine badly diligent Miniſters, who often cloyed our eares with her praiſes, and would needs teach us a way of felicity by ſeeking her favour. But when ſhe found, that wee were as deafe to them as dumb to her, then ſhe liſted no longer ſtay in the ſuburbs of her fooliſh deſires, but directly entred upon them, making her ſelfe an impudent ſuter, authorizing her ſelfe very much with making us ſee that all favour and power in that Realme, ſo depended upon her, as now (being in her hands) we were either to keep, or loſe our liberty, at her diſcretion; which yet a while ſhe ſo tempered, as that we might rather ſuſpect, than ſhe threaten. But when our wounds grew ſo, as that they gave us leave to travell, and that ſhe found we were purpoſed to uſe all meanes we could to depart thence, ſhe (with more and more importunateneſſe) craved, which in all good maners was either of us to be deſired, or not granted. Truely, moſt faire and every vvay excellent Lady, you vvould have wondred to have ſeen, how before us ſhe would confeſſe the contention in her own mind between that lovely, indeed moſt lovely, brownneſſe of *Muſidorus* his face, and this colour of mine, which ſhe (in the deceiveable ſtile of affection) would intitle beautifull: but her eies wandred like a glutton at a feaſt, from the one to the other; & how her words would begin halfe of the ſentence to *Muſidorus*, & end the other halfe to *Pyrocles*: not aſhamed, ſeeing the friendſhip betweene us, to deſire either of us to be a mediator to the other; as if we ſhould have played one requeſt at Tennis betweene us: and often wiſhing that ſhe might be the angle, vvhere the lines of our friendſhip might meet, and be the knot vvhich might tye our hearts together. Which proceeding of hers I do the more largely ſet before you, moſt deare Lady, becauſe by the foile thereof, you may ſee the nobleneſſe of my deſire to you, and the warrantableneſſe of your favour to me.

At

At that *Philoclea* ſmiled, with a little nod. But, ſaid *Pyrocles*, when ſhe perceived no hope by ſuite to prevaile, then (perſwaded by the rage of affection, and encouraged by daring to doe any thing) ſhee found meanes to have us accuſed to the King, as though wee went about ſome practice to overthrow him in his owne ſtate. Which, becauſe of the ſtrange ſucceſſes wee had had in the Kingdomes of *Phrygia*, *Pontus* and *Galatia*, ſeemed not unlikely to him, who (but skimming any thing that came before him) was diſciplined to leave the through-handling of all to his gentle wife: who forthwith cauſed us to be put in priſon, having (while wee ſlept) deprived us of our armes: a priſon, indeed injurious, becauſe a priſon; but elſe well teſtifying affection, becauſe in all reſpects as commodious as a priſon might bee: and indeed ſo placed, as ſhee might at all houres (not ſeene by many, though ſhee cared not much how many had ſeene her) come unto us. Then fell ſhee to ſauce her deſires with threatnings, ſo that we were in a great perplexity, reſtrayned to ſo unworthy a bondage, and yet reſtrayned by love, which (I cannot tell how) in noble minds, by a certaine dutie, claimes an anſwering. And how much that love might move us, ſo much and more that faultineſſe of her mind removed us; her beauty being ballanced by her ſhameleſneſſe. But that which did as it were tye us in a captivity, was, that to grant had beene wickedly injurious to him that had ſaved our lives: and to accuſe a Lady that loved us, of her love unto us, wee eſteemed almoſt as diſhonourable: and but by one of thoſe wayes wee ſaw no likelihood of going out of that place, where the words would bee injurious to your eares, which ſhould expreſſe the manner of her ſuit: while yet many times earneſtneſſe dyed her cheekes with the colour of ſhamefac'neſſe; and wanton languiſhing borrowed of her eyes the down-caſt looke of modeſtie. But we in the meane time farre from loving her, and often aſſuring her, that we would not ſo recompence her husbands ſaving of our lives; to ſuch a ridiculous degree of truſting her ſhee had brought him, that ſhe cauſed him ſend us word, that upon our lives, we ſhould doe whatſoever ſhe commanded us: good man, not knowing any other, but that all her pleaſures were directed to the preſervation of his eſtate. But when that made us rather pitie than obey his folly, then fell ſhee to ſervile entreating us, as though force could have beene the ſchoole of Love, or that an honeſt courage would not rather ſtrive againſt, than yeeld to injury. All which yet could not make us accuſe her, though it made us almoſt pine away for ſpight, to loſe any of our time in ſo troubleſome an idleneſſe.

But while we were thus full of wearineſſe of what was paſt, and doubt of what was to follow, Love (that I thinke in the courſe of my life hath a ſport ſometimes to poyſon me vvith Roſes, ſometimes to heale me vvith Wormewood) brought forth a Remedy unto us: vvhich though it helped mee out of that diſtreſſe, alas the concluſion vvas ſuch, as I muſt ever vvhile I live thinke it worſe than a wrack ſo to have been preſerved. This King by his Queene had a ſonne of tender age, but of great expectation, brought up in the hope of themſelves, and already acceptation of the inconſtant people, as ſucceſſor of his fathers crowne: vvhereof he vvas as worthy, conſidering his parts, as unworthy in reſpect of the vvrong vvas thereby done againſt the moſt noble *Plangus*: vvhoſe great deſerts now either forgotten, or ungratefully remembred, all men ſet their ſayles with the favourable winde, vvhich blevv on the fortune of this young Prince, perchance not in their hearts, but ſurely in their mouths, now giving *Plangus* (vvho ſome yeeres before vvas their onely Champion) the poore comfort of calamity, pittie. This youth therefore accounted Prince of that Region, by name *Palladius*, did with vehement affection love a young Lady,

Lady, brought up in his fathers Court, called *Zelmane*, daughter to that miſchievouſly unhappy Prince *Plexirtus* (of whom already I have, and ſometimes muſt make, but never honourable mention) left there by her father, becauſe of the intricate changeableneſſe of his eſtate; he by the mothers ſide being halfe brother to this Queene *Andromana*, and therefore the willinger committing her to her care. But as Love (alas) doth not alwayes reflect it ſelfe, ſo fell it out that this *Zelmane*, (though truely reaſon there was enough to love *Palladius*) yet could not ever perſwade her heart to yeeld thereunto: with that paine to *Palladius*, as they feele, that feele an unloved love. Yet loving indeed, and therefore conſtant, hee uſed ſtill the interceſſion of diligence and faith, ever hoping, becauſe he would not put himſelfe into that hell, to be hopeleſſe; untill the time of our being come, and captived there, brought forth this end, which truely deſerves of mee a further degree of ſorrow than teares.

Such was therein my ill deſtiny, that this young Lady *Zelmane* (like ſome unwiſely liberall, that more delight to give preſents, than pay debts) ſhe choſe (alas more the pitty) rather to beſtow her love ſo much undeſerved, as not deſired) upon mee, than to recompence him, whoſe love, beſides many other things, might ſeeme, even in the Court of Honour, juſtly to claime it of her. But ſo it was: alas that ſo it was! wherby it came to paſſe (that as nothing doth more naturally follow this cauſe than care to preſerve, and benefit doth follow unfained affection) ſhe felt with me, what I felt of my captivity, and ſtreight laboured to redreſſe my paine, which was her paine: which ſhe could doe by no better meanes, than by uſing the help therein of *Palladius*: who, true Lover, conſidering what, and not why, in all her commandements, and indeed ſhe concealing from him her affection (which ſhee intituled compaſſion) immediately obeyed to imploy his uttermoſt credit to releeve us: which, though as great as a beloved ſonne with a mother, faulty otherwiſe, but not hard-hearted toward him, yet it could not prevaile to procure us liberty. Wherefore he ſought to have that by practice, which he could not by prayer. And ſo being allowed often to viſite us, for indeed our reſtraints were more, or leſſe, according as the ague of her paſſion was either in the fit or intermiſſion; hee uſed the opportunity of a fit time thus to deliver us.

The time of the marrying that Queene, was every yeere, by the extreme love of her husband, and the ſerviceable love of the Courtiers, made notable by ſome publike honours, which did, as it were, proclaime to the world, how deare ſhee was to that people. Among other, none was either more gratefull to the beholders, or more noble in it ſelfe, than Juſts, both with Sword and Launce, maintained for a ſeven-night together: wherein that Nation doth ſo excell, both for comelineſſe and ableneſſe, that from neighbour countries they ordinarily come, ſome to ſtrive, ſome to learne, ſome to behold.

This day it happened that divers famous knights came thither from the Court of *Helen*, Queene of *Corinth*; a Lady whom Fame at that time was ſo deſirous to honour, that ſhe borrowed all mens mouthes to joyn with the ſound of her Trumpet. For as her beauty hath won the prize from all women that ſtand in degree of compariſon (for as for the two ſiſters of *Arcadia*, they are far beyond all conceit of compariſon) ſo hath her government been ſuch, as hath beene no leſſe beautifull to mens judgements, than her beauty to the eye-ſight. For being brought by right of birth a woman, a young woman, a faire woman, to governe a people, in nature mutinouſly proud, and alwaies before ſo uſed to hard governours, as they knew not how to obey without the ſword were drawne, could ſhee for ſome yeeres, ſo carry her ſelfe among

among them that they found cauſe in the delicacie of her ſex, of admiration, not of contempt: and which was not able, even in the time that many countries about her were full of wars, which for old grudges to *Corinth* were thought ſtill would conclude there, yet ſo handled ſhee the matter, that the threatned ever ſmarted in the threatners; ſhe uſing ſo ſtrange, and yet ſo well-ſucceeding a temper, that ſhe made her people by peace warlike; her Courtiers, by ſports, learned; her Ladies, by Love, chaſte. For by continuall martiall exerciſes without bloud, ſhee made them perfect in that bloudy art. Her ſports were ſuch as carried riches of knowledge upon the ſtreame of delight: and ſuch the behaviour both of her ſelfe & her Ladies, as builded their chaſtitie not upon waywardneſſe, but choyce of worthineſſe: So as it ſeemed that Court to have bin the marriage place of Love & Vertue, & that her ſelfe was a *Diana* apparelled in the garments of *Venus*: And this which Fame onely delivered unto mee, (for yet I have never ſeene her) I am the willinger to ſpeake of to you, who (I know) know her better, being your neere neighbour, becauſe you may ſee by her example (in her ſelfe wiſe, and of others beloved) that neither follie is the cauſe of vehement love, nor reproach the effect. For never, I thinke, was there any woman, that with more unremoveable determination gave her ſelfe to the counſell of love, after ſhee had once ſet before her minde the worthineſſe of your couſin *Amphialus*; and yet is neither her wiſedome doubted of, nor honour blemiſhed. For (O God) what doth better become wiſedome, than to diſcerne what is worthy the loving? what more agreeable to goodneſſe, than to love it ſo diſcerned? and what to greatneſſe of heart, than to be conſtant in it once loved? But at that time, that love of hers was not ſo publikely knowne, as the death of *Philoxenus* and her ſearch of *Amphialus* hath made it: but then ſeemed to have ſuch leaſure to ſend thither divers choice Knights of her Court, becauſe they might bring her, at leaſt the knowledge, perchance the honour of that triumph. Wherein ſo they behaved themſelves, as for three daies they carried the prize, which being come from ſo fat a place to diſgrace her ſervants, *Palladius* (who himſelfe had never uſed armes) perſwaded the Queene *Andromana* to be content (for the honour ſake of her Court) to ſuffer us two to have our horſe and armour, that hee with us might undertake the recoverie of their loſt honour: which ſhee granted; taking our oath to goe no further than her ſonne, nor ever to abandon him. Which ſhee did not more for ſaving him, than keeping us: and yet not ſatisfied with our oath, appointed a band of horſemen to have an eye, that we ſhould not go beyond appointed limits. We were willing to gratifie the young Prince, who (we ſaw) loved us. And ſo the fourth day of that exerciſe, we came into the field: where, I remember, the manner was, that the forenoon they ſhould run at tilt one after the other: the afternoon in a broad field in manner of a battell, till either the ſtrangers, or that country knights won the field.

The firſt that ran was a brave knight, whoſe device was to come in all chained, with a Nympth leading him: his *Impreſa* was

Againſt him came forth an *Iberian*, whoſe manner of entring was, with Bagpipes in ſtead of Trumpets; a ſhepheards boy before him for a Page, and by him a dozen apparelled like ſhepheards for the faſhion, though rich in ſtuffe, who carried his Lances, which though ſtrong to give a lancely blow indeed, yet ſo were they coloured with hookes neere the mourne, that they prettily repreſented ſheephooks. His owne furniture was dreſt over with wooll, ſo enriched with jewels artificially placed, that one would have thought it a marriage betweene the loweſt and the higheſt. His *Impreſa* was a ſheep marked with pitch, with this word, *Spotted to bee knowne*. And becauſe I may tell you out his conceit (though that were not done

done, till the running of that time was ended) before the Ladies departure from the windowes, among whom there was one (they ſay) that was the *Star*, whereby his courſe was onely directed, the ſhepheards attending upon *PHILISIDES* went among them, and ſang an Eclogue; one of them anſwering another, while the other ſhepheards pulling out Recorders (which poſſeſt the place of Pipes) accorded their muſicke to the others voyce. The Eclogue had great praiſe: I onely remember ſixe verſes, while having queſtioned one with the other, of their fellow-ſhepherds ſudden growing a man of armes, and the cauſe of his doing, they thus ſaid:

ME thought ſome ſtaves he miſt: if ſo, not much amiſſe;
For where he moſt would hit, he ever yet did miſſe.
One ſaid he brake a croſſe; full well it ſo might be:
For never was there man more croſſely croſt than hee.
But moſt cry'd, O well broke: O foole full gayly bleſt:
Where failing is a ſhame, and breaking is his beſt.

Thus I have digreſt, becauſe his manner liked mee well: but when hee began to runne againſt *Lelius*, it had neere growne (though great love had ever beene betwixt them) to a quarrell. For *Philiſides* breaking his ſtaves with great commendation, *Lelius* (who was knowne to be ſecond to none in the perfection of that Art) ranne ever over his head, but ſo finely to the skilfull eies, that one might well ſee he ſhewed more knowledge in miſſing, than others did in hitting. For with ſo gallant a grace his ſtaffe came ſwimming cloſe over the creſt of the Helmet, as if hee would repreſent the kiſſe, and not the ſtroke of *Mars*. But *Philiſides* was much moved with it, while he thought *Lelius* would ſhew a contempt of his youth: till *Lelius*, (who therefore would ſatisfie him, becauſe he was his friend) made him know, that to ſuch bondage hee was for ſo many courſes tyed by her, whoſe diſgraces to him were graced by her excellency, and whoſe injuries hee could never otherwiſe returne, than honours.

But ſo by *Lelius* willing-miſſing vvas the oddes of the *Iberian* ſide, and continued ſo in the next by the excellent running of a knight, though foſtred ſo by the *Muſes*, as many times the very Ruſtick people left both their delights and profits to hearken to his ſongs, yet could he ſo well performe all armed ſports, as if he had never had any other pen, than a Launce in his hand. Hee came in like a Wilde man; but ſuch a wilderneſſe, as ſhewed his eye-ſight had tamed him, full of withered leaves, which though they fell not, ſtill threatned falling. His *Impreſa* was, a mill-horſe ſtill bound to goe in one circle; with this word, *Data fata ſequuntur*. But after him the *Corinthian* knights abſolutely prevailed, eſpecially a great Nobleman of *Corinth*, whoſe device was to come without any device, all in white like a new knight, as indeed he was; but ſo new, as his newneſſe ſhamed moſt of the others long exerciſe. Then another, from whoſe tent I remember a bird was made flie, with ſuch art to carry a written embaſſage among the Ladies, that one might ſay, If a live bird, how ſo taught? If a dead bird, how ſo made? Then he, who hidden, man and horſe in a great figure lively repreſenting the *Phœnix*: the fire tooke ſo artificially as it conſumed the bird, and left him to riſe, as it were, out of the aſhes thereof. Againſt whom was the fine frozen knight, frozen in deſpaire; but his armour ſo naturally repreſenting Ice, and all his furniture ſo lively anſwering thereto, as yet did I never ſee any thing that pleaſed me better.

But the delight of thoſe pleaſing ſights, have carried mee too farre into an unneceſſary

neceſſarie diſcourſe. Let it then ſuffice (moſt excellent Lady) that you know, the *Corinthians* that morning in the exercoiſe, as they had done the daies before, had the better; *Palladius* neither ſuffering us, nor himſelfe, to take in hand the partie till the afternoone; when we were to fight in troupes, not differing otherwiſe from earneſt, but that the ſharpneſſe of the weapons was taken away. But in the triall, *Palladius* (eſpecially led by *Muſidorus*, and ſomewhat aided by me) himſelfe truely behaving himſelfe nothing like a beginner, brought the honour to reſt it ſelfe that night on the *Iberian* ſide: and the next day, both morning and afternoone, being kept by our partie. He (that ſaw the time fit for the deliverie he intended) called unto us to follow him; which we both bound by oath, and willing by good-will, obeyed: and ſo the guard not daring to interrupt us, he commanding paſſage, wee went after him upon the ſpur to a little houſe in a forreſt neere by: which he thought would be the fitteſt reſting place, till we might go further from his mothers furie, whereat he was no leſſe angrie, and aſhamed, than deſirous to obey *Zelmane*.

But his mother, as I learned ſince, underſtanding by the guard her ſonnes conveying us away (forgetting her greatneſſe, and reſigning modeſtie to more quiet thoughts) flew out from her place, and cryed to be accompanied, for ſhee her ſelfe would follow us. But what ſhe did, being rather with vehemencie of paſsion than conduct of reaſon, made her ſtumble while ſhe ran, and by her owne confuſion hinder her owne deſires. For ſo impatiently ſhe commanded, as a good while no body knew what ſhe commanded; ſo as we had gotten ſo farre the ſtart, as to be already paſt the confines of her kingdome before ſhe overtooke us: and overtake us ſhe did in the kingdome of *Bythinia*, not regarding ſhame, or danger of having entred into anothers dominions: but (having with her about threeſcore horſe-men) ſtraight commanded to take us alive, and not to regard her ſonnes threatning therein: which they attempted to doe, firſt by ſpeech, and then by force. But neither liking their eloquence, not fearing their might, we eſteemed few ſwords in a juſt defence, able to reſiſt many unjuſt aſſaulters. And ſo *Muſidorus* incredible valour (beating downe all lets) made both me and *Palladius* ſo good way, that we had little to doe to overcome weake wrong.

And now had wee the victorie in effect without bloud, when *Palladius* (heated with the fight, and angrie with his mothers fault) ſo purſued our aſſaylers, that one of them, who, as I heard ſince, had before our comming beene a ſpeciall minion of *Andromanas*, & hated us for having diſpoſſeſt him of her heart, taking him to be one of us, with a trayterous blow ſlew his young Prince: who falling downe before our eyes, whom he ſpecially had delivered, Judge, ſweeteſt Lady, whether anger might not be called juſtice in ſuch a caſe: once, ſo it wrought in us, that many of his ſubjects bodies we left there dead, to wait on him more faithfully to the other world.

All this while diſdaine, ſtrengthened by the furie of a furious love, made *Andromana* ſtay to the laſt of the combate: & when ſhe ſaw us light down, to ſee what help we might doe to the helpleſſe *Palladius*, ſhee came running madly unto us, then no leſſe threatning, when ſhe had no more power to hurt. But when ſhe perceived it was her onely ſonne that lay hurt, and that his hurt was ſo deadly, as that already his life had loſt the uſe of reaſonable, and almoſt ſenſible part; then only did misfortune lay his owne uglineſſe upon her fault, and make her ſee what ſhee had done, and to what ſhe was come, eſpecially, finding in us rather deteſtation than pittie, (conſidering the loſſe of that young Prince) and reſolution preſently to depart, which ſtill ſhe laboured to ſtay. But deprived of all comfort, with eyes full of death, ſhe ranne to her ſonnes dagger, and before wee were aware of it (who elſe would

have ſtayed it) ſtrake her ſelfe a mortall wound. But then her love, though not her perſon, awaked pitie in us; and I went to her, while *Muſidorus* laboured about *Palladius*. But the wound was paſt the cure of a better Surgeon than my ſelfe, ſo as I could but receive ſome few of her dying words, which were curſings of her ill ſet affection, and wiſhing unto me many croſſes and miſchances in my love, whenſoever I ſhould love; wherein I feare, and onely feare, that her prayer is from above granted. But the noiſe of this fight, and iſſue thereof being blazed by the country people to ſome noble men thereabouts, they came thither, and finding the wrong offered us, let us goe on our journey, we having recommended thoſe royall bodies unto them to be conveied to the king of *Iberia*. With that *Philoclea*, ſeeing the teares ſtand in his eyes with remembrance of *Palladius*, but much more of that which therupon grew, ſhe would needs drink a kiſſe from thoſe eyes, and he ſucke another from her lips; whereat ſhe bluſhed, and yet kiſſed him againe to hide her bluſhing: which had almoſt brought *Pyrocles* into another diſcourſe, but that ſhe with ſo ſweet a rigour forbad him, that he durſt not rebell, though he found it a great warre to keepe that peace, but was faine to goe on in his ſtorie: for ſo ſhe abſolutely bad him, and he durſt not know how to diſobey.

So (ſaid he) parting from that place before the Sunne had much abaſed himſelfe of his greateſt height, wee ſaw ſitting upon the drie ſands (which yeelded at that time a very hot reflection) a faire Gentlewoman, whoſe geſture accuſed her of much ſorrow, and every way ſhewed ſhe cared not what paine ſhe put her body to, ſince the better part (her minde) was layed under ſo much agonie: and ſo was ſhee dulled withall, that we could come ſo neere, as to heare her ſpeeches, and yet ſhe not perceive the hearers of her lamentation. But well we might underſtand her at times ſay, Thou doſt kill me with thy unkinde falſhood: and, It grieves me not to die, but it grieves me that thou art the murtherer: neither doth mine owne paine ſo much vexe me, as thy errour. For God knowes, it would not trouble mee to be ſlaine for thee, but much it torments me to be ſlaine by thee. Thou art untrue, *Pamphilus*, thou art untrue, and woe is me therefore. How oft didſt thou ſweare unto mee, that the Sunne ſhould loſe his light, and the rockes runne up and down like little kiddes, before thou wouldeſt falſifie thy faith to me? Sunne therefore put out thy ſhining, and rockes runne mad for ſorrow, for *Pamphilus* is falſe. But alas the Sunne keeps his light, though thy faith be darkened; the rockes ſtand ſtill, though thou change like a weather-cocke. O foole that I am, that thought I could graſpe water, and binde the winde. I might well have knowne thee by others, but I would not; and rather wiſhed to learne poiſon by drinking it my ſelfe, while my love helped thy words to deceive me. Well, yet I would thou hadſt made a better choiſe when thou didſt forſake thy unfortunate *Leucippe*. But it is no matter. *Baccha* (thy new Miſtreſſe) will revenge my wrongs. But doe not *Baccha*, let *Pamphilus* live happy, though I dye.

And much more to ſuch like phraſe ſhe ſpake, but that I (who had occaſion to know ſomething of that *Pamphilus*) ſtept to comfort her: and though I could not doe that, yet I got thus much knowledge of her, that this being the ſame *Leucippe*, to whom the unconſtant *Pamphilus* had betrothed himſelfe, which had moved the other Ladies to ſuch indignation as I told you; neither her worthineſſe (which in truth was great) nor his owne ſuffering for her (which is wont to endeare affection) could fetter his fickleneſſe, but that before his marriage day appointed, hee had taken to wife that *Baccha*, of whom ſhe complained; one, that in divers places I had heard before blazed, as the moſt impudently unchaſte woman of all *Aſia*, and withall, of ſuch an imperiouſneſſe therein, that ſhe would not ſticke to employ

them

them whom ſhe made unpappy with her favour, to draw more companions of their folly: in the multitude of whom ſhe did no leſſe glory, than a Captaine would doe of being followed by brave Souldiers: waywardly proud; and therefore bold, becauſe extreamely faultie: and yet having no good thing to redeeme both theſe, and other unlovely parts, but a little beautie, diſgraced with wandring eyes and unwaied ſpeeches; yet had *Pamphilius* (for her) left *Leucippe*, and withall, left his faith. *Leucippe*, of whom one looke (in a cleere judgement) would have been more acceptable than all her kindneſſes ſo prodigally beſtowed. For my ſelfe, the remembrance of his cruell handling *Dido* joyned to this, ſtirred me to ſeeke ſome revenge vpon him, but that I thought it ſhould be a gaine for him to loſe his life, being ſo matched: and therefore (leaving him to be puniſhed by his owne election) we conveyed *Leucippe* to a houſe there by, dedicated to *Veſtall* Nunnes, where ſhee reſolved to ſpend all her yeeres, which her youth promiſed ſhould bee many, in bewayling the wrong, and yet praying for the wrong-doer.

But the next morning, we (having ſtriven with the Suns earlineſſe) were ſcarcely beyond the proſpect of the high turrets of that building, when there overtooke us a young Gentleman, for ſo hee ſeemed to us; but indeed, ſweet Lady, it was the faire *Zelmane*, *Plexirtus* daughter; whom unconſulting affection, unfortunately borne to me-wards, had made borrow ſo much of her naturall modeſtie, as to leave her more decent rayments, and taking occaſion of *Andromana's* tumultuous purſuing us, had apparelled her ſelfe like a page, with a pittifull crueltie cutting off her golden haire, leaving nothing but the ſhort curles to cover that noble head, but that ſhee ware upon it a faire head-peece, a ſhield at her backe, and a launce in her hand; elſe diſarmed. Her apparell of white, wrought upon with broken knots, her horſe faire and luſtie; which ſhe rid ſo, as might ſhew a fearefull boldnes, daring to doe that, which ſhee knew that ſhe knew not how to doe: and the ſweetneſſe of her countenance did give ſuch a grace to what ſhee did, that it did make handſome the unhandſomneſſe, and make the eye force the minde to beleeve that there was a praiſe in that unskilfulneſſe. But ſhee ſtraight approached me, and with few words, which borrowed the helpe of her countenance to make themſelves underſtood, ſhe deſired me to accept her into my ſervice; telling me ſhe was a Noblemans ſon of *Iberia*, her name *Daiphantus*, who having ſeen what I had done in that court, had ſtolne from her father to follow me. I enquired the particularities of the maner of *Andromana's* following me, which by her I underſtood, ſhe hiding nothing, but her ſexe, from me. And ſtill me thought I had ſeene that face, but the great alteration of her fortune, made her far diſtant from my memorie: but liking very well the young Gentleman, ſuch I tooke her to be, admitted this *Daiphantus* about me, who well ſhewed there is no ſervice like his, that ſerves becauſe he loves. For though borne of Princes bloud, brought up with tendereſt education, unapt to ſervice, becauſe a woman, and full of thoughts, becauſe in a ſtrange eſtate, yet Love injoyned ſuch diligence, that no apprentice, no, no bond-ſlave could ever be by feare more readie at all commandements than that young Princeſſe was. How often, alas, did her eyes ſay unto me that they loved? and yet, I not looking for ſuch a matter, had not my conceit open to underſtand them. How often would ſhee come creeping to me, betweene gladneſſe to be neere me, and feare to offend me? Truely I remember, that then I mervailed to ſee her receive my commandements with ſighs, and yet doe them with cheerefulneſſe: ſometimes anſwering me in ſuch riddles, as I then thought a childiſh inexperience: but ſince returning to my remembrance, they have come more cleere unto my knowledge. And pardon mee, onely deare Lady, that I uſe

many words: for her affection to me deſerves of me an affectionate ſpeech.

But in ſuch ſort did ſhe ſerve me in that kingdome of *Bythinia*, for two moneths ſpace: in which time we brought to good end a cruell warre, long maintained betweene the king of *Bythinia* and his brother. For my excellent couſin and I (dividing our ſelves to either ſide) found meanes (after ſome triall we had made of our ſelves) to get ſuch credite with them, as we brought them to as great peace between themſelves, as love toward us, for having made the peace. Which done, we intended to returne through the kingdome of *Galatia*, called *Thrace*, to eaſe the care of our father and mother, who (wee were ſure) firſt with the ſhipwracke, and then with the other dangers we daily paſt, ſhould have little reſt in their thoughts till they ſaw us. But we were not entred into that kingdome, when by the noyſe of a great fight we were guided to a pleaſant vally, which, like one of thoſe Circuſſes, which in great Cities ſome where doth give a pleaſant ſpectacle of running horſes; ſo of either ſide, ſtretching it ſelfe in a narrow length, was it hemd in by wooddy hills, as if indeed Nature had meant therein to make a place for beholders. And there wee beheld one of the cruelleſt fights betweene two knights, that ever hath adorned the moſt martiall ſtorie. So as I muſt confeſſe, a while we ſtood bewondred, another while delighted with the rare beautie thereof; till ſeeing ſuch ſtreames of bloud, as threatned a drowning of life, we gallopped toward them to part them. But we were prevented by a dozen armed knights, or rather villaines, who uſing this time of their extreme feebleneſſe, all together ſet upon them. But common danger brake off particular diſcord, ſo that (though with a dying weakneſſe) with a lively courage they reſiſted, and by our helpe drave away, or ſlew thoſe murdering attempters: among whom we hapt to take alive the principall. But going to diſarme thoſe two excellent knights, we found, with no leſſe wonder to us, than aſtoniſhment to themſelves, that they were the two valiant and indeed famous brothers, *Tydeus* and *Telenor*; whoſe adventure (as afterward wee made that ungracious wretch confeſſe) had thus fallen out.

After the noble Prince *Leonatus* had, by his fathers death, ſucceeded in the kingdome of *Galatia*, he (forgetting all former injuries) had received that naughtie *Plexirtus* into a ſtrange degree of favour, his goodneſſe being as apt to bee deceived, as the others craft was to deceive. Till by plaine proofe, finding that the ungratefull man went about to poiſon him, yet would hee not ſuffer his kindneſſe to bee overcome, not by juſtice it ſelfe; but calling him to him, uſed words to this purpoſe: *Plexirtus* (ſaid he) this wickedneſſe is found by thee; no good deeds of mine have been able to keepe it dovvne in thee: all men counſell me to take away thy life, likely to bring forth nothing, but as dangerous as wicked effects; but I cannot finde it in my heart, remembring what fathers ſonne thou art: but ſince it is the violence of ambition, which perchance pulls thee from thine owne judgement, I will ſee, whether the ſatisfying that may quiet the ill working of thy ſpirits. Not farre hence is the great citie of *Trebiſond*; which, with the territorie about it, anciently pertained unto this crowne, novv unjuſtly poſſeſſed, and as unjuſtly abuſed by thoſe, vvho have neither title to hold it, nor vertue to rule it: to the conqueſt of that for thy ſelfe I will lend thee force, and give thee my right: Goe therefore, and with leſſe unnaturalneſſe glut thy ambition there; and that done, if it bee poſſible, learne vertue.

Plexirtus, mingling forſworne excuſes with falſe-meant promiſes, gladly embraced the offer: and haſtily ſending backe for thoſe two brothers (who at that time were with us ſuccouring the gracious Queen *Erona*) by their vertue chiefly (if not onely)

onely) obtained the conqueſt of that goodly dominion. Which indeed done by them, gave them ſuch an authoritie, that though he raigned, they in effect ruled, moſt men honouring them becauſe they onely deſerved honour; and many, thinking therein to pleaſe *Plexirtus*, conſidering how much hee was bound unto them: while they likewiſe (with a certaine ſincere boldneſſe of ſelfe-warranting frendſhip) accepted all openly and plainely, thinking nothing ſhould ever by *Plexirtus* bee thought too much in them, ſince all they were was his.

But he (who by the rules of his owne mind, could conſtrue no other end of mens doings, but ſelfe-ſeeking) ſuddenly feared what they could doe, and as ſuddenly ſuſpected what they would doe, and as ſuddenly hated them, as having both might and mind to doe. But dreading their power, ſtanding ſo ſtrongly in their owne valour, and others affection, he durſt not take open way againſt them, and as hard it was to take a ſecret, they being ſo continually followed by the beſt, and every way ableſt of that region; and therefore uſed this divelliſh ſleight (which I will tell you) not doubting (moſt wicked man) to turne their owne friendſhip toward him to their owne deſtruction. Hee (knowing that they well knew, there was no friendſhip betweene him and the new king of *Pontus*, never ſince hee ſuccoured *Leonatus* and us, to his overthrow) gave them to underſtand, that of late there had paſſed ſecret defiance betweene them, to meet privately at a place appointed. Which though not ſo fit a thing for men of their greatneſſe, yet was his honour ſo engaged, as hee could not goe backe. Yet faining to find himſelfe weake by ſome counterfeit infirmity, the day drawing neere, hee requeſted each of them to goe in his ſtead; making either of them ſweare to keepe the matter ſecret, even each from other, delivering the ſelfe-ſame particularities to both; but that he told *Tydeus*, the king would meet him in a blew armour; and *Telenor*, that it was a blacke armour: and with wicked ſubtiltie (as if it had beene ſo appointed) cauſed *Tydeus* to take a blacke armour, and *Telenor* a blew; appointing them waies how to goe, ſo as hee knew they ſhould not meet, till they came to the place appointed, where each promiſed to keep ſilence, leſt the king ſhould diſcover it was not *Plexirtus*: and therein await had hee laid theſe murtherers that who over-lived the other, ſhould by them be diſpatched: hee not daring truſt more than thoſe with that enterpriſe, and yet thinking them too few till themſelves by themſelves were weakened.

This wee learned chiefly by the chiefe of thoſe way-beaters, after the death of thoſe two worthy brothers, whoſe love was no leſſe than their valour: but well we might find much thereof by their pitifull lamentation, when they knew their miſmeeting, and ſaw each other (in deſpite of the ſurgerie we could do unto them) ſtriving who ſhould run faſteſt to the goale of death: each bewailing the other, & more dying in the other, than in himſelfe: curſing their owne hands for doing, and their breaſts for not ſooner ſuffering: deteſting their unfortunately ſpent time in having ſerved ſo ungrateſull a Tyrant, and accuſing their folly in having beleeved he could faithfully love, who did not love faithfulneſſe: wiſhing us to take heed, how we placed our good will upon any other ground, than proofe of vertue: ſince length of acquaintaince, mutuall ſecrecies, nor height of benefits could bind a ſavage heart; no man being good to other, that is not good in himſelfe. Then (while any hope was) beſeeching us to leave the care of him that beſought, and onely looke to the other. But when they found by themſelves, & us, no poſſibility, they deſired to be joyned; and ſo imbracing & craving that pardon each of other, which they denied to themſelves, they gave us a moſt ſorrowfull ſpectacle of their death; leaving few in the world behind them their matches in any thing, if they had ſoone enough known the

ground and limits of friendſhip. But with wofull hearts we cauſed thoſe bodies to be conveyed to the next towne of *Bythinia*, where we learning thus much (as I have told you) cauſed the wicked Hiſtorian to conclude his ſtorie with his owne well-deſerved death.

But then (I muſt tell you) I found ſuch wofull countenances in *Daiphantus*, that I could not much marvell (finding them continue beyond the firſt aſſault of pitie) how the caſe of ſtrangers (for further I did not conceive) could ſo deepely pierce. But the truth indeed is, that partly with the ſhame and ſorrow ſhee tooke of her fathers faultineſſe, partly with the feare, that the hate I conceived againſt him would utterly diſgrace her in my opinion, whenſoever I ſhould know her, ſo vehemently perplexed her, that her faire colour decayed, and daily and haſtily grew into the very extreame working of ſorowfulneſſe: which oft I ſought to leaue, and helpe. But ſhe as fearefull as loving, ſtill concealed it; and ſo decaying ſtill more and more in the excellencie of her faireneſſe, but that whatſoever weakneſſe tooke away, pitie ſeemed to adde: yet ſtill ſhe forced her ſelfe to waite on me, with ſuch care and diligence, as might well ſhew had beene taught in no other ſchoole but Love.

While we, returning againe to embarke our ſelves for *Greece*, underſtood that the mighty *Otanes* (brother to *Barzanes*, ſlaine by *Muſidorus* in the battell of the ſixe Princes) had entred upon the kingdome of *Pontus*, partly upon the pretences he had to the crown, but principally, becauſe he would revenge upon him (whom he knew we loved) the loſſe of his brother; thinking (as indeed he had cauſe) that whereſoever wee were, hearing of his extremity, wee would come to relieve him; in ſpite whereof he doubted not to prevaile, not only upon the confidence of his own vertue and power, but eſpecially becauſe he had in his company two mighty Giants, ſons to a couple whom we ſlew in the ſame Realme: they having been abſent at their fathers death, and now returned, willingly entred into his ſervice, hating (more than he) both us and that king of *Pontus*. We therefore with all ſpeed went thitherward, but by the way this fell out, which whenſoever I remember without ſorrow, I muſt forget withall all humanitie.

Poore *Daiphantus* fell extreme ſicke, yet would needs conquer the delicacie of her conſtitution, and force her ſelfe to waite on mee: till one day going toward *Pontus*, we met one, who in great haſte went ſeeking for *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whoſe death as yet was not knowne unto the meſſenger; who (being their ſervant, and knowing how dearely they loved *Plexirtus*) brought them word, how ſince their departing *Plexirtus* was in preſent danger of a cruell death, if by the valiantneſſe of one of the beſt knights of the world, he were not reſcued: we enquired no further of the matter (being glad he ſhould now to his loſſe find what an unprofitable treaſon it had been unto him, to diſmember himſelfe of two ſuch friends) and ſo let the meſſenger part, not ſticking to make him know his maſters deſtruction by the falſhood of *Plexirtus*.

But the griefe of that (finding a body already brought to the laſt degree of weakneſſe) ſo overwhelmed the little remnant of the ſpirits left in *Daiphantus*, that ſhee fell ſuddenly into deadly ſwonnings; never comming to her ſelfe, but that withall ſhee returned to make moſt pitifull lamentations; moſt ſtrange unto us, becauſe we were farre from ghefſing the ground thereof. But finding her ſickneſſe ſuch as began to print death in her eyes, wee made all haſte poſsible to convey her to the next towne: but before we could lay her on a bed, both wee, and ſhee might finde in her ſelfe, that the harbingers of over-haſtie death had prepared his lodging in that daintie body; which ſhe undoubtedly feeling, with a weake chearefulneſſe, ſhewed

ſhewed comfort therein: and then deſiring us both to come neere her, and that no body elſe might be preſent; with pale, and yet (even in palneſſe) lovely lips; Now or never, and never indeed, but now is it time for me, ſaid ſhe, to ſpeake: and I thank death which gives mee leave to diſcover that, the ſuppreſſing whereof perchance hath beene the ſharpeſt ſpurre, that hath haſted my race to this end. Know then my Lords, and eſpecially you my Lord and maſter *Pyrocles*, that your Page *Daiphantus* is the unfortunate *Zelmane*, who for your ſake cauſed my as unfortunate lover and couſin *Palladius*, to leave his fathers Court, and conſequently, both him and my Aunt his mother to loſe their lives. For your ſake my ſelfe have become of a Princeſſe a Page: and for your ſake have put off the apparell of a woman, and (if you judge not more mercifully) the modeſty. Wee were amazed at her ſpeech, and then had (as it were) new eyes given us to perceive that, which before had been a preſent ſtranger to our minds: for indeed forthwith wee knew it to be the face of *Zelmane*, whom before we had knowne in the Court of *Iberia*. And ſorrow and pitie laying her paine upon me, I comforted her the beſt I could by the tenderneſſe of good will, pretending indeed better hope than I had of her recoverie.

But ſhee that had inward embaſſadours from the tyrant that ſhortly would oppreſſe her: No, my deare maſter (ſaid ſhe) I neither hope nor deſire to live. I know you would never have loved mee (and with that word ſhee wept) nor, alas, had it been reaſon you ſhould, conſidering many waies my unworthineſſe. It ſufficerh me that the ſtrange courſe I have taken, ſhall to your remembrance witneſſe my love: and yet this breaking of my heart, before I would diſcover my paine, will make you, I hope, thinke that I was not altogether unmodeſt. Thinke of me ſo, deare maſter, and that thought ſhall be my life; and with that languiſhingly looking upon mee: And I pray you (ſaid ſhe) even by theſe dying eyes of mine (which are onely ſorry to dye, becauſe they ſhall loſe your ſight) and by theſe polled lockes of mine (which while they were long, were the ornament of my ſexe, now in their ſhort curles the teſtimonie of my ſervitude:) and by the ſervice I have done you (which God knowes hath beene full of love) thinke of me after my death with kindneſſe, though you cannot with love. And whenſoever ye ſhall make any other Lady happy with your well-placed affection, if you tell her my folly, I pray you ſpeake of it, not with ſcorne, but with pitie. I aſſure you, deare Princeſſe of my life (for how could it bee otherwiſe?) her words and her manner, with the lively conſideration of her love, ſo pierced me, that though I had divers griefes before, yet me thought I never felt till then, how much ſorrow enfeebleth all reſolution: for I could not chooſe but yeeld to the weakneſſe of abundant weeping; in truth with ſuch griefe, that I could willingly at that time have changed lives with her.

But when ſhe ſaw my teares, O God, ſaid ſhee, how largely am I recompenced for my loſſes? why then (ſaid ſhe) I may take boldneſſe to make ſome requeſts unto you. I beſought her to doe, vowing the performance, though my life were the price thereof. She ſhewed great joy: The firſt, ſaid ſhee, is this, that you will pardon my father the diſpleaſure you have juſtly received againſt him, and for this once ſuccour him out of the danger wherein he is: I hope he will amend: and I pray you, whenſoever you remember him to be the faulty *Plexirtus*, remember withall that he is *Zelmanes* father. The ſecond is, that when you come once into *Greece*, you will take unto your ſelfe this name (though unlucky) of *Daiphantus*, and vouchſafe to be called by it: for ſo ſhall I be ſure you ſhall have cauſe to remember me: & let it pleaſe your noble couſin to be called *Palladius*, that I may do that right to that poor Prince, that his name yet may live upon the earth in ſo excellent a perſon: and ſo

betweene

betweene you, I truſt ſometimes your unluckie Page ſhall bee (perhaps with a ſigh) mentioned. Laſtly, let me bee buried here obſcurely, not ſuffering my friends to know my fortune, till (when you are ſafely returned to your owne countrie) you cauſe my bones to bee conveyed thither, and laid (I beſeech you) in ſome place where your ſelfe vouchſafe ſometimes to reſort. Alas, ſmal petitions for ſuch a ſuiter; which yet ſhe ſo earneſtly craved, that I vvas faine to ſweare the accompliſhment. And then kiſſing mee, and often deſiring me not to condemne her of lightneſſe, in mine armes ſhe delivered her pure ſoule to the pureſt place: leaving mee as full of agony, as kindneſſe, pitie and ſorrow could make an honeſt heart. For I muſt confeſſe for true, that if my ſtarres had not wholly reſerved me for you, there elſe perhaps I might have loved, and (which had beene moſt ſtrang) begun my love after death: whereof let it be the leſſe marvell, becauſe ſomewhat ſhee did reſemble you, though as farre ſhort of your perfection, as her ſelfe dying was of her ſelfe flouriſhing: yet ſomething there was, which (when I ſaw a picture of yours) brought againe her figure into my remembrance, and made my heart as apt to receive the wound, as the power of your beautie with unreſiſtable force to pierce.

But vve in vvofull (and yet private) manner burying her, performed her commandement: and then inquiring of her fathers eſtate, certainely learned that hee was preſently to be ſuccoured, or by death to paſſe the need of ſuccour. Therefore we determined to divide our ſelves; I, according to my vow, to helpe him and *Muſidorus* toward the king of *Pontus*, who ſtood in no leſſe need than immediate ſuccour: & even ready to depart one from the other, there came a meſſenger from him, who after ſome enquirie found us, giving us to underſtand, that he truſting upon us two, had appointed the combate betweene him and us, againſt *Otanes* and the two Giants. Now the day was ſo accorded, as it was impoſſible for me both to ſuccour *Plexirtus*, and be there, where my honour was not onely ſo farre engaged, but (by the ſtrange working of unjuſt fortune) I was to leave the ſtanding by *Muſidorus*, whom better than my ſelfe I loved, to goe ſave him, whom for juſt cauſes I hated. But my promiſe given, and given to *Zelmane*, and to *Zelmane* dying, prevailed more with me, than my friendſhip to *Muſidorus*: though certainely I may affirme, nothing had ſo great rule in my thoughts as that. But my promiſe carried me the eaſier, becauſe *Muſidorus* himſelfe would not ſuffer mee to breake it. And ſo with heavie minds (more carefull each of others ſucceſſe, than of our owne) wee parted; I toward the place, where I underſtood *Plexirtus* was priſoner to an ancient Lord abſolutely governing a goodly caſtle, with a large territorie about it, whereof hee acknowledged no other ſoveraigne but himſelfe; whoſe hate to *Plexirtus* grew for a kinſman of his, whom hee malicioufly had murdered, becauſe in the time that hee raigned in *Galatia*, hee fouud him apt to practiſe for the reſtoring of his vertuous brother *Leonatus*. This old knight ſtill thirſting for revenge, uſed (as the way to it) a policy, which this occaſion I will tell you prepared for him. *Plexirtus* in his youth had married *Zelmanes* mother, who dying of that only child-birth, he a widower, & not yet a king, haunted the Court of *Armenia*; where (as he was cunning to winne favour) he obtained great good liking of *Artaxia*; which he purſued, till (being called home by his father) he falſly got his fathers kingdome; and then neglected his former love: till throwne out of that (by our meanes) before he was deeply rooted in it, and by and by againe placed in *Trebiſond*, underſtanding that *Artaxia* by her brothers death was become Queen of *Armenia*, he was hotter than ever in that purſuite: which being underſtood by this old knight, hee forged ſuch a letter, as might be written from *Artaxia*, intreating his preſent (but very private) repaire thither;

giving

giving him faithfull promiſe of preſent marriage: a thing farre from her thought, having faithfully and publikely proteſted, that ſhee would never marrie any, but ſome ſuch Prince who would give ſure proofe, that by his meanes we were deſtroyed. But he (no more wittie to frame, than blind to judge hopes) bit haſtily at the baite, and in private manner poſted toward her; but by the way hee was met by this knight, farre better accompanied, who quickly laid hold of him, and condemned him to a death, cruell enough, if any thing may be both cruell and juſt. For hee cauſed him to be kept in a miſerable priſon till a day appointed, at which time hee would deliver him to bee devoured by a monſtrous beaſt of moſt ugly ſhape, armed like a *Rhinoceros*, as ſtrong as an Elephant, as fierce as a Lyon, as nimble as a Leopard, and as cruell as a Tygre: whom he having kept in a ſtrong place from the firſt youth of it, now thought no fitter match, than ſuch a beaſtly monſter with a monſtrous Tyrant: proclaiming yet withall, that if any ſo well loved him, as to venture their lives againſt his beaſt for him, if they overcame hee ſhould be ſaved: not caring how many they were (ſuch confidence he had in that monſtrous ſtrength) but eſpecially hoping to entrap thereby the great courages of *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whom he no leſſe hated, becauſe they had beene principall inſtruments of the others power.

I dare ſay, if *Zelmane* had knowne what danger I ſhould have paſſed, ſhee would rather have let her father to periſh, than me to have bidden that adventure. But my word was paſt: and truely the hardneſſe of the enterpriſe was not ſo much a bit as a ſpurre unto me, knowing well, that the journey of high honour lies not in plaine waies. Therefore going thither, and taking ſufficient ſecuritie that *Plexirtus* ſhould be delivered if I were victorious, I undertooke the combate: and (to make ſhort, excellent Lady, and not to trouble your eares with recounting a terrible matter) ſo was my weakeneſſe bleſſed from above, that without dangerous wounds I ſlew that monſter, which hundreds durſt not attempt; to ſo great admiration of many (who from a ſafe place might looke on) that there was order given, to have the fight both by ſculpture and picture celebrated in moſt parts of *Aſia*. And the old noble-man ſo well liked me, that he loved me; onely bewailing, my vertue had beene employed to ſave a worſe monſter than I killed: whom yet (according to faith given) he delivered, & accompanied me to the kingdome of *Pontus*, whither I would needs in all ſpeed goe, to ſee whether it were poſſible for mee (if perchance the day had beene delayed) to come to the combate: but that (before I came) had beene thus finiſhed.

The vertuous *Leonatus* underſtanding two ſo good friends of his were to bee in that danger, would perforce be one himſelfe; where he did valiantly, and ſo did the king of *Pontus*. But the truth is, that both they being ſore hurt, the incomparable *Muſidorus* finiſhed the combate by the death of both the Giants, and the taking of *Otanes* priſoner. To whom as he gave his life, ſo he got a noble friend, for ſo he gave his word to be, and he is well knowne to thinke himſelfe greater in being ſubject to that, than in the greatneſſe of his Principalitie.

But thither (underſtanding of our being there) flocked great multitudes of many great perſons, and even of Princes; eſpecially thoſe, whom wee had made beholding unto us: as, the Kings of *Phrygia*, *Bythinia*, with thoſe two hurt of *Pontus* and *Galatia*, and *Otanes* the priſoner, by *Muſidorus* ſet free; and thither came *Plexirtus* of *Trebiſond*, and *Antiphilus* then King of *Lycia*; with as many moe great Princes, drawne either by our reputation, or by willingneſſe to acknowledge themſelves obliged unto us for what we had done for the others. So as in thoſe parts of

of the world, I thinke, in many hundreds of yeeres there was not ſeene ſo royall an aſſembly: where nothing was let paſſe to doe us the higheſt honours, which ſuch perſons (who might command both purſes and inventions) could performe. All from all ſides bringing unto us right royall preſents, which we, to avoid both unkindneſſe and importunitie, liberally received; and not content therewith, would needs accept as from us their Crownes, and acknowledge to hold them of us: with many other exceſſive honours, which would not ſuffer the meaſure of this ſhort leaſure to deſcribe unto you.

But we quickly aweary thereof, haſted to *Greece*-ward, led thither partly with the deſire of our Parents, but haſtened principally, becauſe I underſtood that *Anaxius* with open mouth of defamation had gone thither to ſeeke mee, and was now come to *Peloponneſus*, where from Court to Court hee made enquirie of mee, doing yet himſelfe ſo noble deeds, as might hap to authorize an ill opinion of mee. We therefore ſuffered but ſhort delayes, deſiring to take this countrey in our way, ſo renowned over the world, that no Prince could pretend height, nor Beggar lowneſſe, to barre him from the ſound thereof: renowned indeed, not ſo much for the ancient prayſes attributed thereunto, as for the having in it *Argalus* and *Amphialus*, (two knights of ſuch rare proweſſe, as wee deſired eſpecially to know) and yet by farre not ſo much for that, as without ſuffering of compariſon for the beautie of you and your ſiſter, which makes all indifferent judges, that ſpeake thereof, account this country as a temple of deities. But theſe cauſes indeed moving us to come by this land, wee embarqued our ſelves in the next Port, whither all thoſe Princes (ſaving *Antiphilus*, who returned, as hee pretended, not able to tarry longer from *Erona*) conveyed us. And there found we a ſhip moſt royally furniſhed by *Plexirtus*, who had made all things ſo proper, as well for our defence as eaſe, that all the other Princes greatly commended him for it: who, ſeeming a quite altered man, had nothing but repentance in his eyes, friendſhip in his geſture, and vertue in his mouth: ſo that we, who had promiſed the ſweet *Zelmane* to pardon him, now not onely forgave, but began to favour; perſwading our ſelves with a youthfull credulitie, that perchance things were not ſo evill as we took them; and, as it were, deſiring our owne memorie that it might be ſo. But ſo were wee licenced from thoſe Princes, truely not without teares, eſpecially of the vertuous *Leonatus*, who with the king of *Pontus* would have come with us, but that we (in reſpect of the ones young wife, and both their new ſettled kingdomes) would not ſuffer it. Then would they have ſent whole fleets to guard us, but we, that deſired to paſſe ſecretly into *Greece*, made them leave that motion, when they found that more ſhips than one would be diſpleaſing unto us. But ſo committing our ſelves to the uncertaine diſcretion of the winde, wee (then determining as ſoone as we came to *Greece*, to take the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, as well for our owne promiſe to *Zelmane*, as becauſe we deſired to come unknowne into *Greece*) left the *Aſian* ſhore full of Princely perſons, who even upon their knees recommended our ſafeties to the devotion of their chiefe deſires: among whom none had beene ſo officious, though, I dare affirme, all quite contrarie to his unfaithfulneſſe, as *Plexirtus*.

And ſo having ſailed almoſt two daies, looking for nothing but when wee might looke upon the land, a grave man, whom wee had ſeene of great truſt with *Plexirtus*, and was ſent as our principall guide, came unto us, and with a certaine kinde manner mixt with ſhame, and repentance, began to tell us, that he had taken ſuch a love unto us, conſidering our youth and fame, that though he were a ſervant, and a ſervant of ſuch truſt about *Plexirtus*, as that hee had committed unto him even thoſe

ſecrets

ſecrets of his heart, which abhorr'd all other knowledge; yet hee rather choſe to reveale at this time a moſt pernicious counſell, than by concealing it bring to ruine thoſe, whom he could not chooſe but honour. So went he on, and told us, that *Plexirtus* (in hope thereby to have *Artaxia*, endowed with the great kingdome of *Armenia*, to his wife) had given him order when we were neere *Greece*, to finde ſome opportunitie to murder us, bidding him to take us aſleep, becauſe he had ſeene what we could do waking. Now ſirs (ſaid he) I would rather a thouſand times loſe my life than have my remembrance (while I live) poyſoned with ſuch a miſchiefe: and therefore if it were onely I, that knew herein the kings order, then ſhould my diſobedience be a warrant of your ſafetie. But to one more (ſaid he) namely the Captaine of the ſhip, *Plexirtus* hath opened ſo much touching the effect of murdering you, though I think laying the cauſe rather upon an old grudge, than his hope of *Artaxia*. And my ſelfe (before the conſideration of your excellencies had drawn love and pitie into my mind) imparted it to ſuch, as I thought fitteſt for ſuch a miſchiefe. Therefore I wiſh you to ſtand upon your guard, aſſuring you, that what I can do for your ſafetie, you ſhall ſee (if it come to the puſh) by me performed. Wee thanked him, as the matter indeed deſerved, and from that time would no more diſarme our ſelves, nor the one ſleepe without his friends eyes waked for him; ſo that it delayed the going forward of their bad enterpriſe, while they thought it rather chance, than providence, which made us ſo behave our ſelves.

But when we came within halfe a dayes ſayling of the ſhore, ſo that they ſaw it was ſpeedily, or not at all to be done; then he (and I remember it was about the firſt watch in the night) came to the Captain, & whiſpered the Councellor in the ear: But he (as it would ſeeme) diſſwaded him from it: the Captaine (who had bin a Pyrate from his youth, and often blouded in it) with a loud voyce ſware, that if *Plexirtus* bad him, he would not ſticke to kill God himſelfe. And therewith call'd his mates, and in the kings name willed them to take us alive or dead; encouraging them with the ſpoyle of us, which he ſaid (and indeed was true) would yeeld many exceeding rich jewels. But the Councellor (according to his promiſe) commanded them they ſhould not commit ſuch a villanie, proteſting that he would ſtand betweene them and the Kings anger therein. Wherewith the Captaine enraged: Nay (ſaid he) then we muſt begin with this traytor himſelfe: and therewith gave him a ſore blow upon the head, who honeſtly did the beſt he could to revenge himſelfe.

But then wee knew it time rather to encounter, than waite for miſchiefe. And ſo againſt the Captaine we went, who ſtraight was environed with moſt part of the Soudiers and Mariners. And yet the truth is, there were ſome, whom either the authoritie of the Councellor, doubt of the Kings minde, or liking of us, made draw their ſwords of our ſide: ſo that quickly it grew a moſt confuſed fight. For the narrowneſſe of the place, the darkeneſſe of the time, and the uncertaintie in ſuch a tumult how to know friends from foes, made the rage of the ſwords rather guide than be guided by their maſters. For my couſin and me, truely I thinke wee never performed leſſe in any place, doing no other hurt than the defence of our ſelves (and ſuccouring them who came for it) drave us to: for not diſcerning perfectly who were for, or againſt us, wee thought it leſſe evill to ſpare a foe, than ſpoyle a friend. But from the higheſt to the loweſt part of the ſhip there was no place left, without cries of murdering, and murdered perſons. The Captaine I hapt awhile to fight withall, but was driven to part with him, by hearing the cry of the Councellor, vvho received a mortall vvound, miſtaken of one of his ovvne ſide. Some of the vviſer vvould call to parley, and vviſh peace: but vvhile the vvords of

peace

peace were in their mouthes, some of their evill auditors gave them death for their hire. So that no man almost could conceive hope of living, but by being last alive: and therefore every one was willing to make himselfe roome by dispatching almost any other: so that the great number in the ship was reduced to exceeding few; when of those few the most part, weary of those troubles, leapt into the boat, which was fast to the ship: but while they that were first were cutting off the rope that tyed it, others came leaping in so disorderly, that they drowned both the boat and themselves.

But while even in that little remnant, like the children of *Cadmus*, we continued still to slay one another, a fire, which (whether by the desperate malice of some, or intention to separate, or accidentally while all things were cast up and downe) it should seeme had taken a good while before, but never heeded of us; who onely thought to preserve or revenge, now violently burst out in many places, and began to master the principall parts of the ship, Then necessitie made us see, that a common enemie sets at one a civill warre: for that little all we are, as if wee had beene waged by some man to quench a fire, straight went to resist that furious enemie by all art and labour: but it was too late, for already it did embrace and devour from the sterne to the waste of the ship: so as labouring in vaine, we were driven to get up to the prowe of the ship, by the worke of nature seeking to preserve life as long as we could: while truly it was a strange and ugly sight, to see so huge a fire, as it quickly grew, to be in the sea, and in the night, as if it had come to light us to death. And by and by it had burned off the mast, vvhich all this while had proudly born the saile (the wind, as might seeme, delighted to carie fire and bloud in his mouth) but now it fell over boord, and the fire growing neerer us, it vvas not onely terrible in respect of what vve vvere to attend, but insupportable through the heat of it.

So that vve vvere constrained to bide it no longer, but disarming and stripping our selves, and laying our selves upon such things, as we thought might helpe our swimming to the land, too farre for our owne strength to beare us, my cousin and I threw our selves into the Sea. But I had swomme a very little way, vvhen I felt, by reason of a vvound I had, that I should not be able to abide the travell: and therefore seeing the maste, vvhose tackling had beene burnt off, flote cleare from the ship, I swam unto it, and getting on it, I found mine owne sword, vvhich by chance, vvhen I threw it away, caught by a peece of Canvas, had hung to the maste. I vvas glad, because I loved it well; but gladder, vvhen I saw at the other end the Captaine of the ship and of all this mischiefe; who having a long pike, belike had borne himselfe up vvith that, till he had set himselfe upon the maste. But when I perceived him, Villaine, said I, dost thou thinke to over-live so many honest men, vvhom thy falshood hath brought to destruction? With that, bestriding the maste, I gat by little and little towards him, after such a manner as boyes are wont, if ever you saw that sport, vvhen they ride the wilde Mare. And hee perceiving my intention, like a fellow that had much more courage than honestie, set himselfe to resist: but I had in short space gotten within him, and (giving him a sound blovv) sent him to feed fishes. But there my selfe remained, untill by Pirates I was taken up, and among them againe taken prisoner, and brought into *Laconia*.

But what (said *Philoclea*) became of your cousin *Musidorus*? Lost, said *Pyrocles*. Ah, my *Pyrocles*, said *Philoclea*, I am glad I have taken you. I perceive you lovers do not alwaies say truly: as though I knew not your cousin *Dorus* the shepheard? Life of my desires (said *Pyrocles*) what is mine, even to my soule, is yours: but the secret of my friend is not mine. But if you know so much, then I may truely say, he is lost,

loſt, ſince he is no more his owne. But I perceive your noble ſiſter and you are great friends, and well doth it become you ſo to be. But go forward deare *Pyrocles*, I long to heare out tell your meeting: for there to me-ward is the beſt part of your ſtory. Ah ſweet *Philoclea* (ſaid *Pyrocles*) do you thinke I can thinke ſo precious leaſure as this well ſpent in talking? Are your eyes a fit booke, thinke you, to reade a Tale upon? Is my love quiet enough to be an Hiſtorian? Deare Princeſſe, be gracious unto me. And then he faine would have remembred to have forgot himſelfe. But ſhe with a ſweetly diſobeying grace, deſired him that her deſire (once for ever) might ſerve, that no ſpot might diſgrace that love, which ſhortly ſhe hoped ſhould be to the world warrantable. Faine he would not have heard, till ſhe threatned anger: and then the poore lover durſt not, becauſe he durſt not. Nay, I pray thee, deare *Pyrocles* (ſaid ſhe) let me have my ſtorie. Sweet Princeſſe (ſaid he) give my thoughts a little reſpite: and if it pleaſe you, ſince this time muſt be ſo ſpoyled, yet it ſhall ſuffer the leſſe harme, if you vouchſafe to beſtow your voice; and let me know, how the good Queene *Erona* was betrayed into ſuch danger, and why *Plangus* ſought me. For indeed I ſhould pity greatly any miſchance fallen to that Princeſſe. I will, ſaid *Philoclea*, ſmiling, ſo you give me your word, your hands ſhall be quiet Auditors. They ſhall, ſaid he, becauſe ſubject. Then began ſhe to ſpeake, but with ſo prettie and delightfull a majeſtie, when ſhe ſet her countenance to tell the matter, that *Pyrocles* could not chuſe but rebell ſo farre as to kiſſe her. She would have pull'd her head away, and ſpeake, but while ſhe ſpake he kiſt, and it ſeemed he fed upon her words: but ſhe gat away. How will you have your diſcourſe, ſaid ſhe, without you let my lips alone? He yeelded, and took her hand. On this, ſaid he, will I revenge my wrong; and ſo began to make much of that hand, when her tale, and his delight were interrupted by *Miſo*, who taking her time, while *Baſilius* backe was turned, came unto them; and told *Philoclea*, ſhe deſerved ſhe knew what, for leaving her mother, being evill at eaſe, to keep company with ſtrangers. But *Philoclea* telling her, that ſhe was there by her fathers commandement, ſhee went away muttering, that though her backe, and her ſhoulders, and her neck were broken, yet as long as her tongue would wag, it ſhould do her errand to her mother: and ſo went up to *Gynecia*, who was at that time miſerably vexed with this maner of dreame. It ſeemed unto her to bee in a place full of thornes, which ſo moleſted her, as ſhee could neither abide ſtanding ſtill, nor tread ſafely going forward. In this caſe ſhe thought *Zelmane* being upon a faire hill, delightfull to the eye, and eaſie in appearance, called her thither: whither with ſuch anguiſh being come, *Zelmane* was vaniſhed, and ſhe found nothing but a dead body like unto her husband, which ſeeming at the firſt with a ſtrange ſmell to infect her, as ſhe was ready likewiſe within a while to die, the dead body ſhe thought tooke her in his armes, and ſaid, *Gynecia*, leave all, for here is thy onely reſt.

With that ſhe awaked, crying very loud, *Zelmane, Zelmane*. But remembring her ſelfe, and ſeeing *Baſilius* by, (her guilty conſcience more ſuſpecting, than being ſuſpected) ſhe turn'd her call, & called for *Philoclea*. *Miſo* forthwith like a valiant ſhrew (looking at *Baſilius*, as though ſhe would ſpeak though ſhe died for it) told *Gynecia*, that her daughter had beene a whole houre together in ſecret talke with *Zelmane*; And, ſayes ſhe, for my part I could not be heard (your daughters are brought up in ſuch awe) though I told her of your pleaſure ſufficiently. *Gynecia*, as if ſhee had heard her laſt doome pronounced againſt her, with a ſide looke and changed countenance, O my Lord, ſaid ſhe, what mean you to ſuffer theſe yong folks together? *Baſilius* (that aimed nothing at the marke of her ſuſpition) ſmilingly tooke her in his armes; Sweet wife, ſaid he, I thank you for your care of your childe: but they

muſt be youthes of other metall than *Zelmane*, that can endanger her. O but, cryed *Gynecia*, and therewith ſhe ſtayd: for then indeed ſhe did ſuffer a right conflict betwixt the force of love, and rage of jealouſie. Many times was ſhe about to ſatisfie the ſpite of her mind, and tell *Baſilius*, how ſhe knew *Zelmane* to be farre otherwiſe than the outward appearance. But thoſe many times were all put backe by the manifold objections of her vehement love. Faine ſhe would have bard her daughters hap, but loth ſhe was to cut off her owne hope. But now, as if her life had beene ſet upon a wager of quicke riſing, as weake as ſhe was, ſhee gat up; though *Baſilius* (with a kindneſſe flowing onely from the fountaine of unkindneſſe, being indeed deſirous to win his daughter as much time as might be) was loth to ſuffer it, ſwearing hee ſaw ſickneſſe in her face, and therefore was loth ſhe ſhould adventure the ayre.

But the great and wretched Lady *Gynecia*, poſſeſſed with thoſe divels of Love and Jealouſie, did rid her ſelfe from her tedious husband: and taking no body with her, going toward them; O Jealouſie, ſaid ſhe, the phrenſie of wiſe folkes, the welwiſhing ſpite, and unkinde carefulneſſe, the ſelfe-puniſhment for others fault, and ſelfe-miſery in others happineſſe, the couſin of envie, daughter of love, and mother of hate, how couldeſt thou ſo quietly get thee a ſeat in the unquiet heart of *Gynecia*, *Gynecia* (ſaid ſhe ſighing) thought wiſe, and once vertuous? Alas, it is thy breeders power which plants thee there: it is the flaming agonie of affection, that works the chilling acceſſe of thy fever, in ſuch ſort, that nature gives place; the growing of my daughter ſeemes the decay of my ſelfe; the bleſſings of a mother turne to the curſes of a competitor; and the faire face of *Philoclea* appeares more horrible in my ſight than the image of death. Then remembred ſhe this ſong, which ſhee thought tooke a right meaſure of her preſent mind.

With two ſtrange fires of equall heat poſſeſt,
The one of Love, the other of Jealouſie,
Both ſtill doe worke, in neither I find reſt:
For both, alas! their ſtrengths together tie:
The one aloft doth hold, the other hie.
Love makes the jealous eye leaſt thence it moves:
The jealous eye, the more it lookes, it loves.

Theſe fires increaſe: in theſe I daily burne:
They feed on me, and with my wings doe flie:
My lovely joyes doe dolefull aſhes turne:
Their flames mount up, my prayers proſtrate lie:
They live in force, I quite conſumed die.
One wonder yet farre paſſeth my conceit,
The fewell ſmall, how be the fires ſo great.

But her unleaſured thoughts ran not over the ten firſt words; but going with a pace not ſo much too faſt for her body, as ſlow for her mind, ſhe found them together, who after *Miſo's* departure had left their tale, and determined what to ſay to *Baſilius*. But full abaſhed was poore *Philoclea* (whoſe conſcience now began to know cauſe of bluſhing) for firſt ſalutation; receiving an eye from her mother, full of the ſame diſdainfull ſcorne, which *Pallas* ſhewed to poore *Arachne*, that durſt contend with her for the prize of well-weaving: yet did the force of love ſo much rule her, that though for *Zelmanes* ſake ſhe did deteſt her, yet for *Zelmanes* ſake ſhe uſed no harder

harder words to her, than to bid her go home, and accompany her ſolitary father.

Then began ſhe to diſplay to *Zelmane* the ſtorehouſe of her deadly deſires, when ſuddenly the confuſed rumour of a mutinous multitude gave juſt occaſion to *Zelmane* to breake off any ſuch conference (for well ſhe found, they were not friendly voices they heard) and to retire, with as much diligence as conveniently they could, towards the Lodge. Yet before they could win the Lodge by twenty paces, they were overtaken by an unruly ſort of clownes, and other rebels, which like a violent flood, were carried they themſelves knew not whither. But as ſoone as they came within perfect diſcerning theſe Ladies, like enraged beaſts, without reſpect of their eſtates, or pitty of their ſex, they began to run againſt them, as right villaines, thinking ability to doe hurt to be a great advancement: yet ſo many as they were, ſo many almoſt were their minds, all knit together only in madneſſe. Some cryed, Take; ſome, Kill; ſome, Save: but even they that cryed Save, ran for company with them that meant to kill. Every one commanded, none obeyed; he onely ſeemed chiefe Captaine that was moſt ragefull.

Zelmane (whoſe vertuous courage was ever awake) drew out her ſword, which upon thoſe ill-armed Churls giving as many wounds as blowes, and as many deaths almoſt as wounds (lightning courage, and thundring ſmart upon them) kept them at a bay, while the two Ladies got themſelves into the Lodge: out of the which *Baſilius*, having put on an armour long untried, came to prove his authority among his ſubjects, or at leaſt to adventure his life with his deare miſtreſſe, to whom hee brought a ſhield, while the Ladies trembling attended the iſſue of this dangerous adventure. But *Zelmane* made them perceive the odds between an Eagle and a Kite, with ſuch nimble ſtayedneſſe, and aſſured nimbleneſſe, that while one was running backe for feare, his fellow had her ſword in his guts.

And by and by was both her heart and helpe well increaſed by the comming of *Dorus*, who having beene making of Hurdles for his maſters ſheepe, heard the horrible cryes of this madde multitude; and having ſtreight repreſented before the eyes of his carefull love, the perill wherein the ſoule of his ſoule might be, he went to *Pamela's* lodge, but found her in a Cave hard by, with *Mopſa* and *Dametas*, who at that time would not have opened the entry to his father. And therefore leaving them there (as in a place ſafe, both for being ſtrong, and unknowne) he ranne as the noiſe guided him. But when he ſaw his friend in ſuch danger among them, anger and contempt (asking no counſell but of courage) made him runne among them with no other weapon but his ſheephooke, and with that overthrowing one of the villaines, tooke away a two-hand-ſword from him, and withall helpt him from ever being aſhamed of loſing it. Then lifting up his brave head, and flaſhing terrour into their faces, he made armes and legs go complaine to the earth, how evill their maſters had kept them. Yet the multitude ſtill growing, and the very killing wearying them, fearing, leſt in long fight they ſhould bee conquered with conquering, they drew backe towards the Lodge; but drew backe in ſuch ſort, that ſtill their terrour went forward: like a valiant maſtiffe, whom when his maſter puls backe by the taile from the Beare, with whom he had already interchanged a hatefull imbracement, though his pace be backeward, his geſture is forward, his teeth and his eyes threatning more in the retyring, than they did in the advancing: ſo guided they themſelves homeward, never ſtepping ſtep backward, but that they proved themſelves maſters of the ground where they ſtept.

Yet among the rebels there was a dapper fellow, a Taylor by occupation, who fetching his courage only from their going backe, began to bow his knees, and very

Fencer-like to draw neere to *Zelmane*. But as he came within her diſtance, turning his ſword very nicely about his crown, *Baſilius*, with a ſide blow, ſtrake off his noſe. He (being ſuter to a Seamſters daughter, and therefore not a little grieved for ſuch a diſgrace) ſtooped down, becauſe he had heard, that if it were freſh put to, it would cleave on againe. But as his hand was on the ground to bring his noſe to his head, *Zelmane* with a blow ſent his head to his noſe. That ſaw a Butcher, a butcherly chuffe indeed, (who that day was ſworn brother to him in a Cup of wine) and lifted up a great lever, calling *Zelmane* all the vile names of a butcherly eloquence. But ſhe (letting ſlip the blow of the lever) hit him ſo ſurely upon the ſide of the face, that ſhe left nothing but the nether jaw, where the tongue ſtill wagged, as willing to ſay more, if his maſters remembrance had ſerved. O, ſaid a miller that was halfe drunke, ſee the lucke of a good fellow, and with that word, ran with a pitchforke at *Dorus*: but the nimbleneſs of the wine carried his head ſo faſt, that it made it over-runne his feet, ſo that he fell withall, juſt between the legs of *Dorus*: who ſetting his foot on his necke (though he offered two milch-kine, and foure fat hogges for his life) thruſt his ſword quite thorow, from one eare to the other; which tooke it very unkindly, to feele ſuch newes before they heard of them, in ſtead of hearing, to bee put to ſuch feeling. But *Dorus* (leaving the miller to vomit his ſoule out in wine and blood) with his two hand ſword ſtrake off another quite by the waſte, who the night before had dreamed he was growne a couple, and (interpreting it that he ſhould be married) had bragg'd of his dreame that morning among his neighbours. But that blow aſtoniſhed quite a poore Painter, who ſtood by with a Pike in his hands. This Painter was to counterfeit the skirmiſh between the *Centaures* and *Lapithes*, and had been very deſirous to ſee ſome notable wounds, to be able the more lively to expreſſe them; and this morning (being carried by the ſtreame of this company) the fooliſh fellow was even delighted to ſee the effect of blowes. But this laſt (hapning neere him) ſo amazed him, that he ſtood ſtocke ſtill, while *Dorus* with a turne of his ſword, ſtrake off both his hands. And ſo the Painter returned, well skilled in wounds, but with never a hand to performe his skill.

In this manner they recovered the lodge, and gave the rebels a face of wood of the outſide. But they then, though no more furious, yet more outragious when they ſaw no reſiſter, went about with pick-axe to the wal, & fire to the gate, to get themſelves entrance. Then did the two Ladies mix feare with love, eſpecially *Philoclea* who ever caught hold of *Zelmane*, ſo, by the folly of love, hindering the ſuccour which ſhe deſired. But *Zelmane* ſeeing no way of defence, nor time to deliberate (the number of thoſe villaines ſtill increaſing, and their madneſſe ſtill increaſing with their number) thought it the onely meanes, to goe beyond their expectation with an unuſed boldneſſe, and with danger to avoide danger: and therefore opened againe the gate, and *Dorus* and *Baſilius* ſtanding ready for her defence, ſhee iſſued againe among them. The blowes ſhe had dealt before, though all in generall were haſtie, made each of them in particular take breath, before they brought them ſuddenly over-neere her: ſo that ſhe had time to get up to the judgement-ſeate of the Prince, which according to the guiſe of that Country, was before the Court gate. There ſhe pauſed a while, making ſigne with her hand unto them, and withall, ſpeaking aloud, that ſhe had ſomething to ſay unto them that would pleaſe them. But ſhe was anſwered a while with nothing but ſhouts and cryes; & ſome beginning to throw ſtones at her, not daring approach her. But at length, a young Farmer (who might do moſt among the country ſort, and was caught in a little affection towards *Zelmane*) hoping by this kindneſſe to have ſome good of her, deſired them, if they

were

were honeſt men, to heare the woman ſpeake. Fie fellowes, fie (ſaid he) what will all the maides in our towne ſay, if ſo many tall men ſhall bee afraid to heare a faire Wench? I ſweare unto you by no little ones, I had rather give my teeme of Oxen, than we ſhould ſhew our ſelves ſo uncivill wights. Beſides, I tell you true, I have heard it of old men counted wiſedome, to heare much, and ſay little. His ſententious ſpeech ſo prevailed, that the moſt part began to liſten. Then ſhe (with ſuch efficacy of gracefulneſſe, and ſuch a quiet magnanimitie repreſented in her face in this uttermoſt perill, as the more the barbarous people looked, the more it fixed their lookes upon her) in this ſort began unto them.

It is no ſmall comfort unto me, ſaid ſhe, having to ſpeake ſomething unto you for your owne behoofes, to finde that I have to deale with ſuch a people, who ſhew indeed in themſelves the right nature of valour: which as it leaves no violence unattempted, while the choler is nouriſhed with reſiſtance; ſo when the ſubject of their wrath doth of it ſelf unlooked for offer it ſelf into their hands, it makes them at leaſt take a pauſe before they determine cruelty. Now then firſt (before I come to the principall matter) have I to ſay unto you; that your Prince *Baſilius* himſelf in perſon is within this lodge, and was one of the three, whom a few of you went about to fight withall: (and this ſhee ſaid, not doubting but they knew it well enough; but becauſe ſhe would have them imagine, that the Prince might thinke that they did not know it) by him I am ſent unto you, as from a Prince to his well approved ſubjects; nay, as from a father to beloved children, to know what it is that hath bred juſt quarrell among you, or who they be that have any way wronged you; what it is with which you are diſpleaſed, or of which you are deſirous? This he requires: and indeed (for he knowes your faithfulneſſe) he commands you preſently to ſet downe, and to chooſe among your ſelves ſome one, who may relate your griefes or demands unto him.

This, being more than they hoped for from their Prince, aſſwaged well their fury, and many of them conſented (eſpecially the yong Farmer helping on, who meant to make one of the demands that he might have *Zelmane* for his wife.) But when they began to talke of their griefes, never Bees made ſuch a confuſed humming: the towne-dwellers demanding putting downe of Impoſts: the countrey fellowes laying out of commons: ſome would have the Prince keepe his Court in one place, ſome in another. All cryed out to have new Counſellors: but when they ſhould thinke of any new, they liked them as well as any other, that they could remember, eſpecially they would have the treaſure ſo looked to, as that he ſhould never need to take any more Subſidies. At length they fell to direct contrarieties. For the Artiſans they would have corn and wine ſet at a lower price, and bound to be kept ſo ſtill: the plowmen, vine-laborers, and the farmers would none of that. The countrymen demanded that every man might be free in the chiefe townes: that could not the burgeſſes like of. The peaſants would have all the gentlemen deſtroyed: the citizens (eſpecially ſuch as cooks, barbers, and thoſe other that lived moſt on gentlemen) would but have them reformed. And of each ſide were like diviſions, one neighbourhood beginning to finde fault with another. But no confuſion was greater than of particular mens likings and miſlikings: one diſpraiſing ſuch a one, whom another praiſed, and demanding ſuch a one to be puniſhed, whom the other would have exalted. No leſſe ado was there about chuſing him, who ſhould be their ſpokeſ-man. The finer ſort of Burgeſſes; as Merchants, Prentiſes, and Clothworkers, becauſe of their riches, diſdaining the baſer occupations; and they becauſe of their number as much diſdaining them: all they ſcorning the country-mens ignorance, and the country-men

ſuſpecting as much their cunning: So that *Zelmane* (finding that their united rage was now grown, not onely to a dividing, but to a croſſing one of another, and that the miſlike grown among themſelves did well allay the heat againſt her) made tokens againe unto them (as though ſhe took great care of their well doing, and were afraid of their falling out) that ſhe would ſpeak unto them. They now growne jealous one of another (the ſtay having ingendred diviſion, and diviſion having manifeſted their weakneſſe) were willing enough to heare, the moſt part ſtriving to ſhew themſelves willinger than their fellowes: which *Zelmane* (by acquaintance ſhee had had with ſuch kind of humours) ſoone perceiving, with an angerleſſe braverie, and an unbaſhed mildeneſſe, in this manner ſpake unto them.

An unuſed thing it is, and I think not heretofore ſeene, O *Arcadians*, that a woman ſhould give publike counſell to men, a ſtranger to the countrey people, and that laſtly in ſuch a preſence by a private perſon the regall throne ſhould be poſſeſſed. But the ſtrangeneſſe of your action makes that uſed for vertue, which your violent neceſſitie impoſeth. For certainly, a woman may well ſpeake to ſuch men, who have forgotten all manlike government: a ſtranger may with reaſon inſtruct ſuch ſubjects, that neglect due points of ſubjection: and is it marvaile this place is entred into by another, ſince your own Prince (after thirty yeeres government) dare not ſhew his face unto his faithfull people? Heare therefore O *Arcadians*, and be aſhamed: againſt whom hath this zealous rage bin ſtirred? whither have bin bent theſe manfull weapons of yours? In this quiet harmleſs lodg there be harbour'd no *Argians* your ancient enemies, nor *Laconians* your now feared neighbours. Here be neither hard landlords, not biting Uſurers. Here lodg none, but ſuch, as either you have great cauſe to love, or no cauſe to hate: here being none, beſides your Prince, Princeſſe, and their children, but my ſelfe. Is it I then, O *Arcadians*, againſt whom your anger is armed? am I the marke of your vehement quarrell? if it be ſo, that innocencie ſhall not be a ſtop for furie; if it be ſo, that the law of hoſpitality (ſo long and holily obſerved among you) may not defend a ſtranger fled to your armes for ſuccour: if in fine, it be ſo, that ſo many valiant mens courages can be inflamed to the miſchiefe of one ſilly woman, I refuſe not to make my life a ſacrifice to your wrath. Exerciſe on me your indignation, ſo it go no further, I am content to pay the great favours I have received among you, with my life, not ill deſerving: I preſent it here unto you, O *Arcadians*, if that may ſatisfie you; rather than you (called over the world the wiſe & quiet *Arcadians*) ſhould bee ſo vaine, as to attempt that alone, which all the reſt of your country will abhorre; than you ſhould ſhew your ſelves ſo ungratefull, as to forget the fruit of ſo many yeeres peaceable government; or ſo unnaturall, as not to have with the holy name of your naturall Prince any fury over-maſtred. For ſuch a helliſh madneſſe (I know) did never enter into your hearts, as to attempt any thing againſt his perſon; which no ſucceſſor, though never ſo hatefull, will ever leave (for his owne ſake) unrevenged. Neither can your wonted valour be turned to ſuch a baſenes, as inſtead of a Prince, delivered unto you by ſo many royall anceſtors, to take the tyrannous yoke of your fellow ſubject, in whom the innate meanneſſe will bring forth ravenous covetouſneſſe, and the newneſſe of his eſtate, ſuſpectfull cruelty. Imagine, what could your enemies more wiſh unto you, than to ſee your owne eſtate with your owne hands undermined? O what would your fore-fathers ſay, if they lived at this time, and ſaw their off-ſpring defacing ſuch an excellent principality, which they with much labour and blood ſo wiſely have eſtabliſhed? Do you thinke them fooles, that ſaw you ſhould not enjoy your vines, your cattell, no not your wives and children, without government; and that there could be no government without a

Magistrate, and no Magistrate without obedience, and an obedience where every one upon his owne private passion, may interpret the doings of the Rulers? Let your wits make your present example a lesson unto you. What sweetnesse, in good faith, find you in your present condition? what choise of house find you, if you had lost *Basilius*? under whose Ensigne would you go, if your enemies should invade you? If you cannot agree upon one to speake for you, how will you agree upon one to fight for you? But with this feare of it I must tell what one is troubled, and with that passed wrong another is grieved. And I pray you did the Sunne ever bring you a fruitfull harvest, but that it was more hot than pleasant? Have any of you children, that be not sometime cumbersome? Have any of you fathers, that bee not sometime weamished? What, shall we curse the Sunne, hate our children, or disobey our fathers? But what need I use these words, since I see in your countenances (now vertuously setled) nothing else but love and duty to him, by whom for your onely sakes the government is imbraided? For all what is done, he doth not onely pardon you, but thanke you; judging the action by the mindes, and not the mindes by the action. Your griefes and desires, what soever, and when soever you list, he will consider of, and to his consideration it is reason you should refer them. So then, to conclude, the uncertainty of his estate made you take armes: now you see him well, with the same love lay them downe. If you now end (as I know you will) he will make no other account of this matter, but as of a vehement, I must confesse over vehement affection, the onely continuance might prove a wickednesse. But it is not so: I see very well, you began with zeale, and will end with reverence.

The action *Zelmane* used, being beautified by nature, and apparelled with skill, her gestures being such that as her words did paint out her minde, so they served as a shadow to make the picture more lively and sensible, with the sweet cleerenesse of her voice, rising and falling kindly as the nature of the word, and efficacie of the matter required, all together in such an admirable person, whose incomparable valour they had well felt, whose beautie did pierce through the thicke dulnesse of their senses, gave such a way unto her speech through the rugged wildernesse of their imaginations, who (besides they were stricken in admiration of her, as of more than a humane creature) were cooled with taking breath, and had learned doubts out of leasure, that in stead of roaring cryes, there was now heard nothing but a confused muttering, whether her saying were to be followed: betwixt feare to pursue, and lothnesse to leave, most of them could have beene content it had never beene begun, but how to end it (each afraid of his companion) they know not; finding it far easier to tye than to loose knots. But *Zelmane* thinking it no evill way in such mutinies, to give the mutinous some occasion of such service, as they might thinke (in their owne judgement) would countervaile their trespasse, withall, to take the more assured possession of their mindes, which thee feared might begin to waver, Loyall *Arcadians*, said she, now doe I offer unto you the manifesting of your duties: all those that have taken armes for the Princes safetie, let them turne their backes to the gate, with their weapons bent against such as would hurt his sacred person. O weak trust of the many-headed multitude, whom inconstancie onely doth guide to well doing! who can set confidence there, where company takes away shame, & each may lay the fault on his fellow? so said a crafty fellow among them, named *Clinias*, to himselfe, when he saw the word no sooner out of *Zelmanes* mouth, but that there were some shouts of joy, with God save *Basilius*, and divers of them with much jollity growne to be his guard, that but little before meant to be his murderers.

This *Clinias* in his youth had been a scholler, so farre, as to learne rather words

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than manners, and of words rather plenty than order; and oft had used to bee an actor in tragedies, where he had learned, besides a slidingnesse of language, acquaintance with many passions, and to frame his face to beare the figure of them: long used to the eyes and eares of men, and to reckon no fault but shamefac'nesse in nature; a most notable Coward, and yet more strangely than rarely venturous in privie practices.

This fellow was become of neere trust to *Cecropia*, *Amphialus* his mother, so that he was privie to all the mischievous devices, wherewith she went about to ruine *Basilius* and his children, for the advancing of her sonne: and though his education had made him full of tongue, yet his love to be doing taught him in any evill to bee secret, and had by his mistresse been used (ever since the strange retyring of *Basilius*) to whisper rumors into the peoples eares: and this time (finding great aptnesse in the multitude) was one of the chief that set them in the uprore (though quite without the consent of *Amphialus*, who would not for all the kingdomes of the world so have adventured the life of *Philoclea*.) But now perceiving the flood of their fury began to ebbe, he thought it policie to take the first of the tide, so that no man cried lowder than he upon *Basilius*. And some of the lustiest Rebels not yet agreeing to the rest, he caused two or three of his mates that were at his commandement, to lift him up, and then as if he had had a Prologue to utter, he began with a nice gravitie to demand audience. But few attending what hee said, with vehement gesture, as if he would teare the starres from the skies, he fell to crying out so loud, that not onely *Zelmane*, but *Basilius* might heare him. O happie men, more mad than the Gyants that would have plucked *Jupiter* out of heaven, how long shall this rage continue? Why doe you not all throw downe your weapons, and submit your selves to our good Prince, our good *Basilius*, the *Pelops* of wisedome, and *Minos* of all good government? when will you begin to beleeve me, and other honest and faithfull subjects, that have done all we could to stop your furie?

The Farmer that loved *Zelmane* could abide him no longer. For as at the first he was willing to speak of conditions, hoping to have gotten great soveraignties, and among the rest *Zelmane*: so now perceiving that the people, once any thing downe the hill from their fury, would never stay till they came to the bottome of absolute yeelding, and so that he should be nearer feares of punishment, than hopes of such advancement, he was one of them that stood most upon the agreement: and to begin withall, disdaining this fellow should play the Preacher, who had been one of the chiefest make-bates, strake him a great wound upon the face with his sword. The cowardly wretch fell downe, crying for succour) and scrambling through the legs of them that were about him) gat to the throne; where *Zelmane* tooke him, and comforted him, bleeding for that was past, and quaking for feare of more.

But as soone as that blow was given (as if *Æolus* had broke open the doore to let all his winds out) no hand was idle, each one killing him that was next, for feare hee should do as much to him. For being divided in mindes, and not divided in companies, they that would yeeld to *Basilius* were intermingled with them that would not yeeld. These men thinking their ruine stood upon it; those men to get favour of their Prince, converted their ungracious motion into their owne bowels, and by a true judgement grew their owne punishers. None was sooner killed than those that had bin leaders in the disobedience: who by being so, had taught them that they did lead, disobedience to the same leaders. And many times it fell out that they killed them that were of their owne faction, anger whetting, and doubt hastening their fingers. But then came downe *Zelmane*; and *Basilius* with *Dorus* issued, and

sometimes

ſometimes ſeeking to draw together thoſe of their party, ſometimes laying indifferently among them, made ſuch havocke (among the reſt *Zelmane* ſtriking the Farmer to the heart with her ſword, as before ſhe had done with her eyes) that in a while all they of the contrary ſide were put to flight, and fled to certaine woods upon the frontiers; where feeding wildely, and drinking onely water, they were diſciplined for their drunken riots; many of them being ſlaine in the chaſe, about a ſcore onely eſcaping. But when theſe late rebels, now ſouldiers, were returned from the chaſe, *Baſilius* calling them together, partly for policie ſake, but principally becauſe *Zelmane* before had ſpoken it (which was to him more than a divine ordinance) he pronounced their generall pardon, willing them to returne to their houſes, and thereafter be more circumſpect in their proceedings: which they did moſt of them with ſharp markes of their folly. But imagining *Clinias* to be one of the chiefe that had bred this good alteration, he gave him particular thankes, and withall willed him to make him know how this frenzie had entred into the people.

Clinias purpoſing indeed to tell him the truth of all, ſaving what did touch himſelfe or *Cecropria*, firſt dipping his hand in the bloud of his wound; Now by this bloud, ſaid he, which is more deare to me than all the reſt that is in my body, ſince it is ſpent for your ſafety: this tongue, perchance unfortunate, but never falſe, ſhall not now begin to lie unto my Prince, of me moſt beloved. Then ſtretching out his hand and making vehement countenances the uſhers of his ſpeeches, in ſuch manner of termes recounted this accident. Yeſterday, ſaid he, being your birth day, in the goodly greene two miles hence before the City of *Eniſpus*, to do honor to the day, were foure or five thouſand people (of all conditions, as I think) gathered together, ſpending all the day in dancings & other exerciſes; and when night came, under tents and boughs, making great cheere, and meaning to obſerve a waſſaling watch all that night for your ſake. *Bacchus*, the learned ſay, was begot with thunder: I think, that made him ever ſince ſo full of ſtir and debate. *Bacchus* indeed it was which ſounded the firſt trumpet to this rude alarum. For that barbarous opinion being generally among them, to think with vice to do honour, & with activity in beaſtlineſs to ſhew abundance of love, made moſt of them ſeek to ſhew the depth of their affection in the depth of their draught. But being once well chafed with wine, having ſpent all the night, & ſome piece of the morning in ſuch revelling; & emboldned by your abſented manner of living, there was no matter their eares had ever heard of, that grew not to be a ſubject of their winie conference. I ſpeak it by proof: for I take witneſſe of the gods, who never leave perjuries unpuniſhed, that I often cried out againſt their impudency, and (when that would not ſerve) ſtopt mine eares, becauſe I would not be partaker of their blaſphemies, till with buffets they forced me to have mine ears and eyes defiled. Publike affaires were mingled with private grudges: neither was any man thought of wit, that did not pretend ſome cauſe of miſlike. Railing was counted the fruit of freedome, and ſaying nothing had his uttermoſt praiſe in ignorance. At the length, your ſacred perſon, alas, why did I live to heare it? alas, how doe I breath to utter it? but your commandement doth not onely enjoyn obedience, but give me force; your ſacred perſon, I ſay, fell to be their table talk: a proud word ſwelling in their ſtomacks, and diſdainfull reproches againſt ſo great a greatneſs, having put on the ſhew of greatneſſe in their little mindes: till at length the very unbridled uſe of words having increaſed fire in their mindes, (which God wot thought their knowledge notable, becauſe they had at all no knowledge to condemne their owne want of knowledge) they deſcended (O never to be forgotten preſumption) to a direct diſlike of your living from among them. Whereupon it were tedious to remember

remember their far-fetched conſtructions. But the ſumme was, you diſdained them: and what were the pompes of your eſtate, if their armes maintained you not? Who would call you a Prince, if you had not a people? When certaine of them, of wretched eſtates, and worſe mindes (whoſe fortunes change could not impaire) began to ſay, that your government was to be looked into; how the great treaſures (you had levied among them) had been ſpent; why none but great men and gentlemen could be admitted into counſell; that the Commons, forſooth, were too plain headed to ſay their opinions: but yet their bloud and ſweat muſt maintaine all. Who could tell whether you were not betrayed in this place, where you lived? nay whether you did live or no? Therefore that it was time to come and ſee; and if you were here, to know if *Arcadia* were grown lothſome in your ſight, why you did not rid your ſelfe of the trouble. There would not want thoſe that would take ſo faire a cumber in good part. Since the Countrey was theirs, and the government an adherent to the countrey, why ſhould they not conſider of the one, as well as inhabite the other? Nay rather, ſaid they, let us begin that which all *Arcadia* will follow. Let us deliver our Prince from danger of practiſes, and our ſelves from want of a Prince. Let us doe that which all the reſt thinke. Let it be ſaid, that we only are not aſtoniſhed with vaine titles, which have their force but in our force. Laſtly, to have ſaid and heard ſo much, was as dangerous, as to have attempted: and to attempt, they had the glorious name of liberty with them. Theſe words being ſpoken, like a furious ſtorm, preſently carried away their well inclined braines. What I, and ſome other of the honeſter ſort could do, was no more than if with a puffe of breath one ſhould go about to make a ſaile go againſt a mighty wind: or, with one hand ſtay the ruine of a mighty wall. So generall grew this madneſſe among them, there needed no drumme, where each cryed, each ſpake to other that ſpake as faſt to him, and the diſagreeing ſound of ſo many voyces was the chiefe token of their unmeet agreement. Thus was their banquet turned to a battaile, their winie mirthes to bloody rages, and the happie prayers for your life to monſtrous threatning of your eſtate; the ſolemnizing your birth-day tended to have been the cauſe of your funerals. But as a drunken rage hath, beſides his wickedneſſe, that folly, that the more it ſeeks to hurt, the leſſe it conſiders how to be able to hurt; they never weighed how to arme themſelves, but tooke up every thing for a weapon, that furie offered to their hands. Many ſwords, pikes, and bils there were: others tooke pitchforkes and rakes, converting husbandry to ſouldiery, ſome caught hold of ſpits, things ſerviceable for life, to bee the inſtruments of death. And there was ſome ſuch one, who held the ſame pot wherein he dranke to your health, to uſe it, as he could, to your miſchiefe. Thus armed, thus governed, forcing the unwilling, and heartning the willing, adding furie to furie, and increaſing rage with running, they came headlong toward this lodge: no man, I dare ſay, reſolved in his owne heart, what was the uttermoſt he would doe when he came hither. But as miſchiefe is of ſuch nature, that it cannot ſtand but with ſtrengthening one evill by another, and ſo multiply in it ſelfe, till it come to the higheſt, and then fall with his own weight: ſo to their mindes once paſſed the bounds of obedience, more and more wickedneſſe opened it ſelfe, ſo that they who firſt pretended to preſerve you; then to reforme you, (I ſpeake it in my conſcience, and with a bleeding heart) now thought no ſafetie for them, without murdering you. So as if the gods, who preſerve you for the preſervation of *Arcadia*, had not ſhewed their miraculous power, and that they had not uſed for inſtruments, both your owne valour (not fit to bee ſpoken of by ſo meane a mouth as mine) and ſome, I muſt confeſſe, honeſt mindes (whom alas why

ſhould

ſhould I mention,ſince what we did,reacht not to the hundreth part of our dutie?) our hands (I tremble to thinke of it) had deſtroyed all that, for which wee have cauſe to rejoyce that we are *Arcadians*.

With that the Fellow did wring his hands, and wrang out teares: ſo as *Baſilius*, that was not the ſharpeſt piercer into masked mindes, tooke a good liking to him; and ſo much the more as he had tickled him with praiſe in the hearing of his Miſtreſſe. And therefore pitying his wound, willed him to get him home, and look well unto it, and make the beſt ſearch he could, to know if there were any further depth in this matter: for which he ſhould be well rewarded. But before he went away, certaine of the ſhepheards being come (for that day was appointed for their paſtorals) he ſent one of them to *Philanax*, and another to other principall Noblemen and cities thereabouts, to make through inquirie of this uprore; and withall, to place ſuch garriſons in all the townes and villages neer unto him, that he might thereafter keep his ſolitary Lodge in more ſecurity, upon the making of a fire, or ringing of a bell, having them in a readineſſe for him.

This, *Clinias* (having his eare one way, when his eye was another) had perceived, and therefore haſted away, with mind to tell *Cecropia*, that ſhe was to take ſome ſpeedie reſolution, or elſe it were danger thoſe examinations would both diſcover, and ruine her: and ſo went his way, leaving that little company with embracements, and praiſing of *Zelmanes* excellent proceeding, to ſhew, that no decking ſets forth any thing ſo much as affection. For as, while ſhe ſtood at the diſcretion of thoſe undiſcreet rebels, every angry countenance any of them made ſeemed a knife layed upon their owne throats; ſo unſpeakeable was now their joy, that they ſaw (beſides her ſafetie and their owne) the ſame wrought, and ſafely wrought by her meanes, in whom they had placed all their delights. What examples *Greece* could ever alledge of wit and fortitude, were ſet in ranke of trifles, being compared to this action.

But as they were in the midſt of thoſe unfained ceremonies, a Gitterne ill-plaid on, accompanied with a hoarſe voice (who ſeemed to ſing maugre the Muſes, and to be merry in ſpite of Fortune) made them looke the way of the ill-noyſed ſong. The ſong was this.

A Hatefull cure with hate to heale:
A bloody helpe with blood to ſave:
A fooliſh thing with fooles to deale.
Let him be bob'd that bobs will have.
But who by meanes of wiſedome hie
Hath ſav'd his charge? it is even I.

Let others decke their pride with skarres,
And of their wounds make brave lame ſhowes:
Firſt let them die, then paſſe the ſtarres,
When rotten Fame will tell their blowes.
But eye from blade, and eare from cry;
Who have ſav'd all? it is even I.

They had ſoone found it was *Dametas*, who came with no leſſe lifted up countenance, than if he had paſſed over the bellies of all his enemies: ſo wiſe a point hee thought he had performed in uſing the naturall ſtrength of the Cave. But never was

it

it his doing to come ſo ſoone thence, till the coaſt were more aſſuredly cleare: for it was a rule with him, That after a great ſtorm there ever fall a few drops before it be fully finiſhed. But *Pamela* (who had now experienced how much care doth ſollicite a lovers heart) uſed this occaſion of going to her parents and ſiſter, indeed as well for that cauſe, as being unquiet, till her eye might be aſſured how her ſhepheard had gone through the danger. But *Baſilius* with the ſight of *Pamela* (of whom almoſt his head, otherwiſe occupied, had left the wonted remembrance) was ſuddenly ſtricken into a devout kinde of admiration, remembring the Oracle, which (according to the fawning humour of falſe hope) he interpreted now his owne to his owne beſt, and with the willing blindneſſe of affection (becauſe his minde ranne wholly upon *Zelmane*) he thought the gods in their Oracles did principally minde her.

But as he was deepely thinking of the matter, one of the ſhepheards told him, that *Philanax* was already come with an hundred horſe in his company. For having by chance rid not far off the little deſart, he had heard of this uproare, and ſo was come upon the ſpur (gathering a company of Gentlemen as faſt as he could) to the ſuccour of his maſter: *Baſilius* was glad of it; but not willing to have him, nor any other of the noblemen ſee his miſtris, he himſelfe went out of the lodge: and ſo giving order unto him of placing garriſons, and examining theſe matters; and *Philanax* with humble earneſtneſſe beginning to entreat him to leave off this ſolitary courſe (which already had been ſo dangerous unto him) Well, ſaid *Baſilius*, it may be ere long I will condeſcend unto your deſire. In the meane time, take you the beſt order you can to keepe me ſafe in my ſolitarineſſe. But, ſaid he, doe you remember, how earneſtly you wrote unto me, that I ſhould not bee moved by that Oracles authority, which brought me to this reſolution? Full well Sir (anſwered *Philanax*) for though it pleaſed you not as then to let me know what the Oracles words were (yet all Oracles holding, in my conceit, one degree of reputation) it ſufficed me to know it was but an Oracle, which led you from your owne courſe. Well, ſaid *Baſilius*, I will now tell you the words; which before I thought not good to doe, becauſe when all the events fall out, as ſome already have done, I may charge you with your incredulity. So he repeated them in this ſort.

THy elder care ſhall from thy carefull face
By Princely meane be ſtolne, and yet not loſt.
Thy yonger, ſhall with Natures bliſſe imbrace
An uncouth love, which nature hateth moſt.
Both they themſelves unto ſuch two ſhall wed,
Who at thy Beer, as at a barre ſhall plead,
Why thee (a living man) they had made dead.
In thine owne ſeat a forraine ſtate ſhall ſit,
And ere that all theſe blowes thy head doe hit,
Thou with thy wife adultery ſhalt commit.

For you, forſooth, ſaid he, when I told you, that ſome ſupernaturall cauſe ſent me ſtrange viſions, which being confirmed with preſagious chances, I had gone to *Delphos*, and there received this anſwer, you replied unto me, that the only ſupernaturall cauſes were the humours of my body, which bred ſuch melancholy dreams, & that both they framed a minde full of conceits, apt to make preſages of things, which in themſelves were meerely chanceable: and withall as I ſay, you remember what you

you wrote unto me touching the authority of the Oracle: but now I have ſome notable triall of the truth thereof, which hereafter I will more largely communicate unto you. Only now, know that the thing I moſt feared is already performed; I meane, that a forraine ſtate, ſhould poſſeſſe my throne. For that hath bin done by *Zelmane*, but not as I feared, to my ruine, but to my preſervation. But when he had once named *Zelmane*, that name was as good as a pully, to make the clocke of his praiſes run on in ſuch ſort, that *Philanax* found was more exquiſite than the only admiration of vertue breedeth: which his faithful heart inwardly repining at, made him ſhrink away as ſoon as he could, to go about the other matters of importance, which *Baſilius* had enjoyned unto him.

Baſilius returned into the Lodge, thus by himſelfe conſtruing the Oracle: that in that he ſaid, his elder care ſhould by Princely meane be ſtolne away from him, and yet not loſt, it was now performed, ſince *Zelmane* had as it were rob'd from him the care of his firſt begotten childe, yet was it not loſt, ſince in his heart the ground of it remained. That his younger ſhould with natures bliſſe embrace the love of *Zelmane*, becauſe he had ſo cõmanded her for his ſake to do, yet ſhould it be with as much hate of nature, for being ſo hateful an oppoſite to the jealouſie he thought her mother had of him. The ſitting in that ſeat he deemed by her already performed: but that which moſt comforted him, was his interpretation of the adultery, which he thought he ſhould commit with *Zelmane*, whom afterwards he ſhould have to his wife. The point of his daughters marriage, becauſe it threatned his death withall, hee determined to prevent, with keeping them (while hee lived) unmarried. But having, as he thought, gotten thus much underſtanding of the Oracle, he determined for three dayes after to performe certaine rites to *Apollo*: and even then began with his wife and daughters to ſing this Hymne, by them yearly uſed.

APollo *Great, whoſe beames the greater world doe light,*
And in our little world doe cleare our inward ſight,
Which ever ſhine, though hid from earth by earthly ſhade.
Whoſe lights doe ever live, but in our darkneſſe fade;
Thou god, whoſe youth was decket with ſpoyle of Pythons *skin*
(*So humble knowledge can throw downe the ſnakiſh ſinne*)
Latona's *ſon, whoſe birth in paine and travaile long*
Doth teach, to learne the good what travailes doe belong:
In travaile of our life (*a ſhort but tedious ſpace*)
While brittle houre-glaſſe runs, guide thou our panting pace:
Give us foreſightfull mindes: give us mindes to obey
What foreſight tels; our thoughts upon thy knowledge ſtay.
Let ſo our fruits grow up that nature be maintain'd:
But ſo our hearts keep downe, with vice they be not ſtain'd.
Let this aſſured hold our judgements overtake,
That nothing winnes the heaven, but what doth earth forſake.

Aſſoone as he had ended his devotion (all the priviledged ſhepheards being now come) knowing well enough he might lay all his care upon *Philanax*, hee was willing to ſweeten the taſte of this paſſed tumult with ſome rural paſtimes. For which while the ſhepheards prepared themſelves in their beſt manner, *Baſilius* tooke his daughter *Philoclea* aſide, and with ſuch haſte, as if his eares hunted for words, deſired to know how ſhe had found *Zelmane*. She humbly anſwered him, according to the

agreement betwixt them, that thus much for her ſake *Zelmane* was content to deſcend from her former reſolution, as to heare him whenſoever he would ſpeak; and further than that, ſhe ſaid, as *Zelmane* had not granted, ſo ſhe neither did, nor ever would deſire. *Baſilius* kiſt her with more than fatherly thanks, and ſtraight (like a hard-kept Ward newcome to his lands) would faine have uſed the benefit of that grant, in laying his ſickneſſe before his only Phyſitian. But *Zelmane* (that had not yet fully determined with her ſelfe how to beare her ſelfe toward him) made him in few words underſtand, that the time in reſpect of the company was unfit for ſuch a parley; & therfore to keep his brains the buſier, letting him underſtand what ſhe had learned of his daughters touching *Erona's* diſtreſſe (whom in her travaile ſhe had knowne, and bin greatly beholding to) ſhe deſired him to finiſh the reſt, for ſo far as *Plangus* had told him. Becauſe ſhe ſaid, and ſhe ſaid truely, ſhe was full of care for that Ladie, whoſe deſert (only except an over-baſe choiſe) was nothing agreeable to misfortune. *Baſilius* glad that ſhe would command him any thing, but more glad, that in excuſing the unfitneſſe of that time, ſhee argued an intention to grant a fitter, obeyed her in this manner.

Madam, ſaid hee, it is very true, that ſince yeares enabled mee to judge what is, or is not to be pitied, I never ſaw any thing that more moved me to juſtifie a vehement compaſſion in my ſelfe, than the eſtate of that Prince, whom ſtrong againſt all his owne afflictions (which yet were great, as I perceive you have heard) yet true and noble love had ſo pulled downe, as to lye under ſorrow for another. Inſomuch as I could not temper my long idle pen in that ſubject, which I perceive you have ſeen. But then to leave that unrepeated, which I find my daughters have told you, it may pleaſe you to underſtand, ſince it pleaſeth you to demand, that *Antiphilus* being crowned, & ſo left by the famous Princes *Muſidorus* & *Pyrocles*, (led thence by the challenge of *Anaxius*, who is now in theſe Provinces of *Greece*, making a diſhonourable enquiry after that excellent Prince *Pyrocles* already periſhed) *Antiphilus*, I ſay, being crowned, and delivered from the preſence of thoſe two, whoſe vertues while they were preſent, (like good Schoolmaſters) ſuppreſſed his vanities, he had not ſtrength of mind enough in him to make long delay of diſcovering what maner of man he was. But ſtreight like one carried up to ſo high a place, that he loſeth the diſcerning of the ground over which hee is, ſo was his mind lifted ſo far beyond the levell of his owne diſcourſe, that remembring only that himſelf was in the high ſeat of a King, he could not perceive that he was a king of reaſonable creatures, who would quickly ſcorne follies, and repine at injuries. But imagining no ſo true property of ſoveraignty, as to do what he liſted, and to liſt whatſoever pleaſed his fancy, he quickly made his Kingdome a Teniſcourt, where his ſubjects ſhould be the bals, not in truth cruelly, but licentiouſly abuſing them; preſuming ſo far upon himſelfe, that what he did was liked of every body: nay, that his diſgraces were favours; & all becauſe he was a king. For in Nature not able to conceive the bounds of great matters (ſuddenly borne into an unknowne Ocean of abſolute power) hee was ſwaied withal, he knew not how, as every wind of paſſions puffed him. Whereto nothing helped him better, than that poyſonous ſugar of flatterie: which ſome uſed, out of the innate baſeneſſe of their heart, ſtraight like dogs fawning upon the greateſt: others ſecretly hating him, and diſdaining his great riſing ſo ſuddenly, ſo undeſervedly (finding his humour) bent their exalting him only to his overthrow; like the bird that carries the ſhel-fiſh high, to break him the eaſier with his fal. But his minde (being an apt matter to receive what forme their amplifying ſpeeches would lay upon it) danced ſo pretty a meaſure to their falſe muſick, that he thought himſelfe

himſelfe the wiſeſt and worthieſt, and beſt beloved, that ever gave honour to royal title. And being but obſcurely borne, he had found out unbluſhing pedegrees, that made him not only of the bloud royall, but true heire, though unjuſtly diſpoſſeſt by *Erona's* Anceſtors. And like the fooliſh bird, that when it ſo hides the head that it ſees not it ſelfe, thinkes no body elſe ſees it: ſo did he imagine that no body knew his baſeneſſe, while he himſelfe turned his eyes from it.

Then vaineneſſe (a meager friend to grateſulneſſe) brought him ſo to deſpiſe *Erona*, as of whom he had receiued no benefit, that within halfe a yeares marriage he began to pretend barrenneſſe: & making firſt an unlawfull law of having mo wives than one, he ſtill keeping *Erona* under-hand, by meſſages ſought *Artaxia*: who no leſſe hating him, than loving (as unlucky a choyce) the naughty King *Plexirtus*; yet to bring to paſſe what ſhe purpoſed, was content to traine him into falſe hopes, till already his imagination had crowned him King of *Armenia*, and had made that but the foundation of more and more Monarchies; as if fortune had onely gotten eyes to cheriſh him. In which time a great aſſembly of moſt part of all the Princes of *Aſia* being to do honour to the never-ſufficiently prayſed *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, he would be one; not to acknowledge his obligation, which was as great as any of the others, but looking to have bin yong-maſtred among thoſe great eſtates, as he was among his abuſing underlings. But ſo many valorous Princes, indeed far neerer to diſdaine him than otherwiſe, hee was quickly (as ſtanding upon no true ground) inwardly out of countenance with himſelf, til his ſeldome-comfortleſs flatterers (perſwading him it was envie and fear of his expected greatneſſe) made him haſte away from that company, and without further delay appointed the meeting with *Artaxia*; ſo incredibly blinded with the over-bright ſhining of his royalty, that hee could think ſuch a Queene would bee content to bee joyned-patent with another to have ſuch an husband. Poore *Erona* to all this obeyed, leither vehemency of affection making her ſtoope to ſo over-baſe a ſervitude, or aſtoniſhed with an unlooked for fortune, dull to any behoofefull reſolution, or (as many times it fals out even in great hearts when they can excuſe none but themſelves) deſperately bent to maintaine it. For ſo went ſhe on in that way for her love, that (poore Ladie) to bee beyond all other examples of ill ſet affection, ſhee was brought to write to *Artaxia*, that ſhe was content, for the publike good, to bee a ſecond wife, and yeeld the firſt place to her; nay to extoll him, and even woo *Artaxia* for him

But *Artaxia* (mortally hating them both for her brothers ſake) was content to hide her hate, till ſhe had time to ſhew it: and pretending that all her grudge was againſt the two paragons of vertue, *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, even met them halfe way in excuſing her brothers murther, as not being principall actors; and of the other ſide, driven to what they did by the ever-pardonable neceſſitie: and ſo well handled the matter, as though ſhe promiſed nothing, yet *Antiphilus* promiſed himſelfe all that ſhe would have him think. And ſo a ſolemne enterview was appointed: But (as the Poets ſay) *Hymen* had not there his ſaffron coloured coat. For *Artaxia* laying men ſecretly (& eaſily they might be ſecret, ſince *Antiphilus* thought ſhe over-ran him in love) when hee came even ready to embrace her (ſhewing rather a countenance of accepting than offering) they came forth, and (having much advantage both in number, valour, and fore-preparation) put all his company to the ſword, but ſuch as could flye away. As for *Antiphilus*, ſhee cauſed him and *Erona* both to be put in yrons, haſting back towards her brothers tombe, upon which ſhee meant to ſacrifice them; making the love of her brother ſtand betweene her and all other motions of grace, from which by nature ſhe was alienated.

But great diverſity in them two quickly diſcovered it ſelfe for the bearing of that affliction: for *Antiphilus*, that had no greatneſſe but outward, that taken away, was ready to fall faſter than calamity could thruſt him; with fruitleſſe begging of life (where reaſon might well aſſure him his death was reſolved) and weak bemoning his fortune, to give his enemies a moſt pleaſing muſick, with many promiſes and proteſtations, to as little purpoſe as from a little minde. But *Erona*, ſad indeed, yet like one rather uſed, than new fallen to ſadneſs (as who had the joyes of her heart already broken) ſeemed rather to welcome than to ſhun that end of miſery; ſpeaking little, but what ſhe ſpake was for *Antiphilus*; remembring his guiltineſſe, being at that time priſoner to *Tiridates*, when the valiant Princeſſe ſlew him: to the diſgrace of men, ſhewing that there are women both more wiſe to judge what is to be expected, and more conſtant to beare it when it is happened.

But her wit endeared by her youth, her affliction by her birth, and her ſadneſſe by her beauty, made this noble Prince *Plangus*, who (never almoſt from his Couſin *Artaxia*) was now preſent at *Erona's* taking, to perceive the ſhape of lovelineſſe more perfectly in wo than in joyfulneſs (as in a picture which receives greater life by the darkneſſe of ſhadowes, than by more glittering colours) and ſeeing to like, and liking to love, and loving ſtraight to feele the moſt incident effects of love, to ſerve and preſerve. So borne by the haſty tyde of ſhort leaſure, hee did haſtily deliver together his affection, and affectionate care. But ſhee (as if hee had ſpoken of a ſmall matter when he mentioned her life, to which ſhee had not leaſure to attend) deſired him if hee loved her, to ſhew it, in finding ſome way to ſave *Antiphilus*. For her, ſhe found the world but a wearieſome ſtage unto her, where ſhee played a part againſt her will: and therefore beſought him not to caſt his love in ſo unfruitfull a place, as could not love it ſelfe: but for a teſtimony of conſtancy, and a ſtableneſſe to his word, to doe ſo much comfort to her minde, as that for her ſake *Antiphilus* were ſaved. Hee told me how much hee argued againſt her tendring him, who had ſo ungratefully betrayed her, and fooliſhly caſt away himſelfe. But perceiving ſhe did not only bend her very good wits to ſpeak for him againſt her ſelfe, but when ſuch a cauſe could be allied to no reaſon, yet love would needes make it ſelfe a cauſe, and barre her rather from hearing, than yeeld that ſhe ſhould yeeld to ſuch arguments: he likewiſe in whom the power of Love, as they ſay of ſpirits, was ſubject to the love in her, with griefe conſented, and (though backwardly) was diligent to labour the helpe of *Antiphilus*: a man whom he not only hated as a traytor to *Erona*, but envied as a poſſeſſor of *Erona*; yet love ſware his heart, in ſpite of his heart, ſhould make him become a ſervant to his rivall. And ſo did he, ſeeking all the meanes of perſwading *Artaxia*, which the authority of ſo neere and ſo vertuous a kinſman could give unto him. But ſhee to whom the eloquence of hatred had given revenge the face of delight, rejected all ſuch motions; but rather the more cloſely impriſoning them in her chiefe city, where ſhe kept them, with intention at the birth-day of *Tiridates*, which was very neer, to execute *Antiphilus*, and at the day of his death, which was about half a year after, to uſe the ſame rigour towards *Erona*. *Plangus* much grieved, becauſe much loving, attempted the humours of the *Lycians*, to ſee whether they would come in with forces to ſuccour their Princeſs. But there the next inheritor to the crown (with the true play that is uſed in the game of kingdomes) had no ſooner his miſtreſſe in captivity, but hee had uſurped her place, & making her odious to her people, becauſe of the unfit election ſhe had made, had ſo left no hope there: but, which is worſe, had ſent to *Artaxia*, perſwading the juſticing her, becauſe that unjuſtice might give his title the name of Juſtice. Wanting

that

that way, *Plangus* practiſed with ſome deare friends of his, to ſave *Antiphilus* out of priſon, whoſe day becauſe it was much neerer than *Erona's*, & that he wel found ſhe had twiſted her life upon the ſame threed with his, hee determined firſt to get him out of priſon: and to that end having prepared all matters, as well as in ſuch caſe he could, where *Artaxia* had ſet many of *Tiridates* old ſervants to have wel-marking eyes, he conferred with *Antiphilus*, as (by the authoritie he had) he found meanes to do; & agreed with him of the time and maner, how he ſhould by the death of ſome of his Jaylors eſcape. But all being wel ordered, and *Plangus* willingly putting himſelfe into the greateſt danger, *Antiphilus* (who like a bladder, ſweld ready to break, while it was full of the wind of proſperity; that being out, was ſo abjected, as apt to be trod on by every body) when it came to the point, that with ſome hazzard he might be in apparent likelihood to avoid the uttermoſt harme, his heart fainted, and (weake foole, neither hoping nor fearing as hee ſhould) gat a conceit, that with bewraying this practice he might obtaine pardon: and therefore even a little before *Plangus* ſhould have come unto him, opened the whole practice to him that had the charge, with unpitied teares idely proteſting, he had rather die by *Artaxia's* commandement, than againſt her will eſcape: yet begging life upon any the hardeſt and wretcheſt conditions that ſhee ſhould lay upon him. His Keeper provided accordingly, ſo that when *Plangus* came, he was like himſelfe to have bin entrapped: but that finding (with a luckie in-ſight) that it was diſcovered, hee retyred; and (calling his friends about him) ſtood upon his guard, as he had good cauſe. For *Artaxia* (accounting him moſt ungratefull, conſidering that her brother and ſhe had not only preſerved him againſt the malice of his father, but ever uſed him much liker his birth than his fortune) ſent forces to apprehend him. But hee among the martiall men had gotten ſo great love, that he could not only keep himſelfe from her malice, but work in their minds a compaſſion of *Erona's* adverſitie.

But for the ſuccour of *Antiphilus* hee could get no body to joyne with him; the contempt of him having not bin able to qualifie the hatred; ſo that *Artaxia* might eaſily upon him performe her will; which was (at the humble ſuite of all the women of that Citie) to deliver him to their cenſure, who mortally hated him for having made a Law of *Polygamie*, after many tortures, forc'd him to throw himſelfe from a high Pyramis, which was built over *Tiridates* tombe, and ſo to end his falſe-hearted life, which had planted no ſtrong thought in him, but that he could be unkinde.

But *Plangus* well perceiving that *Artaxia* ſtaied only for the appointed day, that the fair *Erona's* body (conſumed to aſhes) ſhould make a notorious teſtimony, how deeply her brothers death was engraven in her breaſt, hee aſſembled good numbers of friends, whom his vertue, though a ſtranger, had tyed unto him, by force to give her liberty. Contrariwiſe, *Artaxia*, to whom anger gave more courage than her ſexe did fear, uſed her regall authority (the moſt ſhe could) to ſuppreſſe that ſedition, and have her will: which, ſhee thought, is the moſt Princely thing that may be. But *Plangus*, who indeed, as all men witneſſe, is one of the beſt Captaines both for policie and valour that are trayned in the ſchoole of *Mars*, in a conflict overthrew *Artaxia's* power, though of farre greater number: and there tooke priſoner a baſe ſonne of her brothers, whom ſhe dearely affected, & then ſent her word that he ſhould runne the ſame race of fortune, whatſoever it was, that *Erona* did: and happy was that threatning for her; for elſe *Artaxia* had haſtened the day of her death, in reſpect of thoſe tumults.

But now (ſome principall Noblemen of that countrey interpoſing themſelves)

it was agreed, that all perſons elſe fully pardoned, and all priſoners (except *Erona*) delivered, ſhe ſhould bee put into the hands of a principall Nobleman, who had a caſtle of great ſtrength, by oath, if by the day two yeare from *Tiridates* death, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* did not in perſon combate and overcome two Knights, whom ſhe appointed to maintaine her quarrell againſt *Erona* and them, of having by treaſon deſtroyed her brother, that then *Erona* ſhould be that ſame day burned to aſhes: but if they came, and had the victory, ſhe ſhould be delivered; but upon no occaſion neither freed, nor executed till that day. And hereto of both ſides all tooke ſolemne oath, and ſo the peace was concluded; they of *Plangus* partie forcing him to agree; though he himſelfe the ſooner condiſcended, knowing the courteſie of thoſe two excellent Princes, not to refuſe ſo noble a quarrel, and their power ſuch, as two more (like the other two) were not able to reſiſt. But *Artaxia* was more, and upon better ground, pleaſed with this action; for ſhe had even newly received news from *Plexirtus*, that upon the ſea he had cauſed them both to periſh; and therfore ſhe held her ſelfe ſure of the match.

But poore *Plangus* knew not ſo much, and therefore ſeeing his partie (as moſt times it fals out in like caſe) hungrie of any conditions of peace, accepted them; & then obtained leave of the Lord, that indifferently kept her, to viſit *Erona*; whom he found full of deſperate ſorrow, ſuffering neither his unworthineſſe, nor his wrongs, nor his death (which is the naturall concluſion of all worldly acts) either to cover with forgetfulneſs, or diminiſh with conſideration, the affection ſhe had born him: but even glorying in affliction, & ſhunning all comfort, ſhe ſeemed to have no delight, but in making her ſelf the picture of miſery. So that when *Plangus* came to her, ſhe fell in deadly traunces, as if in him ſhe had ſeene the death of *Antiphilus*, becauſe he had not ſuccoured him: and yet (her vertue ſtriving) ſhe did at one time acknowledge her ſelfe bound, & profeſſe her ſelf injured; inſtead of allowing the concluſion they had made, or writing to the Princes (as he wiſht her to do) craving nothing but ſome ſpeedy death to follow her (in ſpite of juſt hate) beloved *Antiphilus*.

So that *Plangus* having nothing but a raviſht kiſſe from her hand at their parting, went away toward *Greece*, whitherward hee underſtood the Princes were embarked. But by the way it was his fortune to intercept letters, written by *Artaxia* to *Plexirtus*: wherein ſhe ſignified her accepting him to her husband, whom ſhee had ever favoured; ſo much the rather, as he had performed the conditions of her marriage, in bringing to their deſerved end her greateſt enemies: withall, thanking the ſea, in ſuch tearmes as hee might well perceive it was by ſome treaſon wrought in *Plexirtus* ſhip. Whereupon (to make more diligent ſearch) hee tooke ſhip himſelfe, and came into *Laconia*, enquiring, and by his enquiry finding, that ſuch a ſhip was indeed with fight and fire periſhed, none (almoſt) eſcaping. But for *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, it was aſſuredly determined that they were caſt away: for the name of ſuch Princes (eſpecially in *Greece*) would quickly elſe have bin a large witneſſe to the contrary. Full of griefe with that, for the loſſe of ſuch, who left the world poor of perfection: but more ſorry for *Erona's* ſake, who now by them could not be relieved; a new advertiſement from *Armenia* overtooke him, which multiplyed the force of his anguiſh. It was a meſſage from the Nobleman who had *Erona* in ward, giving him to underſtand, that ſince his departure, *Artaxia*, uſing the benefit of time, had beſieged him in his Caſtle, demanding preſent delivery of her; whom yet for his faith given, he would not, before the day appointed, if poſſibly he could reſiſt, which he foreſaw long he ſhould not do for want of victuall, which he had not ſo wiſely provided, becauſe he truſted upon the generall oath taken for two yeares

ſpace:

ſpace: and therefore willed him to make haſte to his ſuccour, and come with no ſmall forces; for all they that were of his ſide in *Armenia* were conſumed, and *Artaxia* had increaſed her might by marriage of *Plexirtus*; who now crowned King there, ſtickt not to glory in the murder of *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, as having juſt cauſe therto, in reſpect of the deaths of his ſiſter *Andromana*, her ſon, his nephew, and his own daughter *Zelmane*: all whoſe loſſe he unjuſtly charged them withall, and now openly ſtickt not to confeſſe, what a revenge his wit had brought forth. *Plangus* much aſtoniſhed herewith, bethought himſelfe what to do: for to returne to *Armenia* was vaine, ſince his friends there were utterly overthrowne. Then thought he of going to his father; but he had already (even ſince the death of his ſtepmother and brother) attempted the recovering of his favour, but all in vaine. For they that had before joyned with *Andromana* to doe him the wrong, thought now no life for them if he returned; and therefore kept him ſtill (with new forged ſuſpicions) odious to his father. So that *Plangus* reſerving that for a work of longer time than the ſaving of *Erona* could beare, determined to go to the mighty and good king *Euarchus*: who lately having (to his eternall fame) fully, not onely conquered his enemies, but eſtabliſhed good government in their countries, he hoped hee might have preſent ſuccour of him, both for the juſtneſſe of the cauſe, and revenge of his childrens death, by ſo hainous a treaſon murthered. Therefore with diligence he went to him, and by the way (paſſing through my countrey) it was my hap to finde him, the moſt overthrowne man with griefe, that ever I hope to ſee againe. For ſtill it ſeemed hee had *Erona* at a ſtake before his eyes; ſuch an apprehenſion he had taken of her danger, which, in deſpite of all the comfort I could give him, hee poured out in ſuch lamentations, that I was moved not to let him paſſe till he had made a full declaration; which by peeces my daughters and I have delivered unto you. Faine he would have had ſuccour of my ſelfe: but the courſe of my life being otherwiſe bent, I only accõmodated him with ſome that might ſafely guide him to the great *Euarchus*: for my part having had ſome of his ſpeeches ſo feelingly in my memory, that at an idle time (as I told you) I ſet them down Dialoguewiſe, in ſuch maner as you have ſeen. And thus, excellent Lady, I have obeyed you in this ſtory: wherein if it well pleaſe you to conſider what is the ſtrange power of Love, & what is due to his authority, you ſhall exerciſe therein the true nobleneſſe of your judgment, and doe the more right to the unfortunate Hiſtorian.

Zelmane (ſighing for *Erona's* ſake, yet inwardly comforted in that ſhee aſſured her ſelfe *Euarchus* would not ſpare to take in hand the juſt delivering of her, joyned with the juſt revenge of his childrens loſſe) having now what ſhe deſired of *Baſilius*, to avoide his further diſcourſes of affection, encouraged the ſhepheards to begin, whom ſhe ſaw already ready for them.

The Second Eclogues.

THe rude tumult of the *Eniſpians* gave occaſion to the honeſt ſhepheards to begin their Paſtorals this day with a daunce, which they called the skirmiſh betwixt Reaſon and Paſſion. For ſeven ſhepheards (which were named the reaſonable ſhepheards) joyned themſelves, foure of them making a ſquare, & the other two going a little wide of either ſide, like wings for the maine battell, and the ſeventh man foremoſt, like the forelorne hope, to begin the skirmiſh. In like order came out the ſeven appaſſionate ſhepheards, all keeping the pace of their foot by their voice, and ſundry conſorted inſtruments they held in their armes. And firſt, the formoſt of the reaſonable ſide began to ſing.

Reaſon. *Thou rebell vile, come, to thy maſter yeeld.*
And the other that met with him anſwered:
Paſſion. *No, Tyrant, no; mine, mine ſhall be the field.*
R. *Can* Reaſon *then a tyrant counted be?*
P. *If* Reaſon *will that* Paſsions *be not free.*
R. *But* Reaſon *will, that* Reaſon *governe moſt.*
P. *And* Paſsion *will, that* Paſſion *rule the roſt.*
R. *Your will is will, but* Reaſon *reaſon is.*
P. *Will hath his will, when* Reaſons *will doth miſſe.*
R. *Whom* Paſſion *leades, unto his death is bent.*
P. *And let him dye, ſo that he die content.*
R. *By nature you to* Reaſon *faith have ſworne.*
P. *Not ſo, but fellow-like together borne.*
R. *Who* Paſſion *doth enſue, lives in annoy.*
P. *Who* Paſſion *doth forſake, lives void of joy.*
R. Paſſion *is blind, and treads an unknowne trace.*
P. Reaſon *hath eyes to ſee his owne ill caſe.*

Then as they approached neerer, the two of Reaſons ſide, as if they ſhot at the other, thus ſang:

R. *Dare* Paſsions *then abide in* Reaſons *light?*
P. *And is not* Reaſon *dim with* Paſsions *might?*
R. *O fooliſh thing which glorie doth deſtroy!*
P. *O glorious title of a fooliſh toy!*
R. *Weakneſſe you are, dare you with our ſtrength fight?*
P. *Becauſe our weakneſſe weakneth all your might.*
R. *O ſacred* Reaſon, *help our vertuous toyles.*
P. *O* Paſſion, *paſſe on feeble* Reaſons *ſpoiles.*
R. *We with our ſelves abide a daily ſtrife.*
P. *We gladly uſe the ſweetneſſe of our life.*
R. *But yet our ſtrife ſure peace in end doth breed.*
P. *We now have peace, your peace we doe not need.*

Then did the two ſquare battailes meet, and in ſtead of fighting embrace one another, ſinging thus:

R. *We are too ſtrong: But* Reaſon *ſeeks no blood.*
P. *Who to be weak doe faine they be too good.*
R. *Though we cannot orecome, our cauſe is juſt.*
P. *Let us orecome, and let us be unjuſt.*
R. *Yet* Paſsions *yeeld at length to* Reaſons *ſtroke.*
P. *What ſhall we win by taking* Reaſons *yoke?*
R. *The joyes you have ſhall be made permanent.*
P. *But ſo we ſhall with griefe learne to repent.*
R. *Repent indeed, but that ſhall bee your bliſſe.*
P. *How know we that, ſince preſent joyes we miſſe?*
R. *You know it not: of* Reaſon *therefore know it.*
P. *No* Reaſon *yet had ever skill to ſhew it.*
R. *Then let us both to heav'nly rules give place.*
P. *Which* Paſsions *kill, and* Reaſon *doe deface.*

Then

Then embraced they one another, & came to the king, who framed his praiſes of them according to *Zelmanes* liking; whoſe unreſtrained parts, the mind and eye, had their free courſe to the delicate *Philoclea*, whoſe looke was not ſhort in well requiting it, although ſhe knew it was a hatefull ſight to her jealous mother. But *Dicus* (that had in this time taken a great liking of *Dorus*, for the good parts hee found, above his age in him) had a delight to taſte the fruits of his wit, though in a ſubject which he himſelfe moſt of all other deſpiſed: and ſo entred ſpeech with him in the manner of this following Eclogue.

Dicus. Dorus.

Dicus. Dorus, *tell me, where is thy wonted motion,*
To make theſe woods reſound thy lamentation?
Thy Saint is dead, or dead, is thy devotion.
For who doth hold his love in eſtimation,
To witneſſe that he thinkes his thoughts delicious,
Thinks to make each thing badge of his ſweet paſſion.

Dorus. *But what doth make thee,* Dicus *ſo ſuſpitious*
Of my due faith, which needs muſt be immutable?
Who others vertues doubt, themſelves are vicious:
Not ſo; although my metall were moſt mutable,
Her beams have wrought therein moſt fair impreſſion,
To ſuch a force ſoone change were nothing ſutable.

Dicus. *The heart well ſet doth never ſhun confeſſion:*
If noble be thy bands, make them notorious:
Silence doth ſeeme the maſk of baſe oppreſſion.
Who glories in his love, doth make love glorious:
But who doth feare, or bideth mute wilfully,
Shewes guilty heart, doth deeme his ſtate opprobrious.
Thou then, that fram'ſt both words and voice moſt skilfully,
Yeeld to our eares a ſweet and ſound relation,
If Love tooke thee by force, or caught thee guilefully.

Dorus. *If Sunnie beames ſhame heavenly habitation,*
If three leav'd graſſe ſeeme to the ſheep unſavory.
Then baſe and ſowre is Loves moſt high vocation.
Or if ſheeps cries can help the Suns owne bravery,
Then may I hope, my pipe may have ability,
To helpe her praiſe, who decks me in her ſlavery.
No, no: no words ennoble ſelfe-nobility,
As for your doubts, her voice was it deceived me,
Her eye the force beyond all poſſibility.

Dicus. *Thy words wel voyc'd, well grac'd, had almoſt heaved me.*
Quite from my ſelfe to love Loves contemplation;
Till of theſe thoughts thy ſodaine end bereaved me,
Goe on therefore, and tell us by what faſhion
In thy owne proofe he gets ſo ſtrange poſſeſſion,
And how poſſeſt he ſtrengthens his invaſion.

Sight

Dorus. *Sight is his root, in thought is his progreſſion,*
His childehood wonder, prentizeſhip attention,
His youth delight, his age the ſoules oppreſſion,
Doubt is his ſleep, he waketh in invention,
Fancie his food, his clothing is of carefulneſſe;
Beauty his booke, his play lovers diſſention:
His eies are curious ſearch, but vaild with warefulneſſe:
His wings deſire, oft clipt with deſperation.
Largeſſe his hands could never skill of ſparefulneſſe:
But how he doth by might, or by perſwaſion
To conquer, and his conqueſt how to ratifie,
Experience doubts, and ſchooles hold diſputation.

Dicus. *But ſo thy ſheep may thy good wiſhes ſatisfie,*
With large encreaſe, and woollof fine perfection,
So ſhe thy love, her eyes thy eyes may gratifie,
As thou wilt give our ſoules a deere refection,
By telling how ſhe was, how now ſhe framed is
To helpe, or hurt in thee her owne infection.

Dorus. *Bleſt be the name wherewith my miſtris named is:*
Whoſe wounds are ſalves, whoſe yokes pleaſe more than pleaſure doth:
Her ſtaines are beames; vertue the fault ſhe blamed is,
The heart, eye, eare, here onely finde his treaſure doth.
All numbring arts her endleſſe graces number not:
Time, place, life, wit, ſcarcely her rare gifts meaſure doth.
Is ſhe in rage? ſo is the Sunne in ſummer hot,
Yet harveſt brings, Doth ſhe, alas! abſent her ſelfe?
The Sunne is hid; his kindly ſhadowes cumber not.
But when to give ſome grace ſhe doth content her ſelfe,
O then it ſhines, then are the heav'ns diſtributed,
And Venus *ſeemes to make up her, ſhe ſpent her ſelfe.*
Thus then (I ſay) me miſchiefes have contributed
A greater good by her divine reflection,
My harmes to me, my bliſſe to her attributed.
Thus ſhe is fram'd: her eyes are my direction,
Her love my life, her anger my deſtruction:
Laſtly, what ſo ſhe is, that's my protection.

Dicus. *Thy ſafety ſure is wrapped in deſtruction,*
For that conſtruction thine owne words doe beare.
A man to feare a womans moodie eye,
Makes reaſon lye a ſlave to ſervile ſenſe,
A weake defence where weakneſſe is thy force:
So is remorſe in folly dearly bought.

Dorus. *If I had thought to heare blaſphemous words,*
My breaſt to ſwords, my ſoule to hell have ſold
I rather would, than thou mine eares defile

with

With words ſo vile, which viler breath doth breed.
O Heards take heed; for I a Wolfe have found,
Who hunting round the ſtrongeſt for to kill,
His breaſt doth fill with earth of others woe:
And loden ſo puls downe, pul'd downe deſtroyes.
O Shepherds boyes, eſchew theſe tongues of venome,
Which doe envenome both the ſoule and ſenſes;
Our beſt defences are to flye theſe Adders.
O tongues like ladders made to climbe diſhonour,
Who judge that honour which hath ſcope to ſlander!

Dicus. Dorus *you wander far in great reproches,*
So love encroches on your charmed reaſon,
But it is ſeaſon for to end our ſinging,
Such anger bringing: as for me, my fancy
In ſick-mans frenzie rather takes compaſſion,
Than rage for rage: rather my wiſh I ſend to thee,
Thou ſoon may have ſome help, or change of paſſion:
She oft her lookes, the ſtars her favour bend to thee,
Fortune ſtore, Nature health, Love grant perſwaſion.
A quiet minde none but thy ſelfe can lend to thee,
Thus I commend to thee all our former Love.

Dorus. *Well doe I prove, errour lyes oft in Zeale,*
Yet it is Zeale, though errour of true heart.
Nought could impart ſuch hates to friendly minde,
But for to finde thy words did her diſgrace,
Whoſe only face the little heaven is:
Which who doth miſſe, his eyes are but deluſions,
Barr'd from their chiefeſt object of delightfulneſſe,
Throwne on this earth, the Chaos of confuſions;
As for thy wiſh, to my enraged ſpitefulneſſe
The lovely blow, with rare reward, my prayer is
Thou maiſt love her, that I may ſee thy ſightfulneſſe.
The quiet minde (whereof my ſelfe empairer is,
As thou doſt think) ſhould moſt of all diſquiet me.
Without her love, than any minde who fairer is:
Her only cure from ſurfet woes can diet me.
She holds the ballance of my contentation:
Her cleared eies, nought elſe, in ſtormes can quiet me.
Nay rather than my eaſe diſcontentation
Should breed to her, let me for aye dejected be
From any joy, which might her griefe occaſion.
With ſo ſweet plagues my happy harms infected be:
Paine wils me dye, yet will of death I mortifie:
For though life irkes, in life my loves protected be,
Thus for each change my changeleſs heart I fortifie.

When they had ended, to the good pleaſing of the aſſiſtants, eſpecially of *Zelmane*

Zelmane, who never forgate to give due commendations to her friend *Dorus*, *Baſilius* called for *Lamon* to end his diſcourſe of *Strephon* and *Klaius*, wherewith the other day he marked *Zelmane* to have bin exceedingly delighted. But him ſickneſſe had ſtaied from that aſſembly: which gave occaſion to *Hiſtor* & *Damon*, two young ſhepherds, taking upon them the two friendly rivals names, to preſent *Baſilius* with ſome other of their complaints Eclogue-wiſe, and firſt with this double Seſtine.

Strephon. Klaius.

Strephon. *YE Goat-heard Gods, that love the graſsie mountaines,*
Ye Nymphs, that haunt the ſprings in pleaſant vallies;
Ye Satyres, joy'd with free and quiet forreſts,
Vouchſafe your ſilent eares to plaining muſicke,
Which to my woes give ſtill an early morning,
And drawes the dolour on till weary evening.

Klaius. *O* Mercury, *foregoer to the evening,*
O heavenly huntreſſe of the ſavage mountaines,
O lovely ſtar, entitled of the morning,
While that my voice doth fill theſe wofull vallies,
Vouchſafe your ſilent eares to playning muſicke,
Which oft hath Eccho tyr'd in ſecret forreſts.

Strephon. *I that was once free Burgeſſe of the forreſts:*
Where ſhade from Sunne, and ſports I ſought at evening.
I that was once eſteem'd for pleaſant muſicke,
Am baniſht now among the monſtrous mountaines
Of huge deſpaire, and foule afflictions vallies,
Am growne a ſhrich-owle to my ſelfe each morning.

Klaius. *I that was once delighted every morning,*
Hunting the wilde inhabiters of forreſts:
I that was once the muſicke of theſe vallies,
So darkned am, that all my day is evening,
Heart broken ſo, that mole-hills ſeeme high mountaines,
And fill the vales with cryes in ſtead of muſicke.

Strephon. *Long ſince, alas, my deadly ſwanniſh muſicke*
Hath made it ſelfe a cryer of the morning:
And hath with wailing ſtrength clim'd higheſt mountaines:
Long ſince my thoughts more deſart be than forreſts:
Long ſince I ſee my joyes come to their evening,
And ſtate throwne down to over-trodden vallies.

Klaius. *Long ſince the happy dwellers of theſe vallies,*
Have pray'd me leave my ſtrange exclaiming muſicke,
Which troubles their dayes worke, and joyes of evening:
Long ſince I hate the night, more hate the morning:
Long ſince my thoughts chaſe me like beaſts in forreſts,
And make me wiſh my ſelfe laid under mountaines.

Me

Strephon. *Me ſeemes I ſee the high and ſtately mountaines,*
Transforme themſelves to low dejected vallies:
Me ſeemes I heare in theſe ill changed forreſts,
The Nightingales do learne of Owles their muſicke;
Me ſeemes I feele the comfort of the morning,
Turn'd to the mortall ſerene of an evening.

Klaius. *Me ſeemes I ſee a filthy cloudie evening,*
As ſoone as Sunne begins to climbe the mountaines:
Me ſeemes I feele a noyſome ſent, the morning
When I doe ſmell the flowers of theſe vallies:
Me ſeemes I heare, when I doe heare ſweet muſick,
The dreadfull cries of murdred men in forreſts.

Strephon. *I wiſh to fire the trees of all thoſe forreſts,*
I give the Sunne a laſt farewell each evening,
I curſe the fidling finders out of Muſicke:
With envie I doe hate the lofty mountaines;
And with deſpite deſpiſe the humble vallies:
I doe deteſt night, evening, day and morning.

Klaius. *Curſe to my ſelfe my praier is, the morning;*
My fire is more than can bee made with forreſts;
My ſtate more baſe, than are the baſeſt vallies;
I wiſh no evenings more to ſee, each evening:
Shamed I hate my ſelfe in ſight of mountaines,
And ſtop mine eares, leſt I grow mad with muſick.

Strephon. *For ſhe whoſe parts maintaine a perfect muſick,*
Whoſe beauty ſhin'd more than the bluſhing morning,
Who much did paſſe in ſtate the ſtately mountaines,
In ſtraightneſſe paſt the Cedars of the forreſts,
Hath caſt me wretch into eternall evening,
By taking her two Sunnes from theſe darke vallies.

Klaius. *For ſhe, to whom compared, the Alpes are vallies,*
She, whoſe leaſt word brings from the ſpheares their muſick,
At whoſe approach the Sunne roſe in the evening,
Who where ſhe went bare in her forehead morning,
Is gone, is gone, from theſe our ſpoiled forreſts,
Turning to deſarts our beſt paſtur'd mountaines.

Strephon. *Theſe mountaines witneſſe ſhall, ſo ſhall theſe vallies,*
Theſe forreſts eke, made wretched by our muſick.

Klaius. *Our morning hymne is this, and ſong at evening.*

But as though all this had bin but the taking of a taſte of their wailings, *Strephon* againe began this Dizaine, which was anſwered unto him in that kinde of verſe which is called the crowne.

Strephon, Klaius.

Strephon. *I joy in griefe, and doe deteſt all joyes;*
Deſpiſe delight, am tyr'd with thought of eaſe:
I turne my mind to all formes of annoyes,
And with the change of them my fancy pleaſe.
I ſtudy that which may me moſt diſpleaſe,
And in deſpite of that diſpleaſures might,
Embrace that moſt, that moſt my ſoule deſtroies,
Blinded with beames, fell darkneſſe is my ſight:
Dwell in my ruines, feed with ſucking ſmart
I think from me, not from my woes to part.

Klaius. *I think from me, not from my woes to part,*
And loath the time cal'd life, nay think that life
Nature to me for torment did impart;
Think, my hard haps have blunted deaths ſharp knife,
Not ſparing me, in whom his works be rife:
And thinking this, think nature, life, and death,
Place ſorrows triumph on my conquered heart,
Whereto I yeeld, and ſeek none other breath,
But from the ſent of ſome infectious grave:
Nor of my fortune ought but miſchiefe crave.

Strephon. *Nor of my fortune ought but miſchiefe crave,*
And ſeek to nowriſh that, which now containes
All what I am: if I my ſelfe will ſave,
Then muſt I ſave, what in me chiefly raines,
Which is the hatefull web of ſorrows paines.
Sorrow then cheriſh me, for I am ſorrow:
No being now, but ſorrow I can have:
Then deck me as thine owne; thy help I borrow,
Since thou my riches art, and that thou haſt
Enough to make a fertile minde lye waſte.

Klaius. *Enough to make a fertile mind lie waſte,*
Is that huge ſtorme, which poures it ſelfe on me:
Haileſtones of teares, of ſight a monſtrous blaſt,
Thunders of cries; lightnings my wilde looks be,
The darkned heav'n my ſoule, which nought can ſee,
The flying ſprites which trees by roots up teare,
Be thoſe deſpaires which have my hopes quite waſt.
The difference is; all folks thoſe ſtormes forbeare,
But I cannot; who then my ſelfe ſhould flie,
So cloſe unto my ſelfe my wrackes doe lie.

Strephon. *So cloſe unto my ſelfe my wracks do lie,*
Both cauſe, effect, beginning, and the end

Are all in me: what help then can I trie?
My ſhip, my ſelfe, whoſe courſe to love doth bend,
Sore beaten doth her maſt of comfort ſpend:
Her cable Reaſon, breaks from anchor Hope:
Fancy, her tackling, torne away doth flye:
Ruine, the wind, hath blowne her from her ſcope:
Bruiſed with waves of Cares, but broken is
On rock Deſpaire, the buriall of my bliſſe.

Klaius. *On rock Deſpaire, the buriall of my bliſſe,*
I long doe plowe with plough of deep deſire:
The ſeed Faſt meaning is, no truth to miſſe:
I harrow it with Thoughts, which all conſpire
Favour to make my chiefe and only hire.
But woe is me, the yeare is gone about,
And now I faine would reap, I reap but this
Hatefully growne, Abſence new ſprung out.
So that I ſee, although my ſight empaire,
Vaine is their paine, who labour in deſpaire.

Strephon. *Vaine is their paine, who labour in deſpaire:*
For ſo did I, when with my angle Will,
I ſought to catch the fiſh Torpedo faire,
Ev'n then Deſpaire did Hope already kill:
Yet fancie would perforce employ his skill,
And this hath got: the catcher now is caught.
Lam'd with the angle, which it ſelfe did beare,
And unto death, quite drown'd in dolours, brought
To death, as then diſguis'd in her faire face:
Thus, thus, alas, I had my loſſe in chaſe.

Klaius. *Thus, thus, alas, I had my loſſe in chaſe,*
When firſt that crowned Baſilisk I knew,
Whoſe footſteps I with kiſſes oft did trace,
Till by ſuch hap, as I muſt ever rue,
Mine eyes did light upon her ſhining hue,
And hers on me, aſtoniſh'd with that ſight.
Since then my heart did loſe his wonted place,
Infected ſo with her ſweet poyſons might,
That, leaving me for dead, to her it went:
But ah! her flight hath my dead reliques ſpent.

Strephon. *But ah! her flight hath my dead reliques ſpent,*
Her flight from me, from me, though dead to me,
Yet living ſtill in her, while her beames lent
Such vitall ſpark, that her mine eies might ſee.
But now thoſe living lights aſſumed be,
Full dead before, now I to duſt ſhould fall,
But that eternall paines my ſoule have bent,

And keepe it ſtill within this body thrall:
That thus I muſt while in this death I dwell,
In earthly fetters feele a laſting hell.

Klaius. *In earthly fetters feele a laſting hell*
Alas I doe; from which to find releaſe,
I would the earth, I would the heavens fell:
But vaine it is to think theſe paines ſhould ceaſe,
Where life is death, and death cannot breed peace.
O faire, O only faire, from thee alas,
Theſe foule, moſt foule diſaſters to me fell;
Since thou from me (O me) O Sunne didſt paſſe.
Therefore eſteeming all good bleſſings toyes,
I joy in griefe, and do deteſt all joyes.

Strephon. *I joy in griefe, and do deteſt all joyes:*
But now and end, (O Klaius) now and end:
For even the herbs our hatefull muſick ſtroyes,
And from our burning breath the trees do bend,

So well were theſe wailfull complaints accorded to the paſſions of all the princely hearers, while every one made what he heard of another the ballance of his owne fortune, that they ſtood a good while ſtriken in a ſad & ſilent conſideration of them. Which the old *Geron* no more marking than condemning in them, deſirous to ſet forth what counſels the wiſedome of age had laid up in ſtore againſt ſuch fancies (as he thought) follies of youth, yet ſo as it might not appeare that his words reſpected them, bending himſelfe to a young ſhepheard named *Philiſides*, (who neither had daunced nor ſung with them, and had all this time laine upon the ground at the foot of a *Cypreſſe* tree, leaning upon his elbow with ſo deep a melancholy, that his ſenſes carried to his minde no delight from any of their objects) hee ſtrake him upon the ſhoulder, with a right old mans grace, that will ſeeme livelier than his age will afford him. And thus began unto him his Eclogue.

Geron. Philiſides.

Geron. *UP, up* Philiſides, *let ſorrows goe,*
Who yeelds to woe, doth but encreaſe his ſmart.
Do not thy heart to plaintfull cuſtome bring;
But let us ſing: ſweet tunes doe paſſions eaſe.
An old man heare, who would thy fancies raiſe.

Philiſides. *Who minds to pleaſe the mind drown'd in annoyes*
With outward joyes, which inly cannot ſinke,
As well may think with oyle to coole the fire:
Or with deſire to make ſuch foe a friend,
Who doth his ſoule to endleſſe malice bend.

Geron. *Yet ſure an end to each thing time doth give,*
Though woes now live, at length thy woes muſt die:
Then vertue trie, if ſhe can work in thee

That

That which we see in many time hath wrought,
And weakest heart to constant temper brought.

Philisides. *Who ever taught a skillesse man to teach,*
Or stop a breach that never Cannon saw?
Sweet vertues law barres not a causefull mone.
Time shall in one my life and sorrowes end,
And me perchance your constant temper lend.

Geron. *What can amend where physicke is refus'd?*
The wit's abus'd that will no counsell take.
Yet for my sake discover us thy griefe.
Oft comes reliefe when most we seeme in trap.
The starres thy state, fortune may change thy hap.

Philisides. *If fortunes lap became my dwelling place,*
And all the starres conspired to my good,
Still were I one, this still should be my case,
Ruines relique, cares web, and sorrowes food:
Since she faire fierce to such a state me calls,
Whose wit the starres, whose fortune fortune thralls.

Geron. *Alas what falls are falne unto thy minde,*
That there where thou confest thy mischiefe lyes,
Thy wit dost use still still more harmes to finde.
Whom wit makes vaine, or blinded with his eyes;
What counsell can prevaile, or light give light?
Since all his force against himselfe he tryes.
Then each conceit that enters in his sight,
Is made forsooth a Jurate of his woes:
Earth, sea, ayre, fire, heav'n, hell, and ghastly sprite.
Then cryes to senseless things, which neither knowes
What ayleth thee, and if they knew thy minde
Would scorne in man, their King, such feeble shewes.
Rebell, Rebell, in golden fetters binde
This tyrant love; or rather doe suppresse
Those rebell thoughts which are thy slaves by kinde.
Let not a glittering name thy fancy dresse
In painted clothes, because they call it love:
There is no hate that can thee more oppresse.
Begin, and halfe the worke is done, to prove,
By rising up, upon thy selfe to stand.
And thinke that she is she that doth thee move.
He water plowes, and soweth in the sand,
And hopes the flickering winde with net to hold,
Who hath his hopes laid upon womans hand.
what man is he that hath his freedome sold?
Is he a man-like man doth not know man
Hath power that sexe with bridle to with-hold?

A fickle Sex, and true in trust to no man,
A servant Sex, soone proud if they be coy'd:
And to conclude, thy mistresse is a woman.

Philifides. *O gods, how long this old foole hath anney'd*
My wearied eares! O gods yet grant me this,
That soone the world of this false tongue be voyd.
O noble age who place their onely blisse
In being heard untill the hearer die!
Uttering a serpents mind with serpents hisse,
Then who will heare a well authoris'd lie,
(And patience hath) let him go learne of him.
What swarms of vertues did in his youth flie
Such hearts of brasse, wise heads, and garments trim
Were in his daies: which heard, one nothing heares,
If from his words the falshood he doe skim.
And herein most their folly vaine appeares,
That since they still alledge, When they were yong,
It shewes they fetch their wit from youthfull yeares.
Like beast for sacrifice, where save the tongue
And belly nought is left: such sure is he,
This life-dead man in this old dungeon flung.
Old houses are throwne downe for new we see.
The oldest Rammes are culled from the flock:
No man doth wish his horse should aged bee.
The ancient oake well makes a fiered block:
Old men themselves doe love young wives to choose:
Onely fond youth admires a rotten stock.
Who once a white long beard well handle does,
(As his beard him, not he his beard did beare)
Though cradle-witted, must not honour lose.
Oh when will men leave off to judge by haire;
And think them old that have the oldest minde,
With vertue fraught, and full of holy feare!

Geron. *If that thy face were hid, or I were blinde,*
I yet should know a young man speaketh now,
Such wandring Reasons in thy speech I finde:
He is a beast, that beasts use will allow
For proofe of man, who sprung of heav'nly fire
Hath strongest soule, when most his veines doe bow,
But fondlings fond, know not your owne desire
Loth to die young, and then you must be old,
Fondly blame that to which your selves aspire.
But this light choller that doth make you bold,
Rather to wrong than unto just defence,
Is past with me, my bloud is waxed cold.
Thy words, though full of malapart offence,
I weigh them not, but still will thee advise

How

How thou from foolish love maist purge thy sense.
First think they erre, that think them gaily wise.
Who well can set a passion out to shew:
Such sight have they that see with goggling eyes.
Passion beares high when puffing wit doth blow,
But is indeed a toy, if not a toy,
True cause of evils; and cause of causelesse woe.
If once thou maist that fancie glosse destroy
Within thy selfe, thou soon wilt be ashamed
To be a Player of thine owne annoy.
Then let thy mind with better books be tamed.
Seek to espie her faults as well as praise,
And let thine eyes to other sports be framed.
In hunting fearfull beasts, doe spend some dayes;
Or catch the birds with pit fals, or with lime;
Or traine the Foxe that traines so crafty layes.
Lie but to sleep, and in the early prime
Seek skill of herbs in hils, haunt brooks neare night,
And try with bait how fish will bite sometime,
Go graft againe, and seek to graft them right,
Those pleasant plants, those sweet and fruitfull trees,
Which both the palate, and the eies delight.
Cherish the Hives of wisely painfull Bees:
Let speciall care upon thy flock be stayed,
Such active mind but seldome passions sees.

Philisides. *Hath any man heard what this old man said?*
Truely not I, who did my thoughts engage,
Where all my paines one look of her hath paid.

Geron was even out of countenance, finding the words, he thought were so wise, win so little reputation at this young mans hands; & therefore sometimes looking upon an old acquaintance of his called *Mastix*, one of the repiningst fellows in the world, & that beheld no body but with a mind of mislike (saying stil the world was amisse, but how it should be amended hee knew not) sometimes casting his eyes to the ground, even ashamed to see his gray hairs despised, at last he espyed his two dogs, whereof the elder was called *Melampus*, and the yonger *Lælaps* (indeed the jewels he ever had with him) one brawling with another; which occasion he tooke to restore himself to his countenance, and raising *Melampus*, he began to speak to his dogs, as if in them a man should find more obedience, than in unbridled young men.

Geron. Mastix.

Geron. *Downe, downe* Melampus, *what? your fellow bite?*
I set you ore the flock I dearly love,
Them to defend, not with your selves to fight.
Doe you not think this will the Wolves remove
From former feare, they had of your good minds,
When they shall such divided weakenesse prove?

What if Lælaps a better morſell find
Than you earſt knew? rather take part with him
Than jarle: lo, lo, even theſe how envie blinde!
And then Lælaps let not pride make thee brim,
Becauſe thou haſt thy fellow overgone:
But thank the cauſe, thou ſeeſt where he is dim.
Here Lælaps, here indeed, againſt the foen
Of my good ſheep thou never truce time tooke:
Be as thou art, but be with mine at one.
For though Melampus like a wolfe doe looke,
(For age doth make him of a Wolviſh hew)
Yet have I ſeene when well a Wolfe he ſhooke.
Foole that I am, that with my dogges ſpeake grew:
Come neer good Maſtix, tis now full tway ſcore
Of years, alas, ſince I good Maſtix knew.
Thou heardſt even now a young man ſneb me ſore,
Becauſe I read him as I would my ſonne.
Youth will have will, Age muſt to age therefore.

Maſtix. What marvell if in youth ſuch faults be done,
Since that we ſee our ſaddeſt Shepheards out;
Who have their leſſon ſo long time begon?
Quickly ſecure, and eaſily in doubt,
Either aſleep be all, if nought aſſaile,
Or all abroad if but a cub ſtart out.
We ſhepheards are like them that under ſaile
Doe ſpeake high words, when all the coaſt is cleare,
Yet to a paſſenger will bonnet vaile.
I con thee thanke to whom thy dogges be deare,
But commonly like Curres we them entreat,
Save when great need of them perforce appeare,
Then him we kiſſe whom late before we beat
With ſuch intemperance, that each way growes
Hate of the firſt, contempt of latter feat.
And ſuch diſcord' twixt greateſt ſhepheards flowes,
That ſport it is to ſee with how great art,
By Juſtice worke they their owne faults diſcloſe:
Like buſie boyes, to win their Tutours heart,
One ſaith, he mockes; another ſaith, he playes;
The third his leſſon miſt, till all doe ſmart.
As for the reſt, how ſhepheards ſpend their daies,
At blow-point, hot-cockles, or elſe at keeles,
While, let us paſſe our time each ſhepheard ſayes,
So ſmall account of time the ſhepheard feeles:
And doth not feele that life is nought but time,
And when that time is paſt, death holds his heeles;
To age thus doe they draw their youthfull prime,
Knowing no more than what poore tryall ſhowes,
As fiſh ſure tryall hath of muddy ſlime.

This patterne good, unto our children goes,
For what they see their parents love or hate,
Their first-caught sense prefers to teachers blowes.
These cockling cockred we bewaile too late,
When that we see our off-spring gaily bent,
VVomen man-wood, and men effeminate.

Geron. *Fie man, fie man, what words hath thy tongue lent?*
Yet thou art mickle warse than ere was I,
Thy too much Zeale I feare thy braine hath spent:
VVe oft are angrier with the feeble flie
For businesse, where it appertaines him not,
Than with the pois'nous toades that quiet lie.
I pray thee what hath ere the Parrot *got?*
And yet they say he talks in great mens bowers;
A Cage (gilded perchance) is all his lot:
VVho of his tongue the liquor gladly poures,
A good foole cal'd with paine perhaps may be,
But even for that shall suffer mightie lowers.
Let swannes example siker serve for thee,
VVho once all birds in sweetly singing past,
But now to silence turn'd his minstrelsie.
For he could sing: but others were defac't;
The Peacocks pride, the Pyes pil'd flatterie,
Cormorants glut, Kites spoile, King-fishers waste,
The Faulcons fiercenesse, Sparrows lecherie,
The Coockowes shame, the Gooses good intent,
Even Turtle touch't he with hypocrisie.
And worse of other more, till by assent
Of all the birds, but namely those were grieved,
Of fowles there called was a Parliament.
There was the swan of dignity deprived,
And statute made he never should have voice:
Since when I think he hath in silence lived.
I warne thee therefore (since thou maist have choice)
Let not thy tongue become a fiery match;
No sword so bites as that evill toole annoyes.
Let our unpartiall eyes a little watch
Our owne demeane, and soone we wonder shall,
That hunting faults, our selves we did not catch.
Into our mindes let us a little fall,
And we shall find more spots than Leopards skin.
Then who makes us such judges over all?
But farewell now, thy fault is no great sinne,
Come, come my curres, 'tis late, I will goe in.

And away with his dogges straight he went, as if he would be sure to have the last word, all the assembly laughing at the lustinesse of the old fellow, who departed muttering

muttering to himselfe, hee had seene more in his dayes than twentie of them. But *Basilius*, who never before had heard *Philisides* (though having seldome failed to be at these meetings) desired him hee would begin some Eclogue with some other of the shepheards, according to the accustomed guise. *Philisides*, though very unwilling, at the kings commandement offred to sing with *Thyrsis*. But he directly refused him, seeing he should within few daies be married to the faire *Kala*, & since he had gotten his desire he would sing no more. Then the King willed *Philisides* to declare the discourse of his owne fortunes, unknowne to them, as being a stranger in that countrie; but he prayed the King to pardon him, the time being farre too joy full to suffer the rehearsall of his miseries. But to satisfie *Basilius* some way, hee began an Eclogue betwixt himself and the *Eccho*, framing his voice so in those desart places, as what words he would have the *Eccho* reply unto, those he would sing higher than the rest; and so kindly framed a disputation betwixt himself and it: which with these hexameters in the following order he uttered.

Philisides. Eccho.

Faire rocks, goodly rivers, sweet woods, when shall I see peace? Peace.
Peace? what barres me my tongue? who is it that comes me so ny? I.
Oh! I doe know what guest I have met, it is Eccho. 'Tis Eccho.
Well met Eccho, approach: then tell me thy will too. I will too.
Eccho, what doe I get yeelding my sp'rit to my griefes? Griefes.
What medicine may I find for a griefe that drawes me to death? Death.
O poysonous medicine! what worse to me can be than it? It.
In what state was I then, when I tooke this deadly disease? Ease.
And what manner a mind which had to that humour a vaine? Vaine.
Hath not reason enough vehemence the desire to reprove? Prove.
Oft prove I: but what salve, when reason seeks to be gone? One.
Oh, what is it? what is it that may be a salve to my Love? Love.
What doe lovers seeke for, long seeking for to enjoy? Joy.
What be the joyes which for to enjoy they went to the paines? Paines.
Then to an earnest Love what doth best victory lend? End.
End? but I can never end, love will not give me leave. Leave.
How be the minds dispos'd that cannot taste thy phy sick? Sick.
Yet say againe thy advise for the evils that I told thee. I told thee.
Doth th'infected wretch of his harme th'extremity know? No.
But if he know not his harmes, what guides hath he while he bee blind? Blind.
What blind guides can be have that leanes to fancie? A fancy.
Can fancies want eyes, or be fall that stepped aloft? Oft.
What causes first made these torments on me to light? Light.
Can then a cause be so light that forceth a man to goe die? I.
Yet tell what light thing I had in me to draw me to dye? Eye.
Eye-sight made me to yeeld, but what first piere't to my eyes? Eyes.
Eyes hurters, eyes hurt: but what from them to me fals? Fals.
But when I first did fall, what brought most fall to my heart? Art.
Art? what can be that art thou dost meane by thy speech? Speech.
What be the fruits of speaking art? what growes by the words? Words.
O much more than words: these words serv'd more me to blesse. Lesse.

Ob

Oh when ſhall I be knowne, where moſt to be knowne I doe long ? Long.
Long be thy woes for ſuch news, but how reck's ſhe my thoughts ? Oughts.
Then then what do I gaine, ſince unto her will I do winde ? Winde.
VVind, tempeſts, and ſtormes, yet in end what gives ſhe deſire ? Ire.
Silly reward ! yet among women hath ſhe of vertue the moſt. Moſt.
VVhat great name may I give to ſo heav'nly a woman ? A wo-man.
VVo, but ſeemes to me joy, that agrees to my thoughts ſo. I thought ſo.
Think ſo, for of my deſired bliſſe it is onely the courſe. Curſe.
Curs'd by thy ſelfe for curſing that which leads me to joyes. Toyes.
What be the ſweet creatures where lowly demands be not heard ? Hard.
What makes them be unkind ? ſpeak for th'haſt narrowly pry'd ? Pride.
VVhence can pride come there, ſince ſprings of beauty be thence ? Thence.
Horrible is this blaſphemy unto the moſt holy. O lye.
Thou ly'ſt falſe Eccho, their minds as vertue be juſt. Juſt.
Mock'ſt thou thoſe Diamonds which only be matcht by the gods ? Ods.
Ods ? what an ods is there ſince them to the heav'ns I preferre ? Erre.
Tell yet againe me the names of thoſe faire form'd to doe evils ? Devils.
Devill ? if in hell ſuch devill do abide, to the hels I do goe. Goe.

Philiſides was commended for the placing of his Eccho; but little did he regard their praiſes, who had the foundation of his honour there, where hee was moſt deſpiſed: and therefore returning againe to the traine of his deſolate penſiveneſſe; *Zelmane* ſeeing no body offer to fill the Stage, as if her long reſtrained conceits did now burſt out of priſon, ſhe thus (deſiring her voice ſhould be accorded to nothing, but to *Philoclea's* eares) threw downe the burden of her mind in *Anacreons* kind of verſes.

My Muſe what ayles this ardour
To blaze my onely ſecrets ?
Alas it is no glory
To ſing mine owne decai'd ſtate.
Alas it is no comfort
To ſpeak without an anſwer.
Alas it is no wiſedome
To ſhew the wound without cure.

My Muſe what ayles this ardour ?
Mine eyes be dim, my lims ſhake,
My voice is hoarſe, my throat ſcorcht,
My tongue to this my roofe cleaves,
My fancy amaz'd, my thoughts dul'd,
My heart doth ake, my life faints,
My ſoule begins to take leave.
So great a paſſion all feele,
To think a ſoare ſo deadly
I ſhould ſo raſhly rip up.

My Muſe what ayles this ardour ?
If that to ſing thou art bent,
Goe ſing the fall of old Thebes,
The warres of ugly Centaures,
The life, the death of Hector;
So may the ſong be famous :
Or if to love thou art bent,
Recount the rape of Europe,
Adonis *end,* Venus *net,*
The ſleepy kiſſe the Moone ſtale :
So may the ſong be pleaſant.

My Muſe what ayles this ardour
To blaze my only ſecrets ?
Wherein do only flouriſh
The ſorrie fruits of anguiſh.
The ſong thereof aye laſt will,
The tunes be cries, the words plaints,
The finger is the ſongs theame,
Wherein no eare can of joy,
Nor eye receive due object
Ne pleaſure here, ne fame got.

My Muſe what ayles this ardour ?

Alas

Alas she saith I am thine,
So are thy paines my paines too.
Thy heated heart my seat is
Wherein I burne: thy breath is
My voice, too hot to keep in.
Besides, loe here the author
Of all thy harmes: loe here she,
That onely can redresse thee,
Of her will I demand help.

My Muse I yeeld, my Muse sing,
But all thy song herein knit.
The life we lead is all love:
The love we hold is all death,
Nor ought I crave to feed life;
Nor ought I seek to shun death,
But onely that my goddesse
My life my death do count hers.

Basilius, when she had fully ended her song, fell prostrate upon the ground, and thanked the gods they had preserved his life so long, as to heare the very musicke they themselves used in an earthly body. And then with like grace to *Zelmane*, never left intreating her, till shee had (taking a *Lyra Basilius* held for her) sung these *Phaleuciakes*.

Reason, tell me thy mind, if there bee reason
In this strange violence, to make resistance
Where sweet graces erect the stately banner
Of vertues regiment, shining in harnesse
Of fortunes Diadems, by beauty mustred:
Say then Reason, I say, what is thy counsell?

Her loose haires bee the shot, the breasts the pikes bee,
Skowts each motion is, the hands be horsemen,
Her lips are the riches the wars to maintaine.
Where well couch't abides a coffer of pearle,
Her legs carriage is of all the sweet camp:
Say then Reason, I say, what is thy counsell?

Her Cannons be her eies, mine eyes the wals be,
Which at first volly gave too open entrie.
Nor rampier did abide, my brain was up blown,
Undermin'd with a speech, the piercer of thoughts:
Thus weakned by my selfe, no helpe remaineth:
Say then Reason, I say, what is thy counsell?

And now fame the herald of her true honour,
Doth proclaime with a sound made by all mens mouths,
That Nature soveraigne of earthly dwellers,
Commands all creatures to yeeld obeysance
Under this, this her owne, her onely darling:
Say then Reason, I say, what is thy counsell?

Reason sighes, but in end he thus doth answer:
Nought can reason availe in heavenly matters.
Thus Natures Diamond receive thy conquest,
Thus pure pearle, I do yeeld my sences and soule.
Thus sweet pain, I do yeeld what ere I can yeeld.
Reason look to thy selfe, I serve a goddesse.

Dorus had long he thought kept silence, from saying somwhat which might tend to the glory of her, in whom all glory to his seeming was included, but now hee brake it, singing these verses called *Asclepiadikes*.

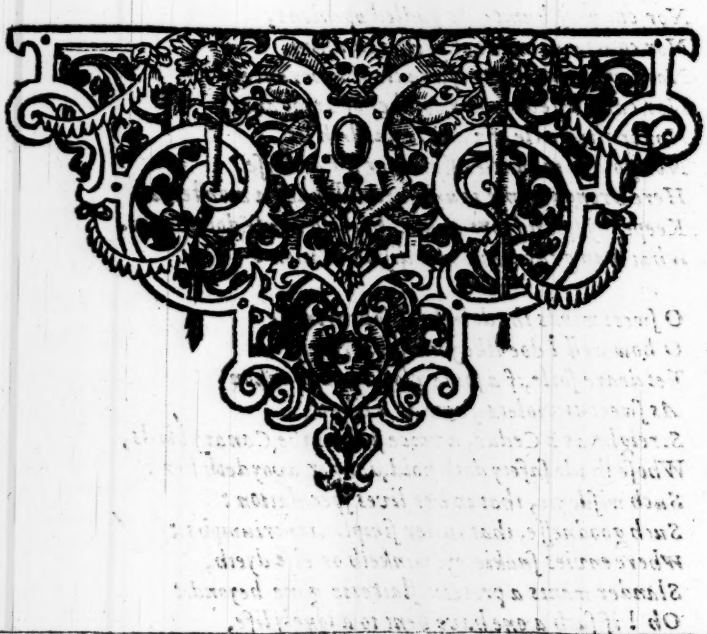
O *Sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse!*
O how much I doe like your solitarinesse!
Where mans minde hath a freed consideration,
Of goodnesse to receive lovely direction.
Where senses doe behold th' order of heav'nly hoste,
And wise thoughts doe behold what the Creator is:
Contemplation here holdeth his onely seate:
Bounded with no limits, borne with a wing of hope
Climbes even unto the Starres, Nature is under it.
Nought disturbs thy quiet, all to thy service yeelds,
Each sight drawes on a thought, thought mother of science:
Sweet birds kindly doe grant harmonie unto thee,
Faire trees shade is enough fortification,
Nor danger's to thy selfe, if t' be not in thy selfe.

O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse!
O how much I doe like your solitarinesse!
Here nor treason is hid, vailed in innocence,
Nor envies snakie eye finds any harbour here,
Nor flatterers venemous insinuations,
Nor cunning humorists pudled opinions,
Nor courteous ruine of proffered usury,
Nor time pratled away, cradle of ignorance,
Nor causelesse duty, nor comber of arrogance,
Nor trifling title of vanitie dazleth us,
Nor golden manacles stand for a Paradise.
Here wrongs name is unheard: slander a monster is.
Keepe thy spirit from abuse, here no abuse doth haunt.
What man grafts in a tree dissimulation?

O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse!
O how well I doe like your solitarinesse!
Yet deare soile, if a soule clos'd in a mansion
As sweet as violets, faire as a lilly is,
Streight as a Cedar, a voice staines the Canary birds,
Whose shade safety doth hold, danger avoydeth her:
Such wisdome, that in her lives speculation:
Such goodnesse, that in her simplicitie triumphs:
Where envies snakie eye winketh or else dyeth,
Slander wants a pretext, flatterie gone beyond:
Oh! if such a one have bent to a lonely life,
Her steps glad we receive, glad we receive her eyes.
And thinke not she doth hurt our solitarinesse,
For such company decks such solitarinesse.

The other Shepheards were offering themselves to have continued the sports, but the night had so quietly spent the most part of her selfe among them, that the king for that time licensed them. And so bringing *Zelmane* to her lodging, who would much rather have done the same for *Philoclea*, of all sides they went to counterfeit a sleep in their beds, for a true one their agonies could not afoord them. Yet there they lay (so might they be most solitarie for the food of their thoughts) till it was neere noone the next day, after which *Basilius* was to continue his *Apollo* devotions, and the other to mediate upon their private desires.

The end of the second ECLOGUES.



THE

THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

THis laſt daies danger, having made *Pamela*'s love diſcerne what a loſſe it ſhould have ſuffered if *Dorus* had bin deſtroyed, bred ſuch tenderneſſe of kindneſſe in her toward him, that ſhe could no longer keep love from looking out through her eyes, and going forth in her words, whom before as a cloſe priſoner ſhee had to her heart onely committed; ſo as finding not onely by his ſpeeches and letters, but by the pitifull oration of a languiſhing behaviour, and the eaſily deſciphered character of a ſorrowfull face, that deſpaire began now to threaten him deſtruction, ſhe grew content both to pitie him, and let him ſee ſhe pitied him, as well by making her owne beautifull beames to thaw away the former Icineſſe of her behaviour, as by entertaining his diſcourſes (whenſoever hee did uſe them) in the third perſon of *Muſidorus*; to ſo farre a degree, that in the end ſhe ſaid, that if ſhe had beene the Princeſſe whom that diſguiſed Prince had vertuouſly loved, ſhee would have requited his faith with faithfull affection; finding in her heart, that nothing could ſo heartily love as vertue: with many moe words to the ſame ſenſe of noble favour, and chaſte plainneſſe. Which when at the firſt it made that unexpected bliſſe ſhine upon *Dorus*, he vvas like one frozen with extremitie of cold, overhaſtily brought to a great fire, rather oppreſſed than relieved with ſuch a lightning of felicitie. But after the ſtrength of nature had made him able to feele the ſweetneſſe of joyfulneſſe, that againe being a childe of Paſſion, and never acquainted with mediocritie, could not ſet bounds upon his happineſſe, nor bee content to give deſire a kingdome, but that it muſt bee an unlimited Monarchie. So that the ground he ſtood upon being over-high in happineſſe, and ſlipperie through affection, he could not hold himſelfe from falling into ſuch an errour, which with ſighes blew all comfort out of his breaſt, and waſht away all cheerefulneſſe of his cheare with teares. For this favour filling him with hope, Hope encouraging his deſire; and Deſire conſidering nothing but opportunitie: one time (*Mopſa* being called away by her mother, and he left alone with *Pamela*) the ſudden occaſion called Love, and that never ſtayed to aske Reaſons leave, but made the too much loving *Dorus* take her in his armes, offering to kiſſe her, and as it were to eſtabliſh a trophee of his victorie. But ſhee, as if ſhee had beene ready to drinke a wine of excellent taſte and colour, which ſuddenly ſhee perceived had poiſon in it, ſo did ſhee put him away from her: looking firſt up to heaven, as amazed to find her ſelfe ſo beguiled in him: then laying the cruell puniſhment upon him of angry Love, and lowring beauty, ſhewing diſdaine, and a deſpiſing diſdaine. Away (ſaid ſhe) unworthy

man to love or to be loved. Aſſure thy ſelfe, I hate my ſelfe for being ſo deceived; judge then what I doe thee for deceiving me. Let me ſee thee no more, the only fall of my judgement, and ſtaine of my conſcience. With that ſhe called *Mopſa*, not ſtaing for any anſwer (which was no other but a flood of teares) which ſhe ſeemed not to marke (much leſſe to pitie) and chid her for having left her alone.

It was not a ſorrow, but it was even a death, which then laid hold of *Dorus*: which certainely at that inſtant would have killed him, but that the feare to tarry longer in her preſence (contrary to her commandement) gave him life to carry himſelfe away from her ſight, and to run into the woods; where throwing himſelf down at the foot of a tree, hee did not fall into lamentation (for that proceeded of pitying) or grieving for himſelfe (which he did no way) but to curſes of his life, as one that deteſted himſelfe. For finding himſelfe not onely unhappy, but unhappy after being fallen from all happineſſe: and to be fallen from all happineſſe, not by any miſconceiving, but by his own fault, and his fault to be done to no other but to *Pamela*; he did not tender his own eſtate, but deſpiſed it; greedily drawing into his minde all conceits which might more and more torment him. And ſo remained hee two daies in the woods, diſdaining to give his body food, or his minde comfort, loving in himſelfe nothing but the love of her. And indeed that love onely ſtrave with the furie of his anguiſh, telling it, that if it deſtroyed *Dorus*, it ſhould alſo deſtroy the image of her that lived in *Dorus*: and when the thought of that was crept in unto him, it began to winne of him ſome compaſſion to the ſhrine of that image, and to bewaile not for himſelfe (whom he hated) but that ſo notable a love ſhould periſh. Then began he onely ſo farre to wiſh his owne good, as that *Pamela* might pardon him the fault, though not the puniſhment: and the uttermoſt height he aſpired unto, was, that after his death ſhee might yet pitie his errour, and know that it proceeded of love, and not of boldneſſe. That conceit found ſuch friendſhip in his thoughts, that at laſt he yeelded, ſince he was baniſhed her preſence, to ſeek ſome meanes by writing to ſhew his ſorrow, and teſtifie his repentance. Therefore getting him the neceſſary inſtruments of writing, he thought beſt to counterfeit his hand (fearing that as already ſhe knew his, ſhee would caſt it away as ſoone as ſhe ſaw it) and to put it in verſe, hoping that would draw her on to reade the more, chuſing the *Elegiak* as fitteſt for mourning. But never pen did more quakingly performe his office; never was paper more double moiſtened with inke & teares; never words more ſlowly married together, and never the Muſes more tyred than now, with changes and rechanges of his devices: fearing how to end, before he had reſolved how to begin, miſtruſting each word, condemning each ſentence. This word was not ſignificant, that word was too plaine: this would not bee conceived, the other would bee ill conceived: here ſorrow was not enough expreſſed, there he ſeemed too much for his owne ſake to be ſorry: this ſentence rather ſhewed Art than Paſſion; that ſentence rather fooliſhly paſſionate, than forcibly moving. At laſt, marring with mending, and puting out better than he left, he made an end of it; and being ended, was divers times ready to teare it; till his reaſon aſſuring him, the more hee ſtudied the worſe it grew, hee folded it up, devoutly invoking good acceptation unto it; and watching his time, when they were all gone one day to dinner, ſaving *Mopſa*, to the other Lodge, ſtale up into *Pamela*'s chamber, and in her ſtandiſh (which firſt hee kiſſed; and craved of it a ſafe and friendly keeping) left it there, to be ſeen at her next uſing her inke (himſelfe returning againe to be true priſoner to deſperate ſorrow) leaving her ſtandiſh upon her beds head, to give her the more occaſion to marke it: which alſo fell out.

For

For ſhe finding it at her after-noone return, in another place than ſhe left it, opened it. But when ſhe ſaw the letter, her heart gave her from whence it came. And therefore clapping it too again, ſhe went away from it, as if it had been a contagious garment of an infected perſon: and yet was not long away, but that ſhee wiſhed ſhe had read it, though ſhe were loth to read it. Shall I, ſaid ſhe, ſecond his boldneſs ſo far, as to reade his preſumptuous letters? And yet (ſaith ſhe) he ſees me not now, to grow the bolder thereby: and how can I tell whether they be preſumptuous? The paper came from him, & therefore not worthy to be received: & yet the paper, ſhe thought, was not guiltie. At laſt ſhe concluded, it were not much amiſſe to look it over, that ſhe might out of his words pick ſome further quarrell againſt him. Then ſhe opened it, & threw it away, & took it up again, til (ere ſhe were aware) her eies woulds needs reade it, containing this matter.

UNto a caitife wretch, whom long affliction holdeth,
and now fully beleeves helpe to be quite periſhed;
Grant yet, grant yet a look, to the laſt monument of his anguiſh
O you (alas ſo I finde) cauſe of his onely ruine.
Dread not a whit (O goodly cruell) that pitie may enter
into thy heart by the ſight of this Epiſtle I ſend:
And ſo refuſe to behold theſe ſtrange wounds the recitall,
leſt it might th' allure home to thy ſelfe to return:
(Unto thy ſelfe, I doe meane thoſe graces dwell ſo within thee,
gratefulneſſe, ſweetneſſe, holy love, hearty regard)
Such thing cannot I ſeeke (Deſpaire hath giv'n me my anſwer:
Deſpaire moſt tragicall clauſe to a deadly requeſt)
Such thing cannot he hope, that knowes thy determinate hardneſſe,
hard like a rich marble: hard, but a faire Diamond.
Can thoſe eyes that of eyes drown'd in moſt hearty flowing teares
(teares and teares of a man) had no return to remorſe?
Can thoſe eyes now yeeld to the kind conceit of a ſorrow,
Which ink only relates, but ne laments, ne replies?
Ah, that, that doe I not conceive (though that to my bliſſe were)
More than Neſtors *yeeres, more than a kings Diademe.*
Ah, that, that do I not conceive; to the heav'n when a mouſe climbes
Then may I hope t' atchieve grace of a heav'nly Tiger.
But, but, alas, like a man condemn'd doth crave to be heard ſpeake,
not that he hopes for amends of the diſaſter he feeles,
But finding th' approach of death with an inly relenting,
gives an adieu to the world, as to his only delight:
Right ſo my boyling heart, enflam'd with fire of a faire eye,
bubling out doth breath ſignes of his hugie dolours:
Now that he findes to what end his life and love be reſerved,
and that he thence muſt part, where to live onely he liv'd.
O faire, O faireſt, are ſuch the triumphs to thy faireneſſe?
Can death beautie become? muſt I be ſuch monument?
Muſt I be onely the marke ſhall prove that vertue is angry?
ſhall prove that fierceneſſe can with a white Dove abide?
Shall to the world appeare that faith and love be rewarded
With mortall diſdaine, bent to unendly revenge.
Unto revenge? O ſweet, on a wretch wilt thou be revenged?

shall such high Planets tend to the losse of a worme?
And to revenge who doe bend, would in that kinde be revenged,
as th'offence was done, and goe beyond if he can.
All my offence was love: with love then must I be chastned:
and with more, by the lawes that to revenge doe belong.
If that love be a fault, more fault in you to be lovely:
Love never had me oppreſt, but that I ſaw to be lov'd.
You be the cauſe that I lov'd: what Reaſon blameth a ſhadow,
that with a body't goes? ſince by a body it is?
If that love you did hate, you ſhould your beautie have hidden:
you ſhould thoſe faire eyes have with a veile covered.
But foole, foole that I am, thoſe eyes would ſhine from a darke cave:
What veiles then doe prevaile, but to a more miracle?
Or thoſe golden locks, thoſe locks which locke me to bondage,
torne you ſhould diſperſe unto the blaſts of a winde.
But foole, foole that I am, though I had but a haire of her head found,
ev'n as I am, ſo I ſhould unto that haire be a thrall.
Or with faire hands nayles (O hand which nayles me to this death)
you ſhould have your face, ſince love is ill, blemiſhed.
O wretch, what doe I ſay? ſhould that faire face be defaced?
ſhould my too-much ſight cauſe ſo true a ſun to be loſt?
Firſt let Cimmerian *darkeneſſe be my onl' habitation:*
firſt be mine eyes puld out, firſt be my braine periſhed;
Ere that I ſhould conſent to doe ſo exceſsive a dammage
unto the earth, by the hurt of this her heav'nly jewell.
O not, but ſuch love you ſay you could have afforded,
as might learne Temp'rance void of a rages events.
O ſweet ſimplicity: from whence ſhould love be ſo learned?
unto Cupid *that boy ſhall a Pedante be found?*
Well: but faultie I was: Reaſon to my Paſſion yeelded,
Paſſion unto my rage, Rage to a haſtie revenge.
But what's this for a fault, for which ſuch faith be aboliſht,
ſuch faith, ſo ſtaineleſſe, inviolate, violent?
Shall I not? O may I not thus yet refreſh the remembrance,
What ſweet joyes I had once, and what a place I did hold?
Shall I not once object, that you, you granted a favour
unto the man, whom now ſuch miſeries you award?
Bend your thoughts to the dear ſweet words which then to me given were:
thinke what a world is now, thinke who hath altred her heart.
What? was I then worthy ſuch good, now worthy ſuch evill?
now fled, then cheriſhed? then ſo nye, now ſo remote?
Did not a roſed breath, from lips roſie proceeding,
ſay, that I well ſhould finde in what a care I was had?
With much more: Now what doe I finde, but Care to abhorre me,
Care that I ſinke in griefe, Care that I live baniſhed?
And baniſhed doe I live, nor now will ſeeke a recov'rie,
ſince ſo ſhee will, whoſe will is to mee more than a law.
If then a man in moſt ill caſe may give you a farewell:
farewell, long farwell, all my woe, all my delight.

What

What this would have wrought in her, ſhee her ſelfe could not tell: for, before her reaſon could moderate the diſputation betweene Favour and Faultineſſe, her ſiſter and *Miſo* called her downe to entertaine *Zelmane*, who was come to viſite the two ſiſters; about whom, as about two Poles, the skie of Beautie was turned: while *Gynecia* wearied her bed with her melancholy ſickneſſe, and made *Miſo*'s ſhrewdneſſe (who like a ſpirit, ſet to keepe a treaſure, bard *Zelmane* from any further conference) to bee the Lievtenant of her jealouſie: both ſhee and her husband driving *Zelmane* to ſuch a ſtreight of reſolution, either of impoſſible granting, or dangerous refuſing, as the beſt eſcape ſhe had, was (as much as ſhee could) to avoide their company. So as this day, being the fourth day after the uprore (*Baſilius* being with his ſicke wife, conferring upon ſuch examinations, as *Philanax* and other of his noblemen had made of this late ſedition, all touching *Cecropia*, with vehement ſuſpition of giving either flame or fewell unto it) *Zelmane* came with her body, to find her mind, which was gone long before her, and had gotten his ſeat in *Philoclea*; who now with a baſhfull cheereſulneſſe (as though ſhee were aſhamed that ſhe could not chooſe but bee glad) joyned with her ſiſter, in making much of *Zelmane*.

And ſo as they ſate deviſing how to give more feathers to the wings of Time, there came to the lodge door ſix maides, all in one liverie of ſcarlet peticotes, which were tuckt up almoſt to their knees, the peticotes themſelves being in many places garniſhed with leaves; their legs naked, ſaving that above the ankles they had little blacke ſilk laces, upon which did hang a few ſilver bels: like which they had a little above their elbowes upon their bare armes. Upon their haire they ware garlands of roſes & gilli-flowers; & the hair was ſo dreſt, as that came again above the garlands, enterchanging a mutuall covering: ſo as it was doubtfull, whether the hair dreſt the garlands, or the garlands dreſt the haire. Their breſts liberall to the eye; the face of the foremoſt of them in excellencie faire; and of the reſt lovely, if not beautifull: and beautifull might have bin, if they had not ſuffred greedy *Phœbus* over-often & hard, to kiſſe them. Their countenances full of a graceſull gravitie, ſo as the geſture matcht with the apparell, it might ſeeme a wanton modeſtie, an entiſing ſoberneſſe. Each of them had an inſtrument of muſicke in their hands, which conſorting their well pleaſing tunes, did charge each eare with unſenſibleneſſe, that did not lend it ſelfe unto them. The muſicke entring alone into the Lodge, the Ladies were all deſirous to ſee from whence ſo pleaſant a gheſt was come: and therefore went out together; where before they could take the paines to doubt, much leſſe to aske the queſtion of their qualitie, the faireſt of them (with a gay, but yet diſcreet demeanour) in this ſort ſpake to them. Moſt excellent Ladies (whoſe excellencies have power to make Cities envie theſe woods, and ſolitarineſſe to be accounted the ſweeteſt companie) vouchſafe our meſſage your gracious hearing, which as it comes from love, ſo comes it from lovely perſons. The maides of all this coaſt of *Arcadia*, underſtanding the often acceſſe that certaine ſhepheards of theſe quarters are allowed to have in this forbidden place, and that their rurall ſports are not diſdained of you, have been ſtirred up with emulation to them, and affection to you, to bring forth ſomething, which might as well breed your contentment: & therefore hoping that the goodneſs of their intention, & the hurtleſneſs of their ſex, ſhall excuſe the breach of the commandement in comming to this place unſent for, they choſe out us, to invite both your princely parents, and your ſelves, to a place in the woods about halfe a mile hence: where they have provided ſome ſuch ſports, as they truſt your gracious acceptations will interpret to be delightfull. We have been at the other Lodge: but finding

finding them there busied in waightier affaires, our trust is, that you will not deny the shining of your eyes upon us. The Ladies stood in some doubt whether they should goe or not, lest *Basilius* might be angry withall. But *Miso* (that had been at none of the Pastorals, and had a great desire to lead her old senses abroad to some pleasure) told them plainly, they should nor will nor chuse, but go thither, and make the honest countrey people know, that they were not so squeamish as folks thought of them. The Ladies glad to be warranted by her authority, with a smiling humblenesse obeyed her: *Pamela* only casting a seeking look, whether she could see *Dorus* (who poor wretch, wandred halfe mad for sorrow in the woods, crying for pardon of her who could not heare him) but indeed was grieved for his absence, having given the wound to him through her own heart. But so the three Ladies & *Miso* went with those six *Nimphs*, conquering the length of the way with the force of musick, leaving onely *Mopsa* behind, who disgraced weeping with her countenance, because her mother would not suffer her to shew her new-scoured face among them. But the place appointed, as they thought, met them halfe in their way, so well were they pleased with the sweet tunes and pretty conversation of their inviters. There found they in the midst of the thickest part of the wood, a little square place, not burthened with trees, but with a boord covered, and beautified with the pleasantest fruits that sun-burn'd *Autumn* could deliver to them. The maides besought the Ladies to sit downe and taste of the swelling grapes, which seem'd great with child of *Bacchus*: and of the divers colourd plums, which gave the eye a pleasant taste before they came to the mouth. The Ladies would not shew to scorne their provision, but ate and drank a little of their coole wine, which seemed to laugh for joy to come to such lips.

But after the collation was ended, and that they looked for the comming forth of such devices as were prepared for them, there rusht out of the woods twentie armed men, who round about inviroued them, and laying hold on *Zelmane* before she could draw her sword, and taking it from her, put hoods over the heads of all foure, and so muffled, by force set them on horsebacke and carryed them away; the sisters crying in vaine for succour, while *Zelmanes* heart was rent in peeces with rage of the injurie, and disdaine of her fortune. But when they had carryed them foure or five mile further, they left *Miso* with a gagge in her mouth, and bound hand and foot, so to take her fortune: and brought the three Ladies (by that time the night seemed with her silence to conspire to their treason) to a Castle about ten mile from the Lodges; where they were faine to take a boat which waited for them: for the Castle stood in the midst of a great lake upon a high rock, where partly by Art, but principally by Nature, it was by all men esteemed impregnable. But at the Castle gate their faces were discovered, and there were met with a great number of torches, after whom the sisters knew their Aunt in law *Cecropia*. But that sight increased the deadly terrour of the Princesses, looking for nothing but death, since they were in the power of the wicked *Cecropia*: who yet came unto them, making courtesie the out-side of mischiefe, and desiring them not to be discomforted: for they were in a place dedicated to their service. *Philoclea* (with a look where Love shined through the mist of Feare) besought her to be good unto them, having never deserved evill of her. But *Pamela*'s high heart disdaining humblenesse to injury, Aunt, said shee, what you have determined of us, I pray you doe it speedily: for my part I looke for no service where I finde violence.

But *Cecropia*, using no more words with them, conveyed them all three to severall lodgings (*Zelmanes* heart so swelling with spite, that she could not bring forth a word)

word) and ſo left them: firſt taking from them their knives, becauſe they ſhould do themſelves no hurt, before ſhe had determined of them: and then giving ſuch order that they wanted nothing but libertie and comfort, ſhee went to her ſonne, who yet kept his bed, becauſe of his wound hee had received of *Zelmane*, and told him, whom now he had in his power. *Amphialus* was but even then returned from farre countries, where he had won immortall fame both of courage and courteſie, when he met with the Princeſſes, and was hurt by *Zelmane*, ſo as he was utterly ignorant of all his mothers wicked devices, to which he would never have conſented, being (like a roſe out of a briar) an excellent ſonne of an evill mother: And now when he heard of this, was as much amazed as if he had ſeene the Sun fall to the earth. And therefore deſired his mother that ſhe would tell him the whole diſcourſe, how all theſe matters had happened. Sonne, ſaid ſhe, I will doe it willingly, and ſince all is done for you, I will hide nothing from you. And howſoever I might be aſhamed to tell it ſtrangers, who would thinke it wickednesſe, yet what is done for your ſake (how evill ſoever to others) to you is vertue. To begin then even with the beginning: this doting foole *Baſilius* that now raignes, having lived unmarried till he was nigh threeſcore yeeres old (and in all his ſpeeches affirming, and in all his doings aſſuring, that hee never would marry) made all the eyes of this country to be bent upon your Father, his onely brother (but younger by thirty yeeres) as upon the undoubted ſucceſſour, being indeed a man worthy to raigne, thinking nothing enough for himſelfe: where this gooſe (you ſee) puts downe his head, before there be any thing neere to touch him. So that hee holding place and eſtimation as heire of *Arcadia*, obtaining me of my father the king of *Argos*, his brother helping to the concluſion, with proteſting his batchelry intention: for elſe you may be ſure the king of *Argos*, nor his daughter, would have ſuffered their royall bloud to be ſtained with the baſe name of ſubjection. So that I came into this country as apparent Princeſſe thereof, and accordingly was courted, and followed of all the Ladies of this countrey. My port and pompe did well become a king of *Argos* daughter: in my preſence their tongues were turned into eares, and their eares were captives unto my tongue; their eies admired my Majeſtie, and happy was he or ſhe, on whom I would ſuffer the beames thereof to fall. Did I goe to Church? It ſeemed the very Gods waited for mee, their devotions not being ſolemnized till I was ready. Did I walke abroad to ſee my delight? Nay, my walking was the delight it ſelf: for to it was the concourſe, one thruſting upon another, who might ſhew himſelfe moſt diligent and ſerviceable towards mee: my ſleeps were inquired after, and my wakings never unſaluted: the very gate of my houſe full of principall perſons, who were glad, if their preſents had received a gratefull acceptation. And in this felicitie wert thou borne, the very earth ſubmitting it ſelfe unto thee to bee troden as by his Prince; and to that paſſe had my husbands vertue (by my good helpe) within ſhort time brought it, with a plot wee laid, as wee ſhould not have needed to have waited the tedious worke of a naturall end of *Baſilius*, when the heavens (I thinke envying my great felicitie) then ſtopt thy Fathers breath, when he breathed nothing but power and ſoveraigntie. Yet did not thy orphancie, or my widowhood, deprive us of the delightfull proſpect, which the hill of honour doth yeeld, while expectation of thy ſucceſſion did binde dependencies unto us.

But before, my ſonne, thou wert come to the age to feele the ſweetneſſe of authoritie, this beaſt (whom I can never name with patience) falſly and fooliſhly married this *Gynecia*, then a young gyrle, and brought her to ſit above me in all feaſts, to turne her ſhoulder to me-ward in all our ſolemnities. It is certaine, it is not ſo

great

great a ſpite to bee ſurmounted by ſtrangers, as by ones owne allies. Thinke then what my minde was, ſince withall there is no queſtion, The fall is greater from the firſt to the ſecond, than from the ſecond to the undermoſt. The rage did ſwell in my heart, ſo much the more as it was faine to be ſuppreſſed in ſilence, and diſguiſed with humbleneſſe. But above all the reſt, the griefe of griefes was, when with theſe two daughters, now thy priſoners, ſhe cut off all hope of thy ſucceſſion. It was a tedious thing to me, that mine eyes ſhould looke lower than any bodies, that (my ſelfe being by) anothers voice than mine ſhould be more reſpected. But it was inſupportable unto me, to thinke that not onely I, but thou ſhouldeſt ſpend all thy time in ſuch miſery, and that the Sun ſhould ſee my eldeſt ſon leſſe than a Prince. And though I had been a Saint I could not chuſe, finding the change this change of fortune bred unto me: for now from the multitude of followers, ſilence grew to bee at my gate, and abſence in my preſence. The gheſſe of my minde could prevaile more before, than now many of my earneſt requeſts. And thou (my deare ſonne) by the fickle multitude no more than an ordinary perſon (borne of the mud of the people) regarded. But I remembring that in all miſeries weeping becomes fooles, and practice wiſe folkes) have tried divers meanes to pull us out of the mire of ſubjection. And though many times fortune failed mee, yet did I never faile my ſelfe. Wilde beaſts I kept in a cave hard by the Lodges, which I cauſed by night to be fed in the place of their Paſtorals, I as then living in my houſe hard by the place, and againſt the houre they were to meet (having kept the beaſts without meat) then let them looſe, knowing that they would ſeeke their food there, and devour what they found. But blinde Fortune hating ſharpe-ſighted inventions, made them unluckily to bee killed. After, I uſed my ſervant *Clinias*, to ſtirre a notable tumult of country people: but thoſe louts were too groſſe inſtruments for delicate conceits. Now laſtly, finding *Philanax* his examinations grow dangerous, I thought to play double or quite: and with a ſleight I uſed of my fine-wittie wench *Arteſia*, with other maides of mine, would have ſent theſe goodly inheritrixes of *Arcadia*, to have pleaded their cauſe before *Pluto*, but that over-fortunately for them, you made me know the laſt day how vehemently this childiſh paſſion of love doth torment you. Therefore I have brought them unto you, yet wiſhing rather hate than love in you. For hate often begetteth victorie; Love commonly is the inſtrument of ſubjection. It is true, that I would alſo by the ſame practice have entrapped the parents, but my maides fail'd of it, not daring to tarry long about it. But this ſufficeth, ſince (theſe being taken away) you are the undoubted inheritor, and *Baſilius* wil not long over-live this loſſe.

O mother, ſaid *Amphialus*, ſpeak not of doing them hurt, no more than to mine eies, or my heart, or if I have any thing more deare than eies or heart unto me. Let others finde what ſweetneſſe they will in ever fearing, becauſe they ever are feared: for my part, I will think my ſelfe highly intitled, if I may be once by *Philoclea* accepted for a ſervant. Well, ſaid *Cecropia*, I would I had born you of my minde, as well as of my body: then ſhould you not have ſunke under theſe baſe weakeneſſes. But ſince you have tied your thoughts in ſo wilfull a knot, it is happy my policie hath brought matters to ſuch a paſſe, as you may both enjoy affection, and upon that build your ſoveraigntie. Alas, ſaid *Amphialus*, my heart would faine yeeld you thankes for ſetting me in the way of felicity, but that feare kils them in me, before they are fully born. For if *Philoclea* be diſpleaſed, how can I be pleaſed? if ſhe count it unkindneſſe, ſhall I give tokens of kindneſs? perchance ſhe condemnes me of this action, and ſhall I triumph? perchance ſhe drownes now the beauties I love with ſorrowfull teares, and where is then my rejoycing? You have reaſon, ſaid *Cecropia* with a fained gravity; I will

will therefore ſend her away preſently, that her contentment may be recovered. No good mother, ſaid *Amphialus*, ſince ſhee is here, I would not for my life conſtraine preſence, but rather would I die than conſent to abſence. Pretty intricate follies, ſaid *Cecropia*, but get you up, and ſee how you can prevaile with her, while I goe to the other ſiſter. For after, we ſhall have our hands full to defend our ſelves, if *Baſilius* hap to beſiege us. But remembring her ſelfe, ſhee turned backe and asked him what hee would have done with *Zelmane*, ſince now hee might be revenged of his hurt? Nothing but honourably, anſwered *Amphialus*, having deſerved no other of me, eſpecially being (as I hear) greatly cheriſhed of *Philoclea*: & therefore I could wiſh they were lodged together. O no, ſaid *Cecropia*, company confirmes reſolutions and loneline ſs breeds a wearine ſs of ones thoughts, & ſo a ſooner conſenting to reaſonable profers.

But *Amphialus* (taking of his mother *Philocla's* knives, which he kept as a relique ſince ſhe had worne them) gate up, & calling for his richeſt apparell, nothing ſeemed ſumptuous enough for his miſtreſſes eyes; and that which was coſtly, hee feared was not dainty: and though the invention were delicate, he miſdoubted the making. As carefull he was too of the colour, leſt if gay, he might ſeeme to glorie in his injurie, and her wrong; if mourning, it might ſtrike ſome evill preſage into her of her fortune. At length he tooke a garment more rich than glaring, the ground being blacke velvet, richly embroidered with great pearle, and precious ſtones, but they ſet ſo among certaine tuftes of cypres, that the cypres was like black clouds, through which the Stars might yeeld a darke luſtre. About his necke he ware a broad and gorgeous collar; whereof the pieces interchangeably anſwering, the one was of Diamonds & pearle ſet with a white enamell, ſo as, by the cunning of the workman, it ſeemed like a ſhining ice; and the other piece being of Rubies, and Opalls, had a fiery gliſtring, which he thought pictured the two paſſions of Feare and Deſire, wherein he was enchained. His hurt, not yet fully well, made him a little halt, but he ſtrave to give the beſt grace he could unto his halting.

And in that ſort he went to *Philoclea's* chamber: whom hee found (becauſe her chamber was over-lightſome) ſitting of that ſide of her bed which was from the window; which did caſt ſuch a ſhadow upon her, as a good Painter would beſtow upon *Venus*, when under the trees ſhee bewailed the murther of *Adonis*: her hands and fingers (as it were) indented one within the other: her ſhoulder leaning to her beds head, and over her head a ſcarfe, which did eclipſe almoſt halfe her eyes, which under it fixed their beames upon the wall by, with ſo ſteddy a manner, as if in that place they might vvell change, but not mend their object: and ſo remained they a good vvhile after his comming in, hee not daring to trouble her, nor ſhe perceiving him, till that (a little varying, her thoughts ſomething quickning her ſenſes) ſhe heard him as he hapned to ſtirre his upper garment: and perceiving him, roſe up, with a demeanure, where in the Booke of beauty there was nothing to be read but Sorrow: for Kindneſſe was blotted out, and Anger vvas never there.

But *Amphialus* that had entruſted his memory vvith long and forcible ſpeeches, found it ſo locked up in amazement, that hee could picke nothing out of it, but the beſeeching her to take what was done in good part, and to aſſure her ſelfe there vvas nothing but honour meant unto her perſon. But ſhee making no other anſwer, but letting her hands fall one from the other, which before were joyned (with eyes ſomething caſt aſide, and a ſilent ſigh) gave him to underſtand, that conſidering his doings, ſhee thought his ſpeech as full of incongruitie, as her anſwer would be voyde of purpoſe. Whereupon he kneeling downe, and kiſſing her hand

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(which she suffered with a countenance witnessing captivitie, but not kindnesse) hee besought her to have pitie of him, whose love went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of uttering: that in her hands the ballance of his life or death did stand; whereto the least motion of her would serve to determine, shee being indeed the mistresse of his life, and hee her eternall slave; and with true vehemencie besought her that he might heare her speake, whereupon she suffered her sweet breath to turn it selfe into these kinde of words.

Alas cousin, said shee, what shall my tongue be able to doe, which is informed by the eares one way, and by the eyes another? You call for pitie, and use cruelties; you say you love mee, and yet doe the effects of enmitie. You affirme your death is in my hands, but you have brought mee to so neere a degree of death, as when you will you may lay death upon mee: so that while you say I am mistresse of your life, I am not mistresse of mine owne. You entitle your selfe my slave, but I am sure I am yours. If then violence, injurie, terrour, and depriving of that which is more deare than life it selfe, libertie, be fit orators for affection, you may expect that I will be easily perswaded. But if the neareneſse of our kindred breed any remorse in you, or there bee any such thing in you, which you call love toward mee, then let not my fortune be disgraced with the name of imprisonment: let not my heart waste it selfe by being vexed with feeling evill, and fearing worse. Let not mee bee a cause of my parents wofull destruction: but restore mee to my selfe, and so doing, I shall account I have received my selfe of you. And what I say for my selfe, I say for my deare sister, and my friend *Zelmane*; for I desire no well being, without they may be partakers. With that her teares rained downe from her heavenly eyes, and seemed to water the sweet and beautifull flowers of her face.

But *Amphialus* was like the poore woman, who loving a tame Doe shee had above all earthly things, having long played withall, and made it feed at her hand and lap, is constrained at length by famine (all her flocke being spent, and shee fallen into extreme povertie) to kill the Deere, to sustaine her life. Many a pitifull looke doth shee cast upon it, and many a time doth shee draw backe her hand before shee can give the stroke. For even so *Amphialus* by a hunger-starved affection, was compelled to offer this injurie, and yet the same affection made him with a tormenting griefe, thinke unkindnesse in himselfe, that hee could finde in his heart any way to restraine her freedome. But at length, neither able to grant nor deny, hee thus answered her: Deare Lady, said hee, I will not say unto you (how justly soever I may doe it) that I am neither author, nor accessary unto this your with-holding; for since I doe not redresse it, I am as faulty as if I had begun it: But this I protest unto you (and this protestation of mine let the heavens heare, and if I lie, let them answer me with a deadly thunderbolt) that in my soule I wish I had never seen the light; or rather that I had never had a father to beget such a child, than that by my means those eies should overflow their own beauties; than by my means the skie of your vertue should be overclowded with sorrow. But woe is me, most excellent Ladie, I finde my selfe most willing to obey you: neither truely doe mine eares receive the least word you speake, with any lesse reverence, than as absolute and unresistable commandements. But alas, that tyrant Love (which now possesseth the Hold of all my life and reason) will no way suffer it. It is Love, it is Love, not I, which disobey you. What then shall I say? but that I, who am ready to lye under your feet, to venture, nay to lose my life at your least commandement, I am not the stay of your freedome, but Love, Love, which ties you in your own knots. It is

you

you your ſelfe that impriſon your ſelfe: it is your beauty which makes theſe Caſtle walls embrace you: it is your owne eyes, which reflect upon themſelves this injury. Then is there no other remedy, but that you ſome way vouchſafe to ſatisfie this Loves vehemencie; which (ſince it grew in your ſelfe) without queſtion you ſhall finde it (farre more than I) tractable.

But with theſe words *Philoclea* fell to ſo extreme a quaking, and her lively whiteneſſe did degenerate to ſuch a deadly paleneſſe, that *Amphialus* feared ſome dangerous traunce: ſo that taking her hand, and feeling that it (which was wont to be one of the chiefe fire-brands of *Cupid*) had all the ſenſe of it wrapt up in coldneſſe, he began humbly to beſeech her to put away all feare, and to aſſure her ſelfe upon the vow he made thereof unto God, and her ſelfe, that the uttermoſt forces he would ever employ to conquer her affection, ſhould be Deſire, and Deſert. That promiſe brought *Philoclea* againe to her ſelfe, ſo that ſlowly lifting up her eyes upon him, with a countenance ever courteous, but then languiſhing, ſhe told him, that he ſhould doe well to doe ſo, if indeed he had ever taſted what true love was: for that where now ſhe did beare him good will, ſhe ſhould (if he tooke any other way) hate and abhorre the very thought of him: aſſuring him withall, that though his mother had taken away her knives, yet the houſe of death had ſo many doores, as ſhe would eaſily flie into it, if ever ſhe found her honour endangered.

Amphialus having the cold aſhes of Care caſt upon the coales of Deſire, leaving ſome of his mothers Gentlewomen to wait upon *Philoclea*, himſelfe indeed a priſoner to his priſoner, and making all his authority to be but a foot-ſtoole to humbleneſſe, went from her to his mother. To whom with words which Affection indited, but Amazement uttered, he delivered what had paſſed betweene him and *Philoclea*: beſeeching her to try what her perſwaſions could doe with her, while he gave order for all ſuch things as were neceſſary againſt ſuch forces, as he looked daily *Baſilius* would bring before his Caſtle. His mother bade him quiet himſelfe, for ſhe doubted not to take fit times: but that the beſt way was, firſt to let her own Paſſion tire it ſelfe.

So they calling *Clinias*, and ſome other of their counſell, adviſed upon the preſent affaires. Firſt, he diſpatched private letters to thoſe principall Lords and Gentlemen of the countrey, whom he thought either alliance, or friendſhip to himſelfe might draw; with ſpeciall motions from the generall conſideration of duty: not omitting all ſuch, whom either youthfull age, or youthlike mindes did fill with unlimited deſires: bedſies ſuch whom any diſcontentment made hungry of change, or an overſpended want, made want a civill warre: to each (according to the counſell of his mother) conforming himſelfe after their humours. To his friends, friendlineſſe; to the ambitious, great expectations; to the diſpleaſed, revenge; to the greedy, ſpoile: wrapping their hopes with ſuch cunning, as they rather ſeemed given over unto them as partakers, than promiſes ſprung of neceſſity. Then ſent he to his mothers brother, the king of *Argos*: but he was then ſo over-laid with warre himſelfe, as from thence he could attend ſmall ſuccour.

But becauſe he knew how violently humours do blow the ſailes of popular judgements, and how few there be that can diſcerne betweene truth and truthlikeneſſe, betweene ſhewes and ſubſtance, hee cauſed a juſtification of this his action to be written, whereof were ſowed abroad many copies, which with ſome gloſſes of probability, might indeed hide the foulneſſe of his treaſon; and from true common-places, fetch downe moſt falſe applications. For beginning, how much the duty

which is owed to the countrey, goes beyond all other duties, ſince in it ſelfe it containes them all; and that for the reſpect thereof, not only all tender reſpects of kindred, or whatſoever other friendſhips, are to be laid aſide, but that even long-held opinions (rather builded upon a ſecret of government, than any ground of truth) are to be forſaken; he fell by degrees, to ſhew, that ſince the end whereto any thing is directed, is ever to be of more noble reckoning, than the thing thereto directed, that therefore the weale publicke was more to be regarded, than any perſon or Magiſtrate that thereunto was ordained. The feeling conſideration whereof had moved him (though as neere of kin to *Baſilius* as could be, yet) to ſet principally before his eyes, the good eſtate of ſo many thouſands, over whom *Baſilius* reigned: rather than ſo to hood-winke himſelfe with affection, as to ſuffer the Realme to runne to manifeſt ruine. The care whereof, did kindly appertaine to thoſe who being ſubalterne Magiſtrates and Officers of the crowne, were to be employed, as from the Prince, ſo for the people: and of all other, eſpecially himſelfe, who being deſcended of the Royall race, and next heire male, Nature had no ſooner opened his eyes, but that the ſoyle whereupon they did looke was to looke for at his hands a continuall carefulneſſe: which, as from his childhood he had ever carried; ſo now finding that his Uncle had not onely given over all care of government, but had put it into the hands of *Philanax*, (a man neither in birth comparable to many, nor for his corrupt, proud, & partiall dealing, liked of any) but beſide, had ſet his daughters, in whom the whole eſtate, as next heires thereunto, had no leſſe intereſt than himſelfe; in ſo unfit & ill-guarded a place, as it were not onely dangerous for their perſons, but (if they ſhould be conveyed to any forraine countrey) to the whole common-wealth pernicious: that therfore he had brought them into this ſtrong caſtle of his: which way, if it might ſeem ſtrange, they were to conſider, that new neceſſities required new remedies: but they ſhould be ſerved and honoured as belonged to their greatneſs, untill by the generall aſſembly of the ſtates, it ſhould be determined how they ſhould to their beſt (both private, & publique) advantage be matched; vowing all faith and duty both to the father and children, never by him to be violated. But if in the meane time, before the ſtates could be aſſembled, he ſhould be aſſailed, he would then for his owne defence take armes: deſiring all, that either tendred the dangerous caſe of their countrey, or in their hearts loved juſtice, to defend him in this juſt action. And if the Prince ſhould command them otherwiſe, yet to know, that therein he was no more to be obeyed, than if he ſhould call for poiſon to hurt himſelfe withall: ſince all that was done, was done for his ſervice, howſoever he might (ſeduced by *Philanax*) interpret of it: he proteſting, that whatſoever he ſhould doe for his owne defence, ſhould be againſt *Philanax*, and no way againſt *Baſilius*.

To this effect, amplified with arguments and examples, and painted with rhetoricall colours, did he ſow abroad many diſcourſes: which, as they prevailed with ſome of more quick than ſound conceit, to run his fortune with him; ſo in many did it breed a cooleneſſe, to deale violently againſt him, and a falſe-minded neutralitty, to expect the iſſue. But beſides the wayes he uſed to weaken the adverſe party, he omitted nothing for the ſtrengthening of his own. The chiefe truſt whereof, becauſe he wanted men to keep the field, he repoſed in the ſurety of his Caſtle; which at leaſt would win him much time, the mother of many mutations. To that therefore he bent both his outward and inward eyes, ſtriving to make Art ſtrive with Nature, to whether of them two that fortification ſhould be moſt beholding. The ſeat Nature beſtowed, but Art gave the building: which as his rockie hardneſſe would not yeeld to undermining force, ſo to open aſſaults he tooke counſell of skill, how to make all

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approches, if not impoſſible, yet difficult; as well at the foot of the caſtle, as round about the lake, to give unquiet lodgings to them, whom onely enmity would make neighbours. Then omitted he nothing of defence, as well ſimple defence, as that which did defend by offending, fitting inſtruments of miſchiefe to places, whence the miſchiefe might be moſt liberally beſtowed. Neither was his ſmalleſt care for victualls, as well for the providing that which ſhould ſuffice, both in ſtore and goodneſſe, as in well preſerving it, and wary diſtributing it, both in quantity and quality; ſpending that firſt which would keepe leaſt.

But wherein he ſharpned his wits to the piercingeſt point, was touching his men (knowing them to be the weapon of weapons, and maſter-ſpring, as it were, which makes all the reſt to ſtir; and that therefore in the Art of man ſtood the quinteſſence and ruling skill of all proſperous government, either peaceable, or military) he choſe in number as many as without peſtring (and ſo danger of infection) his victuall would ſerve for two yeares to maintaine; all of able bodies, and ſome few of able mindes to direct, not ſeeking many Commanders, but contenting himſelfe, that the multitude ſhould have obeying wits, every one knowing whom hee ſhould command, and whom he ſhould obey, the place where, and the matter wherein; diſtributing each office as neere as he could, to the diſpoſition of the perſon that ſhould exerciſe it: knowing no love, danger, nor diſcipline can ſuddenly alter an habit in nature. Therefore would he not employ the ſtill man to a ſhifting practice, nor the liberall man to be a diſpenſer of his victuals, nor the kind-hearted man to be a puniſher: but would exerciſe their vertues in ſorts, where they might be profitable, employing his chiefe care to know them all particularly, and thorowly, regarding alſo the conſtitution of their bodies; ſome being able better to abide watching, ſome hunger, ſome labour, making his benefit of each ability, and not forcing beyond power. Time to every thing by juſt proportion he allotted, and as well in that, as in every thing elſe, no ſmall errour winkt at, leſt greater ſhould be animated. Even of vices he made his profit, making the cowardly *Clinias* to have care of the watch, which he knew his owne feare would make him very wakefully performe. And before the ſiege began, he himſelfe cauſed rumours to be ſowed, and libels to be ſpread againſt himſelfe, fuller of malice, then witty perſwaſion: partly to know thoſe that would be apt to ſtumble at ſuch motions, that he might cull them from the faithfuller band; but principally, becauſe in neceſſity they ſhould not know when any ſuch things were in earneſt attempted, whether it were, or not of his owne invention. But even then (before the enemies face came neere to breed any terrour) did he exerciſe his men daily in all their charges, as if Danger had preſently preſented his moſt hideous preſence: himſelfe rather inſtructing by example, than precept; being neither more ſparing in travaile, nor ſpending in diet, than the meaneſt ſouldier: his hand and body diſdaining no baſe matters, nor ſhrinking from the heavie.

The onely oddes was, that when others tooke breath, he ſighed; and when others reſted, he croſt his armes. For love paſſing thorow the pikes of Danger, and tumbling it ſelfe in the duſt of Labour, yet ſtill made him remember his ſweet deſire, and beautifull Image. Often when he had begun to command one ſomewhat, before halfe the ſentence were ended, his inward gueſt did ſo entertaine him, that he would breake it off, and a pretty while after end it, when he had (to the marvell of the ſtanders by) ſent himſelfe to talke with his owne thoughts. Sometimes when his hand was lifted up to doe ſomething, as if with the ſight of *Gorgons* head he had beene ſuddenly turned into a ſtone, ſo would he there abide with his eyes

planted, and hands lifted, till at length comming to the uſe of himſelfe, he would looke about whether any had perceived him; then would he accuſe, and in himſelfe condemne all thoſe wits, that durſt affirme Idleneſſe to be the well-ſpring of Love. O, would he ſay, all you that affect the title of wiſdome, by ungratefull ſcorning the ornaments of Nature, am I now piping in a ſhadow? or doe ſlothfull feathers now enwrap me? Is not hate before me, and doubt behinde me? Is not danger on the one ſide, and ſhame on the other? And doe I not ſtand upon paine and travell, and yet over all, my affection triumphs? The more I ſtirre about urgent affaires, the more me thinkes the very ſtirring breeds a breath to blow the coales of my love: the more I exerciſe my thoughts, the more they increaſe the appetite of my deſires. O ſweet *Philoclea* (with that he would caſt up his eyes, wherein ſome water did appeare, as if they would waſh themſelves againſt they ſhould ſee her) thy heavenly face is my Aſtronomy; thy ſweet vertue, my ſweet Philoſophy: let me profit therein, and farewell all other cogitations. But alas, my minde miſ-gives me, for your Planets beare a contrary aſpect unto me. Woe, woe is me, they threaten my deſtruction: and whom doe they threaten this deſtruction? even him that loves them; and by what means will they deſtroy, but by loving them? O deare (though killing) eyes, ſhall Death head his dart with the gold of *Cupids* arrow? Shall Death take his aime from the reſt of Beauty? O beloved (though hating) *Philoclea*, how, if thou beeſt mercifull, hath cruelty ſtolne into thee? Or how, if thou beeſt cruell, doth cruelty looke more beautifull than ever mercy did? Or alas, it is my deſtiny that makes mercy cruell: like an evill veſſell which turnes ſweet liquour to ſowerneſſe; ſo when thy grace falls upon me, my wretched conſtitution makes it become fierceneſſe. Thus would he exerciſe his eloquence, when ſhe could not heare him, and be dumbe-ſtricken when her preſence gave him fit occaſion of ſpeaking: ſo that his wit could finde out no other refuge, but the comfort and counſell of his mother, deſiring her (whoſe thoughts were unperplexed) to uſe, for his ſake, the moſt prevailing manners of interceſſion.

She ſeeing her ſonnes ſafety depend thereon (though her pride much diſdained the name of a deſirer) tooke the charge upon her, not doubting the eaſie conqueſt of an unexpert Virgin, who had already with ſubtilty and impudency begun to undermine a Monarchie. Therefore weighing *Philoclea*'s reſolutions by the counterpoiſe of her owne youthfull thoughts, which ſhe then called to minde, ſhe doubted not at leaſt to make *Philoclea* to receive the poiſon diſtilled in ſweet liquor, which ſhe with little diſguiſing had drunke up thirſtily. Therefore ſhe went ſoftly to *Philoclea*'s chamber, and peeping thorow the ſide of the doore, then being a little open, ſhe ſaw *Philoclea* ſitting low upon a cuſhion, in ſuch a given-over manner, that one would have thought ſilence, ſolitarineſſe, and melancholy were come there, under the enſigne of miſhap, to conquer delight, and drive him from his naturall ſeat of beauty: her teares came dropping downe like raine in Sunſhine, and ſhe not taking heed to wipe the teares, they hung upon her cheekes, and lips, as upon cherries which the dropping tree bedeweth. In the dreſſing of her haire and apparell, ſhe might ſee neither a carefull Art, nor an Art of careleſneſſe, but even left to a neglected chance, which yet could no more unperfect her perfections, than a Die any way caſt, could loſe his ſquareneſſe.

Cecropia (ſtirred with no other pity, but for her ſonne) came in, and haling kindneſſe into her countenance, What ayles this ſweet Lady, (ſaid ſhe) will you marre ſo good eyes with weeping? ſhall teares take away the beauty of that complexion, which the women of *Arcadia* wiſh for, and the men long after? Fie of this peeviſh ſadneſſe;

ſadneſſe; in ſooth it is untimely for your age. Look upon your own body, and ſee whether it deſerve to pine away with ſorrow: ſee whether you will have theſe hands (with that ſhe took one of her hands, and kiſſing it, looked upon it as if ſhe were enamoured with it) fade from their whiteneſſe, which makes one deſire to touch them; and their ſoftneſſe, which rebounds again a deſire to look on them, and become drie, leane and yellow; and make every body wonder at the change, and ſay, that ſure you had uſed ſome Art before, which now you had left: for if the beauties had beene naturall, they would never ſo ſoone have beene blemiſhed. Take a glaſſe, and ſee whether theſe teares become your eyes: although I muſt confeſſe, thoſe eyes are able to make teares comely. Alas, Madam, anſwered *Philoclea*, I know not whether my teares become mine eyes, but I am ſure mine eyes thus beteared become my fortune. Your fortune, ſaid *Cecropia*, if ſhe could ſee to attire her ſelfe, would put on her beſt rayments. For I ſee, and I ſee it with griefe, and (to tell you true) unkindneſſe: you miſconſtrue every thing that onely for your ſake is attempted. You thinke you are offended, and are indeed defended: you eſteeme your ſelfe a priſoner, and are in truth a miſtreſſe: you feare hate, and ſhall finde love. And truly I had a thing to ſay to you, but it is no matter: ſince I finde you are ſo obſtinately melancholy, as that you woo his fellowſhip, I wil ſpare my paines, and hold my peace. And ſo ſtaid indeed, thinking *Philoclea* would have had a female inquiſitiveneſſe of the matter. But ſhe, who rather wiſhed to unknow what ſhe knew, then to burden her heart with more hopeleſſe knowledge, only deſired her to have pity of her, and if indeed ſhe did meane her no hurt, then to grant her liberty: for elſe very griefe and feare would prove her unappointed executioners. For that, ſaid *Cecropia*, beleeve me upon the faith of a kings daughter, you ſhall be free, ſo ſoone as your freedome may be free of mortall danger, being brought hither for no other cauſe, but to prevent ſuch miſchiefes as you know not of. But if you thinke indeed to winne me to have care of you, even as of mine owne daughter, then lend your eares unto me, and let not your minde arme it ſelfe with a wilfulneſſe to be flexible to nothing. But if I ſpeake reaſon, let reaſon have his due reward, perſwaſion. Then ſweet Neece (ſaid ſhe) I pray you preſuppoſe, that now even in the midſt of your agonies, which you paint unto your ſelfe moſt horrible, wiſhing with ſighes, and praying with vowes, for a ſoone and ſafe delivery: Imagine Neece (I ſay) that ſome heavenly ſpirit ſhould appeare unto you, and bid you follow him thorow the doore that goes into the garden, aſſuring you, that you ſhould thereby return to your deare mother, and what other delights ſoever your minde eſteems delights: would you (ſweet Neece) would you refuſe to follow him, and ſay that if he led you not thorow the chiefe gate, you would not enjoy your over-deſired liberty? Would you not drinke the wine you thirſt for, without it were in ſuch a glaſſe as you eſpecially fancied? tell me (deare Neece:) but I will anſwer for you, becauſe I know your reaſon and wit is ſuch, as muſt needs conclude, that ſuch niceneſſe can no more be in you, to diſgrace ſuch a minde, than diſgracefulneſſe can have any place in ſo faultleſſe a beauty. Your wiſdome would aſſuredly determine, how the marke were hit, not whether the bow were of ewe or no, wherein you ſhot. If this be ſo; and thus ſure (my deare Neece) it is, then (I pray you) imagine, that I am that ſame good Angel, who grieving in your griefe, and in truth not able to ſuffer that bitter ſighs ſhould be ſent forth with ſo ſweet a breath, am come to lead you, not onely to your deſired and imagined happineſſe, but to a true and eſſentiall happineſſe; not onely to liberty, but to liberty with commandement. The way I will ſhew you: which if it be not the gate builded hitherto in your private choice, yet ſhall it be a doore to bring

you thorow a garden of pleaſures, as ſweet as this life can bring forth; nay rather, which makes this life to be a life. My ſonne (let it be no blemiſh to him that I name him my ſon, who was your fathers owne nephew: for you know I am no ſmall kings daughter) my ſonne, I ſay, farre paſſing the neerneſſe of his kindred, with neerneſſe of good will, and ſtriving to match your matchleſſe beauty with a matchleſſe affection, doth by me preſent unto you the full enjoying of your liberty, ſo as with this gift you will accept a greater; which is, this caſtle, with all the reſt which you know he hath in honourable quantity; and will confirme his gift, and your receit of both, with accepting him to be yours. I might ſay much both for the perſon and the matter; but who will cry out the Sunne ſhines? It is ſo manifeſt a profit unto you, as the meaneſt judgement muſt ſtraight apprehend it: ſo farre it is from the ſharpneſſe of yours thereof to be ignorant. Therefore (ſweet Neece) let your gratefulneſſe be my interceſſion, and your gentleneſſe my eloquence, and let me carry comfort to a heart which greatly needs it. *Philoclea* looked upon her, and caſt downe her eye againe: Aunt, ſaid ſhe, I would I could be ſo much a miſtreſſe of my own minde, as to yeeld to my couſins vertuous requeſt: for ſo I conſtrue of it. But my heart is already ſet (and ſtaying a while on that word, ſhe brought forth afterwards) to lead a virgins life to my death: for ſuch a vow I have in my ſelfe devoutly made. The heavens prevent ſuch a miſchiefe, ſaid *Cecropia*. A vow, quoth you? no, no, my deare Neece, Nature, when you were firſt borne, vowed you a woman, and as ſhe made you childe of a mother, ſo to doe your beſt to be mother of a childe: ſhe gave you beauty to move love; ſhe gave you wit to know love; ſhe gave you an excellent body to reward love: which kinde of liberall rewarding is crowned with an unſpeakable felicity. For this, as it bindeth the receiver, ſo it makes happy the beſtower: this doth not impoveriſh, but enrich the giver. O the ſweet name of a mother! O the comfort of comforts, to ſee your children grow up, in whom you are, as it were, eternized! If you could conceive what a heart-tickling joy it is to ſee your owne little ones with awfull love come running to your lap, and little models of your ſelfe ſtill carry you about them; you would thinke unkindneſſe in your own thoughts, that ever they did rebell againſt the meane unto it. But perchance I ſet this bleſſedneſſe before your eyes, as Captaines doe victory before their ſouldiers, to which they muſt come thorow many paines, griefes and dangers. No, I am content you ſhrinke from this my counſell, if the way to come unto it, be not moſt of all pleaſant. I know not (anſwered the ſweet *Philoclea*, fearing leſt ſilence would offend for fullenneſſe) what contentment you ſpeake of: but I am ſure the beſt you can make of it (which is marriage) is a burdenous yoke. Ah, dear Neece (ſaid *Cecropia*) how much you are deceived: A yoke indeed we all beare, laid upon us in our creation, which by marriage is not increaſed; but thus farre eaſed, that you have a yoke-fellow to helpe draw thorow the cloddy cumbers of this world. O widow-nights beare witneſſe with me of the difference! How often alas doe I embrace the orphan-ſide of my bed, which was wont to be imprinted by the body of my deare husband, and with teares acknowledge, that I now injoy ſuch a liberty as the baniſht man hath; who may, if he liſt, wander over the world, but is for ever reſtrained from his moſt delightfull home? that I have now ſuch a liberty as the ſeeled dove hath, which being firſt deprived of eyes, is then by the Faulconer caſt off? For beleeve me, Neece, beleeve me, mans experience is womans beſt eye-ſight. Have you ever ſeene a pure Roſe-water kept in a cryſtall glaſſe? how fine it lookes, how ſweet it ſmells, while that beautifull glaſſe impriſons it? Break the priſon, and let the water take his own courſe, doth it not embrace duſt, and loſe all his former ſweetneſſe and fairneſſe? Truly ſo are we, if we have not the

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ſtay rather than the reſtraint of Cryſtalline marriage. My heart melts to think of the ſweet comforts I in that happy time received, when I had never cauſe to care, but the care was doubled: when I never rejoyced, but that I ſaw my joy ſhine in anothers eyes. What ſhall I ſay of the free delight, which the heart might embrace, without the accuſing of the inward conſcience, or feare of outward ſhame? And is a ſolitary life as good as this? then can one ſtring make as good muſicke as a conſort: then can one colour ſet forth a beauty. But it may be, the generall conſideration of marriage doth not ſo much miſlike you, as the applying of it to him. He is my ſonne, I muſt confeſſe, I ſee him with a mothers eyes, which if they doe not much deceive me, he is no ſuch one, over whom Contempt may make any juſt challenge. He is comely, he is noble, he is rich; but that which in it ſelfe ſhould carry all comelineſſe, nobility and riches, He loves you: and he loves you who is beloved of others. Drive not away his affection (ſweet Lady) and make no other Lady hereafter proudly brag, that ſhe hath robbed you of ſo faithfull and notable a ſervant. *Philoclea* heard ſome peeces of her ſpeeches, no otherwiſe than one doth when a tedious pratler cumbers the hearing of a delightfull muſick. For her thoughts had left her eares in that captivity, and conveyed themſelves to behold (with ſuch eyes as imagination could lend them) the eſtate of her *Zelmane*: for whom how well ſhe thought many of thoſe ſayings might have beene uſed with a farre more gratefull acceptation. Therefore liſting not to diſpute in a matter whereof her ſelfe was reſolved, and deſired not to informe the other, ſhe only told her that whileſt ſhe was ſo captived, ſhe could not conceive of any ſuch perſwaſions (though never ſo reaſonable) any otherwiſe than as conſtraints: and as conſtraints muſt needs even in nature abhorre them, which at her liberty in their own force of reaſon, might more prevaile with her: and ſo fain would have returned the ſtrength of *Cecropia*'s perſwaſions, to have procured freedome.

But neither her witty words in an enemy, nor thoſe words, made more than eloquent with paſſing thorow ſuch lips, could prevaile in *Cecropia*, more than her perſwaſions could winne *Philoclea* to diſavow her former vow, or to leave the priſoner *Zelmane*, for the commanding *Amphialus*. So that both ſides being deſirers, and neither granters, they brake off conference. *Cecropia* ſucking up more and more ſpite out of her deniall, which yet for her ſonnes ſake ſhe diſguiſed with a viſard of kindneſſe, leaving no office unperformed, which might either witneſſe, or endeare her ſonnes affection. Whatſoever could be imagined likely to pleaſe her, was with liberall diligence performed: Muſickes at her window, and eſpecially ſuch Muſickes as might (with dolefull embaſſage) call the minde to thinke of ſorrow, and thinke of it with ſweetneſſe; with ditties ſo ſenſibly expreſſing *Amphialus* caſe, that every word ſeemed to be but a diverſifying of the name of *Amphialus*. Daily preſents, as it were oblations to pacifie an angry Diety, ſent unto her: wherein, if the workmanſhip of the forme had ſtriven with the ſumptuouſneſſe of the matter, as much did the invention, in the application, contend to have the chiefe excellencie: for they were as ſo many ſtories of his diſgraces, and her perfections; where the richneſſe did invite the eyes, the faſhion did entertaine the eyes, and the device did teach the eyes, the preſent miſery of the preſenter himſelfe awfully ſerviceable: which was the more notable, as his authority was manifeſt. And for the bondage wherein ſhe lived, all meanes uſed to make knowne, that if it were a bondage, it was a bondage onely knit in love-knots: but ſhe in heart already underſtanding no language but one, the Muſicke wrought indeed a dolefulneſſe, but it was a dolefulneſſe to be in his power: the ditty intended for *Amphialus*, ſhe tranſlated to *Zelmane*: the preſents ſeemed ſo many tedious clogs of a thralled obligation: and

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his ſervice, the more diligent it was, the more it did exprobate (as ſhe thought) unto her her unworthy eſtate: that even he that did her ſervice, had authority of commanding her, onely conſtruing her ſervitude in his owne nature, eſteeming it a right, and a right bitter ſervitude: ſo that all their ſhots (how well ſoever levelled) being carried awry from the marke, by the ſtorme of her miſlike, the Prince *Amphialus* affectionately languiſhed, and *Cecropia*, ſpitefully cunning, diſdained at the barrenneſſe of their ſucceſſe.

Which willingly *Cecropia* would have revenged, but that ſhe ſaw her hurt could not be divided from her ſonnes miſchiefe: wherefore ſhe bethought her ſelfe to attempt *Pamela*, whoſe being equall, ſhe hoped, if ſhe might be wonne, that her ſons thoughts would rather reſt on a beautifull gratefulneſſe, than ſtill be tormented with a diſdaining beauty. Therefore giving new courage to her wicked inventions, and uſing the more induſtry, becauſe ſhe had miſt in this, and taking even precepts of prevailing in *Pamela* by her failing in *Philoclea*, ſhe went to her chamber, and (according to her own ungracious method of ſubtill proceeding) ſtood liſtning at the doore, becauſe that out of the circumſtance of her preſent behaviour, there might kindly ariſe a fit beginning of her intended diſcourſe.

And ſo ſhe might perceive that *Pamela* did walk up and down, full of deep (though patient) thoughts. For her look and countenance was ſetled, her pace ſoft and almoſt ſtill of one meaſure, without any paſſionate geſture, or violent motion: till at length (as it were) awaking and ſtrengthning her ſelfe, Well, ſaid ſhe, yet this is the beſt, and of this I am ſure, that howſoever they wrong me, they cannot over-maſter God: No darkneſſe blinds his eyes, no Goale bars him out. To whom then elſe ſhould I flie, but to him for ſuccour? And therewith kneeling down, even where ſhe ſtood, ſhe thus ſaid: O All-ſeeing Light, and eternall Life of all things, to whom nothing is either ſo great, that it may reſiſt; or ſo ſmall that it is contemned: looke upon my miſery with thine eye of mercy, and let thine infinite power vouchſafe to limit out ſome proportion of deliverance unto me, as to thee ſhall ſeeme moſt convenient. Let not injurie, O Lord, triumph over me, and let my faults by thy hand be corrected, and make not mine unjuſt enemy the miniſter of thy Juſtice. But yet my God, if in thy wiſdome this be the apteſt chaſtiſement for my unexcuſable folly; if this low bondage be fitteſt for my over-high deſires; if the pride of my not enough humble heart, be thus to be broken, O Lord, I yeeld unto thy will, and joyfully embrace what ſorrow thou wilt have me ſuffer. Onely thus much let me crave of thee, (let my craving, O Lord, be accepted of thee, ſince even that proceeds from thee) let me crave, even by the nobleſt title, which in my greateſt affliction I may give my ſelfe, that I am thy creature, and by thy goodneſſe (which is thy ſelfe) that thou wilt ſuffer ſome beame of thy Majeſtie ſo to ſhine into my minde, that it may ſtill depend confidently on thee. Let calamity be the exerciſe, but not the overthrow of my vertue: let their power prevaile, but prevaile not to deſtruction: let my greatneſſe be their prey: let my paine be the ſweetneſſe of their revenge: let them (if ſo ſeeme good unto thee) vex me with more and more puniſhment: But, O Lord, let never their wickedneſſe have ſuch a hand, but that I may carry a pure minde in a pure body. (And pauſing a while) And, O moſt gracious Lord, ſaid ſhe, what ever become of me, preſerve the vertuous *Muſidorus*.

The other part *Cecropia* might well heare: but this latter prayer for *Muſidorus*, her heart held it as ſo jewell-like a treaſure, that it would ſcarce truſt her owne lips withall. But this prayer, ſent to heaven from ſo heavenly a creature, with ſuch a fervent grace, as if devotion had borrowed her body, to make of it ſelfe a moſt beautifull

repreſentation

repreſentation; with her eyes ſo lifted to the skie-ward, that one would have thought they had begun to flie thitherward, to take their place among their fellow ſtarres; her naked hands raiſing up their whole length, and as it were kiſſing one another, as if the right had beene the picture of *Zeale*, and the left of *Humbleneſſe*, which both united themſelves to make their ſuites more acceptable. Laſtly, all her ſenſes (being rather tokens than inſtruments of her inward motions) altogether had ſo ſtrange a working power, that even the hard-hearted wickednesſe of *Cecropia*, if it found not a love of that goodneſſe, yet it felt an abaſhment at that goodneſſe; and if ſhe had not a kindly remorſe, yet had ſhe an irkſome accuſation of her owne naughtineſſe; ſo that ſhe was put from the byas of her fore-intended leſſon. For well ſhe found there was no way at that time to take that minde, but with ſome, at leaſt, image of Vertue: and what the figure thereof was, her heart knew not.

Yet did ſhe prodigally ſpend her uttermoſt eloquence, leaving no argument unproved, which might with any force invade her excellent judgement: the juſtneſſe of the requeſt, being but for marriage: the worthineſſe of the ſuiter: then her owne preſent fortune, which ſhould not onely have amendment, but felicity: beſides, falſly making her beleeve, that her ſiſter would thinke her ſelfe happy, if now ſhe might have his love which before ſhe contemned: and obliquely touching, what danger it ſhould be for her, if her ſonne ſhould accept *Philoclea* in marriage, and ſo match the next heire apparent, ſhe being in his power: yet plentifully perjuring how extremely her ſonne loved her, and excuſing the little ſhewes he made of it, with the dutifull reſpect he bare unto her; and taking upon her ſelfe that ſhe reſtrained him, ſince ſhe found he could ſet no limits to his paſſions. And as ſhe did to *Philoclea*, ſo did ſhe to her, with the tribute of gifts ſeeke to bring her minde into ſervitude; and all other meanes, that might either eſtabliſh a beholdingneſſe, or at leaſt awake a kindneſſe; doing it ſo, as, by reaſon of their impriſonment, one ſiſter knew not how the other was wooed, but each might thinke that onely ſhe was ſought. But if *Philoclea* with ſweet and humble dealing did avoid their aſſaults, ſhe with the Majeſtie of Vertue did beat them off.

But this day their ſpeech was the ſooner broken off, by reaſon that he, who ſtood as watch upon the top of the keepe, did not onely ſee a great duſt ariſe (which the earth ſent up, as if it would ſtrive to have clouds as well as the aire) but might ſpie ſometimes, eſpecially when the duſt (wherein the naked wind did apparell it ſelfe) was carried aſide from them, the ſhining of armour, like flaſhing of lightning, wherewith the clouds did ſeeme to be with childe; which the Sunne gilding with his beames, it gave a ſight delightfull to any, but to them that were to abide the terrour. But the watch gave a quicke Alarum to the ſouldiers within, whom practice already having prepared, began each, with unabaſhed hearts, or at leaſt countenances, to looke to their charge or obedience which was allotted unto them.

Onely *Clinias* and *Amphialus* did exceed the bounds of mediocrity: the one in his naturall coldneſſe of cowardiſe, the other in heat of courage. For *Clinias* (who was bold onely in buſie whiſperings, and even in that whiſperingneſſe rather indeed confident in his cunning, that it ſhould not be bewrayed, than any way bold, if ever it ſhould be bewrayed) now that the enemy gave a dreadfull aſpect unto the Caſtle, his eyes ſaw no terrour, nor eare heard any martiall ſound, but that they multiplied the hideouſneſſe of it to his amated minde. Before their comming he had many times felt a dreadfull expectation, but yet his minde (that was willing to eaſe it ſelfe of the burden of feare) did ſometime faine unto it ſelfe poſſibility of let; as the death of *Baſilius*, the diſcord of the Nobility, and (when other cauſe failed him)

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the nature of chance ſerved as a cauſe unto him: and ſometimes the hearing other men ſpeake valiantly, and the quietneſſe of his unaſſailed ſenſes, would make himſelfe beleeve, that he durſt doe ſomething. But now, that preſent danger did diſplay it ſelfe unto his eye, and that a dangerous doing muſt be the onely meane to prevent the danger of ſuffering, one that had marked him would have judged that his eyes would have runne into him, and his ſoule out of him; ſo unkindly did either take a ſent of danger. He thought the lake was too ſhallow, and the walls too thin: he miſdoubted each mans treaſon, and conjectured every poſſibility of misfortune, not only fore-caſting likely perils, but ſuch as all the Planets together could ſcarcely have conſpired: and already began to arme himſelfe, though it was determined he ſhould tarry within doores; and while he armed himſelfe, imagined in what part of the vault he would hide himſelfe, if the enemies wonne the caſtle. Deſirous he was that every body ſhould doe valiantly, but himſelfe; and therefore was afraid to ſhew his feare, but for very feare would have hid his feare, leſt it ſhould diſcomfort others: but the more he ſought to diſguiſe it, the more the unſutableneſſe of a weake broken voice to high brave words, and of a pale ſhaking countenance to a geſture of animating, did diſcover him.

But quite contrarily *Amphialus*, who before the enemies came was carefull, providently diligent, and not ſometimes without doubting of the iſſue; now the neerer danger approched (like the light of a glow-worme) the leſſe ſtill it ſeemed; and now his courage began to boyle in choler, and with ſuch impatience to deſire to poure out both upon the enemy, that he iſſued preſently into certaine boats he had of purpoſe, and carrying with him ſome choice men, went to the fortreſſe he had upon the edge of the lake, which he thought would be the firſt thing that the enemy would attempt, becauſe it was a paſſage, which commanding all that ſide of the countrey, and being loſt would ſtop victuall, or other ſupply that might be brought into the caſtle: and in that fortreſſe having ſome force of horſemen, he iſſued out with two hundred horſe, and five hundred footmen, ambuſhed his footmen in the falling of a hill, which was over-ſhadowed with a wood, he with his horſemen went a quarter of a mile farther; aſide hand of which he might perceive the many troupes of the enemy, who came but to view where beſt to encampe themſelves.

But as if the ſight of the enemy had been a Magnes-ſtone to his courage, he could not containe himſelfe, but ſhewing his face to the enemy, and his backe to his ſouldiers, uſed that action as his onely oration, both of denouncing warre to the one, and perſwading helpe of the other. Who faithfully following an example of ſuch authority, they made the earth to groane under their furious burden, and the enemies to begin to be angry with them, whom in particular they knew not. Among whom there was a young man, youngeſt brother to *Philanax*, whoſe face as yet did not bewray his ſexe with ſo much as ſhew of haire, of a minde having no limits of hope, not knowing why to feare; full of jollity in converſation, and lately growne a Lover. His name was *Agenor*, of all that army the moſt beautifull: who having ridden in ſportfull converſation among the foremoſt, all armed, ſaving that his Beaver was up, to have his breath in more freedome, ſeeing *Amphialus* come a pretty way before his company, neither ſtaying the commandement of the Captaine, nor reckoning whether his face were armed, or no; ſet ſpurs to his horſe, and with youthfull bravery caſting his ſtaffe about his head, put it then into his reſt, as carefull of comly carrying it, as if the marke had beene but a Ring, and the lookers on Ladies. But *Amphialus* Lance was already come to the laſt of his deſcending line, and began to make the full

point

point of death againſt the head of this young Gentleman; when *Amphialus* perceiving his youth and beauty; Compaſſion ſo rebated the edge of Choler, that he ſpared that faire nakedneſſe, and let his ſtaffe fall to *Agenors* vampalt: ſo as both with brave breaking ſhould hurtleſly have performed that match, but that the pitileſſe Launce of *Amphialus* (angry with being broken) with an unluckie counterbuffe, full of unſparing ſplinters, lighted upon that face, farre fitter for the combats of *Venus*; giving not onely a ſudden, but a foule death, leaving ſcarcely any tokens of his former beauty: but his hands abandoning the raines, and his thighes the ſaddle, he fell ſideward from the horſe. Which ſight comming to *Leontius*, a deare friend of his, who in vaine had lamentably cryed unto him to ſtay, when he ſaw him begin his careere, it was hard to ſay, whether the pity of the one, or revenge againſt the other, held as then the ſoveraignty in his paſſions. But while he directed his eye to his friend, and his hand to his enemy, ſo wrongly conſorted a power could not reſiſt the ready minded force of *Amphialus*: who perceiving his ill-directed direction againſt him, ſo paid him his debt before it was lent, that he alſo fell to the earth, only happy, that one place, and one time, did finiſh both their loves and lives together.

But by this time there had beene a furious meeting of either ſide: where after the terrible ſalutation of warlike noiſe, the ſhaking of hands was with ſharp weapons: ſome Launces, according to the metall they met, and skill of the guider, did ſtaine themſelves in bloud; ſome flew up in pieces, as if they would threaten heaven, becauſe they failed on earth. But their office was quickly inherited, either by the Prince of weapons, the ſword, or by ſome heavie mace, or biting axe; which hunting ſtill the weakeſt chaſe, ſought ever to light there where ſmalleſt reſiſtance might worſe prevent miſchiefe. The claſhing of armour, and cruſhing of ſtaves, the juſtling of bodies, the reſounding of blowes, was the firſt part of that ill agreeing muſicke, which was beautified with the griſlineſſe of wounds, the riſing of duſt, the hideous falls and grones of the dying. The very horſes, angry in their maſters anger, with love and obedience brought forth the effects of hate and reſiſtance, and with mindes of ſervitude, did as if they affected glory. Some lay dead under their dead maſters, whom unknightly wounds had unjuſtly puniſhed for a faithfull duty. Some lay upon their Lords by like accidents, and in death had the honour to be born by them, whom in life they had borne. Some having loſt their commanding burdens, ranne ſcattered about the field, abaſhed with the madneſſe of mankinde. The earth it ſelfe (wont to be a buriall of men) was now, as it were, buried with men: ſo was the face thereof hidden with dead bodies, to whom death had come masked in divers manners. In one place lay diſ-inherited heads, diſpoſſeſſed of their naturall ſignories: in another, whole bodies to ſee to, but that their hearts wont to be bound all over ſo cloſe, were now with deadly violence opened: in others, fouler deaths had uglily diſplayed their trailing guts. There lay armes, whoſe fingers yet moved, as if they would feele for him that made them feele: and legs, which contrary to common reaſon, by being diſcharged of their burden were growne heavier. But no ſword payed ſo large a tribute of ſoules to the eternall Kingdome, as that of *Amphialus*, who like a Tigre, from whom a company of Wolves did ſeeke to raviſh a new gotten prey; ſo he (remembring they came to take away *Philoclea*) did labour to make valour, ſtrength, choler, and hatred, to anſwer the proportion of his love, which was infinite.

There died of his hand the old Knight *Eſchylus*: who though by yeares might well have beene allowed to uſe rather the exerciſes of wiſdome, than of courage; yet having a luſty body and a merry heart, he ever tooke the ſummons of Time in jeſt,

jeſt, or elſe it had ſo creepingly ſtolne upon him, that he had heard ſcarcely the noiſe of his feet, and therefore was as freſh in apparell, and as forward in enterpriſes, as a farre younger man: but nothing made him bolder then a certaine prophecie had beene told him, that he ſhould die in the armes of his ſonne, and therefore feared the leſſe the arme of an enemy. But now when *Amphialus* ſword was paſſed thorow his throat, he thought himſelfe abuſed; but that before he died, his ſonne, indeed ſeeing his father begin to fall, held him up in his armes, till a pitileſſe ſouldier of the other ſide, with a mace brained him, making father and ſonne become twins in the never againe dying birth. As for *Drialus*, *Memnon*, *Niſus*, and *Policrates*; the firſt had his eyes cut out, ſo as he could not ſee to bid the neere following death welcome: the ſecond had met with the ſame Prophet that old *Eſchylus* had; and having found many of his ſpeeches true, beleeved this too, that he ſhould never be killed, but by his owne companions: and therefore no man was more valiant than he againſt an enemy, no man more ſuſpicious of his friends: ſo as he ſeemed to ſleep in ſecurity when he went to a battell, and to enter into a battell when he began to ſleepe; ſuch guards he would ſet about his perſon, yet miſtruſting thoſe very guards leſt they would murder him. But now *Amphialus* helped to unriddle his doubts; for he overthrowing him from his horſe, his owne companions comming with a freſh ſupply, preſſed him to death. *Niſus* graſping with *Amphialus*, was with a ſhort dagger ſlaine. And for *Policrates*, while he ſhunned as much as he could, keeping onely his place for feare of punishment, *Amphialus* with a memorable blow ſtrake off his head: where, with the convulſions of death ſetting his ſpurs to his horſe, he gave ſo brave a charge upon the Enemy, as it grew a Proverbe, That *Policrates* was onely valiant after his head was off. But no man eſcaped ſo well his hands as *Phebilus* did: for he having long loved *Philoclea*, though for the meanneſſe of his eſtate he never durſt reveale it, now knowing *Amphialus*, ſetting the edge of a rivall upon the ſword of an enemy, he held ſtrong fight with him. But *Amphialus* had already in the dangerouſeſt places difarmed him, and was lifting up his ſword to ſend him away from himſelfe; when he thinking indeed to die, O *Philoclea*, ſaid he, yet this joyes me, that I die for thy ſake. The name of *Philoclea* firſt ſtayed his ſword, and he heard him out; though he abhorred him much worſe than before, yet could he not vouchſafe him the honour of dying for *Philoclea*, but turned his ſword another way, doing him no hurt for over-much hatred. But what good did that to poore *Phebilus*, if eſcaping a valiant hand, he was ſlaine by a baſe ſouldier, who ſeeing him ſo diſarmed, thruſt him thorow?

But thus with the well followed valour of *Amphialus* were the other almoſt overthrowne, when *Philanax* (who was the Marſhall of the Armie) came in, with new force renewing the almoſt decayed courage of his ſouldiers. For crying to them (and asking them whether their backes or their armes were better fighters) he himſelfe thruſt juſt into the preaſſe, and making force and fury wait upon diſcretion and government, he might ſeeme a brave Lion, who taught his young Lionets, how in taking of a prey to joyne courage with cunning. Then Fortune (as if ſhe had made chaſes enow of the one ſide of that bloody Tenis-court) went of the other ſide the line, making as many fall downe of *Amphialus* followers, as before had done of *Philanax*'s, they loſing the ground, as faſt as before they had won it, only leaving them to keep it, who had loſt themſelves in keeping it. Then thoſe that had killed, inherited the lot of thoſe that had been killed; and cruell death made them lie quietly together, who moſt in their lives had ſought to diſquiet each other; and many of thoſe firſt overthrown, had the comfort to ſee their murderers over-run them to *Charons* ferry.

Codrus,

Codrus, *Ctesiphon*, and *Atilo*, lost their lives upon *Philanax* sword: but no bodies case was more pitied, than of a young squire of *Amphialus*, called *Ismenus*, who never abandoning his master, and making his tender age aspire to acts of the strongest manhood, in this time that his side was put to the worst, and that *Amphialus* valour was the only stay of them from deliyering themselves over to a most shamefull flight, he saw his Masters horse killed under him. Whereupon, asking advice of no other thought but of faithfulnesse and courage, he presently lighted from his owne horse, and with the helpe of some choice and faithfull servants, gate his master up. But in the multitude that came of either side, some to succour, some to save *Amphialus*, he came under the hand of *Philanax*, and the youth perceiving hee was the man that did most hurt to his party (desirous even to change his life for glory) strake at him as hee rode by him, and gave him a hurt upon the legge, that made *Philanax* turne towards him; but seeing him so young, and of a most lovely presence, hee rather tooke pitie of him, meaning to take him prisoner, and then to give him to his brother *Agenor* to bee his companion, because they were not much unlike, neither in yeares nor countenance. But as hee looked downe upon him with that thought, hee espied where his brother lay dead, and his friend *Leontius* by him, even almost under the squires feet. Then sorrowing not onely his owne sorrow, but the past-comfort sorrow which hee foreknew his mother would take (who with many teares and misgiving sighes had suffered him to goe with his elder brother *Philanax*) blotted out all figures of pitie out of his minde, and putting forth his horse (while *Ismenus* doubled two or three more valiant than well set blowes) saying to himselfe, Let other mothers bewaile an untimely death as well as mine, he thrust him through. And the boy fierce though beautifull, and beautifull though dying, not able to keepe his falling feet, fell downe to the earth, which he bit for anger, repining at his fortune, and as long as he could resisting death, which might seeme unwilling too; so long he was in taking away his young strugging soule.

Philanax himselfe could have wished the blow ungiven, when he saw him fall like a faire apple, which some uncourteous body (breaking his bough) should throw down before it were ripe. But the case of his brother made him forget both that and himselfe: so as over-hastily pressing upon the retiring enemies, he was (ere he was aware) further engaged than his owne souldiers could relieve him; where being overthrown by *Amphialus*, *Amphialus* glad of him, kept head against his enemies, while some of his men carried away *Philanax*.

But *Philanax* men, as if with the losse of *Philanax* they had lost the fountaine of their valour, had their courages so dried up in feare, that they began to set honour at their backes, and to use the vertue of patience in an untimely time, when into the preasse comes (as hard as his horse, more affraid of the spurre than the sword, could carry him) a Knight in armour as darke as blackenesse could make it, followed by none, and adorned by nothing; so farre without authority, that he was without knowledge. But vertue quickly made him knowne, and admiration bred him such authoritie, that though they of whose side he came knew him not, yet they all knew it was fit to obey him; and while he was followed by the valianteſt, he made way for the vileſt. For taking part with the besiegers, he made the *Amphialians* blood serve for a cappariſon to his horse, and a decking to his armour. His arme no ofter gave blowes, than the blowes gave wounds, than the wounds gave deaths; so terrible was his force, and yet was his quickneſſe more forcible than his force, and his judgement more quicke than his quickeneſſe. For though his sword went faster than

eye-sight could follow it, yet his owne judgement went still before it. There died of his hand, *Sarpedon*, *Plistonax*, *Strophilus*, and *Hippolitus*, men of great proofe in warres, and who had that day undertaken the guard of *Amphialus*. But while they sought to save him, they lost the fortresses that Nature had placed them in. Then slew he *Megalus*, who was a little before proud to see himself stained in the blood of his enemies: but when his owne blood came to be married to theirs, hee then felt that crueltie doth never enjoy a good cheape glory. After him sent he *Palemon*, who had that day vowed (with foolish bravery) to be the death of ten: and nine already he had killed, and was carefull to performe his almost performed vow, when the blacke knight helpt him to make up the tenth himselfe.

And now the often-changing Fortune beganne also to change the hue of the battells. For at the first, though it were terrible, yet terrour was deckt so bravely with rich furniture, gilt swords, shining armours, pleasant pensills, that the eye with delight had scarcely leisure to be affraid. But now all universally defiled with dust, blood, broken armours, mangled bodies, tooke away the maske, and set forth horrour in his owne horrible manner. But neither could danger bee dreadfull to *Amphialus* his undismayable courage, nor yet seeme ugly to him, whose truely affected minde, did still paint it over with the beauty of *Philoclea*. And therefore hee, rather enflamed than troubled with the increase of dangers, and glad to finde a worthy subject to exercise his courage, sought out this new knight; whom he might easily finde: for he, like a wanton rich man, that throwes downe his neighbours house, to make himselfe the better prospect; so had his sword made him so spacious a roome, that *Amphialus* had more cause to wonder at the finding, than labour for the seeking: which if it stirred hate in him, to see how much harme he did to the one side, it provoked as much emulation in him, to perceive how much good hee did to the other side. Therefore, they approaching one to the other, as in two beautifull folkes Love naturally stirres a desire of joyning, so in their two courages hate stirred a desire of tryall. Then began there a combate betweene them, worthy to have had more large listes, and more quiet beholders: for with the spurre of courage, and the bitte of Respect each so guided himselfe, that one might well see, the desire to overcome made them not forget how to overcome: in such time and proportion they did employ their blowes, that none of *Ceres* servants could more cunningly place his flayle: While the left foot spurre set forward his owne horse, the right let backward the contrarie horse, even sometimes by the advantage of the enemies legge, while the left hand (like him that held the sterne) guided the horses obedient courage: All done in such order, that it might seeme, the minde was a right Prince indeed, who sent wise and diligent Lievtenants into each of those well-governed parts. But the more they fought, the more they desired to fight; and the more they smarted, the lesse they felt the smart: and now were like to make a quicke proofe, to whom Fortune or Valour would seeme most friendly, when in comes an old Governour of *Amphialus*, alwayes a good Knight, and carefull of his charge; who giving a sore wound to the Blacke Knights thigh, while hee thought not of him, with another blow slew his horse under him. *Amphialus* cryed unto him, that he dishonoured him: You say well (answered the old knight) to stand now like a private souldier, setting your credit upon particular fighting, while you may see *Basilius* with all his hoste is getting betweene you and your Towne. Hee looked that way, and found that true indeed, that the enemy was beginning to encompasse him about, and stoppe his returne: and therefore causing the

the retreat to bee founded, his Governour led his men homeward, while hee kept himſelfe ſtill hindermoſt, as if he had ſtood at the gate of a ſluce, to let the ſtreame goe, with ſuch proportion as ſhould ſeeme good unto him: and with ſo manfull diſcretion performed it, that (though with loſſe of many of his men) he returned himſelfe ſafe, and content, that his enemies had felt how ſharpe the ſword could bite of *Philoclea*'s Lover. The other party being ſorry for the loſſe of *Philanax*, was yet ſorrier when the Blacke Knight could not be found: For he having gotten a horſe, whom his dying Maſter had bequeathed to the world, finding himſelfe ſore hurt, and not deſirous to be knowne, had in the time of the enemies retyring, retyred away alſo: his thigh not bleeding blood ſo faſt, as his heart bled revenge. But *Baſilius* having attempted in vaine to barre the ſafe returne of *Amphialus*, encamped himſelfe as ſtrongly as he could, while he (to his griefe) might heare the joy was made in the towne by his owne ſubjects, that he had that day ſped no better. For *Amphialus* (being well beloved of that people) when they ſaw him not vanquiſhed, they eſteemed him as victorious, his youth ſetting a flouriſhing ſhew upon his worthineſſe, and his great nobility ennobling his dangers.

But the firſt thing *Amphialus* did, being returned, was to viſit *Philoclea*, and firſt preſuming to cauſe his dreame to be ſung unto her (which he had ſeene the night before he fell in love with her) making a fine boy he had accord a pretty dolefulneſſe unto it. The ſong was this:

Now was our heav'nly vault deprived of the light
With Suns depart: and now the darkneſſe of the night
Did light thoſe beamy ſtars, which greater light did dark:
Now each thing that enjoy'd that fiery quickning ſparke
(Which life is call'd) were mov'd their ſpirits to repoſe,
And wanting uſe of eyes, their eyes began to cloſe:
A ſilence ſweet each where with one conſent embrac't
(A muſick ſweet to one in carefull muſing plac't)
And mother earth now clad in mourning weeds, did breathe
A dull deſire to kiſſe the image of our death:
When I diſgraced wretch, not wretched then, did give
My ſenſes ſuch releife, as they which quiet live,
Whoſe braines broyle not in woes, nor breaſts with beatings ake,
With natures praiſe are wont in ſafeſt home to take.
Far from my thought was ought, whereto their minds aſpire,
Who under courtly pompe do hatch a baſe deſire.
Free all my powers were from thoſe captiving ſnares,
Which heav'nly pureſt gifts defile with muddie cares.
Ne could my ſoule it ſelfe accuſe of ſuch a fault,
As tender conſcience might with furious pangs aſſault:
But like the feeble flower (whoſe ſtalke cannot ſuſtaine
His weightie top) his top downeward doth drooping leane:
Or as the ſilly bird in well acquainted neſt
Doth hide his head with cares but onely to reſt:
So I in ſimple courſe, and unintangled minde,
Did ſuffer drowſie lids mine eyes, then cleare, to blinde;
And laying downe my head, did natures rule obſerve:

They

They first their use forgot, then fancies lost their force;
Till deadly sleepe at length possest my living corse.
A living corse I lay: but ah, my wakefull minde
(Which made of heav'nly stuffe, no mortall change doth blinde)
Flew up with freer wings, of fleshly bondage free;
And having plac't my thoughts, my thoughts thus placed me.
Me thought, nay sure I was, I was in faireſt wood
Of Samothea land; a land which whilome stood
An honour to the world, while Honour was their end,
And while their line of yeares they did in vertue spend.
But their I was, and there my calmie thoughts I fed
On Natures sweet repast, as healthfull senses led.
Her gifts my study was, her beauties were my sport:
My worke her workes to know, her dwelling my resort.
Those lampes of heav'nly fire to fixed motion bound,
The ever-turning spheres, the never-moving ground;
what essence deſt' nie hath; if fortune be or no;
Whence our immortall soules to mortall earth doe stow:
What life it is, and how that all these lives doe gather,
With outward makers force, or like an inward father.
Such thoughts, me thought, I thought, and strain'd my single minde
Then void of neerer cares, the depth of things to find;
when lo with hugeſt noiſe (such noise a tower makes
When it blowne downe with winde a fall of ruine takes)
(Or such a noise it was, as higheſt thunders send,
Or cannons thunder-like, all shot together, lend)
The Moone asunder rent; whereout with sudden fall
(More swift than falcons stoope to feeding Falconers call)
There came a chariot faire, by doves and sparrowes guided,
Whose storme-like course staid not till hard by me it bided.
I wretch astoniſht was, and thought the deathfull doome
Of heav'n, of earth, of hell, of time and place was come.
But streight there issued forth two Ladies (Ladies sure
They seem'd to me) on whom did waite a Virgin pure.
Strange were the Ladies weeds; yet more unfit than strange.
The first with clothes tuckt up, as Nimphes in woods doe range;
Tuckt up even with the knees, with bowe and arrowes preſt:
Her right arme naked was, discovered was her breast.
But heavie was her paſe, and such a meagre cheere,
As little hunting minde (God knowes) did there appeare.
The other had with Art (more than our women know,
As stuffe meant for the sale set out to glaring show)
A wanton womans face, and with curld knots had twin'd
Her haire, which by the helpe of painters cunning shin'd.
When I such gueſts did see come out of such a house,
The mountains great with childe I thought brought forth a mouse.
But walking forth, the first thus to the second said,
Venus come on: said she, Diana you are obayd.
Those names abaſht me much, when those great names I heard:

Although

Although their fame (me seem'd) from truth had greatly jarr'd.
As thus musing stood, Diana *called to her*
The waiting Nymph, a Nymph that did excell as farre
All things that earst I saw, as orient pearles exceed
That which their mother hight, or else their silly seed.
Indeed a perfect hue, indeed a sweet consent
Of all those Graces gifts the heav'ns have ever lent.
And so she was attir'd, as one that did not prize
Too much her peerlesse parts, nor yet could them despise.
But call'd, she came apace; a pace wherein did move
The band of beauties all, the little world of Love.
And bending humble eyes (O eye, the sunne of sight)
She waited mistresse will: who thus disclos'd her spright;
Sweet Mira *mine (quoth she) the pleasure of my minde,*
In whom of all my rules the perfect proofe I finde,
To onely thee thou seest we grant this speciall grace
Us to attend, in this most private time and place.
Be silent therefore now, and so be silent still
Of that thou seest: close up in secret knot thy will.
She answer'd was with looke, and well perform'd beheest:
And Mira *I admir'd: her shape sunke in my breast.*
But thus with irefull eyes, and face that shooke with spite
Diana *did begin. What mov'd me to invite*
Your presence (sister deare) first to my Moony spheare,
And hither now, vouchsafe to take with willing eare.
I know full well you know what discord long hath raign'd
Betwixt us two; how much that discord foule hath stain'd
Both our estates, while each the other did deprave;
Proofe speaks too much to us, that feeling triall have.
Our names are quite forgot, our temples are defac'd:
Our offsprings spoil'd, our priests from priesthood are displac'd.
Is this the fruit of strife? those thousand churches high,
Those thousand altars faire now in the dust to lie?
In mortall mindes our mindes but planets names preserve:
No knees once bow'd, forsooth, for them they say we serve.
Are we their servants growne? no doubt a noble stay:
Celestiall powers to wormes, Joves *children serve to clay.*
But such they say we be: this praise our discord bred,
While we, for mutuall spite, a striving passion fed.
But let us wiser be; and what foule discord brake,
So much more strong againe let fastest concord make.
Our yeares doe it require; you see we both doe feele
The weakening worke of time's for ever whirling wheele,
Although we be divine, our Grandsire Saturne is
With ages force decay'd; yet once the heaven was his.
And now before we seeke by wise Apollo's *skill,*
Our young yeares to renew (for so he saith he will)
Let us a perfect peace betweene us two resolve:
Which lest the ruinous want of government dissolve,

Let one the Princesse be, to her the other yeeld:
For vaine equalitie is but Contentions field.
And let her have the gifts that should in both remaine:
In her let beauty both, and chastnesse fully raigne.
So as if I prevaile, you give your gifts to me:
If you, on you I lay what in my offfce be.
Now resteth onely thus, which of us two is she,
To whom precedence shall of both accorded be.
For that (so that you like) hereby doth lie a youth
(She beckned unto me) as yet of spotlesse truth,
who may this doubt discerne: for better wit, than lot
Becommeth us: in us fortune determines not.
Thus crowne of amber faire (an amber crowne she held)
To worthiest let him give, when both he hath beheld:
And be it as he saith. Venus was glad to heare
Such profer made, which she well shew'd with smiling cheare.
As though she were the same, as when by Paris doome
She had chiefe goddesses in beautie overcome.
And smirkly thus gan say: I never sought debate
Diana deare; my minde to love and not to hate
Was ever apt: but you my pastimes did despise.
I never spited you, but thought you otherwise.
Now kindnesse proferd is, none kinder is than I:
And so most ready am this meane of peace to trie.
And let him be our judge: the lad doth please me well.
Thus both did come to me, and both began to tell
(For both together spake, each loth to be behinde)
That they by solemne oath their Deities would binde,
To stand unto my will: their will they made me know.
I that was first agast, when first I saw their show,
Now bolder wext, wext proud, that I such sway must beare:
For neere acquaintance doth diminish reverent feare.
And having bound them fast by Styx, they should obey
To all that I decreed, did thus my verdict say.
How ill both you can rule, well hath your discord taught:
Ne yet for ought I see, your beauties merit ought.
To yonder Nymph therefore (to Mira I did point)
The crown above you both for euer I appoint.
I would have spoken out: but out they both did crie;
Fie, fie, what have we done? ungodly rebell, fie.
But now we needs must yeeld, to that our oathes require.
Yet thou shalt not goe free (quoth Venus) such a fire
Her beautie kindle shall within thy foolish minde,
That thou full oft shalt wish thy judging eyes were blind.
Nay then (Diana said) the chastnesse I will give,
In ashes of despaire (though burnt) shall make thee live.
Nay thou (said both) shalt see such beames shine in her face,
That thou shalt never dare seeke helpe of wretched case.
And with that cursed curse away to heav'n they fled,

First,

First having all their gifts upon faire Mira *ſpred.*
The reſt I cannot tell; for therewithall I wak'd,
And found with deadly feare that all my ſinewes ſhak'd.
Was it a dreame? O dreame, how haſt thou wrought in me,
That I things erſt unſeene ſhould firſt in dreaming ſee!
And thou O traytor Sleepe, made for to be our reſt,
How haſt thou fram'd the paine where with I am oppreſt?
O coward Cupids *thus doſt thou thy honour keepe,*
Unarm'd (alas) unarm'd to take a man aſleepe?

Laying not onely the conqueſts, but the heart of the conquerour at her feete. But ſhee receiving him after her wonted ſorrowfull (but otherwiſe unmoved) manner, it made him thinke, his good ſucceſſe was but as a pleaſant monument of a dolefull buriall; joy it ſelfe ſeeming bitter unto him, ſince it agreed not to her taſte.

Therefore ſtill craving his mothers helpe to perſwade her, he himſelfe ſent for *Philanax* unto him, whom he had not onely long hated, but now had his hate greatly increaſed by the death of his Squire *Iſmenus*. Beſides, he had made him as one of the chiefe cauſes that moved him to this rebellion, and therefore was enclined (to colour the better his action, and the more to embrew the hands of his accomplices, by making them guilty of ſuch a treſpaſſe) in ſome formall ſort to cauſe him to be executed: being alſo greatly egged thereunto by his mother, and ſome others, who long had hated *Philanax*, only becauſe he was more worthy, than they, to be loved.

But while that deliberation was handled, according rather to the humour than the reaſon of each ſpeaker, *Philoclea* comming to the knowledge of the hard plight wherein *Philanax* ſtood, ſhe deſired one of the Gentlewomen appointed to wait upon her, to goe in her name, and beſeech *Amphialus*, that if the love of her had any power of perſwaſion in his minde, he would lay no further puniſhment than impriſonment upon *Philanax*. This meſſage was delivered even as *Philanax* was entring to the preſence of *Amphialus*, comming (according to the warning was given him) to receive judgement of death. But when he with manfull reſolution attended the fruit of ſuch a tyrannicall ſentence, thinking it wrong, but no harme to him that ſhould die in ſo good a cauſe; *Amphialus* turned quite the forme of his pretended ſpeech, and yeelded him humble thankes, that by his meanes he had come to that happineſſe as to receive a commandement of his Lady: and therefore he willingly gave him liberty to returne in ſafety whither he would, quitting him not onely of all former grudge, but aſſuring him that he would be willing to doe him any friendſhip and ſervice: only deſiring this much of him, that he would let him know the diſcourſe and intent of *Baſilius* his proceeding.

Truly my Lord (anſwered *Philanax*) if there were any ſuch, knowne to me, ſecret in my maſters counſell, as that the revealing thereof might hinder his good ſucceſſe, I ſhould loath the keeping of my bloud with the loſſe of my faith, and would thinke the juſt name of a traytour a hard purchaſe of a few yeares living. But ſince it is ſo, that my maſter hath indeed no way of privie practice, but meanes openly and forcibly to deale againſt you, I will not ſtick in few words to make your required declaration. Then told he him in what a maze of a mazement both *Baſilius* and *Gynecia* were, when they miſt their children & *Zelmane*. Sometimes apt to ſuſpect ſome practice of *Zelmane*, becauſe ſhe was a ſtranger; ſometimes doubting ſome relicks of the late mutiny; which doubt was rather increaſed, than any way ſatisfied

by

by *Miſo*: who (being found almoſt dead for hunger, by certaine countrey people) brought home word, with what cunning they were trayned out, and with what violence they were carried away. But that within a few dayes they came to knowledge where they were, by *Amphialus* his owne letters ſent abroad to procure confederates in his attempts; that *Baſilius* his purpoſe was never to leave the ſiege of this Town, till he had taken it, and revenged the injurie done unto him; that he meant rather to win it by time and famine, than by force of aſſault, knowing how valiant men he had to deale withall in the towne; that he had ſent order, that ſupplies of ſouldiers, pioners, and all things elſe neceſſary, ſhould daily be brought unto him: ſo as my Lord (ſaid *Philanax*) let me now, having received my life by your grace, let me give you your life and honour by my counſell; proteſting unto you, that I cannot chuſe but love you, being my maſter his Nephew; and that I wiſh you well in all cauſes but this. You know his nature is asapt to forgive, as his power is able to conquer. Your fault paſſed is excuſable, in that love perſwaded, and youth was perſwaced. Do not urge the effects of angry victory, but rather ſeeke to obtaine that conſtantly by courteſie, which you can never aſſuredly enjoy by violence. One might eaſily have ſeene in the cheare of *Amphialus*, that diſdainfull choler would faine have made the anſwer for him: but the remembrance of *Philoclea* ſerved for forcible barriers betweene anger, and angry effects: ſo as he ſaid no more, but that he would not put him to the trouble to give him any further counſell; but that he might returne, if he liſted, preſently. *Philanax* glad to receive an uncorrupted liberty, humbly accepted his favourable convoy out of the town; and ſo departed, not viſiting the Princeſſes, thinking it might be offenſive to *Amphialus*, and no way fruitfull to them, who were no way but by force to be reſcued.

The poore Ladies indeed, not ſuffered either to meet together, or to have conference with any other, but ſuch as *Cecropia* had already framed to ſing all their ſongs to her tune, ſhe her ſelfe omitting no day, and catching hold of every occaſion to move forward her ſonnes deſire, and remove their owne reſolutions: uſing the ſame arguments to the one ſiſter, as to the other; determining that whom ſhe could winne firſt, the other ſhould (without her ſonnes knowledge) by poiſon be made away. But though the reaſons were the ſame to both, yet the handling was divers, according as ſhe ſaw their humours to prepare a more or leſſe apteneſſe of apprehenſion. This day having long ſpeech to *Philoclea*, amplifying not a little the great dutifulneſſe her ſon had ſhewed in delivering *Philanax*: of whom ſhe could get no anſwer, but a ſilence ſealed up in vertue, and ſo ſweetly graced, as that in one inſtant it carried with it both reſiſtance, and humbleneſſe. *Cecropia* threatning in her ſelfe to runne a more rugged race with her, went to her ſiſter *Pamela*, who that day, having wearied her ſelfe with reading, and with the height of her heart diſdaining to keep company with any of the Gentlewomen appointed to attend her, whom ſhe accounted her Jaylors, was working upon a purſe certaine roſes and lillies, as by the fineneſſe of the work, one might ſee ſhe had borrowed her wits of the ſorrow that then owed them, and lent them wholly to that exerciſe. For the flowers ſhe had wrought, carried ſuch life in them, that the cunningeſt painter might have learned of her needle: which with ſo pretty a manner made his careers to and fro thorow the cloth, as if the needle it ſelfe would have beene loth to have gone from ward ſuch a miſtreſſe, but that it hoped to return thitherward very quickly againe: the cloth looking with many eyes upon her, and lovingly embracing the wounds ſhe gave it: the ſheares alſo were at hand to behead the ſilke, that was growne too ſhort. And if at any time ſhe put her mouth to bite it off, it ſeemed, that where ſhe had beene long in making of a roſe with her hands, ſhe would

would in an instant make roses with her lips: as the lillies seem'd to have their whiteness, rather of the hand that made them, than of the matter whereof they were made; and that they grew there by the Suns of her eyes, and were refreshed by the most (in discomfort) comfortable aire, which an unawares sigh might bestow upon them. But the colours for the ground were so well chosen, neither sullenly darke, nor glaringly lightsome, and so well proportioned, as that, though much cunning were in it, yet it was but to serve for an ornament of the principall work; that it was not without marvell to see, how a mind which could cast a careless semblant upon the greatest conflicts of Fortune, could command it selfe to take care for so small matters. Neither had she neglected the dainty dressing of her selfe: but as if it had been her marriage time to Affliction, she rather seemed to remember her owne worthinesse, than the unworthinesse of her husband. For well one might perceive she had not rejected the counsell of a glasse, and that her hands had pleased themselves; in paying the tribute of undeceiving skill, to so high perfections of nature.

The sight whereof, so divers from her sister (who rather suffered sorrow to dresse it selfe in her beautie, than that she would bestow any entertainement of so unwelcome a guest) made *Cecropia* take a sudden assuredness of hope, that she should obtaine somewhat of *Pamela*: thinking (according to the squaring out of her owne good nature) that beautie, carefully set forth, would soone prove a signe of an unrefusing harborough. Animated therewith, she sate downe by *Pamela*, and taking the purse, and with affected curiositie looking upon the worke; Full happie is he (said she) at least if he knew his owne happinesse, to whom a purse in this manner, and by this hand wrought, is dedicated: In faith he shall have cause to account it, not as a purse for treasure, but as a treasure it selfe, worthy to be pursed up in the purse of his owne heart. And think you so indeed (said *Pamela* halfe smiling?) I promise you I wrought it but to make some tedious houres beleeve that I thought not of them, for else I valued it but even as a very purse. It is the right nature (said *Cecropia*) of Beautie, to worke unwitting effects of wonder. Truely (said *Pamela*) I never thought till now, that this outward glosse, intitled Beautie, which it pleaseth you to lay to my (as I thinke) unguiltie charge, was but a pleasant mixture of naturall colours, delightfull to the eye, as musicke is to the eare, without any further consequence: since it is a thing which not onely beasts have, but even stones and trees many of them doe greatly excell in it. That other things (answered *Cecropia*) have some portion of it, takes not away the excellencie of it, where indeed it doth excell: since we see, that even those beasts, trees, and stones, are in the name of Beauty onely highly praised. But that the beauty of humane persons is beyond all other things, there is great likelihood of reason; since to them onely is given the judgement to discerne Beauty: and among reasonable wights, as it seemes, that our sexe hath the preheminence, so that in that preheminence Nature countervailes all other liberalities, wherein she may be thought to have dealt more favourably toward mankind. How doe men crowne (thinke you) themselves with glory, for having either by force brought others to yeeld to their mind, or with long studie and premeditated orations, perswaded what they would have perswaded? And see, a faire woman shall not onely command without authoritie, but perswade without speaking. She shall not need to procure attention, for their owne eyes will chain their eares unto it. Men venture lives to conquer, she conquers lives without venturing. She is served, and obeyed, which is the most notable, not because the lawes so command it, but because they become lawes themselves to obey her; not for her parents sake, but for her owne sake. She need not dispute, whether to governe by Feare

of

of Love, ſince without her thinking thereof, their love will bring forth feare, and their feare will fortifie their love: and ſhe need not ſeek offenſive, or defenſive force, ſince her onely lips may ſtand for ten thouſand ſhields, and ten thouſand unevitable ſhot goe from her eyes. Beautie, beautie (deare Neece) is the crowne of the feminine greatneſſe; which gift, on whomſoever the heavens (therein moſt niggardly) doe beſtow, without queſtion, ſhe is bound to uſe it to the noble purpoſe for which it is created: not onely winning, but preſerving, ſince that indeed is the right happineſſe which is not onely in it ſelfe happy, but can alſo derive the happineſſe to another. Certainely Aunt (ſaid *Pamela*) I feare me you will make me not onely thinke my ſelfe fairer than ever I did, but thinke my fairneſſe a matter of greater value than heretofore I could imagine it. For I ever (till now) conceived theſe conqueſts you ſpeake of, rather to proceed from the weakeneſſe of the conquered, than from the ſtrength of the conquering power: as they ſay, the Cranes overthrow whole batels of *Pygmees*, not ſo much of their Craniſh courage, as becauſe the other are *Pygmees*; and that we ſee young babes thinke babies of wonderfull excellency, and yet the babies are but babies. But ſince your elder yeares, and abler judgement, find beautie to be worthy of ſo incomparable eſtimation, certainly me thinkes it ought to be held in dearneſſe, according to the excellency, and (no more than we would doe of things which we account precious) never ſuffer it to be defiled.

Defiled? (ſaid *Cecropia*) Mary God forbid that my ſpeech ſhould tend to any ſuch purpoſe, as ſhould deſerve ſo foule a title. My meaning is to joyne your beauty to love, your youth to delight. For truely, as colours ſhould be as good as nothing, if there were no eyes to behold them: ſo is beautie nothing, without the eye of Love behold it; and therefore ſo far is it from defiling it, that it is the only honouring of it, the onely preſerving of it: for beautie goes away, devoured by time, but where remaines it ever flouriſhing, but in the heart of a true Lover? And ſuch a one, if ever there were any, is my ſonne; whoſe love is ſo ſubjected unto you, that rather than breed any offence unto you, it will not delight it ſelfe in beholding you. There is no effect of his love (anſwered *Pamela*) better pleaſeth me than that: but as I have often anſwered you, ſo reſolutely I ſay unto you, that he muſt get my parents conſent, & then ſhe ſhall know further of my minde; for without that I know I ſhould offend God. O ſweet youth (ſaid *Cecropia*) how untimely ſubject it is to devotion. No, no, ſweet neece, let us old folkes think of ſuch preciſe conſiderations; do you enjoy the heaven of your age, whereof you are ſure: and like good houſholders, which ſpend thoſe things that would not be kept, ſo do you pleaſantly enjoy that, which elſe will bring an over-late repentance, when your glaſſe ſhall accuſe you to your face, what a change there is in you. Doe you ſee how the ſpring-time is full of flowers, decking it ſelfe with them, and not aſpiring to the fruits of *Autumne*? what leſſon is that unto you, but that in the *April* of your age, you ſhould be like *April*? let not ſome of them for whom already the grave gapeth, and perhaps envie the felicitie in you, which themſelves cannot enjoy, perſwade you to looſe the hold of occaſion, while it may not onely be taken, but offers, nay ſues to be taken: which if it be not now taken, will never hereafter be overtaken. Your ſelfe know how your father hath refuſed all offers made by the greateſt Princes about you, and will you ſuffer your beauty to be hidden in the wrinkles of his peeviſh thoughts? If he be peeviſh (ſaid *Pamela*) yet is he my father; and how beautifull ſoever I be, I am his daughter: ſo as God claimes at my hands obedience, and makes me no judge of his imperfections.

Theſe often replies upon conſcience in *Pamela*, made *Cecropia* thinke, that there was no righter way for her, than as ſhee had (in her opinion) ſet her in liking of

Beauty

Beautie, with perſwaſion not to ſuffer it to be void of purpoſe, ſo if ſhee could make her leſſe feeling of thoſe heavenly conceits, that then ſhe might eaſily winde her to her crooked byas. Therefore employing the uttermoſt of her miſchievous wit, and ſpeaking the more earneſtly, becauſe ſhee ſpake as ſhe thought, ſhe thus dealt with her; Deare neece, or rather, deare daughter, if my affection and wiſh might prevaile therein, how much doth it increaſe (trow you) the earneſt deſire I have of this bleſſed match, to ſee theſe vertues of yours knit faſt with ſuch zeale of Devotion (indeed the beſt bond) which the moſt politique wits have found, to hold mans wit in well doing? For as children muſt firſt by feare be induced to know that, which after (when they doe know) they are moſt glad of: So are theſe bug-beares of opinions brought by great Clearkes into the world, to ſerve as ſhewels to keep them from thoſe faults, whereto elſe the vanitie of the world, and weakeneſſe of ſenſes might pull them. But in you (Neece) whoſe excellency is ſuch, as it need not to be held up by the ſtaffe of vulgar opinions, I would not you ſhould love Vertue ſervilly, for feare of I know not what, which you ſee not: but even for the good effects of vertue which you ſee. Feard, and indeed fooliſh feare, and fearfull ignorance, was the firſt inventer of thoſe conceits. For when they heard it thunder, not knowing the naturall cauſe, they thought there was ſome angry body above, that ſpake ſo loud: and ever the leſſe they did perceive, the more they did conceive. Whereof they knew no cauſe, that grew ſtreight a miracle: fooliſh folkes, not marking that the alterations be but upon particular accidents, the univerſality being alwayes one. Yeſterday was but as to day, and to morrow will tread the ſame foot-ſteps of his foregoers: ſo as it is manifeſt enough, that all things follow but the courſe of their owne nature, ſaving onely Man, who while by the pregnancie of his imagination, he ſtrives to things ſupernaturall, meane while he loſeth his owne naturall felicity. Be wiſe, and that wiſedome ſhall be a God unto thee; be contented, and that is thy heaven: for elſe to thinke that thoſe powers (if there be any ſuch) above are moved either by the eloquence of our prayers, or in a chafe at the folly of our actions; carries as much reaſon as if flyes ſhould thinke, that men take great care which of them hums ſweeteſt, and which of them flies nimbleſt.

She would have ſpoken further, to have enlarged and confirmed her diſcourſe; when *Pamela* (whoſe cheeks were died in the beautifulleſt graine of vertuous anger, with eyes which gliſtered forth beames of diſdaine) thus interrupted her. Peace (wicked woman) peace, unworthy to breathe, that doſt not acknowledge the breath-giver, moſt unworthy to have a tongue, which ſpeakeſt againſt him through whom thou ſpeakeſt: keepe your affection to your ſelfe, which like a bemyred dog would defile with fawning. You ſay yeſterday was as to day. O fooliſh woman, and moſt miſerable fooliſh, ſince wit makes you fooliſh; What doth that argue, but that there is a conſtancy in the everlaſting Govornour? Would you have an inconſtant God, ſince we count a man fooliſh that is inconſtant? Hee is not ſeene you ſay: and would you thinke him a God, who might bee ſeene by ſo wicked eyes as yours? which yet might ſee enough if they were not like ſuch, who for ſport-ſake willingly hood-winke themſelves to receive blowes the eaſier. But though I ſpeake to you without any hope of fruit in ſo rotten a heart, and there bee nobody elſe here to judge of my ſpeeches, yet be thou my witneſſe, O captivity, that my eares ſhall not be willingly guilty of my Creators blaſphemy: you ſay, becauſe we know not the cauſes of things, therefore feare was the mother of ſuperſtition: nay, becauſe we know that each effect hath a cauſe, that hath engendred a true & lively devotion. For this goodly worke, of which we are, and in which we live, hath not his being by Chance; on

which

which opinion it is beyond marvaile by what chance any braine could ſtumble. For if it be eternall (as you would ſeeme to conceive of it) Eternity and Chance are things unſufferable together. For that is chanceable which happeneth; and if it happen, there was a time before it happened, when it might have not happened; or elſe it did not happen, and ſo if chanceable not eternall. And as abſurd it is to think, that if it had a beginning, his beginning was derived from Chance: for chance could never make all things of nothing: and if there were ſubſtances before, which by chance ſhould meet to make up this worke, thereon followes another bottomleſſe pit of abſurdities. For then thoſe ſubſtances muſt needs have beene from ever, and ſo eternall: and that eternall cauſes ſhould bring forth chanceable effects, is as ſenſible, as that the Sun ſhould be the author of darkneſſe. Againe, if it were chanceable, then was it not neceſſary, whereby you take away all conſequents. But we ſee in all things, in ſome reſpect or other, neceſſity of conſequence: therefore in reaſon wee muſt needs know that the cauſes were neceſſary.

Laſtly, Chance is variable, or elſe it is not to bee called Chance: but we ſee this worke is ſteady and permanent. If nothing but Chance had glewed thoſe pieces of this All, the heavie parts would have gone infinitely downeward, the light infinitely upward, and ſo never have met to have made up this goodly body. For before there was a heaven or earth, there was neither a heaven to ſtay the height of the ring, or an earth, which (in reſpect of the round walls of heaven) ſhould become a center. Laſtly, perfect order, perfect beauty, perfect conſtancie, if theſe be the children of Chance, let wiſdome be counted the root of wickednesſe. But you will ſay, It is ſo by nature; as much as if you ſaid, it is ſo, becauſe it is ſo. If you mean of many natures conſpiring together, as in a popular government to eſtabliſh this faire eſtate; as if the elementish and ethereall parts ſhould in their towne-houſe ſet downe the bounds of each ones office, then conſider what followes: that there muſt needs have bin a wiſdome which made them concurre: for their natures being abſolutely contrary, in nature rather would have ſought each others ruine, than have ſerved as well conſorted parts to ſuch an unexpreſſible harmony. For, that contrary things ſhould meet to make up a perfection without force and wiſedome above their powers, is abſolutely unpoſſible; unleſſe you will flye to that hiſſed-out opinion of Chance againe. But you may perhaps affirme, that one univerſall Nature (which hath beene for ever) is the knitting together of theſe many parts to ſuch an excellent unity. If you mean a Nature of wiſdome, goodneſſe, and providence, which knowes what it doth, then ſay you that, which I ſeek of you, and cannot conclude thoſe blaſphemies, with which you defiled your mouth, and mine eares. But if you meane a Nature, as we ſpeake of the fire, which goeth upward, it knowes not why: and of the nature of the ſea, which in ebbing and flowing ſeems to obſerve ſo juſt a dance, and yet underſtands no muſicke, it is but ſtill the ſame abſurdity ſuperſcribed with another title. For this word, One, being attributed to that which is All, is but one mingling of many, and many ones; as in a leſſe matter, when we ſay one kingdome which containes many cities; or one citie which containes many perſons, wherein the under ones (if there bee not a ſuperiour power and wiſdome) cannot by nature regard any preſervation but of themſelves: no more we ſee they doe, ſince the water willingly quenches the fire, and drownes the earth; ſo far are they from a conſpired unitie: but that a right heavenly Nature indeed, as it were unnaturing them, doth ſo bridle them.

Againe, it is as abſurd in nature, that from an unity many contraries ſhould proceed ſtill kept in an unitie: as that from the number of contrarieties an unitie ſhould

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arise. I say still, if you banish both a singularity, and plurality of judgment from among them, then (if so earthly a mind can lift it selfe up to so high) do but conceive, how a thing whereto you give the highest, and most excellent kind of being (which is eternity) can be of a base and vilest degree of being, and next to a not-being; which is so to be, as not to enjoy his owne being? I will not here call all your senses to witnesse, which can heare, nor see nothing, which yeelds not most evident evidence of the unspeakeablenesse of that Wisedome: each thing being directed to an end, and an end of preservation: so proper effects of judgment, as speaking and laughing are of mankind.

But what mad fury can ever so inveagle any conceit, as to see our mortall and corruptible selves to have a reason, and that this universality (whereof we are but the least pieces) should be utterly devoide thereof? As if one should say, That ones foot might be wise, and himselfe foolish. This heard I once alledged against such a godlesse mind as yours, who being driven to acknowledge this beastly absurdity, that our bodies should be better than the whole world, if it had the knowledg, whereof the other were void; he sought (not able to answer directly) to shift it off in this sort: that if that reason were true, then must it follow also, that the world must have in it a spirit, that could write and read too, and be learned; since that was in us commendable. Wretched foole, not considering that Bookes be but supplies of defects; and so are praised, because they help our want, and therefore cannot be incident to the eternall intelligence, which needes no recording of opinions to confirme his knowledge, no more than the Sunne wants waxe to be the fewell of his glorious lightfulnesse. This world therefore cannot otherwise consist, but by a mind of Wisedome, which governes it; which whether you will allow to be the Creatour thereof, as undoubtedly he is, or the soule and governour thereof, most certaine it is, that whether he governe all, or make all, his power is above either his creatures, or his governement. And if his power bee above all things, then consequently it must needs be infinite, since there is nothing above it to limit it. For beyond which there is nothing, must needes bee boundlesse, and infinite: if his power bee infinite, then likewise must his knowledge bee infinite: for else there should be an infinite proportion of power which hee should not know how to use, the unsensiblenesse whereof I thinke even you can conceive: and if infinite, then must nothing, no not the estate of flies (which you with so unsavory scorne did jest at) bee unknowne unto him. For if there were, then there were his knowledge bounded, and so not infinite: if his knowledge and power be infinite, then must needs his goodnesse and justice march in the same ranke: for infiniteneſſe of power, and knowledge, without like measure of goodnesse, must necessarily bring forth destruction and ruine, and not ornament and preservation. Since then there is a God, and an All-knowing God, so as hee seeth into the darkest of all naturall secrets, which is the heart of Man; and sees therein the deepest dissembled thoughts, nay sees the thoughts before they be thought: since he is just to exercise his might, and mighty to performe his justice, assure thy selfe, most wicked woman (that hast so plaguily a corrupted minde, as thou canst not keepe thy sicknesse to thy selfe, but must most wickedly infect others) assure thy selfe, I say, (for what I say depends of everlasting and unremoveable causes) that the time will come, when thou shalt know that power by feeling it, when thou shalt see his wisedome in the manifesting thy ugly shamefulnesse, and shalt onely perceive him to have beene a Creatour in thy destruction.

Thus shee said, thus shee ended, with so faire a majesty of unconquered vertue,

that captivity might ſeeme to have authority over tyranny: ſo foule was the filthineſſe of impietie diſcovered by the ſhining of her unſtained goodneſſe, ſo farre, as either *Cecropia* ſaw indeed, or elſe the guilty amazement of a ſelfe-accuſing conſcience made her eyes untrue judges of their naturall object, that there was a light more than humane, which gave a luſtre to her perfections. But *Cecropia*, like a Bat (which though it have eyes to diſcerne that there is a Sunne, yet hath ſo evill eyes that it cannot delight in the Sun) found a truth, but could not love it. But as great perſons are wont to make the wrong they have done, to bee a cauſe to doe the more wrong, her knowledge roſe to no higher point, but to envie a worthier, and her will was no otherwiſe bent, but the more to hate, the more ſhe found her enemie provided againſt her. Yet all the while ſhee ſpake (though with eyes caſt like a horſe that would ſtrike at the ſtirrop, and with colour which bluſhed through yellowneſſe, ſhe ſate rather ſtill than quiet, and after her ſpeech rather muttered than replied: for the warre of wickedneſſe in her ſelfe, brought forth diſdainefull pride to reſiſt cunning diſſimulation; ſo as ſaying little more unto her, but that ſhe ſhould have leiſure enough better to bethinke her ſelfe; ſhe went away repining, but not repenting: condemning greatly (as ſhee thought) her ſons over-feeble humbleneſſe, and purpoſing to egge him forward to a courſe of violence. For her ſelfe, determining to deale with neither of them both any more in manner of a ſuter: for what majeſty of ver ue did in the one, that did ſilent humbleneſſe in the other. But finding her ſon over-apt to lay both condemnation, and execution of ſorrow upon himſelfe, ſhee ſought to mitigate his minde with faigned delayes of comfort, who (having this inward overthrow in himſelfe) was the more vexed, that hee could not utter the rage thereof upon his outward enemies.

For *Baſilius*, taught by the laſt daies triall what dangerous effects choſen courages can bring forth, rather uſed the ſpade than the ſword, or the ſword but to defend the ſpade; girding about the whole towne with trenches: which, beginning a good way off from the towne, with a number of well directed Pioners, hee ſtill carried before him till they came to a neere diſtance, where he builded Forts, one anſwering the other, in ſuch ſort, as it was a pretty conſideration in the diſcipline of war, to ſee building uſed for the inſtrument of ruine, and the aſſayler entrenched as if he were beſieged. But many ſallies did *Amphialus* make to hinder their working. But they (exerciſing more melancholy, than choller in their reſolution) made him finde, that if by the advantage of the place, few are able to defend themſelves from many, that many muſt needs have power (making themſelves ſtrong in ſeat) to repel few, referring the revenge rather to the end, than to a preſent requital. Yet oftentimes they dealt ſome blowes in light skirmiſhes, each having a ſtrong retiring place, and rather fighting with many alarums, to vexe the enemy, than for any hope of great ſucceſſe.

Which every way was a tedious comber to the impatient courage of *Amphialus*: till the fame of this warre, bringing thither divers, both ſtrangers and ſubjects, as well of Princely as noble houſes, the gallant *Phalantus*, who refrained his ſportfull delights as then, to ſerve *Baſilius* (whom hee honoured for received honours) when he had ſpent ſome time in conſidering the *Arcadian* manner in marching, encamping, and fighting, and had learned in what points of government and obedience their diſcipline differed from others, & ſo had ſatisfied his mind in the knowledges, both for the cutting off the enemies helpes, and furniſhing ones ſelfe, which *Baſilius* orders could deliver unto him, his yong ſpirits (wearie of wanting cauſe to be wearie) deſired to keep his valour in knowledge, by ſome private act, ſince the

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publike policy reſtrained him; the rather becauſe his old miſtres *Arteſia* might ſee, whom ſhe had ſo lightly forſaken: & therfore demanding & obtaining leave of *Baſilius*, he cauſed a Herald to be furniſhed with apparell of his office, and tokens of a peaceable meſſage, and ſo ſent him to the gate of the towne to demand audience of *Amphialus*: who underſtanding thereof, cauſed him both ſafely & courteouſly to be brought into his preſence: who making lowly reverence unto him, preſented his Letters, deſiring *Amphialus*, that whatſoever they contained, hee would conſider that he was only the bearer, and not the enditer. *Amphialus* with noble gentleneſſe aſſured him, both by honourable ſpeeches, and a demeanour which anſwered for him, that his revenge, whenſoever, ſhould ſort unto it ſelfe a higher ſubject. But opening the letters, he found them to ſpeake in this manner.

Philantus of *Corinth*, to *Amphialus* of *Arcadia*, ſendeth the greeting of a hateleſſe enemie. The liking of martiall matters without any diſlike of your perſon, hath brought me rather to the companie, than to the mind of your beſiegers: where languiſhing in idleneſſe, I deſire to refreſh my mind with ſome exerciſe of armes, which might make knowne the doers, with delight of the beholders. Therefore if there be any Gentleman in your towne, that either for the love of Honour, or honour of his Love, will armed on horſe-back, with launce and ſword win another, or loſe himſelfe, to be a priſoner at diſcretion of the conquerour, I will to morrow morning by Sun-riſing, with a trumpet and a Squire onely, attend him in like order furniſhed. The place I think fitteſt, the Iſland within the Lake, becauſe it ſtands ſo wel in the view of your caſtle, as that the Ladies may have the pleaſure of ſeeing the combat: which though it be within the commandement of your Caſtle, I deſire no better ſecurity, than the promiſe I make to my ſelfe of your vertue. I attend your anſwer, and wiſh you ſuch ſucceſſe as may be to your honour, rather in yeelding to that which is juſt, than in maintaining wrong by violence.

Amphialus read it with cheerfull countenance, and thinking but a little with himſelfe, called for inke and paper, and wrote this anſwer:

Amphialus of *Arcadia*, to *Philantus* of *Corinth*, wiſheth all his owne wiſhes, ſaving thoſe which may be hurtfull to another. The matter of your letters, ſo fit for a worthy mind, & the maner ſo ſutable to the nobleneſs of the matter, give me cauſe to think, how happie I might account my ſelfe if I could get ſuch a friend, who eſteeme it no ſmall happineſſe to have met with ſo noble an enemy. Your challenge ſhall be anſwered, and both time, place and weapon accepted. For your ſecurity from any treachery (having no hoſtage worthy to countervaile you) take my word, which I eſteeme above all reſpects. Prepare therfore your armes to fight, but not your heart to malice, ſince true valour needes no other whetſtone, than deſire of honour.

HAving writ and ſealed his letter, hee delivered it to the Herald, and withall tooke a faire chaine from off his owne neck, and gave it him. And ſo with ſafe convoy ſent him away from out his Citie: and hee being gone, *Amphialus* ſhewed unto his mother, and ſome other of his chiefe Counſellours, what he had received, and how he had anſwered: telling them withall, that hee was determined to anſwer the challenge in his owne perſon. His mother, with prayers authorized by motherly commandement; his old governour, with perſwaſions mingled with reprehenſions (that hee would rather affect the glorie of a private

fighter, than of a wise Generall) *Clinias* with falling downe at his feete, and beseeching him to remember, that all their lives depended upon his safety, sought all to dissuade him. But *Amphialus* (whose heart was enflamed with courage, and courage enflamed with affection) made an imperious resolution cut off the tediousnes of replies, giving them in charge what they should doe upon all occasions, and particularly to deliver the Ladies, if otherwise than well happened unto him: only desiring his mother, that she would bring *Philoclea* to a window, whence shee might with ease perfectly discerne the combat. And so as soone as the morning began to draw dew from the fairest greenes, to wash her face withall against the approach of the burning Sunne, hee went to his stable, where himselfe chose out a horse, whom (though he was neere twenty yeares old) hee preferred for a piece of sure service, before a great number of younger. His colour was of a browne bay, dapled thicke with black spots; his forehead marked with a white starre; to which, in all his body there was no part sutable, but the left foot before; his maine and tayle blacke and thicke, of goodly and well proportioned greatnesse. Hee caused him to be trimmed with a sumptuous saddle of tawny, and gold ennamell, enriched with precious stones: his furniture was made into the fashion of the branches of a tree, from which the leaves were falling: and so artificially were the leaves made, that as the horse moved, it seemed indeed that the leaves wagged, as when the wind playes with them; and being made of a pale cloth of gold, they did beare the straw-coloured livery of ruine. His armour was also of tawny and gold, but formed into the figures of flames darkned, as when they newly break the prison of a smoakie furnace. In his shield hee had painted the *Torpedo* fish. And so appointed, hee caused himselfe, with his trumpet and squire (whom hee had taken since the death of *Ismenus*) to be ferried over into the Iland: a place well chosen for such a purpose: For it was so plaine, as there was scarcely any bush, or hillocke, either to unlevell, or shadow it: of length and breadth enough to trie the uttermost both of Launce and Sword, and the one end of it facing the Castle, the other extending it selfe toward the campe, and no accesse to it but by water; there could no secret treachery be wrought, and for manifest violence, either side might have time enough to succour their partie.

But there he found *Phalantus* already waiting for him, upon a horse milk white, but that upon his shoulder and withers, he was freckled with red staines, as when a few strawberries are scattered into a dish of creame. Hee had caused his maine and tayle to be dyed in carnation, his reynes were vine branches, which engendring one with the other; at the end, when it came to the bit, there for the boss brought forth a cluster of grapes, by the workman made so lively, that it seemed, as the horse champed on his bit, he chopped for them, & that it did make his mouth water to see the grapes so neere him. His furniture behinde was of vines, so artificially made, as it seemed the horse stood in the shadow of the vine, so pretily were clusters of rubie grapes dispersed among the trappers which embraced his sides. His armour was blew, like the heaven, which a Sun did with his rayes (proportionately delivered) gild in most places. His shield was beautified with this device; A greyhound, which over-running his fellow, and taking the Hare, yet hurts it not when he takes it: The word was, *The glory, not the prey.*

But as soone as *Amphialus* landed, hee sent his squire to *Phalantus*, to tell him, that there was the Knight, ready to know whether he had any thing to say to him. *Phalantus* answered, that his answer now must bee in the language of Launces; and so each attended the warning of the trumpets, which were to sound at the appointment

appointment of foure Judges, who with conſideration of the ſame, had divided the ground. *Phalantus* his horſe yong, and feeling the youth of his maſter, ſtood corvetting, which being well governed by *Phalantus*, gave ſuch a glittering grace, as when the Sun in a cleare day ſhines upon a waving water. *Amphialus* horſe ſtood pawing upon the ground with his further foote before, as if hee would for his maſters cauſe begin to make himſelfe angrie: till the trumpets ſounding together, together they ſet ſpurres to their horſes, together tooke their Launces from their thighes, conveied them up into the reſt together, together let them ſink downward, ſo as it was a delectable ſight in a dangerous effect, and a pleaſant conſideration, that there was ſo perfect agreement in ſo mortall diſagreement; like a muſick made of cunning diſcords. But their horſes keeping an even line their maſters had skilfully allotted unto them, paſſed one by another without encountring, although either might feele the angrie breath of the other. But the ſtaves being come to a juſt deſcent, even when the mark was ready to meet them, *Amphialus* was runne through the vamplate, and under the arme: ſo as the ſtaffe appearing behind him, it ſeemed to the beholders he had been in danger. But he ſtrake *Phalantus* juſt upon the gorget, ſo as he battred the lamms thereof, and made his head almoſt touch the backe of his horſe. But either ſide having ſtaied the ſpur, and uſed the bit to ſtop their horſes fury, caſting away the truncheons of their ſtaves, and drawing their ſwords, they attended the ſecond ſummons of the death-threatning trumpet; which quickly followed, and they aſſoone making their horſes anſwer their hands, with a gentle gallop ſet one toward the other, till they being come to the neereneſſe of little more than a ſtaves length, *Amphialus* truſting more to the ſtrength than to the nimblenes of his horſe, put him forth with ſpeedy violence, & making his head joyne to the others flanke, guiding his blow with diſcretion, and ſtrengthning it with the courſe of his horſe, ſtrake *Phalantus* upon the head, in ſuch ſort, that his feeling ſenſe did both dazle his ſight, and aſtoniſh his hearing. But *Phalantus* (not accuſtomed to bee ungratefull to ſuch benefits) ſtrake him upon the ſide of his face, with ſuch force, that he thought his jaw had been cut aſunder: though the faithfulneſſe of his armour indeed guarded him from further dammage. And ſo remained they a while, rather angry with fighting, than fighting for anger; till *Amphialus* horſe leaning hard upon the other, & winning ground, the other horſe feeling himſelfe preſt, began to riſe a little before, as hee was wont to doe in his corvets: which advantage *Amphialus* taking, ſet forward his owne horſe with the further ſpurre, ſo as *Phalantus* horſe came over with his maſter under him. Which *Amphialus* ſeeing, lighted, with intention to help *Phalantus*. But his horſe, that had faulted rather with untimely Art, than want of force, gate up from burthening his burden, ſo as *Phalantus* (in the fall having gotten his feete free of the ſtirrop) could (though ſomething bruiſed) ariſe, and ſeeing *Amphialus* neer him, he asked him, Whether he had given him any help in removing his horſe. *Amphialus* ſaid, No. Truely ſaid *Phalantus*, I asked it becauſe I would not willingly have fought with him, that had had my life in his mercy. But now (ſaid *Phalantus*) before we proceed further, let mee know who you are, becauſe never yet did any man bring to me the like fortune. *Amphialus* liſting to keep himſelf unknown, told him he was a Gentleman, to whom *Amphialus* that day had given armour and horſe to try his valour, having never before beene in any combat worthy remembrance. Ah (ſaid *Phalantus* in a rage) and muſt I be the exerciſe of your prentice-age? and with that choler took away either the bruiſe, or the feeling of the bruiſe, ſo as he entred afreſh into the combat, & boiling into his armes the diſdain of his heart, ſtrake ſo thick upon *Amphialus*, as if every blow would fain

have been formoſt. But *Amphialus* (that many like trials had taught, great ſpending to leave ſmall remnants) let paſſe the ſtorme with ſtrong wards, and nimble avoidings, till ſeeing his time fit, both for diſtance and nakedneſſe, he ſtrake him ſo cruell a blow on the knee, that the poore Gentleman fell down withall in a ſwoune.

But *Amphialus*, pitying approved valour, made precious by naturall courteſie, went to him, and taking off his head-piece to give him aire, the yong knight (diſdaining to buy life with yeelding,) bade him uſe his fortune: for he was reſolved never to yeeld. No more you ſhall (ſaid *Amphialus*) if it bé not to my requeſt, that you will account your ſelfe to have great intereſt in me. *Phalantus* more overcome by his kindneſſe, than by his fortune, deſired yet once againe to know his name, who in his firſt beginning had ſhewed ſuch fury in his force, & yet ſuch ſtay in his fury. *Amphialus* then named himſelfe, telling him withall, hee would think his name much bettred, if it might be honoured by the title of his friend. But no Balme could be more comfortable to his wound, than the knowledge thereof was to his mind, when he knew his miſhap ſhould bee excuſed by the renowned valour of the other. And ſo promiſing each to other aſſuredneſſe of good will, *Phalantus* (of whom *Amphialus* would have no other ranſome but his word of friendſhip) was conveyed into the campe, where he would but little remaine among the enemies of *Amphialus*: but went to ſeek his adventures other-where.

As for *Amphialus*, he was received with triumph into the Caſtle; although one might ſee by his eies (humbly lifted up to the window where *Philoclea* ſtood) that he was rather ſuppliant than victorious: which occaſion *Cecropia* taking (who as then ſtood by *Philoclea*, and had lately left *Pamela* in another roome, whence alſo ſhee might ſee the combat) Sweet Ladie (ſaid ſhe) now you may ſee whether you have cauſe to love my ſonne, who then lies under your feete, when hee ſtands upon the necke of his braveſt enemies. Alas, ſaid *Philoclea*, a ſimple ſervice to me, me thinkes it is, to have thoſe who come to ſuccour me deſtroied: if it be my duty to call it love, be it ſo: but the effects it brings forth, I confeſſe, I account hatefull. *Cecropia* grew ſo angrie with this unkind anſwer, that ſhe could not abſtaine from telling her, that ſhe was like them that could not ſleep when they were ſoftly layed: but that if her ſonne would follow her counſell, he ſhould take another courſe with her; and ſo flang away from her.

Yet (knowing the deſperate melancholy of *Amphialus* in like caſes) framed to him a very thankfull meſſage, powdring it with ſome hope-giving phraſes; which were of ſuch joy to *Amphialus*, that he (though againſt publike reſpect, and importunitie of diſſwaders) preſently cauſed it to bee made knowne to the campe, that whatſoever Knight would trie the like fortune as *Phalantus* did, he ſhould in like ſort be anſwered: ſo as divers of the valianteſt, partly of themſelves, partly at the inſtigation of *Baſilius*, attempted the combat with him: & according to every ones humour, ſo were the cauſes of the challenge grounded: one laying treaſon to his charge; another preferring himſelf in the worthineſſe to ſerve *Philoclea*; a third exalting ſome Ladies beautie beyond either of the ſiſters; a fourth laying diſgraces to love it ſelfe, naming it the bewitcher of the wit, the Rebell to Reaſon, the betrayer of reſolution, the defiler of thoughts, the underminer of magnanimity, the flatterer of vice, the ſlave to weakneſſe, the infection of youth, the madneſſe of age, the curſe of life, & reproach of death; a fifth, diſdaining to caſt at leſſe than at all, would make the cauſe of his quarrell the cauſers of love, and proclaime his blaſphemies againſt womankind; that namely that ſexe was the overſight of Nature, the diſgrace of reaſonableneſſe, the obſtinate cowards, the ſlave-born-tyrants, the ſhops of vanities,

vanities, the gilded weather-cocks, in whom conſcience is but peeviſhneſſe, chaſtity waywardneſſe, and gratefulneſſe a miracle. But all theſe challenges (how well ſoever endited) were ſo well anſwered, that ſome by death taught others, though paſt learning themſelves; and ſome by yeelding gave themſelves the lye for having blaſphemed; to the great griefe of *Baſilius*, ſo to ſee his rebell prevaile, and in his own ſight to crowne himſelfe with deſerved honour.

Whereupon thirſting for revenge, and elſe not hoping to prevaile, the beſt of his camp being already overthrown, he ſent a meſſenger to *Argalus*, in whoſe approved courage & force he had (and had cauſe to have) great confidence, with a letter; requiring him to take his quarrell in hand, from which he had hitherto ſpared him in reſpect of his late marriage. But now his honour, and (as he eſteemed it) felicity ſtanding upon it, he could no longer forbeare to challenge of him his faithfull ſervice.

The meſſenger made ſpeed, and found *Argalus* at a Caſtle of his owne, ſitting in a parler with the faire *Parthenia*, he reading in a book the ſtories of *Hercules*, ſhe by him, as to heare him read; but while his eyes looked on the book, ſhee looked on his eies, and ſometimes ſtaying him with ſome pretty queſtion, not ſo much to be reſolved of the doubt, as to give him occaſion to look upon her. A happy couple, he joying in her, ſhe joying in her ſelfe; but in her ſelfe, becauſe ſhee enjoyed him: both encreaſed their riches by giving to each other, each making one life double, becauſe they made a double life one: where deſire never wanted ſatisfaction, nor ſatisfaction ever bred ſacietie; he ruling, becauſe ſhe would obey; or rather becauſe ſhe would obey, ſhe therein ruling.

But when the meſſenger, came in with letters in his hand, and haſte in his countenance, though ſhe knew not what to feare, yet ſhe feared becauſe ſhe knew not; but ſhe roſe, and went aſide, while he delivered his letters and meſſage; yet a farre off ſhe looked, now at the meſſenger, and then at her husband: the ſame feare, which made her loth to have cauſe of feare, yet making her ſeeke cauſe to nouriſh her feare. And well ſhe found there was ſome ſerious matter; for her husbands countenance figured ſome reſolution between lothſomneſſe and neceſſity: and once his eye caſt upon her, and finding hers upon him, hee bluſhed, and ſhee bluſhed, becauſe hee bluſhed, and yet ſtreight grew pale, becauſe ſhe knew not why he had bluſhed. But when he had read, and heard, and diſpatched away the meſſenger (like a man in whom Honour could not bee rocked aſleep by affection) with promiſe quickly to follow; he came to *Parthenia*, and, as ſorry as might be for parting, and yet more ſorry for her ſorrow, he gave her the letter to read. She with fearfull ſlowneſſe took it, and with fearfull quickneſſe read it; and having read it, Ah my *Argalus* (ſaid ſhe) & have you made ſuch haſte to anſwer? & are you ſo ſoon reſolved to leave me? But he diſcourſing unto her how much it imported his honour (which ſince it was dear to him, he knew it would be deare unto her) her reaſon over-clouded with ſorrow, ſuffered her not preſently to reply, but left the charge thereof to tears and ſighes, which he not able to beare, left her alone, and went to give order for his preſent departure.

But by that time he was armed & ready to go, ſhe had recovered a little ſtrength of ſpirit againe, and comming out, and ſeeing him armed, and wanting nothing for his departure but her farewell, ſhe ran to him, tooke him by the arme, and kneeling downe, without regard who either heard her ſpeech, or ſaw her demeanour, My *Argalus*, my *Argalus* (ſaid ſhe) do not thus forſake me. Remember, alas, remember that I have intereſt in you, which I will never yeeld ſhalbe thus adventured. Your valor is already ſufficiently known, ſufficiently have you already done for your country: enow, enow there are beſide you to loſe leſſe worthy lives. Woe is me, what ſhall become

become of me, if you thus abandon me? Then was it time for you to follow theſe adventures, when you adventured no body but your ſelfe, and were no bodies but your owne. But now pardon me, that now, or never, I claime mine owne; mine you are, and without me you can undertake no danger: & will you endanger *Parthenia*? *Parthenia* ſhall be in the battell of your fight: *Parthenia* ſhall ſmart in your pain, and your bloud muſt be bled by *Parthenia*. Dear *Parthenia* (ſaid he) this is the firſt time that ever you reſiſted my will: I thank you for it; but perſevere not in it, and let not the tears of thoſe moſt beloved eies be a preſage unto me of that, which you would not ſhould happen. I ſhall live, doubt not: for ſo great a bleſſing as you are, was not given unto me, ſo ſoone to be deprived of it. Look for me therefore ſhortly, and victorious; and prepare a joyfull welcome, and I will wiſh for no other triumph. She anſwered not, but ſtood as it were thunder-ſtricken with amazement: for true love made obedience ſtand up againſt all other paſſions. But when hee tooke her in his armes, and ſought to print his heart in her ſweet lips, ſhe fel in a ſwound, ſo as he was faine to leave her to her Gentlewomen: & carried away by the tyranny of Honour, though with many a backe-caſt look and hearty grone, went to the campe. Where underſtanding the notable victories of *Amphialus*, hee thought to give him ſome daies reſpite of reſt, becauſe he would not have his victory diſgraced by the others wearineſs. In which daies, he ſought by all means (having leave to parley with him) to diſſwade him from his enterpriſe: and then imparting his mind to *Baſilius*, becauſe he found *Amphialus* was inflexible, wrote his defie unto him in this manner.

RIght famous *Amphialus*, if my perſwaſion in reaſon, or prayer in good will, might prevaile with you, you ſhould by better meanes be like to obtaine your deſire. You ſhould make many brave enemies become your faithfull ſervants, and make your honour flie up to heaven, being carried up by both wings of valor & juſtice, whereof now it wants the latter. But ſince my ſute nor counſel can get no place in you, diſdaine not to receive a mortall challenge, from a man ſo far inferiour unto you in vertue, that I do not ſo much miſlike of the deed, as I have the doer in admiration. Prepare therefore your ſelfe, according to the noble maner you have uſed, & think not lightly of never ſo weak an arme, which ſtrikes with the ſword of juſtice.

To this he quickly received this anſwer.

MUch more famous *Argalus*, I whom never threatnings could make afraid, am now terrified by your noble courteſie. For well I know, from what height of vertue it doth proceed, & what cauſe I have to doubt ſuch vertue bent to my ruine: but Love, which juſtifieth the unjuſtice you lay unto me, doth alſo animate mee againſt all dangers, ſince I come full of him, by whom your ſelfe have been (if I be not deceived) ſometimes conquered. I will therfore attend your appearance in the Iſle, carrying this advantage with me, that as it ſhall be a ſingular honour, if I get the victorie, ſo there can be no diſhonour in being overcome by *Argalus*.

The challenge thus denounced, & accepted, *Argalus* was armed in a white armour, which was all gilded over with knots of womens haire, which came downe from the creſt of his head-piece, and ſo ſpred it ſelfe in rich quantitie over all his armour: his furniture was cut out into the faſhion of an Eagle, whereof the beake (made into a rich jewell) was faſtened to the ſaddle, the tayle covered the crooper of the horſe, and the wings ſerved for trappers; which falling of each ſide, as the horſe ſtirred, the bird ſeemed to flie. His petrell and raines were embroidered with feathers ſutable

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unto it: upon his right arme he ware a ſleeve, which his dear *Parthenia* had made for him, to be worne in a Juſt, in the time that ſucceſſe was ungratefull to their well-deſerved love: it was full of bleeding hearts, though never intended to any bloudy enterpriſe. In his ſhield (as his owne device) he had two Palme-trees, neere one another, with a vvord ſignifying, *In that ſort flouriſhing*. His horſe was of a fiery ſorrell, with black feet, and blacke liſt on his backe, who with open noſtrils breathed warre, before he could ſee an enemie: and now up with one leg, and then with another, ſeemed to complaine of Nature, that ſhe had made him any whit earthy.

But he had ſcarcely viewed the ground of the Iſland, and conſidered the advantages (if any were) thereof, before the Caſtle boat had delivered *Amphialus*, in all points provided to give a hard entertainment. And then ſending each to other their Squires in honourable manner, to know vvhether they ſhould attend any further ceremony, the trumpets ſounding, the horſes with ſmooth running, the ſtaves with unſhaken motion, obediently performed their cholericke commandements. But vvhen they drew neere, *Argalus* horſe being hot, preſt in with his head: vvhich *Amphialus* perceiving, knowing if he gave him his ſide, it ſhould be to his diſadvantage, preſt in alſo with him, ſo as both the horſes and men met ſhoulder to ſhoulder, ſo as the horſes (hurt as much with ſtriking, as being ſtricken) tumbled downe to the earth, dangerouſly to their maſters, but that they, by ſtrength nimble, and by uſe skilfull, in the falling ſhunned the harme of the fall, and without more reſpite, drew out their ſwords with a gallant bravery, each ſtriving to ſhew himſelfe the leſſe endammaged, and to make known that they were glad they had now nothing elſe to truſt to, but their owne vertue. True it is, that *Amphialus* was the ſooner up, but *Argalus* had his ſword out the ſooner: and then fell they to the cruelleſt combat, that any preſent eye had ſeen. Their ſwords firſt, like Canons, battering downe the wals of their armour, making breaches almoſt in every place for troupes of wounds to enter. Among the reſt, *Argalus* gave a great wound to *Amphialus* diſarmed face; though part of the force of it *Amphialus* warded upon his ſhield, and withall (firſt caſting his eye up to *Philoclea's* Window, as if he had fetched his courage thence) feining to extend the ſame ſort of blow, turned his ſword, & with a mighty reverſe, gave a cruell wound to the right arme of *Argalus*, the unfaithfull armour yeelding to the ſwords ſtrong guided ſharpneſſe. But though the bloud accuſed the hurt of *Argalus*, yet would he in no action of his confeſſe it: but keeping himſelfe in a lower ward, ſtood watching with timely thruſts to repaire his loſſe, which quickly he did. For *Amphialus* (following his fawning fortune) layd on ſo thicke upon *Argalus*, that his ſhield had almoſt fallen piece-meale to the earth, when *Argalus* comming in with his right foot, and ſomething ſtooping to come under his armour, thruſt him into the belly dangerouſly; and mortall it would have been, but that with the blow before, *Amphialus* had over-ſtricken himſelfe, ſo as he fell ſide-ward down, & with falling ſaved himſelfe from ruine; the ſword by that meanes ſlipping aſide, and not piercing more deeply. *Argalus* ſeeing him fall, threatning with voice & ſword, bad him yeeld. But he ſtriving without anſwer to riſe, *Argalus* ſtrake with all his might upon his head. But his hurt arme not able to maſter ſo ſound a force, let the ſword fall ſo, as *Amphialus*, though aſtoniſhed with the blow, could ariſe: which *Argalus* conſidering, ran in to graſp with him, & ſo cloſed together; falling ſo to the ground, now one getting above, and then the other; at length, both weary of ſo unlovely embracements, with a diſſenting conſent gat up, and went to their ſwords; but happened, each on his enemies: where *Argalus* finding his foes ſword garniſhed in bloud, his heart roſe with the ſame ſword to revenge it, and on that blade to allie

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their blouds together. But his mind was evill waited-on by his lamed force, so as he received ſtill more and more wounds: which made all his armour ſeem to bluſh, that it had defended his maſter no better. But *Amphialus* perceiving it, and weighing the ſmall hatefulneſſe of their quarrell, with the worthineſſe of the Knight, deſired him to take pitie of himſelfe. But *Argalus*, the more repining the more hee found himſelfe in diſadvantage, filling his veines with ſpite in ſtead of bloud, and making courage ariſe againſt faintneſſe (like a Candle, which a little before it goes out, gives then the greateſt blaze) ſo did he unite all his force, that caſting away the little remnant of his ſhield, and taking his ſword in both hands, he ſtroke ſuch a notable blow, that he cleft his ſhield, armour, and arme almoſt to the bone.

But then *Amphialus* forgat all ceremonies, and with cruell blowes made more of his beſt bloud ſucceed the reſt; till his hand being ſtayed by his eare, his eare filled with a pitifull cry, the cry guided his ſight to an excellent faire Lady, who came running as faſt as ſhe could, & yet becauſe ſhe could not as faſt as ſhe would, ſhe ſent her lamentable voice before her: and being come, and being known to them both to be the beautifull *Parthenia* (who had that night dreamed ſhee ſaw her husband in ſuch eſtate as ſhee then found him, which made her make ſuch haſte thither) they both marvailed. But *Parthenia* ran betweene them (feare of love making her forget the feare of Nature) and then fell down at their feet, determining ſo to part them, till ſhe could get breath to ſigh out her dolefull ſpeeches: and when her breath (which running had ſpent, and diſmayednesſe made ſlow to returne) had by ſobs gotten into her ſorrow-cloſed breaſt, for a while ſhe could ſay nothing, but, O wretched eyes of mine, O wailefull ſight, O day of darkneſſe! at length turning her eyes (wherein ſorrow ſwamme) to *Amphialus*, My Lord (ſaid ſhe) it is ſaid you love; in the power of that love I beſeech you to leave off this combat, as ever your heart may find comfort in his affection, even for her ſake, I crave it: or if you be mortally determined, be ſo pitifull unto me, as firſt to kill me, that I may not ſee the death of *Argalus*. *Amphialus* was about to have anſwered, when *Argalus*, vexed with his fortune, but moſt vexed that ſhe ſhould ſee him in that fortune; Ah *Parthenia* (ſaid he) never till now unwelcome unto me, doe you come to get my life by requeſt? And cannot *Argalus* live but by requeſt? Is that a life? With that he went aſide, for fear of hurting her, and would have begun the combat a freſh. But *Amphialus*, not only conjured by that which held the Monarchy of his minde, but even in his noble heart melting with compaſſion at ſo paſſionate a ſight, deſired him to withhold his hands, for that he ſhould ſtrike one who ſought his favour, and would not make reſiſtance. A notable example of the wonderful effects of vertue, where the conqueror ſought for friendſhip of the conquered, & the conquered would not pardon the conqueror: both indeed being of that minde to love each other for accepting, but not for giving mercy; & neither affected to over-live a diſhonour: ſo that *Argalus*, not ſo much ſtriving with *Amphialus* (for if he had had him in the like ſort, in like ſort he would have dealt with him) as labouring againſt his own power (which he chiefly deſpiſed) ſet himſelfe forward, ſtretching his ſtrength to the uttermoſt. But the fire of that ſtrife, blowne with his inward rage, boyled out his bloud in ſuch abundance, that he was driven to reſt him upon the pommell of his ſword: and then each thing beginning to turne round in the daunce of death before his eyes, his ſight both dazled & dimmed, till (thinking to ſit down) he fel in a ſwound. *Parthenia* & *Amphialus* both haſtily went unto him, *Amphialus* tooke off his helmet, and *Parthenia* laid his head in her lap, tearing of her linnen ſleevs & partlet, to ſerve about his wounds: to bind which, ſhe took off her hair-lace, & would have cut off her fair hair her ſelf,

but

but that the squires and judges came in with fitter things for the purpose: while she bewailed her selfe with so lamentable sweetnes, as was enough to have taught sorrow to the gladdest thoughts, and have engraved it in the minds of hardest metall.

O *Parthenia*, no more *Parthenia* (said she) what art thou? what seest thou? how is thy blisse in a moment fallen? how wert thou even now before all Ladies the example of perfect happinesse, and now the gazing stock of endlesse misery? O God, what hath been my desert to be thus punished? or if such have been my desert, why was I not in my selfe punished? O wandring life, to what wildernesse wouldst thou lead me? But sorrow, I hope thou art sharp enough to save my labour from other remedies. *Argalus*, *Argalus*, I will follow thee, I will follow thee.

But with that *Argalus* came out of his swound, and lifting up his languishing eies (which a painefull rest, and iron sleepe did seeke to locke up) seeing her in whom even dying hee lived, and himselfe seated in so beloved a place, it seemed a little cheerefull bloud came up to his cheekes, like a burning coale, almost dead, if some breath a little revive it: and forcing up (the best he could) his feeble voyce, My Dear, my better halfe (said he) I find I must now leave thee: and by that sweet hand, and faire eyes of thine I sweare, that Death brings nothing with it to grieve me, but that I must leave thee, and cannot remain to answer part of thy infinite deserts, with being some comfort unto thee. But since so it pleaseth him, whose wisedome and goodnesse guideth all, put thy confidence in him, & one day we shal blessedly meet againe, never to depart: meane while live happily, deare *Parthenia*, and I perswade my selfe, it wil encrease the blessednes of my soule, so to see thee. Love wel the remembrance of thy loving, and truly loving *Argalus*: and let not (with that word he sighed) this disgrace of mine, make thee one day thinke, thou hadst an unworthy husband. They could scarcely understand the last words: for Death began to seaze himselfe of his heart, neither could *Parthenia* make answer, so full was her breast of anguish. But while the other sought to stanch his remedilesse wounds, shee with her kisses made him happy: for his last breath was delivered into her mouth.

But when indeed she found his ghost was gone; then sorrow lost the wit of utterance, and grew ragefull and madde, so that she tare her beautifull face, and rent her haire, as though they could serve for nothing, since *Argalus* was gone; till *Amphialus* (so moved with pitie of that sight, as that he honoured his adversaries death with teares) caused her (with the helpe of her women that came with her) partly by force to be conveyed into the boat, with the dead body of *Argalus*, from which she would not depart. And being come of the other side, there she was received by *Basilius* himselfe, with all the funerall pompe of military discipline, trayling all their Ensignes upon the ground, making their warlike instruments sound dolefull notes; and *Basilius*, with comfort in his mouth, & wo in his face, sought to perswade some ease into *Parthenia's* minde: but all was as easefull to her, as the handling of sore wounds: all the honour done, being to her but the triumph of her ruine, shee finding no comfort, but in desperate yeelding to sorrow: and rather determined to hate her selfe, if ever she should find ease therof. And well might she heare as she past through the campe, the great praises spoken of her husband, which all were records of her losse. But the more excellent he was (being indeed accounted second to none in all Greece) the more did the breath of those praises beare up the wings of *Amphialus* fame: to whom yet (such was his case) that Trophee upon Trophee still did but build up the monument of his thraldome; hee ever finding himselfe in such favour of *Philoclea*, that shee was most absent when hee was present with her; and ever sorriest when hee had best successe: which would have made him renounce

all

all comfort, but that his mother with diverſity of devices kept up his heart.

But while he allayed thus his outward glory with inward diſcomfort, he was like to have beene overtaken with a notable treaſon, the beginning whereof (though meerly ridiculous) had like to have brought forth unto him a weeping effect.

Among others that attended *Baſilius* in this expedition, *Dametas* was one; whether to be preſent with him, or ablent from *Miſo*: once, certain it was without any mind to make his ſword curſed by any widow. Now being in the campe, while each talk ſeemed injurious, which did not acknowledge ſome duty to the fame of *Amphialus*, it fell out ſometimes in communication, that as the ſpeech of heaven doth often beget the mention of hel, ſo the admirable proweſs of *Amphialus* (by a contrary) brought forth the remembrance of the cowardiſe of *Clinias*: inſomuch as it grew almoſt to a Proverb, *As very a Coward as Clinias*; Deſcribing him in ſuch ſort, that in the end *Dametas* began to thinke with himſelfe, that if he made a challenge unto him, hee would never anſwer it; and that then hee ſhould greatly encreaſe the favourable conceit of *Baſilius*. This fancie of his he uttered to a young Gentleman that waited upon *Philanax*, in whoſe friendſhip he had ſpeciall confidence, becaule he haunted his company, laughing often merrily at his ſpeeches, and not a little extolling the goodly *dotes* of *Mopſa*. The young Gentleman, as glad as if he had found a Hare ſitting, egd him on, breaking the matter with *Philanax*, and then (for feare the humour ſhould quaile in him) wrote a challenge himſelfe for *Dametas*, and brought it to him. But when *Dametas* read it, putting his head on his ſhoulder, and ſomewhat ſmiling; he ſaid, It was pretty indeed; but that it had not a lofty ſtile enough: and ſo would needs endite it in this ſort.

O Clinias, *thou* Clinias, *the wickedeſt worme that ever went upon two legs; the very fruiter of fraud, and ſeething pot of iniquity: I* Dametas, *chief governour of all the royall cattell, and alſo of* Pamela (*whom thy maſter moſt perniciouſly hath ſuggeſted out of my dominion*) *doe defie thee, in a mortall affray from the bodkin to the pike upward. Which if thou doſt preſume to take in hand, I will out of that ſuperfluous body of thine make thy ſoule to be evacuated.*

The young Gentleman ſeemed dumbe-ſtricken with admiration, and preſently tooke upon him to be the bearer thereof, while the heat of the fit laſted, and having gotten leave of *Baſilius* (every body helping on to eaſe his mind overcharged with melancholy) hee went into the Towne, according to the manner before time uſed, and in the preſence of *Amphialus* delivered this letter to *Clinias*; deſiring to have an anſwer which might bee fit for his reputation. *Clinias* opened it, read it, and in the reading, his bloud, not daring to be in ſo dangerous a place, went out of his face, and hid it ſelfe more inwardly: and his very words (as if they were afraid of blowes) came very ſlowly out of his mouth: but as well as his panting breath would utter it, he bad him tell the lowt that ſent him, that he diſdained to have any thing to doe with him. But *Amphialus* perceiving the matter, took him aſide, and very earneſtly dealt with him not to ſhame himſelf; *Amphialus* only deſirous to bring it to paſs, to make ſome ſport to *Philoclea*: but not being able to perſwade with him, *Amphialus* licenſed the Gentleman, telling him that by next morning he ſhould have anſwer.

The yong gentleman (ſorry he had ſped no better) returned to *Dametas*, who had fetched many a ſower-breathed ſigh, for feare *Clinias* would accept the challenge. But when he perceived by his truſty meſſenger, that this delay was in effect a denial, there being no diſpoſition in him to accept it, then lo *Dametas* began to ſpeak his

loud

loud voice, to looke big, to march up and downe, and in his march to lift his legges higher than he was wont, ſwearing by no meane devotions, that the walls ſhould not keepe the coward from him, but he would fetch him out of his cunny-berry: and then was hotter than ever to provide himſelfe of horſe and armour, ſaying, hee would goe to the Iland bravely addoubed, and ſhew himſelfe to his charge *Pamela*. To this purpoſe many willing hands were about him, letting him have reines, pettrell, with the reſt of the furniture, and very brave baſes; but all comming from divers horſes, neither in colour nor faſhion ſhewing any kinred one with another. But that liked *Dametas* the better: for that he thought would argue, that he was maſter of many brave furnitures. Then gave hee order to a Painter for his device; which was, a plough with the oxen looſed from it, a ſword with a great number of armes and legges cut off; and laſtly, a great army of pen and ink-hornes and bookes. Neither did he ſticke to tell the ſecret of his intent; which was, that hee had left off the plough, to doe ſuch bloudy deeds with his ſword, as many inke-hornes and bookes ſhould bee employed about the hiſtorifying of them: and being asked why he ſet no word unto it, he ſaid, that was indeed like the Painter, that ſaith in his picture, Here is the dogge, and there is the Hare: and with that he laughed ſo perfectly, as was great conſolation to the beholders. Yet remembring that *Miſo* would not take it well at his returne, if he forgat his duty to her, he cauſed in a border about to be written,

Miſo *mine owne Pigſnie, thou ſhalt heare newes of* Dametas.

Thus all things being condignly ordered, with an ill-favoured impatience he waited untill the next morning, that he might make a muſter of himſelfe in the Iſland, often asking them that very diligently waited on him, whether it were not pitie that ſuch a coward as *Clinias* ſhould ſet his run-away feet upon the face of the earth.

But as he was by divers principall young Gentlemen, to his no ſmall glory, lifted up on horſe-backe, comes me a Page of *Amphialus*, who with humble ſmiling reverence delivered a Letter unto him from *Clinias*; whom *Amphialus* had brought to this, firſt with perſwaſions, that for certaine, if he did accept the combate, *Dametas* would never dare to appeare, and that then the honour ſhould be his; but principally threatning him, that if he refuſed it, he would turne him out of the towne, to be put to death for a traytour by *Baſilius*: ſo as the preſent feare (ever to a coward moſt terrible) of being turned out of the towne, made him, though full unwillingly, undertake the other feare, wherein he had ſome ſhew of hope, that *Dametas* might hap either to be ſicke, or not to have the courage to performe the matter. But when *Dametas* heard the name of *Clinias*, very aptly ſuſpecting what the matter might be, he bade the Page carry backe his letter, like a naughty boy as he was; for he was in no humour, he told him, of reading Letters. But *Dametas* his friend, firſt perſwading him, that for certaine it was ſome ſubmiſſion, tooke upon him ſo much boldneſſe as to open the Letter, and to read it aloud in this ſort.

Filthy drivell, unworthy to have thy name ſet in any letter by a ſouldiers hand written, could thy wretched heart thinke it was timorouſneſſe, that made Clinias *ſuſpend a while his anſwer? No caitife, no, it was but as a Ram, which goes backe to returne with the greater force. Know therefore, that thou ſhalt no ſooner appeare (appeare now if thou dareſt) I ſay thou ſhalt no ſooner appear in the Iſland (O happy thou if thou doe not appear) but that I will come upon thee with all my force, and cut thee in pieces (marke what I ſay)*

joint after joint, to the eternall terrour of all preſumptuous villaines. Therefore looke what thou doeſt, for I tell thee, horrible ſmart and paines ſhall be thy lot if thou wilt needs be ſo fooliſh, having given thee no ſuch cauſe, as to meet with me.

Theſe terrible words *Clinias* uſed, hoping they would give a cooling to the heat of *Dametas* courage: And ſo indeed they did, that hee did groane to heare the thundring of thoſe threatnings. And when the Gentleman had ended the reading of them, *Dametas* told them, that in his opinion he thought this anſwer came too late, and that therefore he might very well goe and diſarme himſelfe: eſpecially conſidering the other had in courteous manner warned him not to come. But they (having him now on horſebacke) led him into the ferry, and ſo into the Iſland, the claſhing of his own armour ſtriking miſerable feare into him, and in his minde thinking great unkindneſſe in his friend, that he had brought him to a matter ſo contrary to his complexion. There ſtayed he but a little (the Gentleman that came with him teaching him how to uſe his ſword and lance, while hee caſt his eye about, to ſee which way he might run away, curſing all Iſlands for being evill ſituated) when *Clinias* with a brave ſound of Trumpets landed at the other end: who came all the way debating with himſelfe, what he had deſerved of *Amphialus*, to drive him to thoſe inconveniences. Sometimes his wit made him bethinke himſelfe what was beſt to be done: but feare did ſo corrupt his wit, that whatſoever he thought was beſt, hee ſtill found danger therein; fearfulneſſe (contrary to all other vices making him think the better of another, the worſe hee found himſelfe; rather imagining in himſelfe, what words he would uſe if he were overcome, to get his life of *Dametas*, than how to overcome, whereof he could thinke with no patience. But often times looking to the earth, pitifully complaining, that a man of ſuch ſufficiencie (as hee thought himſelfe) ſhould in his beſt yeares be ſwallowed up by ſo baſe an element; faine he would have prayed, but hee had not heart enough to have confidence in prayer; the glittering of the armour, and ſounding of the trumpets giving ſuch an aſſault to the weake breach of his falſe ſenſes, that he grew from the degree of feare to an amazement, not almoſt to know what he did, till two Judges choſen for the purpoſe, making the trumpets ceaſe, and taking the oath of thoſe champions, that they came without guile or witchcraft, ſet them at wonted diſtance one from the other.

Then the trumpets ſounding, *Dametas* horſe (uſed to ſuch cauſes) when hee thought leaſt of the matter, ſtarted out ſo luſtily, that *Dametas* was jogd backe with head and body, and pulling withall his bridle-hand, the horſe (that was tender of mouth) made halfe a ſtop, and fell to bounding, ſo that *Dametas* threw away his Launce, and with both his hands held by the pummell; the horſe halfe running, halfe leaping, till he met with *Clinias*: who fearing he ſhould miſſe his reſt, had put his ſtaffe therein before he began his carecre: neither would hee then have begunne, but that at the trumpets warning, one that ſtood behind ſtrake on his horſe, who running ſwiftly, the winde tooke ſuch hold of his ſtaffe, that it croſt quite over his breaſt, and in that ſort gave a flat baſtanado to *Dametas*: who halfe out of his ſaddle, went neere to his old occupation of digging the earth, but with the creſt of his helmet. *Clinias* when he was paſt him, not knowing what he had done, but fearing leſt *Dametas* were at his backe, turned with a wide turne; and ſeeing him on the ground, he thought then was his time, or never, to tread him under his horſes feet; and withall (if hee could) hurt him with his Launce; which had not broken, the encounter was ſo eaſie. But putting forth his horſe, what with the falling of the ſtaffe too low

before

before the legs of the horſe, and the comming upon *Dametas*, who was then ſcrambling up, the horſe fell over and over, and lay upon *Clinias*. Which *Dametas* (who was gotten up) perceiving, drew out his ſword, prying which way he might beſt come to kill *Clinias* behind. But the horſe that lay upon him, kept ſuch a pawing with his feet, that *Dametas* durſt not approach, but very leiſurely; ſo as the horſe (being luſty) gat up, and withall fell to ſtrike and leap, that *Dametas* ſtarted backe a good way, and gave *Clinias* time to riſe, but ſo bruiſed in body and broken in heart, that he meant to yeeld himſelfe to mercy: and with that intent drew out his ſword, intending when he came neerer to preſent the pommell of it to *Dametas*. But *Dametas*, when he ſaw him come with his ſword drawne, nothing conceiving any ſuch intent, went backe as faſt as his backe and heeles could lead him. But as *Clinias* found that, hee began to thinke a poſſibility in the victorie, and therefore followed with the cruell haſte of a prevailing coward; laying upon *Dametas*, who did nothing but cry out to him, to hold his hand: ſometimes that he was dead, ſometimes that he would complaine to *Baſilius*: but ſtill bare the blowes ungratefully, going backe, till at length hee came into the water with one of his feet.

But then a new feare of drowning tooke him, ſo that not daring to goe backe, nor to deliberate, the blowes ſtill ſo lighted on him; nor to yeeld, becauſe of the cruell threatnings of *Clinias*; feare being come to the extremity, fell to a madneſſe of deſpaire: ſo that winking as hard as ever hee could, hee began to deale ſome blowes; and his arme (being uſed to a flaile in his youth) laid them on ſo thicke, that *Clinias* now began with lamentable eyes to ſee his owne blood come out in many places; and before he had loſt halfe an ounce, finding in himſelfe that he fainted, cryed out aloud to *Dametas* that he yeelded. Throw away thy ſword then, ſaid *Dametas*, and I will ſave thee: but ſtill laying on as faſt as he could. *Clinias* ſtreight obeyed, and humbly craved mercy, telling him his ſword was gone. Then *Dametas* firſt opened his eies, and ſeeing him indeed unweaponed, made him ſtand a good way off from it; and then willed him to lye downe upon the earth as flat as he could. *Clinias* obeyed; and *Dametas* (who never could thinke himſelfe ſafe till *Clinias* were dead) began to thinke with himſelfe, that if he ſtrake at him with his ſword, if he did not kill him at the firſt blow, that then *Clinias* might hap to riſe and revenge himſelfe. Therefore he thought beſt to kneele downe upon him, and with a great whittle he had (having diſarmed his head) to cut his throat, which he had uſed ſo with Calves, as he had no ſmall dexterity in it. But while hee ſought for his knife, which under his armour he could not well finde out, and that *Clinias* lay with ſo ſheepiſh a quietneſſe, as if hee would have beene glad to have his throat cut for feare of more paine, the Judges came in, and tooke *Dametas* from off him, telling him hee did againſt the law of Armes, having promiſed life if he threw away his ſword. *Dametas* was loth to conſent, till they ſware they would not ſuffer him to fight any more, when he was up: and then more forced than perſwaded, he let him riſe, crowing over him, and warning him to take heed how he dealt any more with any that came of his fathers kinred. But thus this *Combat of Cowards* being finiſhed, *Dametas* was with much mirth and melodie received into the campe as victorious, never a Page there failing to wait upon his Triumph.

But *Clinias* though he wanted heart to prevent ſhame, yet hee wanted not wit to feele ſhame; not ſo much repining at it for the abhorring of ſhame, as for the diſcommodities, that to them that are ſhamed enſue. For well he deemed it would be a great barre to his practice, and a pulling on of injuries, when men needed not care how they uſed him. Inſomuch that *Clinias* (finding himſelfe the ſcorning-ſtocke of

every company) fell with repining to hate the cauſe thereof; and hate in a cowards heart, could ſet it ſelfe no other limits but death. Which purpoſe was well egged on, by repreſenting unto himſelfe what danger he lately was in; which ſtill kept no leſſe ugly figure in his minde, than when it was preſent: and quickly (even in his diſſembling countenance) might be diſcerned a concealed grudge. For though hee forced himſelfe to a farre more diligent officiouſneſſe toward *Amphialus* than ever before, yet a leering eye upon the one ſide at him, a countenance ſtill framed to ſmiling before him, how little cauſe ſoever there was of ſmiling; and grumbling behind him at any of his commandements, with an uncertaine manner of behaviour: his words comming out, though full of flattery, yet ſlowly and hoarcely pronounced, might well have blazed what armes his falſe heart bare. But deſpiſed, becauſe of his cowardlineſſe, and not marked becauſe deſpiſed, he had the freer ſcope of practice. Which he did the more deſperately enter into, becauſe the daily dangers *Amphialus* did ſubmit himſelfe unto, made *Clinias* aſſuredly looke for his overthrow, and for his owne conſequently, if he did not redeeme his former treaſon to *Baſilius*, with a more treaſonable falſhood toward *Amphialus*. His chiefe care therefore was, to finde out among all ſorts of the *Amphialians*, whom either like feare, tediouſneſſe of the ſiege, or diſcontent of ſome unſatisfied ambition, would make apt to dig in the ſame Mine that he did: and ſome already of wealthy weary folkes, and unconſtant youths (who had not found ſuch ſudden ſucceſſe as they had promiſed themſelves) he had made ſtoope to his lure. But of none he made ſo good account as of *Arteſia*, ſiſter to the late ſlaine *Iſmenus*, and the chiefe of the ſixe maides, who had trayned out the Princeſſes to their banquet of miſery; ſo much did the ſharpneſſe of her wit countervaile (as he thought) any other defects of her ſexe: for ſhee had undertaken that dangerous practice by the perſwaſion of *Cecropia*, who aſſured her that the two Princeſſes ſhould be made away, and then *Amphialus* would marry her: which ſhe was the apter to beleeve, by ſome falſe perſwaſion her glaſſe had given her of her own incomparable excellencies, and by the great favour ſhe knew he bare to her brother *Iſmenus*, which (like a ſelfe-flattering woman) ſhee conceived was done for her ſake. But when ſhe had atchieved her attempt, and that ſhe found the Princeſſes were ſo far from their intended death, as that the one of them was like to be her ſoveraign, and that neither her ſervice had won of *Amphialus* much more than ordinary favour, nor her over-large offering herſelf to a mind otherwiſe owed, had obtained a looked for acceptation; diſdaine to be diſdained, ſpite of a fruſtrate hope, and perchance unquenched luſt growne rage, made her unquiet thoughts find no other reſt, but malice which was increaſed by the death of her brother, whom ſhe judged neither ſuccoured againſt *Philanax*, nor revenged upon *Philanax*. But all theſe coales were well blowne, by the company ſhe eſpecially kept with *Zelmane* all this time of her impriſonment. For finding her preſence uncheerfull to the mourning *Philoclea*, and condemned of the high hearted *Pamela*, ſhee ſpent her time moſt with *Zelmane*: who, though at the firſt hardly brooking the inſtrument of their miſery, learning cunning in the ſchoole of adverſity, in time framed her ſelfe to yeeld her acceptable entertainment. For *Zelmane*, when ſhee had by that unexpected miſchiefe her body impriſoned, her valour over-maſtered, her wit beguiled, her deſires barred, her love eclipſed, aſſured of evill, fearing worſe, able to know *Philoclea's* misfortune, and not able to ſuccour her, ſhe was a great while before the greatneſſe of her heart could deſcend to ſorrow, but rather roſe boiling up in ſpite and diſdain; reaſon hardly making courage beleeve that it was diſtreſſed: but as if the walls would bee affraid of her, ſo would her lookes ſhoot out threatning upon them. But the fetters of ſervitude

(growing

(growing heavier with wearing) made her feele her caſe, and the little prevailing of repining: and then griefe gate a ſeat in her ſoftned mind, making ſweetneſſe of paſſed comforts by due title claime teares of preſent diſcomforts: and ſince her fortune made her able to help as little as any body, yet to be able to waile as much as any body; ſolitary ſorrow, with a continuall circle in her ſelfe, going out at her owne mouth, to come in againe at her owne eares. Then was the name of *Philoclea* graved in the glaſſe windowes, and by the fooliſh idolatry of affection, no ſooner written than adored; and no ſooner adored than pitied: all the wonted praiſes ſhee was wont to give unto her, being now but figures of Rhetorick to amplifie the injuries of misfortune; againſt which being alone, ſhe would often make invective declamations, methodized onely by raging ſorrow.

But when *Arteſia* did inſinuate her ſelfe into her acquaintance, ſhee gave the government of her courage to wit, and was content to familiarize her ſelfe with her: ſo much the rather, as that ſhe perceived in her certaine flawes of ill-concealed diſcontentment. Inſomuch that when *Zelmane* would ſweeten her mouth with the praiſes of the ſiſters, eſpecially ſetting forth their noble gratefulneſſe in never forgetting well-intended ſervices, and invoking the juſtice of the gods, not to ſuffer ſuch treaſures to be wrongfully hidden, and ſomtimes with a kind unkindneſſe, charging *Arteſia* that ſhe had been abuſed to abuſe ſo worthy perſons: *Arteſia* (though falſly) would proteſt, that ſhe had been beguiled in it, never meaning other matter than recreation: and yet withall (by alledging how ungratefully ſhe was dealt with) it was eaſie to be ſeen, it was the unrewarding, and not the evill employing her ſervice, which grieved her. But *Zelmane* (uſing her own bias to bowle neare the miſtreſſe of her own thoughts) was content to lend her beliefe, and withall to magnifie her deſert, if willingly ſhe would deliver, whom unwillingly ſhe had impriſoned; leaving no argument which might tickle ambition, or flatter revenge. So that *Arteſia*, puſht forward by *Clinias*, and drawne onward by *Zelmane*, bound her ſelfe to that practice; wherein *Zelmane* for her part deſired no more, but to have armour and weapons brought into her chamber, not doubting therewith to performe any thing, how impoſſible ſoever, which longing love can perſwade, and invincible valour dare promiſe.

But *Clinias* (whoſe faith could never comprehend the myſteries of courage) perſwaded *Arteſia*, while hee by corruption had drawne the guard of one gate, to open it (when he would appoint the time) to the enemy, that ſhe ſhould empoiſon *Amphialus*; which ſhe might the eaſier doe, becauſe ſhe her ſelfe had uſed to make the broaths, when *Amphialus* (either wounded or wearied) did uſe ſuch diet. And all things already were ready to be put in execution, when they thought beſt to break the matter with the two excellent ſiſters, not doubting of their conſent in a thing ſo behovefull to themſelves: their reaſons being, that the Princeſſes knowing their ſervice, might be ſure to preſerve them from the fury of the entring ſouldiers: whereof *Clinias* even ſo could ſcarcely bee ſufficiently certaine: and withall, making them privie to their action, to bind them afterwards to a promiſed gratefulneſſe towards them. They went therefore at one time, when they knew them to be alone, *Clinias* to *Philoclea*, and *Arteſia* to *Pamela*: and *Clinias*, with no few words did ſet forth what an exploit was intended for her ſervice. But *Philoclea* (in whoſe cleere minde treaſon could finde no hiding place) told him, that ſhee would be glad, if hee could perſwade her couſin to deliver her, and that ſhe would never forget his ſervice therein: but that ſhe deſired him to lay down any ſuch way of miſchiefe, for that (for her part) ſhee would rather yeeld to perpetuall impriſonment, than conſent to the deſtroying her couſin, who (ſhee knew) loved her, though wronged her. This

unlooked for answer amazed *Clinias*, so that he had no other remedy in his minde, but to kneele downe to *Philoclea*, and beseech her to keepe it secret, considering that the intention was for her service; & vowing (since she misliked it) to proceed no further therein; she comforted him with promise of silence, which she performed.

But that little availed: for *Artesia* having in like sort opened this device to *Pamela*, she (in whose minde Vertue governed with the Scepter of Knowledge) hating so horrible a wickednesse, and streight judging what was fit to doe: Wicked woman (said shee) whose unrepenting heart can finde no way to amend treason, but by treason; now the time is come, that thy wretched wiles have caught thy selfe in thine owne net: as for mee, let the gods dispose of mee as shall please them; but sure it shall be no such way nor way-leader, by which I will come to liberty. This shee spake somewhat with a louder voice than shee was wont to use, so as *Cecropia* heard the noise; who was (sooner than *Artesia* imagined shee would) come up, to bring *Pamela* to a window, where shee might see a notable skirmish happened in the Campe, as shee thought among themselves: and being a cunning fisher in troubled waters, straight found by their voices and gestures, there was some matter of consequence, which she desired *Pamela* to tell her. Aske of her (said *Pamela*) and learne to know, that who doe falshood to their superiours, teach falshood to their inferiours. More she would not say. But *Cecropia* taking away the each-way guilty *Artesia*, with feare of torture gate of her the whole practice: so as *Zelmane* was the more closely imprisoned, and *Clinias*, with the rest of his corrupted mates, according to their merits executed: For as for *Artesia*, she was but lockt up in her chamber, *Amphialus* not consenting (for the love he bare to *Ismenus*) that further punishment should be laid upon her.

But the noise they heard in the campe, was by occasion of the famous Prince *Anaxius*, nephew to the Gyant *Evardes*, whom *Pyrocles* slew: a Prince of body exceeding strong; in armes so skilfull and fortunate, as no man was thought to excell him; of courage that knew not how to feare; of parts worthy praise, if they had not been guided by pride, and followed by unjustice. For by a strange composition of minde, there was no man more tenderly sensible in any thing offered to himselfe, which in the farthest-fet construction might be wrested to the name of wrong; no man that in his owne actions could worse distinguish betweene valour and violence: So proud, as he could not abstaine from a *Thraso*-like boasting, and yet (so unlucky a lodging his vertues had gotten) hee would never boast more than he would accomplish: falsely accounting an inflexible anger, a couragious constancie: esteeming feare and astonishment righter causes of admiration, than Love and Honour. This man had foure sundry times fought with *Amphialus*, but *Mars* had beene so unpartiall an arbiter, that neither side gate advantage of the other. But in the end it happened, that *Anaxius* found *Amphialus* (unknowne) in a great danger, and saved his life: whereupon, loving his owne benefit, began to favour him, so much the more as thinking so well of himselfe, he could not choose but like him, whom he found a match for himselfe: which at last grew to as much friendship towards him, as could by a proud heart be conceived. So as in this travell (seeking *Pyrocles* to be revenged of his uncles death) hearing of this siege, never taking paines to examine the quarrell (like a man whose will was his god, and his hand his law) taking with him his two brothers (men accounted little inferiour to himselfe in martiall matters) and two hundred chosen horsemen, with whom he thought himselfe able to conquer the world, yet commanding the rest of his forces to follow, hee himselfe upon such an unexpected suddennesse entred in upon the backe of *Basilius*, that many with

with great unkindneſſe tooke their death, not knowing why nor how they were ſo murthered. There, if ever, he did make knowne the wonderfulneſſe of his force. But the valiant and faithfull *Philanax*, with well governed ſpeed made ſuch head againſt him, as would have ſhewed, how ſoone courage falls in the ditch, which hath not the eye of wiſedome: but that *Amphialus* at the ſame time iſſued out, and winning with an abundance of courage one of the ſconces which *Baſilius* had builded, made way for his friend *Anaxius*, with great loſſe of both ſides, but eſpecially of the *Baſilians*; ſuch notable monuments had thoſe two ſwords eſpecially left of their Maſters redoubted worthineſſe.

There, with the reſpect fit to his eſtate, the honour due to his worthineſſe, and the kindneſſe which accompanies friendſhip (made faſt by enterchanged benefits) did *Amphialus* enforce himſelfe (as much as in a beſieged towne he could) to make *Anaxius* know, that his ſuccour was not ſo needfull, as his preſence gratefull. For cauſing the ſtreets and houſes of the towne to witneſſe his welcome (making both Souldiers and Magiſtrates in their countenances to ſhew their gladneſſe of him) he led him to his mother, whom hee beſought to entertaine him with no leſſe love and kindneſſe, than as one who had once ſaved her ſonnes life, and now came to ſave both life and honour. Tuſh (ſaid *Anaxius*, ſpeaking aloud, looking upon his brothers) I am only ſorry there are not halfe a dozen Kings more about you: that what *Anaxius* can do, might be the better manifeſted. His brothers ſmiled, as though he had over-modeſtly ſpoken, far underneath the pitch of his power. Then was hee diſarmed at the earneſt requeſt of *Amphialus*: for *Anaxius* boiled with deſire to iſſue out upon the enemies, perſwading himſelfe, that the Sunne ſhould not be ſet, before he had overthrowne them. And having repoſed himſelfe, *Amphialus* asked him whether he would viſite the young Princeſſes. But *Anaxius* whiſpered him in the eare: In truth (ſaid hee) deare friend *Amphialus*, though I am none of thoſe that love to ſpeake of themſelves, I never came yet in any company of Ladies, but that they fell in love with me. And I, that in my heart ſcorn them as a peeviſh paltry ſex, not worthy to communicate with my vertues, would not doe you the wrong, ſince (as I heare) you doe debaſe your ſelfe ſo much as to affect them. The courteous *Amphialus* could have beene angry with him for thoſe words; but knowing his humour, ſuffered him to dance to his owne muſicke; and gave himſelfe to entertaine both him and his brothers, with as cheerfull a manner, as could iſſue from a mind whom unlucky love had filled with melancholy. For to *Anaxius* he yeelded the direction of all: he gave the watchword, and if any grace were granted, the meanes were to be made to *Anaxius*. And that night when ſupper was ended, wherein *Amphialus* would needs himſelfe wait upon him, he cauſed in boats upon the Lake an excellent muſicke to be ordered: which though *Anaxius* might conceive was for his honour, yet indeed he was but the Bricke-wall to convey it to the eares of the beloved *Philoclea*.

The muſicke was of Cornets, whereof one anſwering the other, with a ſweet emulation ſtriving for the glory of muſicke, and ſtriking upon the ſmooth face of the quiet Lake, was then delivered up to the caſtle walls, which with a proud reverberation, ſpreading it into the ayre, it ſeemed before the harmony came to the eare, that it had enriched it ſelfe in travaile, the nature of thoſe places adding melodie to that melodious inſtrument. And when a while that inſtrument had made a brave proclamation to all unpoſſeſſed mindes of attention, an excellent conſort ſtreight followed, of five Viols, and as many voices, which all being but Oratours of their maſters paſſions, beſtowed this ſong upon her, that thought upon another matter.

The

THe Fire to see my wrongs for anger burneth:
The ayre in raine for my affliction weepeth:
The sea to ebbe for griefe his flowing turneth:
The earth with pitie dull his center keepeth:
Fame is with wonder blazed:
Time runnes away for sorrow:
Place standeth still amazed,
To see my night of evils, which hath no morrow.
Alas alonely she no pitie taketh
To know my miseries, but chaste and cruell,
My fall her glory maketh,
Yet still her eyes give to my flames their fuell.
Fire, burne me quite, till sense of burning leave me:
Aire, let me draw thy breath no more in anguish:
Sea, drown'd in thee of tedious life bereave me:
Earth, take this earth, wherein my spirits languish.
Fame, say I was not borne:
Time, haste my dying houre:
Place, see my grave uptorne:
Fire, ayre, sea, earth, fame, time, place, shew your power:
Alas from all their helps I am exiled:
For hers I am, and death feares her displeasure.
Fie death thou art beguiled:
Though I be hers, she wakes of me no treasure.

But *Anaxius*, seeming weary before it was ended, told *Amphialus*, that for his part he liked no musicke, but the neighing of horses, the sound of trumpets, and the cries of yeelding persons: and therefore desired, that the next morning they should issue upon the same place, where they had entred that day, not doubting to make them quickly aweary of being the besiegers of *Anaxius*. *Amphialus*, who had no whit lesse courage, though nothing blowne up with pride, willingly condiscended, and so the next morning (giving false alarum to the other side of the campe) *Amphialus* at *Anaxius* earnest requeſt, staying within the towne to see it guarded, *Anaxius* and his brethren *Lycurgus* and *Zoilus*, sallied out with the best chosen men. But *Basilius* having beene the last day somewhat unprovided, now had better fortified the overthrowne sconce, and so well had prepared every thing for defence, that it was impossible for any valour from within to prevaile. Yet things were performed by *Anaxius* beyond the credit of the credulous. For thrice (valiantly followed by his brothers) did hee set up his banner upon the rampire of the enemy: though thrice againe by the multitude, and advantage of the place, but especially by the comming of three valiant Knights, he were driven downe againe. Numbers there were that day, whose deaths and overthrowes were excused by the well knowne sword of *Anaxius*: but the rest, by the length of time, and injury of Historians, have been wrapped up in darke forgetfulnesse: only *Tressenius* is spoken of, because when all abandoned the place, he only made head to *Anaxius*; till having lost one of his legs, yet not lost the heart of fighting, *Lycurgus* (second brother to *Anaxius*) cruelly murthered him: *Anaxius* himselfe disdaining any further to deale with him.

But so farre had *Anaxius* at the third time prevailed, that now the *Basilians* began to let their courage descend to their feet; *Basilius* and *Philanax* in vaine striving with

with reverence of authority to bridle the flight of aſtoniſhment, and to teach feare diſcretion: ſo that *Amphialus* ſeeing victorie ſhew ſuch a flattering countenance to him, came out with all his force, hoping that day to end the ſiege.

But that fancie altered quickly, by the ſudden comming to the other ſide of three Knights, whereof the one was in white armour, the other in greene, and the third by his black armour and device ſtreight knowne to be the notable knight, who the firſt day had given fortune ſo ſhort a ſtop with his notable deeds, fighting hand to hand with the deemed invincible *Amphialus*. For the very cowards no ſooner ſaw him, but as borrowing ſome of his ſpirit, they went like young Eagles to the prey, under the wing of their damme. For the three adventurers, not content to keepe them from their rampire, leapt downe among them, and entred into a brave combat with the three valiant brothers. But to whether ſide fortune would have beene partiall could not be determined. For the *Baſilians*, lighted with the beames of theſe ſtrangers valour, followed ſo thicke, that the *Amphialians* were glad with ſome haſt to retire to the wals-ward: though *Anaxius*, neither reaſon, feare, nor example, could make him aſſwage the fury of his fight, untill one of the *Baſilians* (unworthy to have his name regiſtred, ſince he did it cowardly) ſideward, when he leaſt looked that way, almoſt cut off one of his legs: ſo as he fell downe, blaſpheming heaven, that all the influences thereof had power to overthrow him: and there death would have ſeazed of his proud heart, but that *Amphialus* tooke in hand the blacke knight, while ſome of his ſouldiers conveyed away *Anaxius*, ſo requiting life for life unto him.

And for the love and example of *Amphialus*, the fight began to enter into a new fit of heate, when *Baſilius* (that thought enough to be done for that day) cauſed retreat to be ſounded; fearing leſt his men following over-earneſtly, might bee the loſſe of thoſe excellent Knights, whom he deſired to know. The Knights, as ſoon as they heard the retreat (though they were eagerly ſet, knowing that courage without diſcipline is neerer beaſtlineſſe than manhood) drew back their ſwords, though hungry of more blood: eſpecially the black knight, who knowing *Amphialus*, could not refraine to tell him, that this was the ſecond time hee eſcaped out of his hands, but that he would ſhortly bring him a bill of all the former accounts. *Amphialus* ſeeing it fit to retire alſo (moſt of his people being hurt both in bodies and hearts) withdrew himſelfe, with ſo well ſeated a reſolution, that it was as far from anger, as from diſmayednesſe; anſwering no other to the blacke knights threats, but that when he brought him his account, he ſhould finde a good Pay-maſter.

The fight being ceaſed, and each ſide withdrawne within their ſtrengths, *Baſilius* ſent *Philanax* to entertaine the ſtrange knights, and to bring them unto him, that he might acknowledge what honour was due to their vertue. But they excuſed themſelves, deſiring to be knowne firſt by their deeds, before their names ſhould accuſe their unworthineſſe: and though the other replied according as they deſerved, yet finding that unwelcome courteſie is a degree of injury, hee ſuffered them to retire themſelves to a tent of their owne without the campe, where they kept themſelves ſecret: *Philanax* himſelfe being called away to another ſtrange knight; ſtrange not onely by the unlookedforneſſe of his comming, but by the ſtrange manner of his comming.

For he had before him four damoſels, and ſo many behind him, all upon palfraies, and all apparelled in mourning weeds, each of them a ſervant of each ſide, with like liveries of ſorrow. Himſelfe in an armour, all painted over with ſuch a cunning of ſhadow, that it repreſented a gaping ſepulchre; the furniture of his horſe was all of Cypreſſe branches, wherewith in old time they were wont to dreſſe graves. His

Baſes

Baſes (which he ware ſo long, as they came almoſt to his ankle) were embroidered onely with blacke wormes, which ſeemed to crawle up and downe, as ready alreadie to devoure him. In his ſhield for Impreſa he had a beautifull childe, but having two heads, whereon the one ſhewed, that it was already dead, the other alive, but in that caſe neceſſarily looking for death: The word was, *No way to be rid from death but by death.*

This knight of the tombe (for ſo the Souldiers termed him) ſent to *Baſilius* to demand leave to ſend in a damoſell into the towne, to call out *Amphialus*, according as before time ſome others have done. Which being granted (as glad any would undertake the charge, which no body elſe in that campe was known willing to doe) the damoſell went in, and having with teares ſobbed out a brave challenge to *Amphialus* from the Knight of the tombe, *Amphialus* honourably entertayning the Gentlewoman, and deſiring to know the knights name (which the dolefull Gentlewoman would not diſcover) accepted the challenge, only deſiring the Gentlewoman to ſay thus much to the ſtrange knight from him, that if his minde were like to his title, there were more cauſe of affinity than enmity betweene them. And therefore preſently (according as he was wont) as ſoone as he perceived the knight of the Tomb, with his Damoſels and Judge, was come into the Iſland, he alſo went over in accuſtomed manner: and yet for the courteſie of his nature deſired to ſpeak with him.

But the Knight of the Tombe, with ſilence, and drawing his horſe back, ſhewed no will to heare nor ſpeake: but with Launce on thigh, made him know, it was fit for him to goe to the other end of the Career, whence waiting the ſtart of the unknowne Knight, he likewiſe made his ſpurres claime haſte of his horſe. But when his ſtaffe was in his reſt, comming downe to meet with the knight, now very neere him, he perceived the knight had miſt his reſt: wherefore the courteous *Amphialus* would not let his Launce deſcend, but with a gallant grace ran over the head of his therein befriended enemy: and having ſtopped his horſe, and with running of him, bleſſed his ſight with the window, where he thought *Philoclea* might ſtand, he perceived the knight had lighted from his horſe, and throwne away his ſtaffe, angry with his misfortune, as of having miſt his reſt, and drawne his ſword to make that ſupply his fellowes fault. He alſo lighted, and drew his ſword, eſteeming victory with advantage rather robbed than purchaſed: and ſo the other comming eagerly toward him, hee with his ſhield out and ſword aloft, with more braverie than anger, drew unto him, and ſtreight made their ſwords ſpeake for them a pretty while with equall fierceneſſe. But *Amphialus*, to whom the earth brought forth few matches, having both much more skill to chooſe the places, and more force to worke upon the choſen, had already made many windowes in his armour for death to come in at, when in the nobleneſſe of his nature, abhorring to make the puniſhment overgoe the offence, he ſtept a little backe, and withall, Sir knight (ſaid he) you may eaſily ſee, that it pleaſeth God to favour my cauſe, employ your valour againſt them that wiſh you hurt: for my part I have not deſerved hate of you. Thou lyeſt falſe traitour, ſaid the other, with an angry but weake voice. But *Amphialus*, in whom abuſed kindneſſe became ſpitefull rage, Ah barbarous wretch (ſaid he) onlly couragious in diſcourteſie; thou ſhalt ſoone ſee whether thy tongue hath betrayed thy heart, or no: and with that redoubling his blowes, gave him a great wound upon his necke, and cloſing with him, overthrew him, and in the fall thruſt him mortally into the body; and with that went to pull off his helmet, with intention to make him give himſelfe the lye, for having ſo ſaid, or to cut off his head.

But the head-piece was no ſooner off, but that there fell about the ſhoulders of the

the overcome Knight the treaſure of faire golden haire, which with the face (ſoone known by the badge of excellency) witneſſed that it was *Parthenia*, the unfortunately vertuous wife of *Argalus*; her beauty then, even in deſpight of the paſſed ſorrow, or comming death, aſſuring all beholders, that it was nothing ſhort of perfection. For her exceeding faire eyes, having with continuall weeping gotten a little redneſſe about them; her roundy ſweetly ſwelling lips a little trembling, as though they kiſt their neighbour death; in her cheekes the whiteneſſe ſtriving by little and little to get upon the roſineſſe of them, her necke, a necke indeed of Alablaſter, diſplaying the wound, which with moſt dainty blood laboured to drowne his owne beauties; ſo as here was a river of pureſt red, there an Iland of perfiteſt white, each giving luſtre to the other; with the ſweet countenance, God knowes, full of an unaffected languiſhing: though theſe things to a groſſely conceiving ſenſe might ſeeme diſgraces, yet indeed were they but apparelling beauty in a new faſhion, which all looking upon through the ſpectacles of pity, did even increaſe the lines of her naturall faireneſſe; ſo as *Amphialus* was aſtoniſhed with griefe, compaſſion, and ſhame, deteſting his fortune, that made him unfortunate in victorie.

Therefore putting off his head-peece and gauntlet, kneeling downe unto her, and with teares teſtifying his ſorrow, he offered his (by himſelfe accurſed) hands, to help her: proteſting his life and power to be ready to doe her honour. But *Parthenia*, who had inward meſſengers of the deſired deaths approach, looking upon him, and ſtreight turning away her feeble ſight, as from a delightleſſe object, drawing out her words, which her breath (loth to depart from ſo ſweet a body) did faintly deliver, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I pray you (if prayers have place in enemies) to let my maides take my body untouched by you: the onely honour I now deſire by your meanes, is, that I have no honour of you. *Argalus* made no ſuch bargaine with you, that the hands which killed him ſhould helpe me. I have of them (and I doe not only pardon you, but thanke you for it) the ſervice which I deſired. There reſts nothing now, but that I goe live with him, ſince whoſe death I have done nothing but die. Then pawſing, and a little fainting, and againe comming to her ſelfe, O ſweet life, welcome (ſaid ſhe) now feele I the bands untied of the cruell death, which ſo long hath held mee. And O life, O death, anſwer for me, that my thoughts have not ſo much as in a dream taſted any comfort, ſince they were deprived of *Argalus*. I come my *Argalus*, I come, And O God hide my faults in thy mercies, and grant (as I feele thou doſt grant) that in thy eternall love we may love each other eternally. And this O Lord: But there *Atropos* cut off her ſentence: for with that, caſting up both eyes and hands to the skies, the noble ſoule departed, one might well aſſure himſelfe to heaven, which left the body in ſo heavenly a demeanour.

But *Amphialus* (with a heart oppreſſed with griefe, becauſe of her requeſt) withdrew himſelfe: but the Judges, as full of pity, had been all this while diſarming her, and her Gentlewomen with lamentable cryes, labouring to ſtanch the remedileſſe wounds: and a while ſhe was dead before they perceived it, death being able to divide the ſoule, but not the beauty from that body. But when the infallible tokens of death aſſured them of their loſſe, one of the women would have killed her ſelfe, but that the ſquire of *Amphialus* perceiving, by force held her. Others, that had as ſtrong paſſion, though weaker reſolution, fell to caſt duſt upon their heads, to teare their garments: all falling upon the earth, & crying upon their ſweet miſtreſſe, as if their cries could perſwade the ſoule to leave the celeſtiall happineſſe, to come againe into the elements of ſorrow: one time calling to remembrance her vertue, chaſtneſſe, ſweetneſſe, goodneſſe to them: another time accurſing themſelves, that they had

obeyed

obeyed her; being deceived by her words, who aſſured them, that it was revealed unto her, that ſhe ſhould have her hearts deſire in the battell againſt *Amphialus*, which they wrongly underſtood. Then kiſſing her cold hands and feet, weary of the world, ſince ſhee was gone who was their world, the very heavens ſeemed with a cloudy countenance to loure at the loſſe; and fame it ſelfe (though by nature glad to tell ſuch rare accidents) yet could not chooſe but deliver it in lamentable accents, and in ſuch ſort went it quickly all over the Campe: and, as if the ayre had beene infected with ſorrow, no heart was ſo hard, but was ſubject to that contagion; the rareneſſe of the accident matching together (the rarely matched together) pitie with admiration. *Baſilius* himſelfe came forth, and brought the faire *Gynecia* with him; who was come into the campe under colour of viſiting her husband, and hearing of her daughters: but indeed *Zelmane* was the Saint, to which her pilgrimage was intended: curſing, envying, bleſſing, and in her heart kiſſing the wals which impriſoned her. But both they, with *Philanax*, and the reſt of the principall Nobility, went out, to make Honour triumph over Death, conveying that excellent body (whereto *Baſilius* himſelfe would needs lend his ſhoulder) to a Church a mile from the campe, where the valiant *Argalus* lay intombed, recommending to that ſepulchre the bleſſed reliques of a faithfull and vertuous Love, giving order for the making of two marble images to repreſent them, and each way enriching the tombe; upon which *Baſilius* himſelfe cauſed this Epitaph to be written.

THE EPITAPH.

HIS being was in her alone,
And he not being ſhe was none.

They joy'd one joy, one griefe they griev'd,
One love they lov'd, one life they liv'd.
The hand was one, one was the ſword,
That did his death, her death afford.

As all the reſt, ſo now the ſtone
That tombes the two is juſtly one.

ARGALUS & PARTHENIA.

Then with eyes full of teares, and mouthes full of their praiſes, returned they to the camp, with more and more hate againſt *Amphialus*: who (poore Gentleman) had therefore greater portion of woe than any of them. For that courteous heart, which would have grieved but to have heard the like adventure, was rent with remembring himſelfe to be the author: ſo that his wiſedome could not ſo far temper his paſſion, but that he tooke his ſword, counted the beſt in the world (which with much blood hee had once conquered of a mighty Gyant) and brake it into many peeces

pieces (which afterwards hee had good cauſe to repent) ſaying, that neither it was worthy to ſerve the noble exerciſe of chivalry, nor any other worthy to feele that ſword, which had ſtrucken ſo excellent a Lady: and withall, baniſhing all chearefulneſſe of his countenance, he returned home. Where he gate him to his bed, not ſo much to reſt his reſtleſſe mind, as to avoid all company, the ſight wherof was tedious unto him. And then melancholly (only rich in unfortunate remembrances) brought before him all the miſhaps, with which his life had wreſtled: taking this, not onely as a confirming of the former, but a preſage of following miſery; and to his heart (already overcome by ſorrowfulneſſe) even trifling misfortunes came, to fill up the roll of a grieved memory; labouring only his wits to pierce farther and farther into his own wretchedneſſe. So as all that night (in deſpight of darkneſſe) he held his eies open; and in the morning, when the light began to reſtore to each body his colour, then with curtaines bard he himſelfe from the enjoying of it: neither willing to feele the comfort of the day, nor the eaſe of the night: untill his mother (who never knew what love meant, but only to himward) came to his bed-ſide, and beginning with loving earneſtneſſe to lay a kind chiding upon him, becauſe he would ſuffer the weakneſſe of ſorrow to conquer the ſtrength of his vertues; he did with a broken piecemeale ſpeech (as if the tempeſt of paſſion unorderly blew out his words) remember the miſhaps of his youth, the evils he had been cauſe of, his rebelling with ſhame, and that ſhame encreaſed with ſhamefull accidents, the deaths of *Philoxenus* and *Partheuia*, wherein he found himſelf hated of the ever-ruling powers, but eſpecially (and ſo eſpecially, as the reſt ſeemed nothing when he came to that) his fatall love to *Philoclea*: to whom he had ſo governed himſelfe, as one that could neither conquer, nor yeeld; being of the one ſide a ſlave, and of the other a jaylour: and withall, almoſt upbraiding unto his mother the little ſucceſſe of her large hoping promiſes, hee in effect finding *Philoclea* nothing mollified; and now himſelfe ſo caſt downe, as hee thought him unworthy of better. But his mother (as ſhee had plentifull cauſe) making him ſee, that of his other griefes there was little or no fault in himſelf, and therefore there ought to be little or no griefe in him; when ſhe came to the head of the ſore, indeed ſeeing that ſhe could no longer patch up her former promiſes (he taking a deſperate deafnes to all delaying hopes) ſhe confeſt plainly, that ſhee could prevaile nothing: but the fault was his owne, who had marred the young Girle by ſeeking to have that by prayer, which hee ſhould have taken by authority. That as it were an abſurd cunning to make high ladders to go in a plaine way; ſo was it an untimely and fooliſh flattery, there to beſeech, where one might command; puffing them up by being beſought, with ſuch a ſelfe-pride of ſuperiority, that it was not (forſooth) to be held out but by a deniall. O God (ſaid *Amphialus*) how well I thought my fortune would bring forth this end of your labours? aſſure your ſelfe, mother, I will ſooner pull out theſe eyes, than they ſhould looke upon the heavenly *Philoclea*, but as upon a heaven, whence they have their light, and to which they are ſubject. If they will poure downe any influences of comfort, O happy I: but if by the ſacrifice of a faithfull heart they will not bee called unto me, let mee languiſh, and wither with languiſhing, and grieve with withering, but never ſo much as repine with never ſo much grieving. Mother, O Mother, luſt may well be a tyrant, but true love where it is indeed is a ſervant. Accurſed more than I am may I be, if ever I did approach her, but that I freezed as much in a fearfull reverence, as I burned in a vehement deſire. Did ever mans eye looke through love upon the majeſty of vertue, ſhining through beauty, but that he became (as it well became him) a captive? and is it the ſtile of a captive to write, *Our will and pleaſure?*

Tuſh, tuſh, ſonne (ſaid *Cecropia*) you ſay you love, but withall you feare; you feare leſt you ſhould offend. Offend? and how know you that you ſhould offend? Becauſe ſhe doth deny. Deny? now by my truth, if your ſadneſſe would let me laugh, I could laugh heartily to ſee that yet you are ignorant, that No is no negative in a womans mouth. My ſonne, beleeve mee a woman, ſpeaking of women: a lovers modeſtie among us is much more prayſed than liked: or if we like it, ſo well we like it, that for marring of his modeſty, he ſhall never proceed further. Each vertue hath his time: if you command your ſouldier to march formoſt, & he for courteſie put others before him, would you praiſe his modeſty? love is your General, he bids you dare, and will *Amphialus* be a daſtard? Let example ſerve: do you thinke *Theſeus* ſhould ever have gotten *Antiope* with ſighing and croſſing his armes? Hee raviſhed her, and raviſhed her that was an *Amazon*, and therefore had gotten a habit of ſtoutneſſe above the nature of a woman; but having raviſhed her, he got a child of her: and I ſay no more, but that (they ſay) is not gotten without conſent of both ſides. *Iole* had her own father killed by *Hercules*, and her ſelfe raviſhed, by force raviſhed, & yet ere long, this raviſhed, and unfathered Lady could ſportfully put on the Lions skin upon her owne faire ſhoulders, and play with the club with her own delicate hands: ſo eaſily had ſhe pardoned the raviſher, that ſhee could not but delight in thoſe weapons of raviſhing. But above all, marke *Helen* daughter to *Jupiter*, who could never brook the manerly-wooing *Menelaus*, but diſdained his humbleneſſe, and lothed his ſoftneſſe. But ſo well ſhee could like the force of enforcing *Paris*, that for him ſhe could abide what might be abidden. But what? *Menelaus* takes hart, he recovers her by force, by force caries her home, by force enjoyes her; & ſhe, who would never like him for ſerviceablenes, ever after loved him for violence. For what can be more agreeable, than upon force to lay the fault of deſire, & in one inſtant to joyn a deare delight with a juſt excuſe? or rather the true cauſe is (pardon mee O woman-kind for revealing to mine owne ſonne the truth of this myſterie) we thinke there wants fire, where we find no ſparkles, at leſt of fury. Truly I have known a great Lady, long ſought by moſt great, moſt wiſe, moſt beautifull, moſt valiant perſons; never won, becauſe they did over-ſuperſtitiouſly ſolicite her: the ſame Lady brought under by another, inferiour to all them in all thoſe qualities, only becauſe he could uſe that imperious maſterfulneſſe, which nature gives to men above women. For indeed ſon, I confeſſe unto you, in our very creation we are ſervants: and who prayeth his ſervants, ſhall never be well obeyed: but as a ready horſe ſtreight yeelds, when he finds one that will have him yeeld, the ſame falls to bounds when he feeles a fearefull horſeman. Awake thy ſpirits (good *Amphialus*) and aſſure thy ſelfe, that though ſhe refuſeth, ſhe refuſeth but to endeer the obtaining. If ſhe weep, and chide, and proteſt, before it be gotten, ſhe can but weep, and chide, and proteſt, when it is gotten. Thinke, ſhe would not ſtrive, but that ſhe meanes to try thy force: and, my *Amphialus*, know thy ſelfe a man, and ſhew thy ſelfe a man; and (beleeve me upon my word) a woman is a woman.

Amphialus was about to anſwer her, when a Gentleman of his made him underſtand, that there was a meſſenger come, who had brought a letter unto him from out of the Campe: whom hee preſently calling for, tooke, opened, and read the letter, importing this.

TO *thee*, Amphialus *of* Arcadia, *the Forſaken Knight wiſheth health, and courage, that by my hand thou maieſt receive puniſhment for thy treaſon, according to thine owne offer, which wickedly occaſioned, thou haſt proudly begun, & accurſedly maintained. I will preſently (if thy minde faint thee not for his owne guiltineſſe) meet thee in thy Iland,*

Iland, in ſuch order as hath by the former beene uſed: or if thou likeſt not the time, place, or weapon, I am ready to take thine owne reaſonable choiſe in any of them; ſo as thou doe performe the ſubſtance. Make me ſuch anſwer as may ſhew that haſt thou ſome taſte of honour: and ſo I leave thee, to live till I meet thee.

Amphialus read it, and with a deepe ſigh (according to the humour of inward affliction) ſeemed even to condemne himſelfe, as though indeed his reproaches were true. But howſoever the dulneſſe of Melancholy would have languiſhingly yeelded thereunto, his Courage (unuſed to ſuch injuries) deſired helpe of Anger to make him this anſwer.

FOrſaken Knight, though your nameleſſe challenge might carrie in it ſelfe excuſe for a man of my birth and eſtate, yet herein ſet your heart at reſt, you ſhall not be forſaken. I will without ſtay anſwer you in the wonted manner, and come both armed in your fooliſh threatnings; and yet the more feareleſſe, expecting weake blowes, where I find ſo ſtrong words. You ſhall not therefore long attend me in the Iland, before proofe teach you, that of my life you have made your ſelfe too large a promiſe. In the meane time, Farewell.

This being written, and delivered, the meſſenger told him, that his Lord would (if he liked the ſame) bring two knights with him to be his Patrons. Which *Amphialus* accepted, and withall ſhaking off (with reſolution) his Mothers importunate diſſwaſions, he furniſhed himſelfe for the fight, but not in his wonted furniture. For now (as if hee would turne his inſide outward) hee would needs appeare all in blacke; his decking both for himſelfe, and horſe, being cut out into the faſhion of very ragges: yet all ſo daintily joyned together with precious ſtones, as it was a brave raggednesſe, and a rich poverty: and ſo cunningly had the workman followed his humour in his armour, that he had given it a ruſty ſhew, and yet ſo, as any man might perceive was by art, and not negligence; carrying at one inſtant a diſgraced handſomneſſe, and a new oldneſſe. In his ſhield hee bare for his device, a Night, by an excellent painter excellently painted, with a Sunne with a ſhadow, and upon the ſhadow a ſpeech, ſignifying, that it *onely* was *barred from enjoying that, whereof it had his life:* or, *From whoſe I am, baniſhed.* In his creſt he carried *Philoclea's* knives, the onely token of her forced favour.

So paſt he over into the Iland, taking with him the two brothers of *Anaxius*, where he found the forſaken Knight attired in his owne liverie, as blacke as ſorrow it ſelfe could ſee it ſelfe in the blackeſt glaſſe: his ornaments of the ſame hue, but formed into the figure of Ravens, which ſeemed to gape for carrion: onely his raines were ſnakes, which finely wrapping themſelves one within the other, their heads came together to the cheekes and boſſes of the bit, where they might ſeeme to bite at the horſe, and the horſe (as hee champt the bit) to bite at them, and that the white foame was ingendered by the poyſonous furie of the combate. His *Impreſa* was a *Catoblepta*, which ſo long lies dead, as the Moone (whereto it hath ſo naturall a ſympathy) wants her light. The word ſignified, that *The Moone wanted not the light, but the poore beaſt wanted the Moones light.* He had in his head-piece a whip, to witneſſe a ſelfe-puniſhing repentance. Their very horſes were cole-black too, not having ſo much as one ſtarre to give light to their night of blackneſſe: ſo as one would have thought they had beene the two ſonnes of Sorrow, and were come thither to fight for their birth-right in that ſorie inheritance.

Which alliance of paſſions ſo moved *Amphialus* (already tender minded by the afflictions of Love) that without ſtaffe or ſword drawne, hee trotted fairely to the forſaken Knight, willing to have put off this combat, to which his melancholy heart did (more than ever in like occaſion) miſgive him: and therefore ſaluting him, Good Knight (ſaid hee) becauſe wee are men, and ſhould know reaſon why wee doe things; tell me the cauſe, that makes you thus eager to fight with mee. Becauſe I affirme (anſwered the forſaken Knight) that thou doſt moſt rebellious injurie to thoſe Ladies, to whom all men owe ſervice. You ſhall not fight with me (ſaid *Amphialus*) upon the quarrell: for I confeſſe the ſame too: but it proceeds from their owne beautie, to enforce Love to offer this force. I maintaine then (ſaid the forſaken Knight) that thou art not worthy ſo to love. And that I confeſſe too (ſaid *Amphialus*) ſince the world is not ſo richly bleſſed, as to bring forth any thing worthy thereof. But no more unworthy than any other, ſince in none can be a more worthy love. Yes, more unworthy than my ſelfe (ſaid the forſaken Knight) for though I deſerve contempt, thou deſerveſt both contempt and hatred.

But *Ampialus* by that thinking (though wrongly, each indeed miſtaking other) that he was his rivall, forgat all minde of reconciliation, and having all his thoughts bound up in choler, never ſtaying either judge, trumpet, or his owne launce, drew out his ſword, and ſaying, Thou lieſt falſe villaine, unto him; his words and blowes came ſo quicke together, as the one ſeemed a lightning of the others thunder. But he found no barren ground of ſuch ſeed: for it yeelded him his owne with ſuch increaſe, that though Reaſon and Amazement goe rarely together, yet the moſt reaſonable eyes that ſaw it, found reaſon to be amazed at the fury of their combat. Never game of death better played; never fury ſet it ſelfe forth in greater bravery. The courteous *Vulcan*, when he wrought at his moſt courteous wives requeſt *Æneas* an armour, made not his hammer beget a greater ſound, than the ſwords of thoſe noble knights did: they needed no fire to their forge, for they made the fire to ſhine at the meeting of their ſwords and armours, each ſide fetching ſtill new ſpirit from the caſtle window, and carefull of keeping their ſight that way, as a matter of greater conſideration in their combat, than either the advantage of Sunne or Winde: which Sunne and Winde (if the aſtoniſhed eyes of the beholders were not by the aſtoniſhment deceived) did both ſtand ſtill to bee beholders of this rare match. For neither could their amazed eies diſcerne motion of the Sunne, and no breath of Winde ſtirred, as if either for feare it would not come among ſuch blowes, or with delight had eies ſo buſie, as it had forgot to open his mouth. This fight being the more cruell ſince that Love and Hatred conſpired to ſharpen their humours, that hard it was to ſay, whether Love with one trumpet, or hatred with another, gave the louder alarum to their courages. Spite, rage, diſdaine, ſhame, revenge, came wayting upon Hatred: of the other ſide came with love-longing Deſire, both invincible Hope, and feareleſſe Deſpaire, with rival-like Jealouſie, which (although brought up within doores in the ſchoole of *Cupid*) would ſhew themſelves no leſſe forward, than the other duſty band of *Mars*, to make themſelves notable in the notableneſſe of this combat. Of either ſide Confidence, unacquainted with loſſe, but aſſuring truſt to overcome, and good experience how to overcome: now ſeconding their terrible blowes with cunning labouring their horſes, to winne ground of the enemy; now unlooked-for parting one from the other, to winne advantage by an advantageous returne. But force againſt force, skill againſt skill, ſo enterchangeably encountred, that it was not eaſie to determine, whether enteriſing or preventing came former: both, ſometimes at on inſtant, doing and

ſuffering

ſuffering wrong, and choler no leſſe riſing of the doing, than of the ſuffering. But as the fire, the more fuell is put to it, the more hungry ſtill it is to devoure more: ſo the more they ſtrake, the more unſatisfied they were with ſtriking. Their very armour by piece-meale fell away from them; and yet their fleſh abode the wounds conſtantly, as though it were leſſe ſenſible of ſmart than the ſenſeleſſe armour: their bloud in moſt places ſtayning their blacke colour, as if it would give a more lively colour of mourning than blacke can doe. And ſo a long ſpace they fought, while neither vertue nor fortune ſeemed partiall of either ſide: which ſo tormented the unquiet heart of *Amphialus*, that he reſolved to ſee a quicke end: and therefore with the violence of courage, adding ſtrength to his blow, hee ſtrake in ſuch wiſe upon the ſide of the others head, that his remembrance left that battred lodging: ſo as hee was quite from himſelfe, caſting his armes abroad, and ready to fall downe; his ſword likewiſe went out of his hand; but that being faſt by a chaine to his arme, hee could not loſe. And *Amphialus* uſed the favour of occaſion, redoubling his blowes: but the horſe (weary to be beaten, as well as his maſter) carried his maſter away, till hee came to himſelfe. But then who could have ſeene him, might well have diſcerned ſhame in his cheekes, and revenge in his eyes: ſo as ſetting his teeth together with rage, hee came running upon *Amphialus*, reaching out his arme, which had gathered up his ſword, meaning with that blow to have cleaved *Amphialus* in two. But *Amphialus* ſeeing the blow comming, ſhunned it with nimble turning his horſe aſide; wherewith the forſaken Knight over-ſtrake himſelfe ſo, as almoſt he came downe with his owne ſtrength: but the more hungry of his purpoſe, the more hee was barred the food of it, diſdayning the reſiſtance both of force and fortune, hee returned upon the ſpurre againe, and ranne with ſuch violence upon *Amphialus*, that his horſe with the force of the ſhocke roſe up before, almoſt overturned: which *Amphialus* perceiving, with reine and ſpurre put forth his horſe, and withall gave a mighty blow in the deſcent of his horſe, upon the ſhoulder of the forſaken knight; from whence ſliding, it fell upon the necke of his horſe, ſo as horſe and man fell to the ground: but he was ſcarce downe before hee was up on his feet againe, with brave geſture, ſhewing riſing of courage in the falling of fortune. But the courteous *Amphialus* excuſed himſelfe, for having (againſt his will) killed his horſe. Excuſe thy ſelfe for viler faults (anſwered the forſaken Knight) and uſe this poore advantage the beſt thou canſt, for thou ſhalt quickly find thou haſte need of more. Thy folly (ſaid *Amphialus*) ſhall not make me forget my ſelfe: and therewith (trotting a little aſide) alighted from his horſe, becauſe hee would not have fortune come to clayme any part of the victory. Which courteous act would have mollified the noble heart of the Forſaken Knight, if any other had done it, beſides the Jaylour of his miſtreſſe: but that was a ſufficient defeazance for the firmeſt bond of good nature; and therefore he was no ſooner alighted, but that hee ranne unto him, re-entring into as cruell a fight, as eye did ever ſee, or thought could reaſonably imagine; farre beyond the reach of weake words to bee able to expreſſe it. For what they had done on horſe-backe, was but as a morſell to keepe their ſtomackes in appetite, in compariſon of that, which now (being themſelves) they did. Nor ever glutton by the change of dainty diet could bee brought to freſh feeding (when he might have been ſatisfied before) with more earneſtneſſe, than thoſe (by the change of this manner of fight) fell cleane to a new fight, though any elſe would have thought they had had their fill already. *Amphialus* being the taller man, for the moſt part ſtood with his right legge before, his ſhield at the uttermoſt length of his arme, his ſword hie, but with the point toward his enemy. But when he ſtrake,

(which came so thick, as if every blow would strive to be formost) his arme seemed still a postilion of death. The Forsaken Knight shewed with like skill unlike gesture, keeping himselfe in continuall motion, proportioning the distance betweene them to any thing that *Amphialus* attempted; his eye guided his foot, and his foot conveighed his hand; and since nature had made him something the lower of the two, he made art follow, and not strive with nature: shunning rather than warding his blowes; like a cunning mastiffe, who knowes the sharpnesse of the horn and strength of the Bull, fights low to get his proper advantage; answering mightinesse with nimblenesse, and yet at times imploying his wonderfull force, wherein he was second to none. In summe, the blowes were strong, the thrusts thick, and the avoydings cunning. But the Forsaken Knight (that thought it a degree of being conquered to bee long in conquering) strake him so mighty a blow, that hee made *Amphialus* put knee to the ground, without any humblenesse. But when he felt himselfe stricken downe, and saw himselfe stricken downe by his rivall, then shame seemed one arme, and disdaine another; fury in his eyes, and revenge in his heart; skill and force gave place, and they tooke the place of skill and force, with so unwearied a manner, that the Forsaken Knight also was driven to leave the sterne of cunning, and give himselfe wholly to be guided by the storme of fury: there being in both (because hate would not suffer admiration) extreme disdaine to finde themselves so matched.

What (said *Amphialus* to himselfe) am I *Amphialus*, before whom so many monsters and Gyants have falne dead, when I onely fought causelesse adventures? and can one knight now withstand me in the presence of *Philoclea*, and fighting for *Philoclea*? or since I lost my liberty, have I lost my courage? have I gotten the heart of a slave as well as the fortune? If an army were against me in the sight of *Philoclea*, could it resist me? O beast! one man resists thee: thy rivall resists thee: or am I indeed *Amphialus*? have not passions kild him, and wretched I (I know not how) succeeded into this place? Of the other side, the Forsaken knight with no lesse spite fell out with himselfe; Hast thou broken (said hee to himselfe) the commandement of thy onely Princesse, to come now into her presence, and in her presence to prove thy selfe a coward? Doth *Asia* and *Egypt* set up Trophies unto thee, to bee matched here by a traytor? O noble *Barsanes*, how shamed will thy soule bee, that he that slew thee should bee resisted by this one man! O incomparable *Pyrocles*, more grieved wilt thou be with thy friends shame, than with thine owne imprisonment, when thou shalt know how little I have been able to do for the delivery of thee, and those heavenly Princesses. Am I worthy to be friend to the most valourous Prince that ever was entituled valourous, and shew my selfe so weak a wretch? No, shamed *Musidorus*, worthy for nothing but to keepe sheep, get thee a sheepehooke againe, since thou canst use a sword no better.

Thus at times did they, now with one thought, then with another, sharpen their over-sharpe humors; like the Lion that beats himselfe with his own taile, to make himselfe the more angry. These thoughts indeed not staying, but whetting their angry swords, which now had put on the apparell of cruelty: they bleeding so abundantly, that every body that saw them fainted for them, and yet they fainted not in themselves: their smart being more sensible to others eyes, than to their owne feeling. Wrath and Courage barring the common sense from bringing any message of their case to the mind: Paine, Wearinesse, and Weaknesse, not daring to make known their case (though already in the limits of death) in the presence of so violent fury: which filling the veines with rage, in stead of bloud, and making the mind minister spirits to the body, a great while held out their fight, like an arrow

shot

ſhot upward by the force of the bow, though by his owne nature hee would goe downeward. The Forſaken Knight had the more wounds, but *Amphialus* had the ſorer; which the other (watching time and place) had cunningly given unto him. Who ever ſaw a well mann'd Galley fight with a tall Ship, might make unto himſelfe ſome kind of compariſon of the difference of theſe two Knights; a better couple than which the world could not bragge of. *Amphialus* ſeemed to excell in ſtrength, the Forſaken Knight in nimbleneſſe; and yet did the ones ſtrength excell in nimbleneſſe, & the others nimbleneſſe excell in ſtrength: but now ſtrength and nimbleneſſe were both gone, and exceſſe of courage onely maintained the fight. Three times had *Amphialus* with his mighty blowes driven the Forſaken Knight to goe ſtaggering backward, but every one of thoſe times he requited paine with ſmart, and ſhame with repulſe. And now, whether hee had cauſe, or that overmuch confidence (an overforward ſcholar of unconquered Courage) made him thinke he had cauſe, he began to perſwade himſelfe hee had the advantage of the combat, though the advantage he took himſelfe to have, was onely that he ſhould be the latter to die: which hope, Hate (as unſecret as Love) could not conceale, but drawing himſelfe a little backe from him, brake out into theſe manner of words.

Ah *Amphialus* (ſaid the Forſaken Knight) this third time thou ſhalt not eſcape me, but thy death ſhall ſatisfie thy injurie and my malice, and pay for the cruelty thou ſhewedſt in killing the noble *Argalus* and the faire *Parthenia*. In troth (ſaid *Amphialus*) thou art the beſt knight that ever I fought withall, which would make me willing to grant thee thy life, if thy wit were as good as thy courage; that (beſides other follies) layeſt that to my charge, which moſt againſt my will was committed. But whether my death be in thy power, or no, let this tell thee, and upon the word wayted a blow, which parted his ſhield into two pieces; and deſpiſing the weake reſiſtance of his already broken armour, made a great breach into his heart ſide, as if he would make a paſſage for his love to get out at.

But paine rather ſeemed to increaſe life, than to weaken life in thoſe champions. For the Forſaken knight comming in with his right leg, and making it guide the force of the blow, ſtrooke *Amphialus* upon the belly ſo horrible a wound, that his guts came out withall. Which *Amphialus* perceiving (fearing death only becauſe it ſhould come with overthrow) hee ſeemed to conjure all his ſtrength for one moments ſervice; and ſo lifting up his ſword with both hands, hit the Forſaken Knight upon the head, a blow, wherewith his ſword brake. But (as if it would do a notable ſervice before it died) it prevailed ſo even in the inſtant of breaking, that the Forſaken Knight fell to the ground, quite for that inſtant forgetting both love and hatred: and *Amphialus* (finding himſelf alſo in ſuch weakneſs, as he looked for ſpeedy death) glad of the victory, though little hoping to enjoy it, puld up his viſar, meaning with his dagger to give him death; but in ſtead of death he gave him life: for the ayre ſo revived his ſpirits, that comming to himſelfe, and ſeeing his preſent danger, with a life-conquering death, he took *Amphialus* by the thigh, & together roſe himſelfe & overturned him. But *Amphialus* ſcrambled up againe, both now ſo weake indeed, as their motions rather ſeemed after-drops to a ſtorme, than any matter of great furie.

But *Amphialus* might repent himſelfe of his wilfull breaking his good ſword: for the Forſaken knight (having with the extremity of juſtly-conceived hate, and the unpitifulneſſe of his own neare-threatning death, blotted out all complements of curteſie) let flye at him ſo cruelly, that though the blowes were weake, yet weakneſſe upon a weakned ſubject proved ſuch ſtrength, that *Amphialus* having attempted in vaine once or twice to cloſe with him, receiving wound upon wound ſent his whole

whole burthen to ſtrike the earth with falling, ſince he could ſtrike his foe no better in ſtanding: giving no other tokens of himſelfe, than as of a man even ready to take his oath to be deaths true ſervant.

Which when the hardy brothers of *Anaxius* perceived, not recking law of armes nor uſe of chivalrie, they flew in to defend their friend, or revenge their loſſe of him. But they were forthwith encountred with the two brave companions of the forſaken Knight, whereof the one being all in green, both armour and furniture, it ſeemed a pleaſant Garden, wherein grew Orange trees; which, with their golden fruits, cunningly beaten in and embroydered, greatly enriched the eye-pleaſing colour of greene. In his ſhield was a ſheep feeding in a pleaſant field, with this word, *Without feare or envy*; and therefore was called the Knight of the ſheepe. The other kinght was all in milke white, his attiring elſe all cut in ſtars, which made of cloth of ſilver, and ſilver ſpangles, each way ſeemed to caſt many aſpects: his device was the very Pole it ſelfe, about which many ſtarres ſtirring, but the place it ſelfe left voyd: The word was, *The beſt place yet reſerved*. But theſe foure Knights inheriting the hate of their friends, began a moſt fierce combat: the forſaken Knight himſelfe not able to helpe his ſide, but was driven to ſit him downe, with the extreme faintneſſe of his more and more fainting body. But thoſe valiant couples ſeeking honour by diſhonouring, and to build ſafety upon ruine, gave new appetites to the almoſt glutted eyes of the beholders, and now bloud began to put ſweat from the full poſſeſſion of their out-ſides, no advantage being yet to bee ſeene, onely the Knight of the ſheep ſeeming moſt deliver, and affecting almoſt all that viewed him, when a companie of ſouldiers ſent by *Cecropia*, came out in boats to the Iſland, and all came running to the deſtruction of the three Knights, whereof one was utterly unable to defend himſelfe.

But then did the other two Knights ſhew their wonderfull courage and fidelitie. For turning back to back, and both beſtriding the blacke forſaken knight (who had fainted ſo long till hee had loſt the feeling of faintneſſe) they held play againſt the reſt, though the two brothers unknightly helped them; till *Philanax* (who watchfully attended ſuch trayterous practices) ſent likewiſe over both by boat & ſwimming, ſo choice a number, as did put moſt of the other to the ſword: onely the two brothers, with ſome of the braveſt of them, carrying away the body of *Amphialus*, which they would rather have dyed than have left behind.

So was the forſaken Knight (laid upon cloaks) carryed home to the camp. But his two friends, knowing his earneſt deſire not to be knowne, covering him from any bodies eies, conveyed him to their owne tent: *Baſilius* himſelfe conquering his earneſt deſire to ſee him, with feare to diſpleaſe him, who had fought ſo notably in his quarrell. But fame ſet the honour upon his backe, which he would not ſuffer to ſhine in his face: no mans mouth being barren of praiſes to the noble knights, that had battered the moſt eſteemed knight in the world: every body praying for his life, and thinking that therein they prayed for themſelves. But he himſelfe, when by the diligent care of friends, and well applyed cunning of Surgeons, hee came to renew againe the league betweene his minde and body; then fell he to a freſh warre with his owne thoughts, wrongfully condemning his manhood, laying cowardiſe to himſelfe, whom the impudenteſt backbiter would not ſo have wronged. For his courage (uſed to uſe victorie as an inheritance) could brooke no reſiſtance at any time: but now that he had promiſed himſelfe not onely the conqueſt of him, but the ſcaling of the walls, and deliverie of *Pamela*, though hee had done beyond all others expectation, yet ſo ſhort was he of his owne, that he hated to looke upon the Sunne,

Sunne, that had ſeen him doe ſo weakely: and ſo much abhorred all viſitation or honour, whereof he thought himſelf unworthy, that he beſought his two noble friends to carry him away to a caſtle not far off, where he might cure his wounds, and never be known till he made ſucceſſe excuſe this (as he thought) want in him. They lovingly obeyed him, leaving *Baſilius* and all the campe very ſorry for the parting of theſe three unknown knights, in whoſe proweſs they had repoſed greateſt truſt of victory.

But they being gone, *Baſilius* and *Philanax* gave good order to the ſtrengthening of the ſiege, fortifying themſelves ſo, as they feared no more any ſuch ſudden onſet, as that of *Anaxius*. And they within (by reaſon of *Anaxius* hurt, but eſpecially of *Amphialus* his) gave themſelves only to a diligent watch and ward, making no ſallies out, but committing the principall truſt to *Zoilus* and *Lycurgus*: for *Anaxius* was yet forced to keepe his chamber. And as for *Amphialus*, his body had ſuch wounds, and hee gave ſuch wounds to his minde, as eaſily it could not bee determined, whether death or hee made the greater haſte one to another: for when the diligent care of cunning Chirurgious had brought life to the poſſeſſion of his own right, Sorrow and Shame (like two corrupted ſervants) came waiting on it, perſwading nothing but the giving over of it ſelfe to deſtruction. They laid before his eyes his preſent caſe, painting every piece of it in moſt ugly colours: they ſhewed him his love wrapped in deſpaire, his fame blotted by overthrow; ſo that if before he languiſhed becauſe he could not obtaine his deſiring, hee now lamented, becauſe hee durſt not deſire the obtaining. Recreant *Amphialus* (would he ſay to himſelfe) how dareſt thou entitle thy ſelfe the lover of *Philoclea*, that haſte neither ſhewed thy ſelfe a faithfull coward, nor a valiant rebell, but both rebellious and cowardly, which no law can quite, nor grace have pitie of? Alas life, what little pleaſure thou doſt me, to give me nothing but ſenſe of reproach, and exerciſe of ruine? I would (ſweet *Philoclea*) I had died, before thy eyes had ſeene my weakneſſe: and then prechance with ſome ſigh thou wouldeſt have confeſſed, thou hadſt loſt a worthy ſervant. But now, caytife that I am, what ever I have done, ſerves but to build up my rivals glory. To theſe ſpeeches he would couple ſuch geſtures of vexation, and would fortifie the geſtures with ſuch effects of fury, as ſometimes offering to teare up his wounds, ſometimes to refuſe the ſuſtenance of meat, and counſell of Phyſitians, that his perplexed Mother was driven to make him by force to bee tended, with extreme corſey to her ſelfe, and annoyance to him: till in the end hee was contented to promiſe her, hee would attempt no violence upon himſelfe, upon condition he might be troubled by no body but onely his Phyſitians, his melancholy deteſting all company, ſo as not the very Chirurgions nor ſervants durſt ſpeake unto him in doing him ſervice: only he had prayed his mother, as ſhe tendred his life, ſhe would procure him grace, and that without that ſhe would never come at him more.

His mother, who had confined all her love onely unto him, ſet onely ſuch about him as were abſolutely at her commandement; whom ſhee forbad to let him know any thing that paſſed in the caſtle, till his wounds were cured, but as ſhe from time to time ſhould inſtruct them: ſhe (for her ſelfe) being reſolved, now ſhe had the governement of all things in her own hands, to ſatisfie her ſonnes love by their yeelding, or ſatisfie her owne revenge in their puniſhment. Yet firſt, becauſe ſhe would bee the freer from outward force, ſhee ſent a meſſenger to the campe to denounce unto *Baſilius*, that if hee did not preſently raiſe his ſiege, ſhee would cauſe the heads of the three Ladies, priſoners, to be cut off before his eyes. And to make him the more feare a preſent performance, ſhe cauſed his two daughters and *Zelmane* to be led unto the walls, where ſhe had made a ſcaffold, eaſie to be ſeene by *Baſilius*: and

there

there caused them to be kept as ready for the slaughter, till answer came from *Basilius*. A sight full of pity it was, to see those three (all excelling in all those excellencies, wherewith Nature can beautifie any body: *Pamela* giving sweetnesse to majestie, *Philoclea* enriching nobleness with humbleness, *Zelmane* setting in a womanly beautie manlike valour) to bee thus subjected to the basest injury of unjust fortune. One might see in *Pamela* a willingnesse to dye, rather than to have life at others discretion, though sometimes a Princely disdain would sparkle out of her Princely eies, that it should be in others power to force her to die. In *Philoclea* a pretty feare came up, to endamaske her rosie cheekes: but it was such a feare, as rather seemed a kindly child to her innate humbleness, than any other dismayednesse: or if she were dismaied, it was more for *Zelmane*, than for herselfe; or if more for her selfe, it was because *Zelmane* should lose her. As for *Zelmane* as she went with her hands bound (for they durst not adventure on her well knowne valour, especially among a people, which perchance might bee moved by such a spectacle to some revolt) shee was the true image of over-mastred courage, and of spite, that sees no remedy. For her breast swelled, withall the bloud burst out at her nose, and shee looked paler than accustomed, with her eyes cast on the ground, with such a grace, as if she were fallen out with the heavens for suffering such an injury. The lookers on were so moved withall, as they misliked what themselves did, and yet still did what themselves misliked. For some glad to rid themselves of the dangerous annoyance of this siege, some willing to shorten the way to *Amphialus* succession (whereon they were dependents) some, and the greatest some, doing because others did, and suffering because none durst begin to hinder, did in this sort set their hands to this (in their owne conscience) wicked enterprise.

But when this message was brought to *Basilius*, and that this pitifull preparation was a sufficient letter of credit for him to beleeve it, he called unto him his chiefe Counsellours: among which those he chiefly trusted were *Philanax*, and *Kalander*, lately come to the Campe at *Basilius* commandement, and in himselfe weary of his solitary life, wanting his sonnes presence, and never having heard from his beloved guests since they parted from him. Now in this doubt what he should doe, he willed *Kalander* to give him his advice: who spake much to this purpose. You command me, Sir (said he) to speake rather because you will keepe your wonted grave & noble manner, to doe nothing of importance without counsel, than that in this cause (which indeed hath but one way) your mind needs to have any counsel: so as my speech shall rather bee to confirme what you have already determined, than to argue against any possibility of other determination. For what sophisticall scholler can find any question in this, whether you will have your incomparable daughters live or die? whether since you be here to cause their deliverance, you will make your being here the cause of their destruction? for nothing can be more unsensible, than to thinke what one doth, and to forget the end why it is done. Doe therefore as I am sure you meane to doe, remove the siege, and after seeke by practice, or other gentle meanes, to recover that which by force you cannot: and thereof is indeed (when it pleaseth you) more counsell to be taken. Once, in extremities the winning of time is the purchase of life, and worse by no meanes than their deaths can befal unto you. A man might use more words, if it were to any purpose to gild gold, or that I had any cause to doubt of your mind: but you are wise, and are a father. He said no more, for he durst not attempt to perswade the marrying of his daughter to *Amphialus*, but left that to bring in at another consultation. But *Basilius* made signe to *Philanax*, who standing a while in a maze, as inwardly perplexed, at last thus delivered his opinion.

If

If ever I could wish my faith untryed, & my counsell untrusted, it should be at this time; when in truth I must confesse I would be content to purchase silence with discredit. But since you command, I obey: only let me say thus much, that I obey not to these excellent Ladies father, but to my Prince; & a Prince it is to whom I give counsel. Therfore as to a Prince, I say, that the grave, & (I well know) true-minded counsel of my Lord *Kalander* had come in good time when you first took armes, before all your subjects gat notice of your intention, before so much bloud was spent, and before they were driven to seeke this shift for their last remedy. But if now this force you away, why did you take armes, since you might be sure when ever they were in extremity they would have recourse to this threatning? And for a wise man to take in hand that which his enemy may with a word overthrow, hath in my conceit great incongruity, and as great, so to forethink what his enemy in reason will do. But they threaten they will kil your daughters. What if they promised you, if you removed your siege, they would honourably send home your daughters? would you be angled by their promses? truely no more ought you be terrified by their threatnings. For yet of the two promise binds faith more than threatning. But indeed a Prince of judgement ought not to consider what his enemis promise, or threaten, but what the promisers & threatners in reason will do: and the neareſt conjecture therunto, is what is best for their owne behoofe to doe. They threaten if you remove not, they will kill your daughters: and if you doe remove, what surety have you but that they will kill them? since if the purpose be to cut off all impediments of *Amphialus* ambition, the same cause will continue when you are away; and so much the more encouraged, as the revenging power is absent, & they have the more opportunity to draw their factious friends about them: but if it be for their security only, the same cause will bring forth the same effect, and for their security they will preserve them. But it may be said, No man knowes what desperate folks will do. It is true, & as true that no reason nor policie can prevent what desperate folks will doe: and therefore they are among those dangers, which wisdome is not to reckon. Only let it suffice to take away their despaire, which may be by granting pardon for what is past; so as the Ladies may be freely delivered. And let them that are your subjects trust you that are their Prince; do not you subject your selfe to trust them, who are so untrustie as to be manifest traytors. For if they find you so base minded, as by their threatning to remove your force, what indignity is it, that they would not bring you unto still by the same threatning? Since then, if love stirre them, love will keepe them from murthering what they love; and if ambition provoke them, ambitious they will be when you are away, as well as while you are here; take not away your force, which bars not the one, and bridles the other. For as for their shewes & words, they are but feare-babes, not worthy once to move a worthy mans conceit, which must still consider what in reason they are like to doe. Their despaire, I grant, you shall doe well to prevent: which as it is the last of all resolutions, so no man falls into it, while so good a way as you may offer is open unto them. In summe, you are a Prince, and a father of people, who ought with the eye of wisdome, the hand of fortitude, and the heart of justice, to set downe all private conceits, in comparison of what for the publike is profitable.

Hee would have proceeded on, when *Gynecia* came running in, amazed for her daughter *Pamela*, but mad for *Zelmane*; and falling at *Basilius* feet, besought him to make no delay; using such gestures of compassion in stead of stopped words, that *Basilius*, otherwise enough tender minded, easily granted to raise the siege, which hee saw dangerous to his daughters; but indeed more carefull for *Zelmane*, by whose

besieged

besieged person, the poore old man was streightly besieged: so as to rid him of the famine of his mind, he went in speed away, discharging his souldiers: only leaving the authority, as before, in *Philanax* his hands, he himselfe went with *Gynecia* to a strong Castle of his, where hee tooke counsell how first to deliver *Zelmane*, whom hee called the poore stranger, as though onely Law of hospitality moved him; and for that purpose sent divers messengers to trafficke with *Cecropia*.

But she, by this meanes rid of the present danger of the siege, desired *Zoilus* and *Lycurgus* to take the care (till their brother recovered) of revictualling and furnishing the citie, both with men, and what else wanted, against any new occasion should urge them: shee her selfe disdaining to hearken to *Basilius*, without he would grant his daughter in marriage to her son (which by no means he would be brought unto) bent all the sharpnesse of her malicious wit, how to bring a comfortable grant to her sonne, whereupon she well found no lesse than his life depended. Therefore for a while shee attempted all meanes of eloquent praying, and flattering perswasion, mingling sometimes gifts, sometimes threatnings, as shee had cause to hope, that either open force, or undermining, would best win the castle of their resolution. And ever as much as shee did to *Philoclea*, so much did shee to *Pamela*, though in manner sometimes differing, as shee found fit to levell at the ones noble height, and the others sweet lowlinesse. For though shee knew her sonnes heart had wholly given it selfe to *Philoclea*, yet seeing the equall gifts in *Pamela*, shee hoped a faire grant would recover the sorrow of a faire refusall: cruelly intending the present impoysoning the one, as soone as the others affection were purchased.

But in vaine was all her vaine oratory imployed. *Pamela's* determination was built upon so brave a rocke, that no shot of hers could reach unto it: and *Philoclea* (though humbly seated) was so environed with sweet rivers of cleere vertue, as could neither be battered, nor undermined: her wittie perswasions had wise answers, her eloquence recompenced with sweetnesse, her threatnings repelled with disdain in the one, and patience in the other; her gifts either not accepted, or accepted to obey, but not to bind. So as *Cecropia* in nature violent; cruell, because ambitious; hatefull, for old rooted grudge to their mother; and now spitefull, because she could not prevaile with girles, as she counted them; lastly, drawn on by her love to her son, and held up by a tyrannical authority, forthwith followed the byas of her own crooked disposition, & doubling and redoubling her threatnings, fell to confirme some of her threatned effects; first withdrawing all comfort, both of servants and service from them. But that those excellent Ladies had been used unto, even at home, and then found in themselves how much good the hardnesse of education doth to the resistance of misery. Then dishonourably using them both in diet and lodging, by a contempt to pull downe their thoughts to yeelding. But as before, the consideration of a prison had disgraced all ornaments, so now the same consideration made them attend all diseasefulnesse. Then still as she found those not prevaile, would she goe forward with giving them terrors, sometimes with noise of horror, sometimes with sudden frightings in the night, when the solitary darknesse thereof might easier astonish the disarmed senses. But to all Vertue and Love resisted, strengthened one by the other, when each found it selfe over-vehemently assaulted, *Cecropia* still sweetning her fiercenesses with faire promises, if they would promise faire; that feeling evill, and seeing a way farre better, their minds might the sooner be mollified. But they that could not taste her behaviour, when it was pleasing indeed, could worse now, when they had lost all taste by her injuries.

She resolving all extremities, rather than faile of conquest, pursued on her rugged way

way: letting no day paſſe, without new and new perplexing the poore Ladies mindes, and troubling their bodies; and ſtill ſwelling the more ſhee was ſtopped, and growing hot with her owne doings, at length abominable rage carried her to abſolute tyrannies, ſo that taking with her certaine old women (of wicked diſpoſitions, and apt for envie-ſake to bee cruell to youth and beautie) with a countenance impoyſoned with malice, flew to the ſweet *Philoclea*, as if ſo many Kites ſhould come about a white dove, and matching violent geſtures with miſchievous threatnings, ſhe having a rod in her hand (like a Furie that ſhould carrie wood to the burning of *Diana's* temple) fell to ſcourge that moſt beautifull bodie: Love in vaine holding the ſhield of beautie againſt her blinde crueltie. The Sun drew clouds up to hide his face from ſo pitifull a ſight, and the very ſtone wals did yeeld drops of ſweat for agonie of ſuch a miſchiefe: each ſenſeleſſe thing had ſenſe of pitie; onely they that had ſenſe were ſenſleſſe. Vertue rarely found her worldy weakeneſſe more, than by the oppreſſion of that day: and weeping *Cupid* told his weeping mother, that he was ſorie he was not deafe as well as blinde, that he might never know ſo lamentable a worke. *Philoclea*, with tearfull eyes and ſobbing breaſt (aſſoon as her wearineſſe rather than compaſſion gave her reſpite) kneeled downe to *Cecropia*, and making pitie in her face honourable, and torment delightfull, beſought her, ſince ſhe hated her (for what cauſe ſhe tooke God to witneſſe ſhe knew not) that ſhe would at once take away her life, and not pleaſe her ſelfe with the tormenting of a poore Gentlewoman. If (ſaid ſhe) the common courſe of humanitie cannot move you, nor the having mee in your owne wals cannot claime pitie, nor womanly mercie, nor neere alliance, nor remembrance (how miſerable ſoever now) that I am a Princes daughter; yet let the love (you have often told me) your ſonne beares me, ſo much procure, that for his ſake one death may bee thought enough for mee. I have not lived ſo many yeares, but that one death may bee able to conclude them: neither have my faults (I hope) been ſo many, but that one death may ſatisfie them. It is no great ſuit to an enemy, when but death is deſired. I crave but that. As for the granting your requeſt, know for a certaine you loſe your labour, being every day further off minded from becomming his wife, who uſeth me like a ſlave. But that, in ſtead of getting grace, renued againe *Cecropia's* furie; ſo that (excellent creature) ſhee was newly againe tormented by thoſe helliſh monſters: *Cecropia* uſing no other words, but that ſhe was a proud and ungratefull wench, and that ſhe would teach her to know her owne good, ſince of her ſelfe ſhe would not conceive it. So that with ſilence and patience (like a faire gorgeous armour, hammered on by an ill favoured Smith) ſhe abode her pitileſſe dealing with her; till, rather reſerving her for more, than meaning to end, they left her to an uncomfortable leaſure, to conſider with her ſelfe her fortune; both helpeleſſe, her ſelfe being a priſoner, and hopeleſſe, ſince *Zelmane* was a priſoner; who therein onely was ſhort of the bottome of miſery, that ſhee knew not how unworthily her Angell, by theſe divels, was abuſed: but wanted (God wot) no ſtings of griefe, when thoſe words did but ſtrike upon her heart, that *Philoclea* was a captive, and ſhee not able to ſuccour her. For well ſhe knew the confidence *Philoclea* had in her, and well ſhe knew, *Philoclea* had cauſe to have confidence, and all troden under foote by the whoole of ſenſleſſe fortune. Yet if there be that imperious power in the ſoule, as it can deliver knowledge to another, without bodily organs; ſo vehement were the working of their ſpirits, as one met with other, though themſelves perceived it not, but onely thought it to be the doubling of their owne loving fancies. And that was the onely worldly thing, whereon *Philoclea* reſted her mind, that ſhe knew

ſhe ſhould dye beloved of *Zelmane*, and would dye, rather than to be falſe to *Zelmane*. And ſo this moſt daintie Nymph, eaſing the paine of her mind with thinking of anothers paine; and almoſt forgetting the paine of her bodie, through the paine of her minde, ſhe waſted, even longing for the concluſion of her tedious tragedie.

But for a while ſhe was unviſited, *Cecropia* employing her time in uſing the like cruelty upon *Pamela*, her heart growing not onely to deſire the fruit of puniſhing them, but even to delight in the puniſhing them. But if ever the beames of perfection ſhined through the clouds of affliction, if ever Vertue tooke a bodie to ſhew his elſe unconceivable beautie, it was in *Pamela*. For when Reaſon taught her there was no reſiſtance, (for to juſt reſiſtance firſt her heart was inclined) then with ſo heavenly a quietneſſe, and ſo gracefull a calmeneſſe, did ſhe ſuffer the divers kindes of torments they uſed to her, that while they vexed her faire bodie, it ſeemed that ſhe rather directed than obeyed the vexation. And when *Cecropia* ended, and asked whether her heart would yeeld, ſhe a little ſmiled, but ſuch a ſmiling as ſhewed no love, and yet could not but be lovely. And then, beaſtly woman, ſaid ſhe, follow on, doe what thou wilt and canſt upon me: for I know thy power is not unlimited: Thou maiſt well wracke this ſillie bodie, but thou canſt never overthrow. For my part, I will not doe thee the pleaſure to deſire death of thee: but aſſure thy ſelfe, both my life and death ſhall triumph with honour, laying ſhame upon thy deteſtable tyrannie.

And ſo, in effect, conquering her doing with their ſuffering, while *Cecropia* tryed as many ſorts of paines, as might rather vexe them than ſpoyle them (for that ſhee would not doe while ſhe were in any hope to winne either of them for her ſonne) *Pamela* remained almoſt as much content with triall in her ſelfe, what vertue could doe, as grieved with the miſerie wherein ſhe found her ſelfe plunged; onely ſometimes her thoughts ſofined in her, when with open wings they flew to *Muſidorus*. For then ſhe would thinke with her ſelfe, how grievouſly *Muſidorus* would take this her miſerie; and ſhe, that wept not for her ſelfe, wept yet *Muſidorus* teares, which he would weep for her. For gentle Love did eaſier yeeld to lamentation, than the conſtancie of vertue would elſe admit. Then would ſhee remember the caſe wherein ſhe had left her poore Shepheard, and ſhe that wiſhed death for her ſelfe, feared death for him; and ſhe that condemned in her ſelfe the feebleneſſe of ſorrow, yet thought it great reaſon to bee ſorrie for his ſorrow: and ſhee that long had prayed for the vertuous joyning themſelves together, now thinking to dye her ſelfe, heartily prayed, that long time their fortunes might be ſeparated. Live long, my *Muſidorus* (would ſhee ſay) and let my name live in thy mouth, in thy heart my memorie. Live long, that thou maiſt love long the chaſte love of thy dead *Pamela*. Then would ſhe wiſh to her ſelfe, that no other woman might ever poſſeſſe his heart: and yet ſcarcely the wiſh was made a wiſh, when her ſelfe would finde fault with it, as being too unjuſt, that ſo excellent a man ſhould bee baniſhed from the comfort of life. Then would ſhe fortifie her reſolution, with bethinking the worſt, taking the counſell of vertue and comfort of love.

So theſe Diamonds of the world, whom Nature had made to be preciouſly ſet in the eyes of men, to be the chiefe workes of her workmanſhip, the chiefe ornaments of the world, and Princeſſes of felicitie, by rebellious injury were brought to the uttermoſt diſtreſſe that an enemies heart could wiſh, or a womans ſpite invent: *Cecropia* daily in one or other ſort puniſhing them, ſtill with her evill torments giving them feare of worſe, making the fear it ſelfe the foreſt torment of all; that in the end, wearie of their bodies, they ſhould bee content to beſtow them at her appointment.

But

But as in labour, the more one doth exerciſe it, the more by the doing one is enabled to doe, ſtrength growing upon the worke; ſo as what at firſt would have ſeemed impoſſible, after growes eaſie: ſo theſe Princeſſes, ſecond to none, and farre from any ſecond, only to be matched by themſelves, with the uſe of ſuffering, their mindes gat the habit of ſuffering, ſo as all feares and terrors were to them but ſummons to a battell, wherin they knew before hand they ſhould be victorious, and which in the ſuffering was painefull, being ſuffered, was a trophee to it ſelfe: whereby *Cecropia* found her ſelfe ſtill further off: for, where at firſt ſhe might perchance have perſwaded them to have viſited her ſonne, and have given him ſome comfort in his ſickneſſe, drawing neere to the confines of deaths Kingdome, now they proteſted, that they would never otherwiſe ſpeake to him, than as to their enemie, of moſt unjuſt crueltie towards them, that any time or place could ever make them know.

This made the poyſon ſwell in her cankred breaſt, perceiving that (as in water) the more ſhe graſped the leſſe ſhe held: but yet now having runne ſo long the way of rigor, it was too late in reaſon, and too contrary to her paſſion, to returne to a courſe of meekneſſe. And therefore, taking counſell of one of her old aſſociats (who ſo farre excelled in wickednes, as that ſhe had not only loſt all feeling of conſcience, but had gotten a very glory in evill) in the end they determined, that beating, and other ſuch ſharp dealing, did not ſo much pull downe a womans heart, as it bred anger; and that nothing was more enemie to yeelding than anger: making their tender hearts take on the armour of obſtinacie: (for thus did their wicked minds, blinde to the light of vertue, and owle-eyed in the night of wickedneſſe, interpret it) and that therefore that was no more to be tried. And for feare of death (which no queſtion would doe moſt with them) they had been ſo often threatned, as they began to be familiarly acquainted with it, and learned to eſteeme threatning words to be but words. Therfore the laſt, but beſt way now was, that the one ſeeing indeed the others death, ſhould perceive there was no dallying meant: and then there was no doubt that a womans ſoule would doe ſo much, rather than leave ſo beautifull a bodie.

This being concluded, *Cecropia* went to *Philoclea*, and told her, that now ſhe was to come to the laſt part of the play: for her part, though ſhe found her hard-hearted obſtinacie ſuch, that neither the ſweetneſſe of loving meanes, nor the force of hard meanes could prevaile with her, yet before ſhe would paſſe to a further degree of extremity, ſhe had ſought to winne her ſiſter; in hope that her ſonne might bee in time ſatisfied with the love of ſo faire a Ladie; but finding her alſo rather more than leſſe wilfull, ſhe was now minded that one of their deaths ſhould ſerve for an example to the other, that deſpiſing worthy folkes, was more hurtfull to the deſpiſer than the deſpiſed: that yet becauſe her ſonne eſpecially affected her, and that in her owne ſelfe ſhe was more inclinable to pity her than ſhee had deſerved, ſhee would begin with her ſiſter, who that afternoone ſhould have her head cut off before her face. If in the meane time one of them did not pull out their ill-wrought ſtitches of unkindneſſe, ſhe bad her look for no other, nor longer time than ſhe told her. There was no aſſault given to the ſweet *Philoclea's* minde, that entred ſo far as this: for where to all paines and dangers of her ſelfe, Fore-ſight (with his Lievtenant Reſolution) had made readie defence, now with the love ſhee bare her ſiſter, ſhe was driven to a ſtay before ſhe determined: but long ſhee ſtayed not, before this reaſon did ſhine unto her, that ſince in her ſelfe ſhee preferred death before ſuch a baſe ſervitude, love did teach her to wiſh the ſame to her ſiſter. Therefore croſſing her armes, and looking ſide-ward upon the ground, Doe what you will, ſaid ſhe, with us: for my part, heaven ſhall melt before I be removed. But if you will follow

my counſell, for your owne ſake (for as for prayers for my ſake, I have felt how little they prevaile) let my death firſt ſerve for example to win her, who perchance is not ſo reſolved againſt *Amphialus*; and ſo ſhall you not onely juſtly puniſh mee, (who indeed doe hate both you and your ſonne) but, if that may move you, you ſhall doe more vertuouſly in preſerving one moſt worthy of life, and killing another moſt deſirous of death: laſtly, in winning her, in ſtead of peeviſh unhappie Creature that I am, you ſhall bleſſe your ſonne with the moſt excellent woman in all praiſe-worthie things, that the world holdeth. But *Cecropia* (who had alreadie ſet downe to her ſelfe what ſhe would doe) both with bitter termes and countenance, told her, that ſhe ſhould not need to wooe death over-eagerly: for if her ſiſter going before her did not teach her wit, her ſelfe ſhould quickly follow. For ſince they were not to be gotten, there was no way for her ſonnes quiet, but to know that they were paſt getting. And ſo, ſince no intreating nor threatning might prevaile, ſhe bad her prepare her eyes for a new play, which ſhe ſhould ſee within few houres in the hall of that Caſtle.

A place indeed over-fit for ſo unfit a matter: for being ſo ſtately made, that the bottome of it being even with the ground, the roofe reached as high as any part of the Caſtle, at either end it had convenient lodgings. In the one end was (one ſtorie from the ground) *Philoclea's* abode, in the other of even height, *Pamela's*, and *Zelmane's* in a Chamber above her: but all ſo vaulted of ſtrong and thickly built ſtone, as one could no way heare the other: each of theſe chambers had a little window to looke into the hall: but becauſe the ſiſters ſhould not have ſo much comfort, as to looke one to another, there was (of the out-ſides) curtains drawne, which they could not reach with their hands, ſo barring the reach of their ſight. But then the houre came that the Tragedie ſhould begin, and the curtains were with-drawn from before the windowes of *Zelmane*, and of *Philoclea*: a ſufficient challenge to call their eyes to defend themſelves in ſuch an incounter. And by and by came in at one end of the hall, with about a dozen armed ſouldiers, a Lady, led by a couple, with her hands bound before her: from above her eyes to her lippes muffled with a faire kerchiefe, but from her mouth to the ſhoulders all bare: and ſo was led on to a ſcaffold raiſed a good deale from the floore, and all covered with crimſon velvet. But neither *Zelmane* nor *Philoclea* needed to be told who ſhee was: for the apparrell ſhe ware made them too well aſſured, that it was the admirable *Pamela*. Whereunto the rare whiteneſſe of her naked necke gave ſufficient teſtimonie to their aſtoniſhed ſenſes. But the faire Lady being come to the ſcaffold, and then made to kneele downe, and ſo left by her unkinde ſupporters, as it ſeemed that ſhee was about to ſpeake ſomewhat (whereunto *Philoclea*, poore ſoule, earneſtly liſtned, according to her ſpeech even minding to frame her minde, her heart never till then almoſt wavering to ſave her ſiſters life) before the unfortunate Lady could pronounce three words, the Executioner cut off the ones ſpeech, and the others attention, with making his ſword doe his cruell office upon that beautifull necke. Yet the pitileſſe ſword, had ſuch pitie of ſo precious an object, that at the firſt it did but hit flat-long. But little availed that, ſince the Lady falling downe aſtoniſhed withall, the cruell villaine forced the ſword with another blow to divorce the faire marriage of the head and bodie.

And this was done ſo in an inſtant, that the very act did over-run *Philoclea's* ſorrow (ſorrow not being able ſo quickly to thunder-bolt her heart thorough her ſenſes, but firſt onely oppreſt her with a ſtorme of amazement) but when her eyes ſaw that they did ſee, as condemning themſelves to have ſeene it, they became wearie

wearie of their owne power of ſeeing: and her ſoule then drinking up woe with great draughts, ſhee fell downe to deadly trances: but her waiting Jaylors with cruell pitie brought loathed life into her: which yet many times tooke his leave, as though he would indeed depart: but when he was ſtayed by force, he kept with him deadly ſorrow, which thus exerciſed her mourning ſpeech: *Pamela* my ſiſter, my ſiſter *Pamela*, wo is me for thee, I would I had dyed for thee. *Pamela*, never more ſhall I ſee thee: never more ſhall I enjoy thy ſweet companie, and wiſe counſell. Alas, thou art gone to a beautified heaven, and haſt left me here, who have nothing good in me, but that I did ever love thee, and ever will lament thee. Let this day be noted of all vertuous folkes for moſt unfortunate: let it never be mentioned, but among curſes; and curſed be they that did this miſchiefe, and moſt accurſed be mine eyes that beheld it. Sweet *Pamela*, that head is ſtricken off, where onely wiſdome might be ſpoken withall; that bodie is deſtroyed, which was the living booke of vertue. Deare *Pamela*, how haſt thou left mee to all wretchedneſſe and miſerie; Yet while thou livedſt, in thee I breathed, of thee I hoped. O *Pamela*, how much did I for thy excellencie honour thee, more than my mother, and love thee more than my ſelfe? Never more ſhall I lie with thee: never more ſhall we bathe in the pleaſant river together: never more ſhall I ſee thee in thy Shepheard apparell. But thou art gone, & where am I? *Pamela* is dead; and live I? O my God. And with that ſhe fell againe in a ſwound, ſo as it was a great while before they could bring her to her ſelfe againe. But being come to her ſelfe, Alas (ſaid ſhe) unkinde women, ſince you have given me ſo many deaths, torment me not now with life: for Gods ſake let me goe, and excuſe your hands of more blood. Let me follow my *Pamela*, whom ever I ſought to follow. Alas, *Pamela*, they will not let me come to thee: but if they keep promiſe I ſhall tread thine owne ſteppes after thee. For to what am I borne (miſerable ſoule) but to be moſt unhappie in my ſelfe, and yet more unhappie in others? But O that a thouſand more miſeries had chanced unto me, ſo thou hadſt not dyed: *Pamela*, my ſiſter *Pamela*. And ſo like a lamentable *Philomela* complained ſhe the horrible wrong done to her ſiſter, which if it ſtirr'd not in the wickedly cloſed minds of her tormentors a pity of her ſorrow, yet bred it a wearineſſe of her ſorrow: ſo as onely leaving one to prevent any harme ſhe ſhould doe her ſelfe, the reſt went away, conſulting againe with *Cecropia*, how to make profit of this their late bloudy act.

In the end, that woman that uſed moſt to keepe company with *Zelmane*, told *Cecropia*, that ſhe found by many moſt ſenſible proofes in *Zelmane*, that there was never woman ſo loved another, as ſhe loved *Philoclea*: which was the cauſe that ſhe (further than the commandement of *Cecropia*) had cauſed *Zelmanes* curtaines to be alſo drawne: becauſe having the ſame ſpectacle that *Philoclea* had, ſhee might ſtand in the greater feare for her, whom ſhe loved ſo well: and that indeed ſhe had hit the needle in that device; for never ſaw ſhe creature ſo aſtoniſhed as *Zelmane*, exceedingly ſorrie for *Pamela*, but exceedingly exceeding that exceedingneſſe in feare for *Philoclea*: Therfore her advice was, ſhe ſhould cauſe *Zelmane* to come and ſpeak with *Philoclea*. For there being ſuch vehemencie of friendſhip between them, it was moſt likely both to move *Zelmane* to perſwade, and *Philoclea* to bee perſwaded. *Cecropia* liked well of the counſell, & gave order to the ſame woman to go deale therein with *Zelmane*, and to aſſure her with oath, that *Cecropia* was determined *Philoclea* ſhould paſſe the ſame way that *Pamela* had done, without ſhe did yeeld to ſatisfie the extremitie of her ſons affection: which the woman did, adding thereunto many (as ſhe thought) good reaſons, to make *Zelmane* thinke *Amphialus* a fit match for *Philoclea*.

But *Zelmane* (who had from time to time underſtood the cruell dealing they had

used to the sisters, and now had her own eyes wounded with the sight of ones death) was so confused withall (her courage still rebelling against her wit, desiring still with force to doe impossible matters) that as her desire was stopped with power, so her conceit was darkned with a mist of desire. For blinde Love, and invincible Valour still would cry out, that it could not bee, *Philoclea* should be in so miserable estate, and she not relieve her: and so while she haled her wit to her courage, she drew it from his owne limits. But now *Philoclea's* death (a word able to marshall all his thoughts in order) being come to so short a point, either with small delay to bee suffered, or by the giving her selfe to another to be prevented, she was driven to think, and to desire some leasure of thinking: which the woman granted for that night unto her. A night that was not halfe so black, as her minde; nor halfe so silent, as was fit for her musing thoughts. At last, he that would faine have desperately lost a thousand lives for her sake, could not finde in his heart, that she should lose any life for her owne sake; and hee that despised his owne death in respect of honour, yet could well-nigh dispence with honour it self in respect of *Philoclea's* death: for once the thought could not enter into his heart, nor the breath issue out of his mouth, which could consent to *Philoclea's* death for any bargaine. Then how to prevent the next dregree to death (which was her being possest by another) was the point of his mindes labour: and in that he found no other way, but that *Philoclea* should pretend a yeelding unto *Cecropie's* request; and so by speaking with *Amphialus*, and making faire (but delaying) promises, procure liberty for *Zelmane*; who onely wisht but to come by a sword, not doubting then to destroy them all, and deliver *Philoclea*: so little did both the men, and their forces seeme in her eyes, looking downe upon them from the high top of affections tower.

With that minde therefore (but first well bound) she was brought to *Philoclea*, having already plotted out in her conceit, how she should deale with her: and so came she with heart and eyes, which did each sacrifice other to Love upon the altar of Sorrow: and there had she the pleasing displeasing sight of *Philoclea*: *Philoclea*, whom already the extreme sense of sorrow had brought to a dulnesse therein, her face not without tokens that beautie had beene by many miseries cruelly battered, and yet shewed it most the perfection of that beauty, which could remaine un-overthrowne by such enemies. But when *Zelmane* was set down by her, and the women gone away (because she might be the better perswaded when no bodie was by, that had heard her say she would not be perswaded) then began first the eyes to speake, and the hearts to cry out: Sorrow a while would needs speake his owne language without using their tongues to be his interpreters. At last *Zelmane* brake silence, but spake with the only eloquence of amazement: for all her long methodized oration was inherited onely by such kinde of speeches. Deare Ladie, in extreme necessities we must not. But alas, unfortunate wretch that I am, that I live to see this day. And I take heaven and earth to witnesse, that nothing: and with that her breast swelled so with fire and griefe, that her breath had no leasure to turne it selfe into words. But the sweet *Philoclea* that had already died in *Pamela*, and of the other side had the heavinesse of her heart something quickned in the most beloved sight of *Zelmane*, ghessed somewhat at *Zelmanes* mind, and therefore spake unto her in this sort: My *Pyrocles* (said she) I know this exceeding comfort of your presence, is not brought unto me for any good will that is owed unto me: but (as I suppose) to make you perswade me to save my life with the ransome of mine honour: although no bodie should bee so unfit a pleader in that cause as your selfe, yet perchance you would have me live. Your honour? God forbid (said *Zelmane*) that ever, for any

cause,

cauſe, I ſhould yeeld to any touch of it. But a while to pretend ſome affection, till time, or my libertie might worke ſomething for your ſervice: this, if my aſtoniſhed ſenſes would give me leave, I would faine have perſwaded you.

To what purpoſe my *Pyrocles* (ſaid *Philoclea*)? of a miſerable time what gaine is there? hath *Pamela's* example wrought no more in me? is a captive life ſo much worth? can ever it goe out of theſe lips, that I love any other but *Pyrocles*? ſhall my tongue bee ſo falſe a traitor to my heart, as to ſay I love any other but *Pyrocles*? And why ſhould I doe all this? to live? O *Pamela*, ſiſter *Pamela*, why ſhould I live? onely for thy ſake *Pyrocles*, I would live: but to thee I know too well I ſhall not live; & if not to thee, hath thy love ſo baſe allay, my *Pyrocles*, as to wiſh me to live? For diſſimulation, my *Pyrocles*, my ſimplicitie is ſuch, that I have hardly beene able to keep a ſtraight way, what ſhall I doe in a crooked? But in this caſe there is no meane of diſſimulation, not for the cunningeſt: preſent anſwer is required, and preſent performance upon the anſwer. Art thou ſo terrible, O death? No, my *Pyrocles*; and for that I doe thanke thee, and in my ſoule thanke thee; for I confeſſe the love of thee is herein my chiefeſt vertue. Trouble me not therfore, deare *Pyrocles*, nor double not my death by tormenting my reſolution: ſince I cannot live with thee, I will die for thee. Onely remember me, deare *Pyrocles*, and love the remembrance of me: and, if I may crave ſo much of thee, let me be thy laſt love: for though I be not worthy of thee (who indeed art the worthieſt Creature living) yet remember that my love was a worthie love. But *Pyrocles* was ſo overcome with ſorrow (which wiſedome & vertue made juſt in ſo excellent a Ladies caſe, full of excellent kindneſſe) that words were aſhamed to come forth, knowing how weake they were to expreſſe his minde, and her merit: and therefore ſo ſtayed in a deadly ſilence, forſaken of hope, and forſaking comfort, till the appointed Guardians came in, to ſee the fruits of *Zelmane's* labour: and then *Zelmane*, warned by their preſence, fell again to perſwade, though ſcarcely her ſelfe could tell what; but in ſumme, deſirous of delayes. But *Philoclea*, ſweetly continuing conſtant, and in the end puniſhing her importunity with ſilence, *Zelmane* was faine to end. Yet craving another times conference, ſhe obtained it, and divers others; till at the laſt *Cecropia* found it was to no purpoſe, and therefore determined to follow her owne way. *Zelmane* yet ſtill deſirous to win (by any meanes) reſpite, even waſted with ſorrow and uncertaintie, whether in worſe caſe in her preſence, or abſence, being able to doe nothing for *Philoclea's* ſuccour, but by ſubmitting the greateſt courage of the earth to fall at the feet of *Cecropia*, and crave ſtay of their ſentence, till the uttermoſt was ſeene what her perſwaſions might doe.

Cecropia ſeemed much to be moved by her importunitie, ſo as divers dayes were wonne of painefull life to the excellent *Philoclea*: while *Zelmane* ſuffered ſome hope to cheriſh her minde, eſpecially truſting upon the helpe of *Muſidorus*, who (ſhee knew) would not be idle in this matter; till one morning a noiſe awaked *Zelmane*, from whoſe over-watchfull mind, the tired body had ſtolne a little ſleep: & ſtraight with the firſt opening of her eyes, Care taking his wonted place, ſhe ran to the window which looked into the hall (for that way the noiſe guided her) and there might ſhe ſee (the curtaine being left open ever ſince the laſt execution) ſeven or eight perſons in a cluſter upon the ſcaffold: who by and by retyring themſelves, nothing was to be ſeene thereupon, but a baſon of gold pitifully enamelled with bloud, and in the midſt of it the head of the moſt beautifull *Philoclea*. The horriblenеſſe of the miſchiefe was ſuch, as *Pyrocles* could not at firſt beleeve his owne ſenſes, but bent his wofull eyes to diſcerne it better: where too well he might ſee it was *Philoclea's* ſelfe having no veile, but beautie over her face, which ſtill appeared to bee alive;

ſo

so did those eyes shine, even as they were wont, and they were wont more than any other: and sometimes as they moved, it might well make the beholder thinke, that death therein had borrowed her beautie, and not they any way disgraced by death, so sweet and piercing a grace they carried with them.

It was not a pitie, it was not an amazement, it was not a sorrow which then layd hold on *Pyrocles*, but a wild furie of desperate agonie: so that he cried out, O tyrant heaven, trayton earth, blinde providence, no justice, how is this done? how is this suffered? hath this world a government? If it have, let it poure out all his mischiefs upon me, and see whether it have power to make me more wretched than I am. Did she excell for this? have I prayed for this? abominable hand that did it; detestable divell that commanded it; cursed light that beheld it: and if the light be cursed, what are then mine eyes that have seene it? And have I seen *Philoclea* dead, and doe I live? and have I lived not to helpe her, but to talke of her? and stand I still talking? And with that (carried by the madnesse of anguish, not having a readier way to kill himselfe) he ranne as hard as ever he could with his head against the wall, with intention to braine himselfe: but the haste to doe it, made the doing the slower. For as he came to give the blow, his foot tript, so as it came not with the full force: yet forcible enough to strike him down; and withall to deprive him of his sense, so that he lay a while comforted by the hurt, in that he felt not his discomfort.

And when hee came againe to himselfe, he heard, or he thought he heard, a voice which cried, Revenge, Revenge, unto him; whether indeed it were his good Angell, which used that voice to stay him from unnaturall murdering of himselfe, or that his wandring spirits lighted upon that conceit, and by their weaknesse (subject to apprehensions) supposed they heard it. But that indeed, helped with Vertue, and her valiant servant Anger, stopped him from present destroying of himselfe: yeelding in reason and man-hood, first to destroy man, woman, and childe, that were any way of kinne to them that were accessarie to this cruelties; then to raze the Castle, and to build a sumptuous monument for her sister, and a most sumptuous for her selfe, and then himselfe to dye upon her tombe. This determining in himselfe to do, and to seek all means how (for that purpose) to get out of prison: he was content a while to beare the thirst of death: and yet went he againe to the window, to kisse the beloved head with his eyes; but there saw he nothing but the scaffold, all covered over with scarlet, and nothing but solitarie silence to mourne this mischiefe. But then Sorrow having dispersed it selfe from his heart into all his noble parts, it proclaimed his authoritie, in cries and teares, nor with a more gentle dolefulnesse could poure out his inward evill.

Alas (said he) and is that head taken away too so soone from mine eyes? What, mine eyes, perhaps they envie the excellencie of your sorrow? Indeed, there is nothing now left to become the eyes of all mankinde, but teares? and woe bee to me, if any exceed me in wofulnesse. I doe conjure you all my senses, to accept no object but of sorrow, be ashamed, nay, abhorre to thinke of comfort. Unhappy eyes, you have seene too much, that ever the light should be welcome to you: unhappy eares, you shall never heare the musicke of musicke in her voyce: unhappie heart, that hast lived to feele these pangs. Thou hast done thy worst (World) and cursed bee thou, and cursed art thou, since to thine owne selfe thou hast done the worst thou couldst doe. Exiled Beautie, let onely now thy beautie bee blubbered faces. Widowed Musicke, let now thy tunes bee rorings and lamentations. Orphane Vertue, get thee wings, and flie after her into heaven: here is no dwelling place for thee. Why lived I, alas? Alas, why loved? To die wretched, and to be the example

of

of the heavens hate? And hate and ſpare not, for your worſt blow is ſtriken. Sweet *Philoclea*, thou art gone, and haſt carried with thee my love; and haſt left thy love in me, and I wretched man doe live; I live, to die continually, till thy revenge do give me leave to die: and then die I will, my *Philoclea*, my heart willingly makes this promiſe to it ſelfe. Surely he did not looke upon thee, that gave the cruell blow, for no eye could have abidden to ſee ſuch beautie overthrowne by ſuch miſchiefe. Alas, why ſhould they divide ſuch a head from ſuch a bodie? no other bodie is worthie of that head; no other head is worthy of that body: O yet, if I had taken my laſt leave, if I might have taken a holy kiſſe from that dying mouth. Where art thou Hope, which promiſeſt never to leave a man while he liveth? tell me, what canſt thou hope for? nay tell me, what is there that I would willingly hope after? Wiſhing power (which is accounted infinite) what now is left to wiſh for? She is gone, and gone with her all my hope, all my wiſhing. Love, be aſhamed to be called Love: cruell Hate, unſpeakeable Hate is victorious over thee. Who is there now left, that can juſtifie thy tyrannie, and give reaſon to thy paſſion? O cruell divorce of the ſweeteſt marriage that ever was in Nature: *Philoclea* is dead, and dead is with her all goodneſſe, all ſweetneſſe, all excellencie. *Philoclea* is dead, and yet life is not aſhamed to continue upon the earth. *Philoclea* is dead: O deadly word, which containeth in it ſelfe the uttermoſt of all misfortunes. But happie word when thou ſhalt bee ſaid of me; and long it ſhall not be, before it be ſaid.

Then ſtopping his words with ſighes, drowning his ſighes in teares, and drying againe his teares in rage, he would ſit a while in a wandring muſe, which repreſented nothing but vexations unto him: then throwing himſelfe ſometime upon the floore, and ſometimes upon the bed: then up again, till walking was weariſome and reſt loathſome: and ſo neither ſuffering food, nor ſleep to helpe his afflicted nature, all that day and night he did nothing but weepe *Philoclea*, ſigh *Philoclea*, and cry out *Philoclea*; till as it happened (at that time upon his bed) toward the dawning of the day he heard one ſtirre in his chamber, by the motion of garments; and with an angry voyce asked, Who was there? A poore Gentlewoman (anſwered the party) that wiſh long life unto you. And I ſoone death unto you (ſaid he) for the horrible curſe you have given me. Certainly (ſaid ſhee) an unkinde anſwer, and farre unworthy the excellencie of your minde, but not unſutable to the reſt of your behaviour. For moſt part of this night I have heard you (being let into your chamber, you never perceiving it, ſo was your minde eſtranged from your ſenſes) and have heard nothing of *Zelmane* in *Zelmane*, nothing but weake wailings, fitter for ſome nurſe of a village, than ſo famous a creature as you are. O God (cryed out *Pyrocles*) that thou wert a man that uſeſt theſe words unto me. I tell thee I am ſorry, I tell thee I will be ſorry in deſpite of thee, and all them that would have me joyfull. And yet, replyed ſhe, perchance *Philoclea* is not dead, whom you ſo much bemone. I would we were both dead on that condition, ſaid *Pyrocles*. See the folly of your paſſion (ſaid ſhe) as though you ſhould be nearer to her, you being dead, and ſhe alive, than ſhee being dead and you alive: and if ſhe be dead, was ſhee not borne to dye? what then doe you cry out for? not for her, who muſt have dyed one time or other; but for ſome few yeares: ſo as it is time and this world, that ſeeme ſo lovely things, and not *Philoclea* unto you. O noble ſiſters (cryed *Pyrocles*) now you be gone (who were the only exalters of all womankinde) what is left in that ſex, but babling and buſineſſe? And truly, ſaid ſhe, I will yet a little longer trouble you. Nay, I pray you doe, ſaid *Pyrocles*, for I wiſh for nothing in my ſhort life but miſchiefes & cumbers: and I am content you ſhall be one of them. In truth, ſaid ſhe, you would thinke your ſelfe a greatly

greatly priviledged perſon, if ſince the ſtrongeſt building, and laſtingeſt monarchies are ſubject to end, onely your *Philoclea*, becauſe ſhe is yours, ſhould be exempted. But indeed you bemone your ſelfe, who have loſt a friend; you cannot her, who hath in one act both preſerved her honour, and left the miſeries of this World. O womans Philoſophie, childiſh follie, ſaid *Pyrocles*! as though I doe bemone my ſelf, I have not reaſon ſo to doe, having loſt more than any Monarchie, nay than my life can be worth unto me. Alas, ſaid ſhe, comfort your ſelfe; Nature did not forget her skill when ſhee made them: you ſhall finde many their ſuperiours, and perchance ſuch, as (when your eyes ſhall looke abroad) your ſelfe will like better.

But that ſpeech put all good manners out of the conceit of *Pyrocles*; in ſo much, that leaping out of his bed, he ran to have ſtriken her: but comming neare her (the morning then winning the field of darkneſſe) he ſaw, or he thought he ſaw, indeed, the very face of *Philoclea*: the ſame ſweetneſſe, the ſame grace, the ſame beautie: with which, carried into a divine aſtoniſhment, he fell downe at her feet. Moſt bleſſed Angell, ſaid he, well haſt thou done to take that ſhape, ſince thou wouldeſt ſubmit thy ſelfe to mortall ſenſe; for a more Angelicall form could not have bin created for thee. Alas, even by that excellent beauty, ſo beloved of me, let it be lawfull for me to aske of thee, what is the cauſe that ſhe, that heavenly creature, whoſe forme you have taken, ſhould by the heavens be deſtined to ſo unripe an end? Why ſhould unjuſtice ſo prevaile? Why was ſhe ſeene to the world, ſo ſoone to bee raviſhed from us? Why was ſhe not ſuffered to live, to teach the world perfection? Do not deceive thy ſelfe; anſwered ſhe, I am no Angell; I am *Philoclea*, the ſame *Philoclea*, ſo truly loving you, ſo truly beloved of you. If it bee ſo, ſaid hee, that you are indeed the ſoule of *Philoclea*, you have done well to keepe your owne figure: for no heaven could have given you a better; then alas why have you taken the paines to leave your bliſſefull ſeat to come to this place moſt wretched; to me, who am wretchedneſſe it ſelfe; and not rather obtaine for me, that I might come where you are, there eternally to behold, and eternally to love your beauties? You know (I know) that I deſire nothing but death, which I only ſtay to be juſtly revenged of your unjuſt murtherers. Deare *Pyrocles*, ſaid ſhe, I am thy *Philoclea*, and as yet living: not murdered, as you ſuppoſed, and therefore be comforted; and with that gave him her hand. But the ſweet touch of that hand ſeemed to his eſtrayed powers ſo heavenly a thing, that it rather for a while confirmed him in his former beliefe: till ſhe with vehement proteſtations (and deſire that it might be ſo, helping to perſwade that it was ſo) brought him to yeeld; yet doubtfully to yeeld to this height of all comfort, that *Philoclea* lived. Which witneſſing with teares of joy, Alas, ſaid hee, how ſhall I beleeve mine eyes any more? or doe you yet but appeare thus unto me, to ſtay me from ſome deſperate end? For alas, I ſaw the excellent *Pamela* beheaded: I ſaw your head (the head indeed, and chiefe part of all Natures workes) ſtanding in a diſh of gold, too meane a ſhrine, God wot, for ſuch a relique. How can this bee, my onely Deare, and you live? or if this be not ſo, how can I beleeve mine own ſenſes? and if I cannot beleeve them, why ſhould I beleeve theſe bleſſed tidings they bring me?

The truth is, ſaid ſhe, my *Pyrocles*, that neither I, as you finde, nor yet my deare ſiſter is dead: although the miſchievouſly ſubtle *Cecropia* uſed ſleights to make either of us thinke ſo of other. For having in vaine attempted the fartheſt of her wicked eloquence, to make either of us yeeld to her ſonne: and ſeeing that neither it, accompanied with great flatteries and rich preſents, could get any ground of us, nor yet the violent way ſhe fell into, of cruelly tormenting our bodies, could prevaile with us,

us, at laſt, ſhe made eyther of us thinke the other dead, and ſo hoped to have wreſted our minds to the forgetting of vertue: and firſt ſhe gave to mine eyes the miſerable ſpectacle of my ſiſters (as I thought) death: but indeed it was not my ſiſter, it was onely *Arteſia*, ſhe who ſo cunningly brought us to this miſerie. Truly I am ſorry for the poore Gentlewoman, though juſtly ſhee bee puniſhed for her double falſhood: but *Arteſia* muffled ſo, as you could not eaſily diſcerne her, and in my ſiſters apparell (which they had taken from her under colour of giving her other) did they execute: And when I (for thy ſake eſpecially deare *Pyrocles*) could by no force nor feare be won, they aſſayed the like with my ſiſter, by bringing me downe under the ſcaffold, and making me thruſt my head up through a hole they had made therein, they did put about my poore neck a diſh of gold, whereout they had beaten the bottome, ſo as having ſet blood in it, you ſaw how I played the part of death (God knowes even willing to have done it in earneſt) and ſo had they ſet me, that I reached but on tiptoes to the ground, ſo as ſcarcely I could breathe, much leſſe ſpeake: And truly if they had kept me there any whit longer, they had ſtrangled me in ſtead of beheading me: but when they took me away, and ſeeking to ſee their iſſue of this practiſe, they found my noble ſiſter (for the deare love ſhe vouchſafeth to beare me) ſo greeved withall, that ſhee willed them to doe their uttermoſt cruelty unto her: for ſhe vowed never to receive ſuſtenance of them that had beene the cauſers of my murther: and finding both of us even given over, not like to live many houres longer, and my ſiſter *Pamela* rather worſe than my ſelfe (the ſtrength of her heart worſe bearing thoſe indignities) the good woman *Cecropia* (with the ſame pitie as folkes keep fowle, when they are not fat enough for their eating) made us know her deceipt, and let us come one to another; with what joy you can well imagine, who I know feele the like; ſaving that we only thought our ſelves reſerved to miſeries, and therefore fitter for condoling than congratulating. For my part, I am fully perſwaded, it is but with a little reſpite, to have a more feeling ſenſe of the torments ſhee prepares for us. True it is, that one of my guardians would have mee to beleeve, that this proceeds from my gentle coſin *Amphialus*: who having heard ſome inkling that we were evill intreated, had called his mother to his bed ſide, from whence he never roſe ſince his laſt combate, and beſought, and charged her upon all the love ſhe bare him, to uſe us with all kindneſſe: vowing with all the imprecations he could imagine, that if ever he underſtood, for his ſake that I received further hurt than the want of my liberty, he would not live an houre longer. And the good woman ſware to me that he would kill his mother, if he knew how I had been dealt with; but that *Cecropia* keeps him from underſtanding things how they paſſe; onely having heard a whiſpering, and my ſelfe named, he had (of abundance, forſooth, of honourable love) given this charge for us; whereupon this inlargement of mine was growne: for my part, I know too well their cunning (who leave no money unoffered that may buy mine honour) to beleeve any word they ſay, but, my deare *Pyrocles*, even looke for the worſt, and prepare thy ſelfe for the ſame. Yet I muſt confeſſe, I was content to robbe from death, and borrow of my miſerie the ſweet comfort of ſeeing my ſweet ſiſter, and moſt ſweet comfort of thee my *Pyrocles*. And ſo having leave, I came ſtealing into your chamber: where (O Lord) what a joy it was unto me, to heare you ſolemnize the funerals of the poore *Philoclea!* That I my ſelfe might live to heare my death bewailed! and by whom? by my deare *Pyrocles*. That I ſaw death was not ſtrong enough to divide thy love from me! O my *Pyrocles*, I am too well payed for my paines I have ſuffered: joyfull is my woe for ſo noble a cauſe; and welcome be all miſeries, ſince to thee I am ſo welcome.

Alas

Alas how I pitied to heare thy pitie of me! and yet a great while I could not finde in my heart to interrupt thee, but often had even pleaſure to weepe with thee: and ſo kindely came forth thy lamentations, that they inforced mee to lament too, as if indeed I had beene a looker on, to ſee poore *Philoclea* dye. Till at laſt I ſpake with you, to try whether I could remove thee from ſorrow, till I had almoſt procured my ſelfe a beating. And with that ſhe pretily ſmiled; which, mingled with her teares, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleaſure, or a delightfull ſorrow: but like when a few April drops are ſcattered by a gentle *Zephyrus* among fine coloured flowers. But *Pyrocles*, who had felt (with ſo ſmall diſtance of time) in himſelfe the overthrow both of hope and deſpaire, knew not to what Key hee ſhould tune his minde, either of joy or ſorrow. But finding perfect reaſon in neither, ſuffered himſelfe to be carried by the tide of his imagination, and his imaginations to be raiſed even by the ſway which hearing or ſeeing might give unto them: hee ſaw her alive, hee was glad to ſee her alive; he ſaw her weep, he was ſorry to ſee her weep; he heard her comfortable ſpeeches, nothing more gladſome; he heard her prognoſticating her owne deſtruction, nothing more dolefull. But when hee had a little taken breath from the panting motion of ſuch contrarieties in paſſions, hee fell to conſider with her of her preſent eſtate, both comforting her, that certainely the worſt of this ſtorme was paſt, ſince already they had done the worſt which mans wit could imagine: and that if they had determined to have killed her, now they would have done it: and alſo earneſtly counſelling her, and enabling his counſels with vehement prayers, that ſhe would ſo farre ſecond the hopes of *Amphialus*, as that ſhe might but procure him libertie; promiſing then as much to her, as the liberalitie of loving courage durſt promiſe to himſelfe.

But who could lively deſcribe the manner of theſe ſpeeches, ſhould paint out the lightſome colours of affection, ſhaded with the deepeſt ſhadowes of ſorrow, finding then between hope and feare, a kinde of ſweetneſſe in teares; till *Philoclea*, content to receive a kiſſe, and but a kiſſe of *Pyrocles*, ſealed up his moving lips, and cloſed them up in comfort: and her ſelfe (for the paſſage was left betweene them open) went to her ſiſter; with whom ſhee ſtayed but a while, fortifying one another (while *Philoclea* tempered *Pamela's* juſt diſdain, and *Pamela* enabled *Philoclea's* ſweete humbleneſſe) when *Amphialus* came unto them: who never ſince he had heard *Philoclea* named, could bee quiet in himſelfe, although none of them about him (fearing more his mothers violence than his power) would diſcover what had paſſed: and many meſſengers he ſent to know her eſtate, which brought anſwer backe, according as it pleaſed *Cecropia* to endite them, till his heart full of unfortunate affection, more and more miſgiving him, having impatiently borne the delay of the nights unfitneſſe, this morning he gate up, and though full of wounds (which not without danger could ſuffer ſuch exerciſe) he apparelled himſelfe, and with a countenance that ſhewed ſtrength in nothing but in griefe, hee came where the ſiſters were; and weakly kneeling downe, he beſought them to pardon him, if they had not beene uſed in that Caſtle according to their worthineſſe, and his duty; beginning to excuſe ſmall matters, poore Gentleman, not knowing in what ſort they had been handled.

But *Pamela's* high heart (having conceived mortall hate for the injurie offered to her and her ſiſter) could ſcarcely abide his ſight, much leſſe heare out his excuſes, but interrupted him with theſe words. Traytor (ſaid ſhe) to thine owne blood, and falſe to the profeſſion of ſo much love as thou haſt vowed, doe not defile our eares with thy excuſes, but purſue on thy cruelty, that thou and thy godly mother have

uſed

uſed towards us: for my part aſſure thy ſelf, and ſo do I anſwer for my ſiſter (whoſe mind I know) I doe not more deſire mine owne ſafety than thy deſtruction. Amazed with this ſpeech, he turned his eye, full of humble ſorrowfulneſſe, to *Philoclea*. And is this (moſt excellent Lady) your doome of me alſo? Shee, ſweet Lady, fate weeping: for as her moſt noble kinſman, ſhee had ever favoured him, and loved his love, though ſhe could not be in love with his perſon: and now partly unkindneſſe of his wrong, partly pity of his caſe, made her ſweet mind yeeld ſome teares, before ſhe could anſwer; and her anſwer was no other, but that ſhee had the ſame cauſe as her ſiſter had. He replied no further, but delivering from his heart two or three untaught ſighes, roſe, and with moſt low reverence, went out of their chamber: and ſtraight by threatning torture, learned of one of the women in what terrible manner thoſe Princeſſes had been uſed. But when hee heard it, crying out, O God! and then not able to ſay any more (for his ſpeech went backe to rebound woe upon his heart) he needed no Judge to goe upon him: for no man could ever thinke any other worthy of greater puniſhment, than hee thought himſelfe. Full therefore of the horribleſt deſpaire, which a moſt guilty conſcience could breed, with wild looks promiſing ſome terrible iſſue, underſtanding his mother was upon the top of the Leads, hee caught one of his ſervants ſwords from him, and none of them daring to ſtay him, he went up, carried by fury in ſtead of ſtrength; where ſhe was at that time, muſing how to goe thorough with this matter, and reſolving to make much of her Neeces in ſhew, and ſecretly to impoiſon them; thinking ſince they were not to bee wonne, her ſonnes love would no otherwiſe be mitigated.

But when ſhe ſaw him come in with a ſword drawne, and a looke more terrible than the ſword, ſhe ſtreight was ſtricken with the guiltineſſe of her owne conſcience: yet the well-knowne humbleneſſe of her ſonne ſomewhat animated her, till he comming neerer her, and crying to her, Thou damnable creature, onely fit to bring forth ſuch a monſter of unhappineſſe as I am; ſhe fearing he would have ſtriken her (though indeed he meant it not, but onely intended to kill himſelfe in her preſence) went back ſo far, till ere ſhe were aware, ſhe overthrew her ſelfe from over the Leads, to receive her deaths kiſſe at the ground: and yet was ſhe not ſo happy as preſently to dye, but that ſhe had time with helliſh agonie to ſee her ſonnes miſchiefe (whom ſhe loved ſo well) before her end; when ſhe confeſt (with moſt deſperate, but not repenting minde) the purpoſe ſhe had to impoiſon the Princeſſes, and would then have had them murthered. But every body ſeeing, and glad to ſee her end, had left obedience to her tyrannie.

And (if it could be) her ruine increaſed woe in the noble heart of *Amphialus*; who when he ſaw her fall, had his own rage ſtayed a little with the ſuddenneſſe of her deſtruction. And was I not enough miſerable before, ſaid hee, but that before my end I muſt be the death of my mother? who, how wicked ſoever, yet I would ſhee had received her puniſhment by ſome other. O *Amphialus*, wretched *Amphialus*, thou haſt lived to be the death of thy moſt deare companion and friend *Philoxinus*, and of his father, thy moſt carefull foſter-father. Thou haſt lived to kill a Lady with thine own hands, and ſo excellent and vertuous a Lady as the faire *Parthenia* was: thou haſt lived to ſee they faithfull *Iſmenus* ſlaine in ſuccouring thee, and thou not able to defend him: thou haſt lived to ſhew thy ſelfe ſuch a coward, as that one unknown knight could overcome thee in thy Ladies preſence: thou haſt lived to beare armes againſt thy rightful Prince, thine own uncle: thou haſt lived to be accounted, and juſtly accounted, a traitor, by the moſt excellent perſons that this world holdeth:

thou haſt lived to be the death of her that gave thee life. But ah, wretched *Amphialus*, thou haſt lived, for thy ſake, and by thy authority, to have *Philoclea* tormented; O Heavens, in *Amphialus* Caſtle, where *Amphialus* commanded, tormented, tormented! Torment of my ſoule, *Philoclea* tormented, and thou haſt had ſuch comfort in thy life, as to live all this while. Perchance this hand (uſed onely to miſchievous acts) thinks it were too good a deed to kill me; or elſe filthy hand, onely worthy to kill women, thou art affraid to ſtrike a man. Feare not cowardly hand, for thou ſhalt kill but a cowardly traytor: and doe it gladly, for thou ſhalt kill him whom *Philoclea* hateth. With that furiouſly he tare open his doublet, and ſetting the pommell of the ſword to the ground, and the point to his breaſt, he fell upon it. But the ſword more mercifull than he to himſelfe, with the ſlipping of the pommell the point ſwarved, and raſed him but upon the ſide: yet with the fall his other wounds opened ſo, as he bled in ſuch extremity, that *Charons* boat might very well be carryed in that floud: which yet he ſought to haſten by this meanes. As he opened his doublet, and fell, there fell out *Philoclea*'s knives, which *Cecropia* at the firſt had taken from her, and delivered to her ſon; and he had ever worn them next his heart, as the only relique he had of his Saint: now ſeeing them by him (his ſword being ſo, as weakneſs could not well draw it out from his doublet) he tooke the knives, and pulling one of them out, and many times kiſſing it, and then, firſt with the paſſions of kindneſſe and unkindneſſe melting in teares: O deare knives, you are come in good time, to revenge the wrong I have done you all this while, in keeping you from her bleſſed ſide, and wearing you without your miſtreſſe leave. Alas, be witneſſe with me, yet before I dye (and well you may; for you have laine next my heart) that by my conſent, your excellent miſtreſſe ſhould have had as much honour as this poore place could have brought forth for ſo high an excellencie; and now I am condemned to dye by her mouth. Alas, other, farre other hope would my deſire often have given mee; but other event it hath pleaſed her to lay upon me. Ah *Philoclea* (with that his tears guſhed out, as though they would ſtrive to overflow his bloud) I would yet thou kneweſt how I love thee. Unworthy I am, unhappy I am, falſe I am; but to thee alas, I am not falſe. But what a traytor am I, any way to excuſe him whom ſhee condemneth? Since there is nothing left me, wherein I may doe her ſervice, but in puniſhing him who hath ſo offended her; deare knife, then do your noble miſtreſſes commandement. With that, he ſtabbed himſelfe into divers places of his breaſt and throat, untill thoſe wounds (with the old, freſhly bleeding) brought him to the ſenſeleſſe gate of death. By which time, his ſervants, having with feare of his fury abſtained a while from comming unto him, one of them (preferring dutifull affection before fearefull duty) came in, and there found him ſwimming in his owne bloud, giving a pitifull ſpectacle, where the conqueſt was the conquerors overthrow, and ſelf-ruine the onely triumph of a battell, fought betweene him and himſelfe. The time full of danger, the perſon full of worthineſſe, the maner full of horror, did greatly aſtoniſh all the beholders: ſo as by and by all the towne was full of it, and then of all ages came running up to ſee the beloved body; every body thinking their ſafety bled in his wounds, and their honour died in his deſtruction.

But when it came (and quickly it came) to the eares of his proud friend *Anaxius*, (who by that time was growne well of his wound, but never had come abroad, diſdaining to abaſe himſelfe to the company of any other but of *Amphialus*) hee was exceedingly vexed, either with kindneſſe, or (if a proud heart be not capable thereof) with diſdaine, that he, who had the honour to be called the friend of *Anaxius*, ſhould come to ſuch an unexpected ruine. Therefore then comming abroad, with a face

a face red in anger, and engrained in pride, with liddes raiſed, and eyes levelled from top to toe of them that met him, treading as though hee thought to make the earth ſhake under him, with his hand upon his ſword; ſhort ſpeeches, and diſdainefull anſwers, giving ſtreight order to his two brothers, to goe take the oath of obedience, in his name, of all the Souldiers and Citizens in the Towne: and withall, to ſweare them to revenge the death of *Amphialus* upon *Baſilius*; hee himſelfe went to ſee him, calling for all the Surgeons and Phyſicians there; ſpending ſome time in viewing the body, and threatning them all to be hanged, if they did not heale him. But they (taking view of his wounds, and falling downe at *Anaxius*'s feet) aſſured him that they were mortall, and no poſſible meanes to keepe him above two daies alive: and hee ſtood partly in doubt, to kill, or ſave them, betweene his owne furie, and their humbleneſſe: but vowing with his owne hands to kill the two ſiſters, as cauſers of his friends death: when his brothers came to him, and told him they had done his commandement, in having received the oath of allegeance, with no great difficultie; the moſt part terrified by their valour, and force of their ſervants; and many that had been forward actors in the rebellion, willing to doe any thing, rather than come under the ſubjection of *Baſilius* againe; and ſuch few as durſt gainſay, being cut off by preſent ſlaughter.

But withall (as the chiefe matter of their comming to him) they told *Anaxius* that the faire Queene *Helen* was come, with an honourable retinue, to the towne: humbly deſiring leave to ſee *Amphialus*, whom ſhe had ſought in many places of the world; and laſtly, being returned into her owne country, ſhe heard together of the late ſiege, and of his combat with the ſtrange Knight, who had dangerouſly hurt him. Whereupon, full of loving care (which ſhe was content even to publiſh to the world, how ungratefully ſoever he dealt with her) ſhe had gotten leave of *Baſilius*, to come by his frontiers, to carry away *Amphialus* with her, to the excelleteſt Surgeon then known, whom ſhee had in her countrey; but ſo old, as not able to travell: but had given her ſoveraigne annoyntments, to preſerve his body withall, till hee might bee brought unto him: and that *Baſilius* had granted leave; either naturall kindneſſe prevailing over all the offences done, or rather glad to make any paſſage, which might lead him out of his countrey, and from his daughters. This diſcourſe *Lycurgus* underſtanding of *Helen*, delivered to his brother, with her vehement deſire to ſee the body, and take her laſt farewell of him. *Anaxius*, though hee were fallen out with all womankind (in reſpect of the hate he bare the ſiſters, whom hee accounted murtherers of *Amphialus*) yet at his brothers requeſt, granted her leave. And ſhe, poore Lady, with grievous expectation, and languiſhing deſire, carried her faint legs to the place where he lay, either not breathing, or in all appearance breathing nothing but death.

In which piteous plight when ſhee ſaw him, though ſorrow had ſet before her minde the pitifulleſt conceit thereof that it could paint, yet the preſent ſight went beyond all the former apprehenſions: ſo that beginning to kneele by the body, her ſight ranne from her ſervice, rather than abide ſuch a ſight; and ſhee fell in a ſwoune upon him, as if ſhe could not chooſe but die of his wounds. But when her breath (aweary to bee cloſed up in woe) broke the priſon of her faire lippes, and brought memory (with his ſervant ſenſes) to his naturall office, ſhee yet made the breath convey theſe dolefull words with it. Alas (ſaid ſhee) *Amphialus*, what ſtrange diſaſters be theſe, that having ſought thee ſo long, I ſhould bee now ſorry to finde thee? that theſe eyes ſhould looke upon *Amphialus*, and be grieved withall? that I ſhould have thee in my power without glory, and embrace thee without comfort?

How often have I bleſt the meanes that might bring mee neere thee? Now woe worth the cauſe that brings me ſo neere thee. Often, alas, often haſt thou diſdained my teares: but now, my deare *Amphialus*, receive them: theſe eyes can ſerve for nothing elſe, but to weepe for thee; ſince thou wouldeſt never vouchſafe them thy comfort, yet diſdaine not them thy ſorrow. I would they had beene more deare unto thee; for then hadſt thou lived. Wo is mee that thy noble heart could love who hated thee, and hate who loved thee. Alas, why ſhould not my faith to thee cover my other defects, who onely ſought to make my Crown thy foot-ſtoole, my ſelfe thy ſervant? that was all my ambition; and alas thou diſdainedſt it, to ſerve them, by whom thy incomparable ſelfe wert diſdained. Yet, O *Philoclea*, whereſoever you are, pardon me, if I ſpeake in the bitterneſſe of my ſoule, excellent may you be in all other things (and excellent ſure you are, ſince he loved you) your want of pitie, where the fault onely was infiniteneſſe of deſert, cannot bee excuſed. I would, O God, I would that you had granted his deſerved ſuite of marrying you, and that I had beene your ſerving-maide, to have made my eſtate the foile of your felicity, ſo he had lived. How many weary ſteps have I trodden after thee, while my onely complaint was, that thou wert unkind? Alas, I would now thou wert to be unkind. Alas, why wouldeſt thou not command my ſervice, in perſwading *Philoclea* to love thee? Who could, or (if every one could) who would have recounted thy perfection ſo well as I? who with ſuch kindly paſſions could have ſtirred pitie for thee as I? who ſhould have delivered not onely the words, but the teares I had of thee; and ſo ſhouldeſt thou have exerciſed thy diſdaine in me, and yet uſed my ſervice for thee.

With that the body moving ſomewhat, and giving a grone, full of deaths muſick, ſhe fell upon his face, and kiſt him, and withall cryed out; O miſerable I, that have onely favour by miſery: and then would ſhee have returned to a freſh careere of complaints, when an aged and wiſe Gentleman came to her, and beſought her, to remember what was fit for her greatneſſe, wiſedome and honour: and withall, that it was fitter to ſhew her love, in carrying the body to her excellent ſurgeon, firſt applying ſuch excellent medicines as ſhe had received of him for that purpoſe, rather than onely ſhew her ſelfe a woman-lover in fruitleſſe lamentations. She was ſtreight warned with the obedience of an overthrowne minde, and therefore leaving ſome ſurgeons of her owne to dreſſe the body, went her ſelfe to *Anaxius*; and humbling her ſelfe to him, as low as his owne pride could wiſh, beſought him, that ſince the ſurgeons there had utterly given him over, that he would let her carry him away in her litter with her, ſince the worſt he could have ſhould be to die, and to die in her armes that loved him above all things; and where he ſhould have ſuch monuments erected over him, as were fit for her love, and his worthineſſe: beſeeching him withall, ſince ſhe was in a countrey of enemies (where ſhe truſted more to *Anaxius*'s valour than *Baſilius* promiſe) that he would convey them ſafely out of thoſe territories. Her reaſons ſomething moved him, but nothing throughly perſwaded him, but the laſt requeſt of his help: which he ſtreight promiſed, warranting all ſecurity, as long as that ſword had his maſter alive. She as happy therein as unhappineſs could be (having received as ſmall comfort of her owne ſurgeons as of the others) cauſed yet the body to be eaſily conveyed into the litter: all the people then beginning to roare and cry, as though never till then they had loſt their Lord. And if the terrour of *Anaxius* had not kept them under, they would have mutined rather then ſuffered his body to be carryed away.

But *Anaxius* himſelfe riding before the litter, with the choice men of that place, they

they were affraid even to crie, though they were ready to cry for feare; but (becauſe that they might do) every body forced (even with harming themſelves) to do honour to him: ſome throwing themſelves upon the ground; ſome tearing their clothes, and caſting duſt upon their heads, and ſome even wounding themſelves, and ſprinkling their owne bloud in the aire.

The generall conſort of whoſe mourning, performed ſo the naturall tunes of ſorrow, that even to them (if any ſuch were) that felt not the loſſe, yet others griefe taught them grief; having before both their compaſſionat ſenſe ſo paſſionat a ſpectacle, of a young man of great beauty, beautified with great honour, honoured by great valour, made of ineſtimable value by the noble uſing of it, to lie there languiſhing under the arreſt of death, & a death, where the maner could be no comfort to the diſcomfortableneſs of the matter. But when the body was carried through the gate, and the people (ſaving ſuch as were appointed) not ſuffered to goe further, then was ſuch an univerſall cry, as if they had all had but one life, and all received but one blow.

Which ſo moved *Anaxius* to conſider the loſſe of his friend, that (his minde apter to revenge, than tenderneſſe) he preſently giving order to his brother to keepe the priſoners ſafe and unviſited till his returne from convoying *Helen*, he ſent a meſſenger to the ſiſters, to tell them this courteous meſſage: that at his return, with his own hands he would cut off their heads, and ſend them for tokens to their father.

This meſſage was brought unto the ſiſters, as they ſate at that time together with *Zelmane*, conferring how to carry themſelves, having heard of the death of *Amphialus*. And as no expectation of death is ſo paineful, as where the reſolution is hindred by the intermixing of hopes, ſo did this new alarum, though not remove, yet move ſomewhat the conſtancy of their minds, which were ſo unconſtantly dealt with. But within a while, the excellent *Pamela* had brought her minde againe to his old acquaintance: and then as carefull for her ſiſter (whom ſhe moſt dearely loved) Siſter, ſaid ſhe, you ſee how many acts our Tragedie hath: Fortune is not yet aweary of vexing us: But what? A ſhip is not counted ſtrong by biding one ſtorme: It is but the ſame trumpet of death, which now perhaps gives the loſt ſound: and let us make that profit of our former miſeries, that in them we learned to die willingly. Truely, ſaid *Philoclea*, dear ſiſter, I was ſo beaten with the evils of life, that though I had not vertue enough to deſpiſe the ſweetneſſe of it, yet my weakneſſe bred that ſtrength, to be wearie of the paines of it: only I muſt confeſſe, that little hope, which by theſe late accidents was awaked in me, was at the firſt angry withall. But even in the darkneſſe of that horrour, I ſee a light of comfort appeare; and how can I tread amiſſe, that ſee *Pamela*'s ſteps? I would onely (O that my wiſh might take place) that my ſchool-Miſtreſſe might live, to ſee me ſay my leſſon truly. Were that a life, my *Philoclea*, ſaid *Pamela*? No no (ſaid ſhe) let it come, and put on his worſt face: for at the worſt it is but a bug-beare. Joy is it to me to ſee you ſo well reſolved, and ſince the world will not have us, let it loſe us. Only (with that ſhe ſtayed a little, and ſighed) onely my *Philoclea* (then ſhe bowed down, and whiſpered in her eare) only *Muſidorus*, my ſhepheard, comes betweene me and death, and makes me thinke I ſhould not die, becauſe I know he would not I ſhould die. With that *Philoclea* ſighed alſo, ſaying no more, but looking upon *Zelmane*, who was walking up and downe the chamber, having heard this meſſage from *Anaxius*, and having in time paſt heard of his nature, thought him like enough to performe it, which winded her againe into the former maze of perplexity. Yet debating with her ſelfe of the manner how to prevent it, ſhee continued her muſing humour, little ſaying, or indeed, little finding in her heart to ſay, in a caſe of ſuch extremity, where peremptorily death was

threatned: and ſo ſtayed they, having yet that comfort, that they might tarry together; *Pamela* nobly, *Philoclea* ſweetly, and *Zelmane* ſadly and deſperately; none of them entertaining ſleepe, which they thought ſhould ſhortly begin never to awake.

But *Anaxius* came home, having ſafely conducted *Helen*; and ſafely hee might well doe it: for though many of *Baſilius*'s Knights would have attempted ſomething upon *Anaxius*, by that meanes to deliver the Ladies, yet *Philanax*, having received his maſters commandement, and knowing his word was given, would not conſent unto it. And the blacke knight (who by then was able to carry abroad his wounds) did not know thereof; but was bringing force, by force to deliver his Lady. So as *Anaxius*, interpreting it rather feare than faith, and making even chance an argument of his vertue, returned: and as ſoon as he was returned, with a fellon heart calling his brothers up with him, he went into the chamber, where they were all three together; with ſtill intention to kill the ſiſters with his owne hands, and ſend their heads for tokens to their father; though his brothers (who were otherwiſe enclined) diſſwaded him: but his reverence ſtayed their perſwaſions. But when hee was come into the chamber, with the very words of cholericke threatning climing up his throat, his eyes firſt lighted upon *Pamela*; who hearing he was comming, and looking for death, thought ſhe would keepe her owne majeſty in welcomming it; but the beames thereof ſo ſtrake his eyes, with ſuch a counterbuffe upon his pride, that if his anger could not ſo quickly love, nor his pride ſo eaſily honour, yet both were forced to finde a worthineſſe.

Which while it bred a pauſe in him, *Zelmane* (who had already in her mind both what and how to ſay) ſtept out unto him, and with a reſolute ſtaiedneſſe (void either of anger, kindneſſe, diſdaine, or humbleneſſe) ſpake in this ſort. *Anaxius*, ſaid ſhee, if fame hath not beene over-partiall to thee, thou art a man of exceeding valour: Therefore I do call thee even before that vertue, and will make it the judge between us. And now I doe affirme, that to the eternall blot of all the faire acts that thou haſt done, thou doſt weakely in ſeeking without danger to revenge his death, whoſe life with danger thou mighteſt perhaps have perſerved: thou doſt cowardly in going about by the death of theſe excellent Ladies, to prevent the juſt puniſhment that hereafter they, by the powers which they better than their father, or any other could make, might lay upon thee; and doſt moſt baſely, in once preſenting thy ſelfe as an executioner, a vile office upon men, and in a juſt cauſe; beyond the degree of any vile word, in ſo unjuſt a cauſe, and upon Ladies, and ſuch Ladies. And therefore, as a hangman, I ſay, thou art unworthy to be counted a knight, or to be admitted into the company of knights. Neither for what I ſay, will I alledge other reaſons of wiſedome, or juſtice, to prove my ſpeech, becauſe I know thou doſt diſdaine to be tyed to their rules, but even in thine owne Vertue (whereof thou ſo much glorieſt) I will make my triall: and therefore defie thee, by the death of one of us two, to prove or diſprove theſe reproches. Chuſe thee what arms thou likeſt, I only demand, that theſe Ladies, whom I defend, may in liberty ſee the combat.

When *Zelmane* began her ſpeech, the excellency of her beauty and grace made him a little content to heare. Beſides that, a new leſſon he had read in *Pamela*, had already taught him ſome regard. But when ſhee entred into bravery of ſpeech, hee thought at firſt a mad and rayling humour poſſeſt her: till finding the ſpeeches hold well together, and at length come to flat challenge of combat, he ſtood leaning backe with his body and head, ſometimes with bent browes looking upon the one ſide of her, ſometimes of the other, beyond marvell marvelling, that he, who had never heard

heard ſuch ſpeeches from any knight, ſhould be thus rebuffed by a woman; and that marvell made him heare out her ſpeech. Which ended, hee turned his head to his brother *Zoilus*, and ſaid nothing, but onely lifting up his eyes, ſmiled. But *Zelmane* finding his minde, *Anaxius*, ſaid ſhee, perchance thou diſdaineſt to anſwer me, becauſe (as a woman) thou thinkeſt me not fit to be fought withall. But I tell thee, that I have been trayned up in martiall matters, with ſo good ſucceſſe, that I have many times overcome braver knights than thy ſelfe: and am well knowne to be equall in feates of armes to the famous *Pyrocles*, who ſlue thy valiant uncle, the gyant *Evardes*. The remembrance of his Uncles death ſomething nettled him, ſo as he anſwered thus.

Indeed, ſaid hee, any woman may bee as valiant as that coward, and traytorly boy, who ſlue my Uncle trayterouſly, and after ranne from mee in the plaine field. Five thouſand ſuch could not have overcome *Evardes*, but by falſhood. But I ſought him all over *Aſia*, following him ſtill from one of his cony holes to another, till comming into this Country, I heard of my friends being beſieged, and ſo came to blow away the wretches that troubled him. But whereſoever the miſerable boy flie, heaven, nor hell, ſhall keepe his heart from being torne by theſe hands. Thou lyeſt in thy throat (ſaid *Zelmane*) that boy, where ever hee went, did ſo noble acts, as thy heart (as proud as it is) dares not thinke of, much leſſe perfome. But to pleaſe thee the better with my preſence, I tell thee, no creature can be neerer of kin to him than my ſelfe: and ſo well we love, that hee would not be ſorrier for his own death than for mine: I being begotten by his father of an Amazon Lady. And therefore thou canſt not deviſe to revenge thy ſelfe more upon him, than by killing mee: which if thou dareſt doe, manfully doe it: otherwiſe, if thou harme theſe incomparable Ladies, or my ſelfe, without daring to fight with me, I proteſt before theſe knights, and before heaven and earth (that will reveale thy ſhame) that thou art the beggerlieſt daſtardly villaine that diſhonoureth the earth with his ſteps: and if thou letteſt me over-live them, ſo will I blaze thee. But all this could not move *Anaxius*, but that hee onely ſaid, Evill ſhould it become the terrour of the world to fight, much worſe to ſcold with thee.

But, ſaid he, for the death of theſe ſame (pointing to the Princeſſes) of my grace I give them life. And withall, going to *Pamela*, and offering to take her by the chin, And as for you Minion (ſaid he) yeeld but gently to my will, and you ſhall not onely live, but live ſo happily: He would have ſaid further, when *Pamela*, diſpleaſed both with words, matter, and manner, putting him away with her faire hand, Proud beaſt, ſaid ſhee, yet thou playeſt worſe thy Comedie than thy Tragedie, For my part, aſſure thy ſelfe, ſince my deſtinie is ſuch, that each moment my life and death ſtand in equall ballance, I had rather have thee, and thinke thee farre fitter to be my hangman, than my husband. Pride and anger would faine have cruelly revenged ſo bitter an anſwer, but already *Cupid* had begun to make it his ſport to pull his plumes: ſo that, unuſed to a way of courteſie, and put out of his byas of pride, hee haſtily went away, grumbling to himſelfe, betweene threatning and wiſhing; leaving his brothers with them: the elder of whom, *Lycurgus*, liked *Philoclea*, and *Zoilus* would needs love *Zelmane*, or at leaſt entertaine themſelves with making them beleeve ſo. *Lycurgus* more bragged, and neere his brothers humour, began, with ſetting forth their bloud, their deeds, how many they had deſpiſed of moſt excellent women; how much they were bound to them, that would ſeeke that of them. In ſumme, in all his ſpeeches, more like the beſtower than the deſirer of felicity. Whom it was an excellent paſtime (to

thoſe that would delight in the play of vertue) to ſee with what a witty ignorance ſhe would not underſtand: & how, acknowledging his perfections, ſhe would make that one of his perfections, not to be injurious to Ladies. But when hee knew not how to reply, then would he fall to touching and toying, ſtill viewing his graces in no glaſſe but ſelfe-liking. To which *Philoclea*'s ſhamefac'tneſs and humbleneſs were as ſtrong reſiſters as choler and diſdaine: for though ſhee yeelded not, he thought ſhee was to be overcome: and that thought a while ſtayed him from further violence. But *Zelmane* had eye to his behaviour, and ſet it in her memory upon the ſcore of revenge, while ſhe her ſelfe was no leſſe attempted by *Zoilus*; who leſſe full of brags, was forwardeſt in offering (indeed) diſhonourable violence.

But when after their fruitleſſe labours they had gone away, called by their brother, (who began to be perplexed between new conceived deſires, and diſdaine to be diſdained) *Zelmane* (who with moſt aſſured quietneſſe of judgement looked into their preſent eſtate) earneſtly perſwaded the two ſiſters, that to avoide the miſchiefes of proud outrage, they would onely ſo farre ſute their behaviour to their eſtates, as they might win time; which as it could not bring them to worſe caſe than they were, ſo it might bring forth unexpected reliefe. And why, ſaid *Pamela*, ſhall we any longer flatter adverſitie? Why, ſhould we delight to make our ſelves any longer bals to injurious Fortune, ſince our owne parents are content to be tyrants over us, ſince our own kinne are content trayterouſly to abuſe us? Certainly in miſhap it may be ſome comfort to us that we are lighted in theſe fellowes hands, who yet will keepe us from having cauſe of being miſerable by our friends meanes. Nothing grieves me more, than that you, noble Lady *Zelmane*, (to whom the world might have made us able to doe honour) ſhould receive onely hurt by the contagion of our miſerie. As for mee and my ſiſter, undoubtedly it becomes our birth to thinke of dying nobly, while wee have done or ſuffered nothing, which might make our ſoule aſhamed at the parture from theſe bodies. Hope is the fawning traytor of the minde, while under colour of friendſhip, it robs it of his chiefe force of reſolution. Vertuous and faire Lady, ſaid *Zelmane*, what you ſay is true, and that truth may well make up a part in the harmonie of your noble thoughts: But yet the time (which ought alwaies to bee one) is not tuned for it; while that may bring forth any good, doe not barre your ſelfe thereof: for then will bee the time to die nobly, when you cannot live nobly. Then ſo earneſtly ſhe perſwaded with them both, to referre themſelves to their fathers conſent (in obtaining whereof they knew ſome while would be ſpent) and by that meanes to temper the minds of their proud wooers; that in the end *Pamela* yeelded to her, becauſe ſhee ſpake reaſon; and *Philoclea* yeelded to her reaſon, becauſe ſhe ſpake it.

And ſo when they were againe ſolicited in that little pleaſing petition, *Pamela* forced her ſelfe to make anſwer to *Anaxius*, That if her father gave conſent, ſhee would make her ſelfe beleeve, that ſuch was the heavenly determination, ſince ſhee had no meanes to avoide it. *Anaxius* (who was the moſt franke promiſer to himſelfe of ſucceſſe) nothing doubted of *Baſilius*'s conſent, but rather aſſured himſelfe he would be his Oratour in that matter: and therefore hee choſe out an officious ſervant (whom he eſteemed very wiſe, becauſe hee never found him but juſt of his opinion) and willed him to be his Embaſſadour to *Baſilius*, and to make him know, that if he meant to have his daughter both ſafe and happy, and deſired himſelfe to have ſuch a ſonne-in-law, as would not onely protect him in his quiet courſe, but (if he liſted to accept it) would give him the Monarchie of the world, that then hee ſhould receive *Anaxius*, who never before knew what it was to pray any thing.

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That if he did not, he would make him know, that the power of *Anaxius* was in every thing beyond his will, and yet his will not to be resisted by any other power. His servant with smiling and cast-up looke, desired God to make his memory able to containe the treasure of that wise speech; and therefore besought him to repeat it againe, that by the oftner hearing it, his minde might bee the better acquainted with the divineneſſe thereof: and that being graciously granted, hee then doubted not, by carrying with him in his conceit the grace wherewith *Anaxius* spake it, to perswade rockie minds to their owne harme: so little doubted he to win *Basilius* to that, which he thought would make him thinke the heavens opened, when hee heard but the proffer thereof. *Anaxius* gravely allowed the probability of his conjecture; and therefore sent him away, promising him he should have the bringing up of his second son by *Pamela*.

The messenger with speed performed his Lords commandement to *Basilius*; who by nature quiet, and by superstition made doubtfull, was loth to take any matter of armes in hand, wherein already he had found so slow succesſe; though *Philanax* vehemently urged him thereunto, making him see that his retyring backe did encourage injuries. But *Basilius*, betwixt the feare of *Anaxius*'s might, the passion of his love, and jealousie of his estate, was so perplexed, that not able to determine, hee tooke the common course of men, to flie onely then to devotion, when they want resolution: therefore detayning the messenger with delayes, hee deferred the directing of his course to the counsell of *Apollo*, which because himselfe at that time could not well goe to require, he entrusted the matter to his best trusted *Philanax*: who (as one in whom obedience was a sufficient reason unto him) went with diligence to *Delphos*; where being entred into the secret place of the Temple, & having performed the sacrifices usuall, the spirit that possest the prophecying woman, with a sacred fury attended not his demand, but as if it would argue him of incredulity, told him, not in darke wonted speeches, but plainely to bee understood, what he came for, and that hee should returne to *Basilius*, and will him to deny his daughters to *Anaxius* and his brothers, for that they were reserved for such as were better beloved of the gods: That he should not doubt, for they should returne unto him safely and speedily: And that he should keep on his solitarie course, till both *Philanax* and *Basilius* fully agreed in the understanding of the former prophecie: withall commanding *Philanax* from thenceforward to give tribute, but not oblation to humane wisdome.

Philanax then finding that reason cannot shew it selfe more reasonable, than to leave reasoning in things above reason, returnes to his Lord, and like one that preferred truth before the maintaining of an opinion, hid nothing from him, nor from thenceforth durst any more dissuade him from that, which hee found by the celestiall providence directed: but he himselfe looking to repaire the government, as much as in so broken an estate by civill dissention he might, and fortifying with notable Art both the Lodges, so as they were almost made unapproachable, he left *Basilius* to bemone the absence of his daughters, and to bewaile the imprisonment of *Zelmane*: yet wholly given holily to obey the Oracle, he gave a resolute negative unto the messenger of *Anaxius*, who all this while had waited for it, yet in good termes desiring him to shew himself, in respect of his birth and profession, so Princely a knight, as (without forcing him to seeke the way of force) to deliver in noble sort those Ladies unto him; and so should the injury have beene by *Amphialus*, and the benefit in him.

The messenger went backe with this answer; yet having ever used to suger any thing

thing which his maſter was to receive, hee told him, that when *Baſilius* firſt underſtood his deſires, it did over-reach ſo farre all his moſt hopefull expectations, that he thought it were too great a boldneſſe to hearken to ſuch a man, in whom the heavens had ſuch intereſt, without asking the gods counſell; and therefore had ſent his principall Counſeller to *Delphos*, who although he kept the matter never ſo ſecret, yet his diligence, inſpired by *Anaxius*'s priviledge over all worldly things, had found out the ſecret, which was, that he ſhould not preſume to marry his daughter to one who already was enrolled among the dimi-gods, and yet much leſſe hee ſhould dare the attempting to take them out of his hands.

Anaxius, who till then had made Fortune his Creator, and Force his god, now began to finde another wiſedome to be above, that judged ſo rightly of him: and where in this time of his ſervants waiting for *Baſilius*'s reſolution, hee and his brothers had courted their Ladies, as whom they vouchſafed to have for their wives, hee reſolved now to dally no longer in delayes, but to make violence his Orator, ſince he had found perſwaſions had gotten nothing but anſwers. Which intention he opened to his brothers, who having all this while wanted nothing to take that away but his authority, gave ſpurres to his runnings; and (worthy men) neither feeling vertue in themſelves, nor tendring it in others, they went headlong to make that evill conſort of love and force, when *Anaxius* had word, that from the Tower there were deſcryed ſome companies of armed men, marching towards the Towne; wherefore he gave preſent order to his ſervants and ſouldiers, to go to the gates and wals, leaving none within but himſelfe and his brothers: his thoughts then ſo full of their intended prey, that *Mars* his loudeſt trumpet could ſcarcely have awaked him.

But while hee was directing what hee would have done, his youngeſt brother *Zoilus*, glad that he had the commiſſion, went in the name of *Anaxius*, to tell the ſiſters, that ſince he had anſwer from their father, that hee and his brother *Lycurgus* ſhould have them in what ſort it pleaſed them, that they would now grant them no longer time, but preſently to determine, whether they thought it more honourable comfort to be compelled, or perſwaded. *Pamela* made him anſwer, that in a matter whereon the whole ſtate of her life depended, and wherein ſhe had ever anſwered ſhe would not lead, but follow her parents pleaſure, ſhe thought it reaſon ſhe ſhould either by letter, or particular meſſenger, underſtand ſomething from themſelves, & not have their beliefe bound to the report of their partiall ſervant; & therfore as to their words ſhe & her ſiſter had ever a ſimple & true reſolution, ſo againſt their unjuſt force, God, they hoped, would either arme their lives, or take away their lives. Well Ladies (ſaid he) I will leave my brothers, who by and by will come unto you, to be their owne Embaſſadors: for my part, I muſt now doe my ſelfe ſervice. And with that turning up his muſtachoes, & marching as if hee would begin a paven, he went toward *Zelmane*. But *Zelmane* (having had all this while of the meſſengers being with *Baſilius*, much to do to keep thoſe excellent Ladies from ſeeking by the paſport of death, to eſcape thoſe baſe dangers, wherunto they found themſelves ſubject) ſtill hoping that *Muſidorus* would finde ſome meanes to deliver them; and therefore had often, both by her owne example and comfortable reaſons, perſwaded them to overpaſſe many inſolent indignities of their proud ſuters, who thought it was a ſufficient favour not to doe the uttermoſt injury, now come againe to the ſtreight ſhee moſt feared for them, either of death or diſhonour, if heroicall courage would have let her, ſhe had been beyond her ſelfe amazed: but that yet held up her wit, to attend the uttermoſt occaſion, which even then brought his hairie

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forehead unto her: for *Zoilus* ſmacking his lips, as for the Prologue of a kiſſe, and ſomthing advancing himſelfe, Darling (ſaid he) let thy heart be full of joy, and let thy faire eyes be of counſell with it, for this day thou ſhalt have *Zoilus*, whom many have longed for; but none ſhall have him but *Zelmane*. And O! how much glorie I have to thinke what a race will be between us! The world, by the heavens, the world will be too little for them. And with that, he would have put his arme about her necke; but ſhe withdrawing her ſelfe from him, My Lord, ſaid ſhe, much good may your thoughts doe you: but that I may not diſſemble with you, my nativitie being caſt by one that never failed in any of his Prognoſtications, I have beene aſſured, that I ſhould never be apt to beare children. But ſince you will honour mee with ſo high favour, I muſt onely deſire that I may performe a vow which I made among my country women, the famous *Amazons*, that I would never marry none, but ſuch one as was able to withſtand mee in armes: therefore before I make mine owne deſire ſerviceable to yours, you muſt vouchſafe to lend me armour and weapons, that at leaſt with a blow or two of the ſword, I may not finde my ſelfe perjured to my ſelfe. But *Zoilus* (laughing with a hearty loudneſſe) went by force to embrace her; making no other anſwer, but ſince ſhee had a minde to trie his Knighthood, ſhe ſhould quickly know what a man of armes he was: and ſo, without reverence to the Ladies, began to ſtruggle with her.

But in *Zelmane* then Diſdaine became wiſedome, and Anger gave occaſion. For abiding no longer aboad in the matter, ſhee that had not put off, though ſhe had diſguiſed *Pyrocles*, being farre fuller of ſtrong nimbleneſſe, tript up his feet, ſo that hee fell downe at hers. And withall (meaning to purſue what ſhe had begun) puld out his ſword which he ware about him: but before ſhe could ſtrike him withall, hee gat up, and ranne to a faire chamber, where he had left his two brethren, preparing themſelves to come downe to their Miſtreſſes. But ſhee followed at his heeles, and even as he came to throw himſelfe into their armes for ſuccour, ſhe hit him with his owne ſword, ſuch a blow upon the waſte, that ſhe almoſt cut him aſunder: once, ſhe ſundred his ſoule from his body, ſending it to *Proſerpina* an angry goddeſſe againſt raviſhers. But *Anaxius*, ſeeing before his eies the miſerable end of his brother, fuller of deſpite than wrath, and yet fuller of wrath than ſorrow, looking with a wofull eye upon his brother *Lycurgus*, Brother, ſaid hee, chaſtiſe this vile creature, while I goe downe, and take order leſt further miſchiefe ariſe: and ſo went downe to the Ladies, whom he viſited, doubting there had bin ſome further practice than yet hee conceived. But finding them onely ſtrong in patience, hee went and lockt a great Iron gate, by which onely any body might mount to that part of the Caſtle; rather to conceale the ſhame of his brother, ſlaine by a woman, than for doubt of any other annoyance: and then went up to receive ſome comfort of the execution, he was ſure his brother had done of *Zelmane*. But *Zelmane* no ſooner ſaw thoſe brothers, of whom Reaſon aſſured her ſhe was to expect revenge, but that ſhee leapt to a Target, as one that well knew the firſt marke of valour to bee defence. And then accepting the opportunity of *Anaxius* going away, ſhee waited not the pleaſure of *Lycurgus*, but without any words (which ſhe ever thought vaine, when reſolution tooke the place of perſwaſion) gave her owne heart the contentment to be the aſſailer. *Lycurgus*, who was in the diſpoſition of his nature hazzardous, and by the lucky paſſing through many dangers, grown confident in himſelfe, went toward her, rather as to a ſpoile than to a fight; ſo farre from feare, that his aſſuredneſſe diſdained to hope. But when her ſword made demonſtrations above all flatterie of arguments, and that hee found ſhee preſt ſo upon him, as ſhewed that her courage ſprang not from blinde

blinde deſpaire, but was guarded both with cunning and ſtrength: ſelfe-love then firſt in him divided it ſelfe from vaine-glory, and made him find that the world of worthineſſe had not his whole Globe compriſed in his breaſt, but that it was neceſſary to have ſtrong reſiſtance againſt ſo ſtrong aſſailing. And ſo betweene them, for a few blowes, *Mars* himſelf might have been delighted to look on. But *Zelmane*, who knew that in her caſe ſlowneſſe of victory was little better than ruine, with the bellowes of hate blew the fire of courage; and hee ſtriking a maine blow at her head, ſhee warded it with the ſhield, but ſo warded, that the ſhield was cut in two pieces while it protected her: and withall ſhe ranne in to him, and thruſting at his breaſt, which hee put by with his Target, as he was lifting up his ſword to ſtrike againe, ſhee let fall the piece of her ſhield, and with her left hand catching his ſword on the inſide of the Pommell, with nimble and ſtrong ſleight, ſhee had gotten his ſword out of his hand, before his ſenſe could convay to his imagination what was to be doubted. And having now two ſwords againſt one ſhield, meaning not fooliſhly to bee ungratefull to good fortune, while hee was no more amazed with his being vnweaponed, than with the ſuddenneſſe thereof, ſhee gave him ſuch a wound upon his head, in deſpite of the ſhields over-weake reſiſtance, that withall hee fell to the ground, aſtoniſhed with the paine, and agaſt with feare. But ſeeing *Zelmane* ready to conclude her victory in his death, bowing up his head to her, with a countenance that had forgotten all pride, Enough excellent Lady, ſaid hee, the honour is yours: whereof you ſhall want the beſt witneſſe if you kill me. As you have taken from men the glory of man-hood, returne ſo now againe to your owne ſex for mercy. I will redeeme my life of you with no ſmall ſervices; for I will undertake to make my brother obey all your commandements. Grant life, I beſeech you, for your own honour, and for the perſons ſake that you love beſt. *Zelmane* repreſt a while her great heart, either diſdaining to be cruell or pitifull, and therefore not cruell: and now the image of the humane condition began to be an Orator unto her of compaſſion, when ſhee ſaw, as hee lifted up his armes with a ſuppliants grace, about one of them unhappily tyed a garter with a jewell, which (given to *Pyrocles* by his aunt of *Theſſalia*, & greatly eſteemed by him) he had preſented to *Philoclea*, and with inward rage promiſing extreme hatred, had ſeene *Lycurgus* with a proud force, and not without ſome hurt unto her, pull away from *Philoclea*, becauſe at intreaty ſhe would not give it him. But the ſight of that was like a cypher, ſignifying all the injuries which *Philoclea* had of him ſuffered, and that remembrance feeding upon wrath, trod down all conceits of mercy. And therefore ſaying no more, but, No villaine, die: it is *Philoclea* that ſends thee this token for thy love. With that ſhe made her ſword drinke the bloud of his heart, though he wreſting his body, and with a countenance prepared to excuſe, would faine have delayed the receiving of deaths Embaſſadours. But neither that ſtayed *Zelmane*'s hand, nor yet *Anaxius*'s crie unto her; who having made faſt the iron gate, even then came to the top of the ſtaires, when contrary to all his Imaginations, he ſaw his brother lie at *Zelmane*'s mercy. Therefore crying, promiſing and threatning to her to hold her hand, the laſt grone of his brother was the onely anſwer hee could get to his unreſpected eloquence. But then Pitie would faine have drawne teares, which Fury in their ſpring dryed; and Anger would fain have ſpoken, but that Diſdain ſealed up his lips: but in his heart he blaſphemed heaven, that it could have ſuch a power over him; no leſſe aſhamed of the victory he ſhould have of her, than of his brothers overthrow: and no more ſpited that it was yet unrevenged, than that the revenge ſhould be no greater than a womans deſtruction. Therefore with no ſpeech, but ſuch a groning cry

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as often is the language of ſorrowfull anger, he came running at *Zelmane*; uſe of fighting then ſerving in ſtead of patient conſideration what to doe. Guided therewith, though he did not with knowledge, yet did he according to knowledge, preſſing upon *Zelmane* in ſuch a well defended manner, that in all the combates that ever ſhe had fought, ſhe had never more need of quick ſenſes, and readie vertue. For being one of the greateſt men of ſtature then living; as hee did fully anſwer that ſtature in greatneſſe of might, ſo did he exceed both in greatneſſe of courage; which with a countenance formed by the nature both of his minde and bodie, to an almoſt horrible fierceneſſe, was able to have carried feare to any minde, that was not privie to it ſelfe of a true and conſtant worthineſſe. But *Pyrocles*, whoſe ſoule might well be ſeparated from his body, but never alienated from the remembring of what was comely, if at the firſt he did a little apprehend the dangerouſneſſe of his adverſarie, whom once before he had ſomething tried, and now perfectly ſaw, as the verie picture of forcible furie: yet was that apprehenſion quickly ſtayed in him, rather ſtrengthning than weakning his vertue by that wreſtling; like wine, growing the ſtronger by being moved. So that they both, prepared in hearts, and able in hands, did honour ſolitarineſſe there with ſuch a combate, as might have demanded, as aright of fortune, whole armies of beholders. But nó beholders needed there, where manhood blew the Trumpet, and ſatisfaction did whet as much as glorie. There was ſtrength againſt nimbleneſſe; rage againſt reſolution; furie againſt vertue; confidence againſt courage; pride againſt nobleneſſe: love in both breeding mutuall hatred, and deſire of revenging; the injuries of his brothers ſlaughter to *Anaxius*, being like *Philoclea's* captivitie to *Pyrocles*. Who had ſeene the one, would have thought nothing could have reſiſted: who had markt the other, would have marvelled that the other had ſo long reſiſted. But like two contrary tides, eyther of which are able to carrie worlds of Ships, and men upon them, with ſuch ſwiftneſſe, as nothing ſeemes able to withſtand them: yet meeting one another, with mingling their watrie forces, and ſtruggling together; it is long to ſay whether ſtreame gets the victorie: So between theſe, if *Pallas* had been there, ſhe could ſcarcely have told, whether ſhe had nurſed better in the feats of armes. The Iriſh Grey-hound againſt the Engliſh Maſtiffe: the Sword-fiſh againſt the Whale: the Rhinoceros againſt the Elephant, might be models, and but models of this combate. *Anaxius* was better armed defenſively: for (beſide a ſtrong caske bravely covered, wherewith he covered his head) he had a huge ſhield, perchance ſuch as *Achilles* ſhewed to the pale wals of *Troy*, wherewithall that great bodie was covered. But *Pyrocles*, utterly unarmed for defence, to offend had the advantage: for in either hand hee had a ſword, and with both hands nimbly performed that office. And according as they were diverſly furniſhed, ſo did they differ in the manner of fighting: for *Anaxius* moſt by warding, and *Pyrocles* oftneſt by avoyding, reſiſted the adverſaries aſſault. Both haſty to end, yet both often ſtaying for advantage. Time, diſtance, and motion, cuſtome made them ſo perfect in, that as if they had beene fellow Counſellers, and not enemies, each knew the others minde, and knew how to prevent it. So as their ſtrength failed them ſooner than their skill, and yet their breath failed them ſooner than their ſtrength. And breathleſſe indeed they grew, before either could complaine of any loſſe of blood.

So that conſenting by the mediation of neceſſitie, to a breathing time of truce, being withdrawn a little one from the other, *Anaxius* ſtood leaning upon his ſword, with his grimme eye ſo ſetled upon *Zelmane*, as is wont to be the look of an earneſt thought. Which *Zelmane* marking, and according to the *Pyroclean* nature, fuller

of gay braverie in the midſt, than in the beginning of danger: What is it (ſaid ſhe) *Anaxius*, that thou ſo deeply muſeſt on? doth thy brothers example make thee thinke of thy fault paſt; or of thy comming puniſhment? I think, ſaid he, what ſpitefull god it ſhould be, who envying my glorie, hath brought me to ſuch a wayward caſe, that neither thy death can be a revenge, nor thy overthrow a victorie. Thou doſt well indeed (ſaid *Zelmane*) to impute thy caſe to the heavenly Providence, which will have thy pride finde it ſelfe (even in that whereof thou art moſt proud) puniſhed by the weake ſexe which thou moſt contemneſt.

But then hauing ſufficiently reſted themſelves, they renewed again their combat, far more terrible than before: like nimble vaulters, who at the firſt and ſecond leap do but ſtirre, and (as it were) awake the fierie and ayrie parts, which after in the other leaps they do with more excellencie exerciſe. For in this pauſing, each had brought to his thoughts the maner of the others fighting, & the advantages, which by that, & by the qualitie of their weapons they might work themſelves, and ſo again repeated the leſſon they had ſaid before, more perfectly, by the uſing of it. *Anaxius* oftner uſed blowes, his huge force (as it were) more delighting therein, and the large protection of his ſhield animating him unto it. *Pyrocles*, of a more fine and deliver ſtrength, watching his time, when to give fit thruſts, as, with the quicke obeying of his body, to his eyes quick commandement, he ſhunned any harme *Anaxius* could do to him: ſo would he ſoon have made an end of *Anaxius*, if hee had not found him a man of wonderfull, and almoſt matchleſſe excellency in matters of armes. *Pyrocles* uſed divers fainings to bring *Anaxius* on into ſome inconvenience: but *Anaxius* keeping a ſound manner of fighting, never offered but ſeeing faire cauſe, and then followed it with well governed violence. Thus ſpent they a great time, ſtriving to doe, and with ſtriving to doe wearying themſelves more than with the very doing: *Anaxius* finding *Zelmane* ſo neare unto him, that with little motion he might reach her, knitting all his ſtrength together, at that time mainly foyned at her face. But *Zelmane* ſtrongly putting it by with her right hand ſword, comming in with her left foot and hand, would have given a ſharp viſitation to his right ſide, but that he was faine to leape away. Whereat aſhamed, as having never done ſo much before in his life.

THus farre the worthy Authour had reviſed and inlarged that firſt written Arcadia of his, which only paſſed from hand to hand, and was never printed: having a purpoſe likewiſe to have new ordred, augmented, and concluded the reſt, had he not been prevented by untimely death. So that all which followeth here of this Work, remained as it was done and ſent away in ſeverall looſe ſheets (being never after reviewed, nor ſo much as ſeen all together by himſelfe) without any certaine diſpoſition or perfect order. Yet for that it was his, howſoever deprived of the juſt grace it ſhould have had, was held too good to be loſt: and therefore with much labour were the beſt coherencies, that could bee gathered out of thoſe ſcattered papers, made, and afterwards printed as now it is, onely by her noble Care to whoſe deare hand they were firſt committed, and for whoſe delight and entertainment only undertaken.

What concluſion it ſhould have had, or how farre the Worke have beene extended had it had his laſt hand thereunto) was only known to his own ſpirit, where onely thoſe admirable Images were (and no where elſe) to be caſt.

And here we are likewiſe utterly deprived of the relation how this combate ended, and how the Ladies by diſcoverie of the approaching forces were delivered and reſtored to Baſilius: *how* Dorus *returned to his old Maſter* Dametas: *all which unfortunate maime we muſt be content to ſuffer with the reſt.*

A

A Supplement of the ſaid Defect by Sir *W. A.*

THe fire of rage then burning contempt out of his breaſt, did burſt forth in flames through his eyes, and in ſmoake from his mouth; ſo that he was returning with a terrible madneſſe (all the ſtrength of his whole bodie tranſferred to the one hand for a ſingular ſervice) which the reſolute *Zelmane* did earneſtly obſerve with a providently all deſpiſing courage, whilſt the eares of *Anaxius* were ſuddenly arreſted by a ſound, wherof they were only capable, which (ſince in conſort with his own humor) could onely of him with authoritie have challenged a due attendance: ſtraight a Martiall Noyſe (raiſed by the violence of Invaders, and diſtractedneſſe of others, dreadfully tumultuous) giving him intelligence what a bloudie Scene was acting without in the Court of the Caſtle, where hee was expected as a ſpeciall Actor; though his eye (as harbinger of his blow) had already marked the roome where his bended arme threatned to lodge it; yet his feete did ſo ſuddenly raviſh away the reſt of his bodie, that even his owne thoughts (much more *Zelmanes*) were prevented by the ſuddennеſſe of his flight; a flight indeed, not from the fighting with one, but to the fighting with many, where he did looke for an object worthy of the wrath of *Anaxius*. So that vaniſhing away, as carried in a Cloud of whirle-winde, *Zelmane* either could not, or elſe would not reach him: as diſdaining the baſe advantage of thoſe diſhonourable wounds, which though greateſt ſhame to the flying receiver, can give no glory to the unreſiſted giver.

The impetuous ſtorme that tranſported the Spirit of *Anaxius*, had quickely blowne him downe the ſtayres, and up the doore, his ſword uſhering his way, till his eyes were encountred with the beames of the lightning Weapons of a ſmall number, which rather ſeemed ſurpriſed within the Caſtle, than to have ſurpriſed the Caſtle. Yet they had ſpeedily purchaſed a great roome for ſo ſmall a company, challenging as their owne all the bounds that their ſwords could compaſſe: and in effect, their enemies proved their fewneſſe many, reckoning the blacke Knight and his ſeconds (as ciphers are eſteemed when valued by others, over which they are raiſed) not for the number which indeed they were, but for the number which they were worth. Thoſe three were quickly knowne by their wonted armes, but more by their wonted valour. The Court had been a fitter liſts for two, than a field for ſo manie, where the narrowneſſe of the place, not giving place to ſleight, there was no way but by plaine force; ſo that the greateſt cowards were as forward as the moſt courageous, feare making them bold, who ſaw no refuge but by fighting; which made the conflict exceeding cruell, either of the parties having more ſpurres than one to draw blood.

The *Amphialians*, beſides their rage for being abuſed by an unexpected ſtratagem, and their deſire to defend the place, being bound both by private intereſt and publike vowes, they had added further, to make up the accompliſhment of a juſt wrath, the meanes of revenge (as they thought) on their Maſters murderer;

looking no otherwiſe on the blacke Knight, than as on him who had buried all their hopes in the ruines of *Amphialus*, whereof, to their further griefe, they had beene idle witneſſes. All this made them deſperately endeavour, that the eyes of *Anaxius* might be entertained with their victory, before his eares could be burthened with their errour; chiefly at his comming, thoſe of his owne traine kindled their courage at the torches of his eyes, prodigious Comets of a deluge of bloud. As for the purſued purſuers; like thoſe who landing to make warre in an Iland, burne the ſhips which brought them thither by the impoſſibility of their returne, to ſhew the deſperate neceſſity of their victory; they were aſſured they could neither advance nor retire, but over the bellies of their enemies; Yet were they not ſo deſperate of their retreat, as confident of their victorie. The blacke Knight though all the Gyants that fought againſt the gods had beene there, hee thought they could not hinder him from going where his heart was already, nor from prevailing where the prize was the delivery of his Lady and Friend, the double treaſures of his ſoule, whereof any was valued above his life, yea, both were ballanced with his honour; ſo that he did ſhew not onely the height of valour, but a raviſhing of his ſoule, and a tranſportation of magnanimitie, farre from the levell of ordinary aymes, and even ſcarce within the proſpect of more loftie thoughts, Yet neither love nor courage could blinde his judgement in ſeeing his advantage: marching with his companie evet next the Wall, to prevent being compaſſed; though ſometimes making brave ſallies. Which *Anaxius* at his firſt approach eſpying, upbraided his owne troupe, as unworthy of his attendance, and all as traytors in receiving, or daſtards in not expelling that (in his eyes) contemned crew, oftentimes urging them by their retyring to make way for him, and he alone would either beate them over the Wals or in the Wals: For the truth is, they ſeemed all too ſmall a ſacrifice to appeaſe his high indignation. It was a ſuperfluous labour for *Alecto* to inflame his ſoule with poyſonous inſpirations: for his ſoule might have furniſhed all the infernall furies with furie, and yet have continued the moſt furious of all it ſelfe. Rage and diſdaine, burning his boſome, made him utter a roaring voyce, as if his breath had been able to have blown away the world, whlch for the ſound that his ſword made, could not diſtinctly be underſtood.

The firſt whom he encountred, lifting up his hand to ſtrike, and withall opening his mouth, as if intending ſome ſpeech: his propoſition was prevented by an active anſwer, cutting him from the lips to the eares, ſo by opening his mouth reſtraining his ſpeech. The Knight of the Sheepe ſucceeding in his place (a vindictive heire) was exchanging blowes with *Anaxius* with no diſadvantage, when ſuddenly a Dart (none knew to whoſe hand the honour of it was due) did wound him in the thigh, which he (doubtfull to whom he ſtood debtor) did pay backe to many an extraordinary, intereſt with the death of ſome one ſtriving to defray every drop of his bloud.

The blacke Knight, blacke indeed to all his Adverſaries, when viewing the wonderfull valour of *Anaxius* (with whom then rivall in fame hee entertained a terrible emulation) what bred terrour in others, bred him contentment; that his conqueſt, whereof hee never doubted, might be endeered by the difficultie, and his victory bee honoured by ſo honourable an enemy, with whom, above all others, he laboured to meete, by the ruine of many making a roome where they might fight.

But in the meane time the torrent of the violence of *Anaxius* was interrupted

ted by a ſudden tumult, ſeeming to proceed from an ambuſhment broken forth from the houſes behinde them. And no wonder though all thought ſo: the two ſwords of *Zelmane* being riotous in their charges, were ſo covetous to extend their confines. Shee following, or rather (as a Falcon in an earneſt chaſe) flying downe the ſtayres after him, did not overtake *Anaxius*, but with her eyes, till hee was walled about with the armed multitude, and then, like a Lioneſſe lately enlarged, that had been long famiſhed in priſon, ſhee ranged over all for her prey: But yet like a cunning Hound, that out of a whole Heard of Deere doth onely ſingle him out, with whom ſhe had entered firſt in hoſtilitie (a little drop of his blood having betrayed all the reſt) ſhee diſdained to fight with any other, but would bee reſiſted by none, till ſhee might unbend all her forces on *Anaxius*: whoſe ſight as ſoone as her eyes had greedily ſwallowed, ſhee burſt forth: Baſe daſtard, who haſt abuſed the world with ſhadowes of worth, yet art voyde of all valour, having doubly forfeited thy uſurped title of honour, in offering injurious violence to a Woman, and yet flying the juſt violence of a Woman, to hide thy ſelfe (being protected by the ſhield of ſome truſted attender) where the ſufficiencie of others may conceale thy cowardiſe: but all this ſhall not defraud my wrath, nor prevent thy puniſhment.

Anaxius, more troubled with thoſe words, than if all the ſwords of the enemies had lighted upon him (who for the heigheſt of all his wiſhes, would have but wiſhed her a Man, yea an armie of men) looked over his ſhoulder with an eye burning with diſdaine, as if one of his looks might have ſerved to conſume a woman; and at the ſame inſtant (uttering his rage another way) with a blow worthy of his arme, he did cleave one before him through the helmet to the ſhoulders, making him ſo by being two-headed, headleſſe. But ſeeing *Zelmane* preſſe neare him, though hee hoped for no honour from her, yet to prevent diſhonour from her (ſhame kindling rage, and rage quenching reaſon) he commanded *Armagines* his Nephew (a youth of great valour) to take thoſe fooliſh fellowes priſoners, who durſt adventure within that Caſtle without his leave, and to ſhut all the gates, that none of them might eſcape; and therewith whirling about, and caſting a ſideward looke on *Zelmane*, made an imperious ſigne with a threatning allurement (a diſinviting inviting of her) to follow; which ſhee performed with a countenance witneſſing as great contentment, as ever *Venus* did to meet with *Mars*, *Mars* and *Venus* at the ſame time having met within her mind, to make, though a leſſe loving, yet a more martiall meeting.

The clouds of people in their way, were quickly diſperſed by the tempeſtuous breath of *Anaxius*, ſo that they had no hinderance; hee being feared of all, and ſhe hated of none. Neither was their ſolitarie retyring, in reſpect of their different ſeeming ſexe, ſuſpiciouſly cenſured by any: the diſdainfulneſſe of their countenance bearing witneſſe, that they were led by hate to honour, and not by love to the contrary.

The place appointed by fortune to be famous by the famouſneſſe of this combate, was a backe Court: which they found out at that time emptied of Inhabitants; the ſtronger being gone to purſue others, and the weaker run to hide themſelves: mediocritie being no more a vertue, where all was at height, to make excellency eminent in extremity.

They two came here alone, for they would have no ſeconds, or rather were ſo farre firſt as they could have no ſeconds, and every one of them being confi-

dent in his owne worth, could not miſtruſt anothers. As if words had beene too weake meſſengers of their wrath, and ſwords onely worthy to utter their minds, they beganne with that wherewith they hoped to end; none of them now could flatter himſelfe ſo farre againſt the proofe of his owne experienced knowledge, as to contemne his fellow.

Anaxius at the firſt, rioting in rage, and burning with a voluptuous appetite of bloud, did abandon his hands to their accuſtomed prodigalitie, which contrarie to the nature of that vice was hurtfull to the receiver, and profitable for the ſpender. But *Zelmane*, well weighing with whom ſhee had to deale, was more warie in her charges, and circumſpectly mannaging the treaſure of her ſtrength, would not idly beſtow it, but was liberall when occaſion was offered. It was hard to ſay, whether the one was more francke, or the other more thankefull: the guerdon never deferred, oft preventing the gift, above the deſire of the receiver, yet ſhort of the givers minde. Their thought, eye, hand, and foot ſeemed chained to one motion, as all being tuned by violence, to make up a harmonie in horrour. Never was courage better ſupported by skill and ſtrength, nor skill and ſtrength better accompanied by courage; the blowes of every one of them ſeemed not only to ſtrive with the others, but even amongſt themſelves, for ſingularitie; the latter ſtill (by being more obſervable) ſeeking to burie the remembrance of the former.

It ſeemed that thoſe two were not retired from the battell, but that the battell was transferred where they were. The eye might well have taken them to be two, but the eare would never have beene perſwaded that ſo mighty ſounds could bee ſent but from the weapons of a number; the environing windowes with a ſad ſolitarineſſe ſeemed to bewaile their want of eyes, which defrauded them the entertainment of that delectable terrour, and tranſporting ſports.

Anaxius more angry with himſelfe, than with his enemy, that hee ſhould bee ſo long in vanquiſhing, where (when victorious) hee would bee aſhamed of the victorie, all his active powers being highly bended both by choler and courage, he thus diſcharged his tongue: What ſpitefull god, jealous of my greatneſſe, or envying my glorie, hath ſent this Divell in a Womans ſhape (as a Cloud for *Juno* to *Ixion*) to mocke mee? But all this is one: though thou bee a Divell in a woman, or all the Divels in one Divell, I ſweare by this blow, I will beate thee hence to the Hels, to the eternall terror of all the darke Region; and with that lighted on *Zelmane* with ſuch a huge force, that all ſhee could procure by the mediation of one of her ſwords, was, that what was intended wholly at her head, by the wrying of her bodie did but wound her a little on the Shoulder. This was ſo farre from diſmaying her, that it did confirme (increaſe it could not) her reſolution already at a height: yet, though not more courage, ſhee pretended more fury, compaſſing him about to eſpie advantages, and oft giving him fained alarmes, as bragging to make a breach in his breaſt, advanced her right-hand ſword, which *Anaxius* beate down, and withall encroached to uſurpe a roome in her right ſide: but *Zelmane* ſuddenly inclining to the left, gave him a flat blow with that hands ſword, which returned back clad with the ſpoyles of that part of the body which it had forced.

Both thus being already allied by blood, yet did ſtrive for a more ſtrict affinitie: wounds (in regard of their frequencie) being no more reſpected than blowes were before. Though they met in divers colours, now both were clad in one Liverie,

Liverie, as moſt ſutable to their preſent eſtate; being ſervants to one Maſter, and rivals in preferment. Neither could ſhowres of bloud quench the windes of their wrath, which did blow it forth in great abundance, till faintneſſe would have faine perſwaded both that they were mortall, and though neyther of them by another, yet both overcomeable by death. Then deſpaire came to re-inforce the fight, joyning with courage, not as a companion, but as a ſervant: for courage never grew deſperate, but deſpaire grew couragious; both being reſolved, if not conquering, none of them ſhould ſurvive the others conqueſt, nor owe trophee but to death,

The greateſt griefe of the one, was to die by a woman; and of the other, to dye as a woman: both in reſpect of her apparell, and (as ſhee thought) action; being matched by one man, who had ore-matched multitudes of men. At laſt the great ſtorme of blows being paſt, ſhee reſted one of her ſwords on the earth, either forced by faintneſſe, or intending art, offering a thruſt with the other; which *Anaxius* perceiving, did ſpeedily repell; and with that (gathering his diſtreſſed ſtrength together, as ready to remove, but firſt bent to give a gallant farewell) ran forward with ſuch a violent violence on *Zelmane* (nought being able to reſiſt his unreſiſtable force) that ſhee preſently interpoſing her repoſed ſword, though it ranne him through the heart (or rather hee his heart upon it) it could not hinder him from running her through the body, and both to the earth: a brave flaſh of a dying light! a mighty thunder of a quenched lightning! Thus did hee overthrow his overthrower; not falling till none was able to ſtand before him: whileſt though he were vanquiſhed, none could vaunt of the victory. His breaſt fell above the hand with the ſword, as if he would needs dye embracing it, even after death adoring that Idoll of his life, and his dead weight ſtriving with *Zelmanes* weake life, whilſt ſhee ſtrugling to riſe did break the ſword, a part remaining under him, and the reſt within her: thus hard it was to force *Anaxius*, though he was dead, and impoſſible while he lived.

Zelmane, after her riſing, did draw the other ſword out of him, as bent to returne not intereſted in any thing. She was ſtepping forward with a ſword in every hand, and a part of one in her breaſt: a trophee of victory, yet a badge of ruine; never better weaponed, never more unfit for fighting; when lo all the followers of *Anaxius*, diſcomforted by his abſence, but more by the blacke Knights preſence, *Armagines* having his death honoured by his hand, the reſt were quickly diſcomfited, and (deſpairing to ſave the Caſtle) fought to ſave themſelves.

The blacke Knight committed the following of their flight to others, as a dangerleſſe action, and therefore not worthy of him; then fearing that elſewhere for another which he could no more finde there for himſelfe, he went by the direction of his eyes, and the information of his eares, to ſeeke out the two retyred Champions, when ſuddenly hee encountred his other ſelfe, marching like *Pallas* from the Gyants overthrow.

As ſoone as the eyes of *Pyrocles*, no, his ſoule was raviſhed with the ſight of *Muſidorus*, it having infuſed a freſh vigour in his feeble members, and that Phyſicke applyed to his minde, triumphing over the infirmitie of his body, hee threw away his ſwords (onely conquerable by kindneſſe) and pulled out that which was in his bodie, that nothing might hinder him from embracing the Image of his ſoule, which reflected his owne thoughts. Their ſoules by a divine ſympathie did firſt joyne, preventing the elementall maſſes of the bodies: but ah, whilſt they

they were claſped in others armes (like two graffes graffed in one ſtocke) the high tide of over-flowing affection reſtraining their tongues with aſtoniſhment, as unable to expreſſe an unexpreſſable paſſion.

Pyrocles weakened with the loſſe of blood (the effects of hate) and in that weakneſſe ſurcharged with kindneſſe, the fruits of love; not able to abide the interchoaking of ſuch extremities, the paleneſſe of his face witneſſed the parting of his ſpirits; ſo that not able to ſtand, *Muſidorus* was forced to fall with him, or elſe would not ſtand after him. And at the ſuddenneſſe of his unexpected adventure, or vehemently reſpectable miſ-adventure: like one who (unawares ſlipping from a great height) is choaked betwixt the height and the lowneſſe, ere he can conſider, either whence he fell, or where he fals. Being throwne from the top of contentment, to be drowned in the depth of miſerie, he had his reaſonable parts ſo haſtily overwhelmed with confuſion, that he remained dead alive, as the other was living in death. At laſt, re-aſſembling his confounded ſenſes from the rockes of ruine, griefe had gathered ſo much ſtrength through weakneſſe, as to attempt an impoſſibilitie in manifeſting it ſelfe.

Oh what a monſter of miſerie am I! Even when moſt fortunate, moſt unfortunate; who never had a lightning of comfort, but that it was ſuddenly followed with a thunder of confuſion. Twice was my felicitie by land (that it might be waſhed for ever away) made a prey to the inexorable waves, whilſt the relenting deſtinies, pitying the rigour of their owne decrees, to prevent their threatned effects, would have drowned me in (reſpecting the Ocean of ſorrow prepared to ſwallow me) that little drop of the Sea. And, O thrice happy I, if I had periſhed whilſt I was altogether unhappy: then, when a dejected Shepheard offenſive to the perfection of the World, I could hardly (being oppreſſed by contempt) make my ſelfe worthy to be diſdained, diſdaine to be deſpiſed, being a degree of grace. O would to God that I had dyed obſcurely, whilſt my life might ſtill have lived famous with others, and my death have dyed with my ſelfe; whilſt my not being known might have kept my diſhonour unknowne; even then when matched, matched by one, and in the preſence of many fighting for one, who was more deare to me than all the world. Ah me moſt miſerable, in not being more miſerable. Such a peſtilencious influence poyſoned the time of my nativitie, that I have had a ſparke of happineſſe to cleare me the way to deſtruction. I was carried high to be fit for a precipice, and that from that height I might behold how low the dungeons were, wherein I was to fall. Even now I was ſo farre from feare, as I was higher than hope, being in imagination Maſter of all my wiſhes: yet at an inſtant, as if all that could bee inflicted on my ſelfe were not ſufficient to afflict mee, being armed with reſolution, both to brave the terrours of death, and to contemne the flatteries of life, I am tormented in another, whoſe ſufferings could onely make me tenderly ſenſible. And with that, ſorrow, as it were ſorry to be interrupted by utterance, did damme it ſelfe up to ſwell higher, feeding on the contemplation of its ſelfe within: where, when abſolute tyrant of the breaſt, it might rather burſt him, than burſt out.

Then was hee lying downe ſenſleſly on his ſenſleſſe friend, as in all eſtates ſtriving to be ſtill like him, when lo he felt his breaſt beate, and thereafter ſaw his unclouded eyes weakly ſtrive to ſhine againe: Thus firſt re-ſaluting the light, Oh where am I? *Muſidorus* replyed: With him who is haſting to die with you. No, ſaid hee, I have haſted to live with you. Death or life, ſaid *Muſidorus*; either of them muſt joyne us, but neyther of them is able to part us. With that *Pyrocles* weakly

weakely riſing, entruſted his feete with their owne burthen, but *Muſidorus*, jealous of the carriage of ſo precious a treaſure, would needs ayde them with his arme, his ſtrength ſtrengthening *Pyrocles*, and the weakeneſſe of *Pyrocles* weakning him.

Thus whileſt (guided by one who was acquainted with the Caſtle) they were ſeeking out a roome, where *Pyrocles* repoſing might cauſe take a triall of the eſtate of his bodie, and repaire the bloudie breaches of the late batterie; it being, though evill fortified, yet well defended. As they were walking alongſt a Gallerie, they heard from a Chamber neighbouring the ſide of it, a dolourous ſound, but ſo heavily delivered with a diſordered convoy, that choaked with ſobbs, elſe drowned with teares, the paines of the bearer had ſo ſpoyled the birth, that it could not bee known: yet a ſecret ſympathie by an unexpreſſable working did more wound the mind of *Pyrocles*, than it was wounded by all the wounds of his body, he pitying the complaint, though not knowing from whom, nor for what. O how the ſoule, apt for all impreſſions tranſcending reaſon, can comprehend unapprehenſible things! this was the lamentation of the lamentable *Philoclea*.

The Ladies after the departure of *Zelmane*, by the inundation of their eares of horrible ſounds were violently invited to come fearfully to a window, overlooking the Court, where they beheld the bloudy effects of that, whereof they were the innocent cauſes. At firſt the Lillies of their cheeks, over-growing the Roſes, paleneſſe had almoſt diſplaced beauty, were it not beauty was ſo powerfull as to make paleneſſe beautifull; yet their often travailed memorie inſtructed their judgement, that miſerie being at a height could not but of force eyther worke the end of it ſelfe, or a beginning of comfort, and they could expect no worſe eſtate than that in which they were.

Pamela would faine have flattered her ſelfe to thinke that it was *Muſidorus* come to deliver her, but ſhee had rather have remained ſtill captive, than to have drawn him to ſuch a danger for her deliverie; and having once apprehended that hee was there, never a blow was given but that ſhe was wounded with it, being ever ſorry for the overthrowne, never glad for the overthrower; either pitie prevailing with the tenderneſſe of her ſexe, or becauſe ſhe knew no danger could come by overcomming.

As for *Philoclea*, ſhee, who through the gentleneſſe of her owne nature would have ſmarted for any other who had beene in danger, when ſhee remembred the hazzard of her treaſure *Zelmane*, who (as ſhe knew) did not uſe to be an idle ſpectator of ſo earneſt a game, a multitude of thoughts (without Art artificiall) did paint feare in her face, and engrave griefe in her boſome. Whileſt they continued thus, *Pamela* (in vaine ſtriving to match Majeſty with affection) ſtood with a diſtracted ſtatelineſſe, and with a ſtately aſtoniſhment, where griefe and feare in *Philoclea* made eaſily a conſort in ſorrow, with watry eyes (like the Sun ſhining in a ſhower) weakely clearing a cloudie countenance: when ſuddenly they heard one cry, ſince the Caſtle was wonne, to ſet the Ladies at libertie; but they who were well acquainted both with the frownes and ſmiles of fortune, as they had ever triumphed over the one, would not ſuffer themſelves to be led captives by the other; neither could this accompliſh their contentment, till they had the Lords of that pleaſant bondage, which they did value more than unvaluable libertie; the conſtrained captivitie of the bodie, having nothing diminiſhed the voluntarie thraldome of the minde.

But

But ah! this ſmooth calme came onely to make them the more ſenſible of the ſucceeding tempeſt, which the breath of one from below (roaring forth the death of *Zelmane*) did thunder up upon them. *Pamela* (like a Rocke amidſt the Sea, beaten both with the windes and with the waves, yet it ſelfe immoveable) did receive this rigorous charge with a conſtant, though ſad countenance; and with fixed eyes witneſſing the moving of her minde, yet neither uttering word, nor teare, as diſdaining to imploy their weakeneſſe in ſo great a griefe. Such might have been the geſture of *Niobe* hearing the newes of her childrens death, ere ſhe was metamorphoſed into a ſtone; like one (majeſtie triumphing over miſerie) who would rather burſt ſtrongly within, than bee disburdened by burſting out in an abject manner.

But, ah mee, the confounded *Philoclea*, who being the weaker had received the ſharpeſt aſſault (an affectionate furie forcing from her an abſolute paſſion, which a dutifull kindeneſſe through compaſſion onely provoked in her ſiſter) ſhe, ſmothered with ſo monſtrous a weight, did ſinke downe under it to the earth.

This made *Pamela* forget her other griefe without any comfort: transferring her affection from her friend to her more than friendly ſiſter: for whom ſhee ſaw at that time her care might be more ſerviceable, wherewith ſhe brought her to her ſelfe, and ſhe her ſelfe to ſorrow. At firſt, the tongue and the eyes being too feeble inſtruments for ſo violent a paſſion, ſhee uſed her hands: beating that breaſt which the moſt barbarous Creature elſe in the World could not have done; offering thoſe torne haires as oblations to him after death, which had beene the delights of his life; and deforming that face, the Regiſter of Natures wonders, confirmed by the admiration of men. Which when *Pamela* (of a Patient become a Phyſician) ſought to hinder, ſhe thus ſaid: Alas ſiſter, you doe not know what a treaſure I have loſt, even a treaſure more worth than all the world was worthy to enjoy. Ah pardon me thou, whom even death is not able to kill in my ſoule: pardon mee, who have ever concealed thy ſecret, now to diſcover mine owne: for, while my life laſts (ſhort may it be, and long it ſhall not bee) I will ſhew to all the world that, which, whileſt thou lived, I would have beene aſhamed to have ſhown to thy ſelfe, even thy perfection, and mine affection. Neither doe I regard how the conceits of others cenſure my carriage in this: for there is no eye now, wherein I deſire to appeare precious, nor no opinion, whereof I crave to make a purchaſe; death may end my life, but not my love, which (as it is infinite) muſt bee immortall. I would gladly uſe meanes to diſpatch this miſerable life: but it were a ſhame for me, if, after ſo great a diſaſter, ſorrow onely were not ſufficient to kill me. And with that, beautie in the heaven of her face (two Sunnes eclipſed) being wrapped up in paleneſſe, ſhe fell downe groveling on the ground.

Pyrocles imagining what report might bee made, and not doubting what effect it would worke, bent to furniſh Phyſicke for her minde, ere he ſought any for his owne bodie, came in at the doore; whom *Pamela* (her armes and her tongue rivals in kindneſſe) embracing, ſaid: Never more welcome, though ever welcome *Zelmane*: thou who art ever victorious, haſt thou likewiſe brought thy ſelfe away a trophee from death? Sweet Ladies (replyed ſhee) who would faint to fight for ſuch divine creatures as you are? and who could have force to fight againſt you?

Philoclea, who at the firſt, either dull through exceſſive dolour, did not conceive her

her ſiſters words; or elſe ſuſpecting (as ſhe thought) her impoſſible deſire to pleaſe her (all being doubtfull to truſt what they doe extremely affect) did miſconceive her meaning. She was raiſing her eyes to examine her eares: but the moſt truſty of her ſenſes preventing both, by a palpable proofe gave her an abſolute aſſurance; ſo that, ere ſhee could thinke *Zelmane* was at all to bee embraced, finding her ſelfe embraced by *Zelmane*, ſhe was lifted up to a heaven of joy, as before ſhee had beene ſunke downe in a hell of griefe; never abſolutely her owne, but eyther raviſhed or ruined. Spying the bloud on *Zelmanes* garment, not knowing whether her owne or her enemies, ſhee grew pale; and then looking on her ſiſter, ſhee bluſhed, ſuſpecting that ſhe ſuſpected the cauſe of her paleneſſe (conferring it with her former plaints) to bee more than a friendly kindneſſe: but *Zelmane*, fearing what might bee the effects of her feare, ſaid, that ſhee expected a congratulation of her victorie, and not condoling of paſſed danger, which was acquitted with the ſpeechleſſe anſwer of an affectionate looke, and a paſſionate preſſing of her hand.

Then *Pamela* inquiring the perillous courſe of her ſhort progreſſe, ſhee told; how fortified with their fortune (truſting more to it, than to her own valour, which like their beauty could not but prevaile) ſhe had firſt fatally overthrowne the two brethren of *Anavius*; and thereafter fighting with himſelfe, it was her chance (God ſtrengthening her weakneſſe to puniſh his injuſtice) to kill him, ſhe could not ſay overcome him: no, ſhe was not aſhamed to affirme, that though he was killed, ſhee thought him not overcome, ſeeing both he dyed with opinion, and in action of victorie; death preventing the knowledge of his laſt ſucceſſe. A rare happineſſe! his life and fortune having both but one bound.

Both highly praiſing her valour, admiring her modeſty, and glad of their owne delivery, whereof they thought her the Authour (thoughts ſtriving to expreſſe themſelves the more powerfully without words) they were acknowledging the ſame with a gratefull countenance, and kindly affecting lookes, when *Zelmane* (not complementally hunting that which ſhe fled, but like one who with a glaſſe reflects the force of the Sunne ſomewhere elſe) earneſtly proteſted, that ſhe would be loth to uſurpe that which was due to another, ſpecially in the owners preſence. And turning towards the blacke Knight (who all the time ſtood aſide as her attender, though armed, trembling for feare of one unarmed, who unarmed would not have beene ſo affraid of an Armie in armes) ſhee freely affirmed: There is the deliverer of us all, from whom we receive our libertie, to whom we owe our ſelves, ſince that which makes us our ſelves.

Then the blacke Knight, invited by the willing countenance of the Princeſſe, (abaſing his helmet) advanced (more fearefully than to a battell) to kiſſe her hand: when *Zelmane* courteouſly retyred *Philoclea* a little diſtance from thence, as glad to conferre with her, as to give her friend occaſion to conferre with *Pamela*. Who preſently (whileſt the roſes of his lips made a flower of affection with the Lillies of her hands) knowing her owne *Dorus*, at the ſuddenneſſe of the aſſault; the moving of her minde was betrayed by the changes of her countenance, the blood of her face ebbing and flowing according to the tide of affection; Yet borrowing a maske from hate wherewith to hide love, ſhee thus charged him, who already had yeelded. How durſt you thus preſume to preſent your ſelfe in my preſence, being diſcharged it, when you deſerved the uttermoſt that reaſon could deviſe, or fury execute? Hath my dejected eſtate emboldened you to exalt your ſelfe

ſelfe againſt mee? Then hee, gathering courage from the extremitie of deſpaire, thus cleared his intention: True it is Ladie of my life (and ſhall bee of my death) I was worthy then to have beene baniſhed from the world. But what of a world of worlds? I was baniſhed from your ſight, and which is worſt of all, deſervedly. Neither come I now of contempt, but onely to teſtifie my obedience, which otherwiſe at this time might have beene conſtrued to a cowardiſe. Such a love as mine, wedded to vertue, can never bee ſo adulterated by any accident, no, nor yet raviſhed by paſſion, as to bring forth a baſtard-diſobedience, whereof (my very conſcience not being able to accuſe my thoughts) I come to cleare my ſelfe. But now having performed all that was within the compaſſe of my power; a part of my bloud witneſſing my affection, which I wiſh were confirmed by the reſt, you may ſee (Directreſſe of my deſtinie) that no force can force me to any thing, much leſſe from your ſight, ſave onely your owne will, which is unto me a law, yea, an Oracle. And now when you ſee I doe it not for feare of others, but onely out of a reverence to you: if not for your ſatisfaction, yet for my puniſhment (ſo to perſecute him whom you hate) I will goe waſte the remnant of my wretched dayes in ſome remote wilderneſſe, as not worthy to bee ſeene of any, ſince odious in your ſight: having (I hope) by many proofes prevailed thus much with your opinion, that after my death you will thinke there was ſome worth in me; though not worthie of your love. When he, full of humble affection, was retyring himſelf with a courteſie as low as his thoughts: ſhe, thinking enough done to try him, yet without ſeeming to truſt him, whileſt (though guiltie of griefe) her countenance could accuſe her of no care (as out of a freſh remembrance) ſaid: That ſhee would not have *Dametas* to loſe a ſervant, nor *Mopſa* a ſuiter, by her meanes; and if hee would needs return towards the Lodges, that he ſhould firſt expect ſome employment homeward from her. Then hee (as one who falne in the bottome of ſome deepe water, comming to flote above, in ſight of Land, receiveth ſome comfort, though ſtill in danger) beganne to re-aſſemble his diſperſed ſpirits againe, looking more cheerefully. But ere his thoughts (every one of them ore-flowing another) could ſettle themſelves in words, ſhee (preventing the violence of ſo ſudden a change) did call to her ſiſter, by accuſing their indiſcretion, in holding thoſe two ſo long by talking with them, from looking to themſelves. Which *Philoclea* allowed; trembling with an earneſt feare, to know in what eſtate *Zelmane* ſtood.

They two injured by this courteſie, with an unwilling obedience accepted of it; more reſpecting the pleaſure of others, than their owne neceſſitie. *Pamela*, as onely affecting *Zelmane*, offered her either all, or a part of their chamber: and ſhee (her tongue rebelling againſt her heart) refuſed what ſhee deſired; pretending a lothneſſe to trouble them. Then the ſiſters offered to accompanie them: but after they had a while coloured true kindneſſe with ordinarie complements, *Zelmane* prevailed againſt her ſelfe, to goe accompanied as ſhee came; yet both looking as if they would have left their eyes behinde them, as well as their hearts. As ſoone as they were by themſelves in a Chamber, *Zelmane* diſapparelling her ſelfe, the blacke Knight, though better skilled in giving than in curing of wounds, yet lately experienced by paſſing the like danger, hee would needs prove a Surgeon: and after hee had purchaſed things neceſſarie, having conſidered his wounds, hee found none, ſave the laſt that went through the bodie, dangerous; and it not deadly. Thereafter melting their mindes in diſcourſes,

courſes, either of them had his owne contentment doubled by hearing of the others.

Then the blacke Knight taking leave for a while, locking the doore behinde him, went downe to the Court, to trie if any ſparke of the late fire remained as yet to quench. For after the oppoſite partie (as if their armes were not ſufficient to arme them, unleſſe their armes were armed with walls) ranne to fortifie themſelves within houſes, which had no ſtrength ſave that which men were to afford them; hee, who thought his owne good fortune no better than a misfortune, till hee was aſſured that his friend had the like (without whom no happineſſe of his could bee accompliſhed) recommending the remnant of the adverſaries ruines to his two companions, had gone to learne if hee were alike happy in all places: and they (feare freezing the courage, and diſſolving the hearts of their ſcattered enemies) found quickly more throwing themſelves weaponleſſe at their feet, than they could have leiſure ſeverally to raiſe; ſo that they were more weary (though more contented) with pardoning, than they had beene with puniſhing.

Some more craftie, or more fearefull, cryed out at the windowes, that they would render upon ſecuritie of pardon. But they, ſcorning to capitulate with fugitives, who would not have done it with them when fighters: and diſdaining all that by the moſt large conſtruction could bee wreſted to the ſenſe of conſtraint, they would not equall them with thoſe who were already humbled, till they ſubmitted in a more ſubmiſſe manner, depending onely on their free diſpoſition. Which they (either truſting to the vertue of others, or miſtruſting their owne) having done, the Knight of the Sheepe was conſtrayned (his wound bleeding in great abundance, which being made by an impoyſoned Dart, had inflamed all his body) to retire. The other, having received the keyes of the gate, committed the chiefe Captives to Keepers, till the blacke Knights comming; who preſently thereafter exacting what condíons hee pleaſed, did enlarge them all. Then Sentinels were ſet on the Wall, and a company appointed to watch all night: when ſuddenly one came from their friend, to deſire them to come and take their laſt farewell of him: a requeſt wonderfully grieving them, yet quickely granted, yea, performed ere anſwered.

Being met, and all others retyred, hee with theſe words deepely wounded their ſoules. Deare Friends, whom I may juſtly call ſo, though none of us as yet doth know another; I ſee I have acted my part, and the Curtaine muſt quickly bee drawne. Death, the onely period of all reſpects, doth diſpenſe with a free ſpeech. At a tilting in *Iberia* (where I was borne) dedicated to the memorie of the Queene *Andromanes* marriage, a novice in armes (amongſt others) I ranne in a paſtorall ſhew againſt the Corinthian Knights, whom the ſucceſſe had preferred in the opinion of the beholders; till the worthily admirable Princes, *Muſidorus* & *Pyrocles*, drawn forth by the young Prince *Palladius*, brought backe the reputation to our partie, and there did ſuch things as might have honoured *Mars*, if hee had beene in any of their places; and made either of them worthy of his. Thereafter being drawne away from that Country by an accident, the report whereof craves a longer time, and a ſtronger breath than the heavens are like to afford mee, their glory (tyrannizing over my reſt) did kindle ſuch flames in my boſome, that burning with a generous ardour, I

did reſolve (leaving mine owne countrey, as too ſtrict a bound for my thoughts) to try my fortune, where I might either live famous, or die unknowne; vowing withall to travell, till thoſe Princes were either the ſubject or witneſſes of my valour. What paſſed in my way I paſſe: perchance others may remember. At laſt, invited by fame, I came to this fatall Countrey, the band of my heart was, and now muſt bee of my body: where firſt carried with curioſitie, the feaver of youth, I went to the Arcadian Paſtorals for my recreation; but found the ruine of my reſt. There blinded with beholding, and tormented with delight, my earneſt eyes ſurfetted on the excellencies of the patterne of perfection, the quinteſſence of worth, even the moſt divinely divine *Philoclea*. Ah too adventurous eyes! Neither could this content them, but they would needs offer up her picture on the Altar of my heart; where by my thoughts their choice might bee allowed, yea, and idolatrouſly advanced. For they, ſcorning the ſimple rudeneſſe of the eyes (as eaſily defrauded of their too forwardly affected object) would ſecurely entreaſure it in a more precious place, by a piercing apprehenſion ſinking it in the ſoule for ever. For a time, ſuffered as a ſtranger, and a Shepheard, knowne (as you know) by the name of *Philiſides*, amongſt the reſt I had the meanes to poure forth my plaints before her; but never to her; and (though orethrowne, not rendred) I had concluded never to have throwne the Dice betwixt hope and deſpaire, ſo betraying my eſtate to the tyrannie of anothers will. No, I was reſolved ſhee ſhould never know her power in mee, till I had knowne her minde of mee: ſo that if ſhee would not raiſe mee, ſhee ſhould not have meanes to inſult over mee. Thus if I had not procured pitie, I ſhould not have expoſed my ſelfe to diſdaine.

In the haughtineſſe of my heart (thinking nothing impoſſible) I durſt promiſe my ſelfe, that (my deeds having purchaſed reputation) with words worthy of reſpect, I might venter the proceſſe of my affection. In the meane time I joyned joyfully with you in this late warre now ended: though profeſſing a generall deſire of glory, yet for a particular end; and happy end, ſince I end for her. But ſince whileſt I lived, I had not the meanes (as I wiſhed) to content her, I crave not, by the knowledge of this, after death to diſcontent her. It ſhall ſatisfie mee that I die before my hopes: and ſhee cannot grieve for the loſſe of that which ſhe never knew to be hers.

With this, the other ſliding apart to beare and burie his ſorrow privately, the blacke Knight weeping embraced him in his armes, and told him what hee was: ſaying, hee was glad that his vow was performed; hee being a benefited witneſſe, not the endangered ſubject of his valour. Then contentment budding forth in his countenance, flouriſhed in a ſmile: and having kiſſed his friends, deſiring to live in their memory, wiſhed them as contented lives, as his was a death. Hee died as joyfully as hee left them ſorrowfull, who had knowne him a mirror of courage and courteſie; of learning and armes; ſo that it ſeemed, that *Mars* had begotten him upon one of the Muſes.

Muſidorus, exceedingly ſorrowfull for this irreparable loſſe, was yet more ſorrowfull when hee remembred himſelfe to bee in danger of a greater: and recommending the direction of all below to the Knight of the Pole, hee went himſelfe up to viſite his Patient, whom hee found, though lying, yet reſting

resting, and though not sleeping, yet dreaming. As soone as hee heard *Musidorus*, starting as one wakened out of a slumber, hee looked on his face (grieved to see the impression of griefe in it, hee not knowing the cause) with an inquisitive amazement. But the other (preventing that threatened tempest) did blow away the clouds that were gathered in his countenance; telling him, That hee had no interest in the anguish, which then did afflict him. What, said *Pyrocles*, (being passionately moved) can *Musidorus* have any thing wherein I have no interest? I (said hee) and for the present a greater wonder: my griefe may breed you joy, I having lost a friend, and you a Rivall. Then hee beganne to discourse unto him what was passed. And beside that which was justly deserved, pitie adorning prayse, and prayse augmenting pitie, a generous passion so conquered the unconquerable *Pyrocles*, that hee lamented him dead, whom hee had not knowne; no, nor would never have loved alive, and undoubtedly would have wished him no better successe than hee had. Yea, the very thing which before might have most discontented him, did then most content him; having his judgement confirmed by the like, in one of such worth.

After that, layed downe in one bed together (friendship making them free, and solitarinesse bold) whilest their mindes beganne to bee delivered of all, wherewith they had a long time travelled, a mayde came to the doore, sent by the two Sisters, to visite *Zelmane*: who hearing two, where shee expected but one, and the one by the manner of his speech likely to bee a man) did presently returne, and reported to the Ladies (who were lying together, that whereof her eares had given her sufficient assurance. At which newes *Pamela*, burning within, sparkled forth these wordes to her Sister: What wonder though strangers ever wandering, wander from all things, chiefly those of our sexe, who being borne to bee bounded within houses, when they cannot bee bounded within Kingdomes, how can they bee bounded by modestie? Yet though I hate the deede, the respect of the doer, but more of us whose company shee hath haunted (lest her reproach, by the commentarie of Fame be too largely extended) bindes mee to conceale her shame, that wee blush not at it. But wee must either free our selves from her, or shee her selfe from this slander.

Oh, but answered the ever (and more now than ever) milde *Philoclea*: Wee must not Sister rashly condemne them, whom wee have oftentimes considerately approved, lest the change be in our judgement, and not in them. No doubt, because of the indisposition of her bodie, it was necessarie that shee should have some one to accompanie her: perchance a Woman mistaken; and if a Man, who knowes for what end? Shee, who being sound would acquaint her selfe with none, in this estate could not be acquainted with any.

It is an easiy matter, replyed *Pamela*, for one who can deceive, to dissemble. Neither is this a new acquaintance: you might have seene her use that Knight, who did come in with her, rather kindly than courteously: a preceding friendship over-passing present respects: For, where a great familiaritie is, no ceremoniall duetie can bee observed. Then *Philoclea* having found her, could hardly restraine the violence of a just laughter. As for that which you affirme last, said shee, I cannot denie it: no, I dare assure you, and assure your selfe I will

assure nothing without assurance, that Knight is the man of the World whom *Zelmane* most dearely loves; and yet I know, that neither would hee offer, nor shee suffer her honour to bee wronged, as you imagine. This last wound was too deepe for *Pamela* to speake after it: so that shee (abandoning her heart to throw it selfe over the rocke of unkindnesse) in danger to bee drowned with her owne teares, was thus prevented by *Philoclea*: Deare sister (and if any word can expresse more deareness more deare than that) your using me not onely as a Sister, but as a friend in the highest degree of trust, would make mee ashamed to mistrust you, or that you should bee beholden to any other than to mee for my secret. So might my strangeness justifie your unkindnesse, though you should discover and condemne that, which I know you will conceale, perchance approve, and further, being by my imparting of it to you, made of the partie, ere the the report of others make you a Judge; bee bold my tongue, though my cheeke blush, yet they cover you. Bee not ashamed, nay, even glorie to tell that *Zelmane* is the Prince *Pyrocles*; hee whom you have heard so oft (yet ever to his honour) named: and, to designe him unto you more particularly, the friend of *Musidorus*, over whom with him you are jealous; they lying now in one bed with no lesse love than I told you. Why hee goes disguised with others, and why I am plaine with you, I need not tell, you may imagine. One God hath metamorphosed both, the one in a Shepheard, the other in a woman; and we only can restore them to themselves, and themselves to the world, that they may grace it with the glorie of their actions, as they were wont to doe.

Then *Philoclea*, exchanging estates with her Sister (words arrested by thoughts) shee became sad, and the other joyfull: who thinking her selfe well revenged of the passed scorne, and having a sufficient pledge of her sisters secrecie, beganne to complaine of their Fathers strict using of them, by surmisings of his owne minding to marre their fortunes; so that where hee should rejoyce at such an occasion (if comming to the knowledge thereof) hee would not faile to disappoint it, perchance with the ruine of the Princes: which would not onely prove a particular losse for them, but (which shee lamented more) a generall losse for all the world; depriving it of those patterns of vertue, who in all their actions did but paint out the height of perfection, and encourage others to follow their foot-steppes in the way of worth. Therefore it behoved them to regard themselves, and seriously to consider a matter of so great importance. Then both beginning to muse, night did cast the nets of sleepe over their eyes, yet could not hinder their earnest thoughts from prosecuting the course of their owne fancies: for what they were thinking when waking, they still dreamed when sleeping.

But ere the morning Starre beganne to retyre (as giving place to a greater light, whose comming it (as a fore-runner) had only warned the world to attend) both awaked, complaining of the nights length; and having with passionate discourses worne away darkenesse (as wearie of them) they arose and hastily apparrelled themselves, though not in a curious, yet in a comely manner. Then with a pretended charitie they would needes goe visite the diseased patient, being themselves impatient. A little before their comming, *Musidorus* being gone to give order for the buriall of *Philisides*, and (at the earnest desire of *Pyrocles*) of *Anaxius*, whose valour now had the full praise, from which his

his owne presumption had derogated much whilest he lived: as they approached to his Chamber doore, they heard *Pyrocles* preparing his voice for the convoy of a sadly conceived, and weakly delivered song, which they resolved not to interrupt; attending the letter, which followed.

More dangerous darts than Death, Love throws I spy,
Who by experience now know both their wounds:
Death pierc'd me all, yet could not make me dye:
Love with a thought me in effect confounds.
The power of Death, Art sometimes may restraine,
Where Love (I finde) can never Physick finde:
Death only plagues the body but with paine,
Where Love with pleasure doth torment the minde.
Death still to all alike none free doth leave,
Where partiall Love shafts but at some doth send:
Death with more mercy kils, than love doth save;
Deaths end breeds rest, Love never rests to end.
Death doth enlarge, where Love imprisons still:
Death forc't by fates; Love willingly doth kill.

As soone as this song was ended, *Pamela* opened the doore, saluting him still (so to disguise her knowledge) by the name of *Zelmane*; and asked in what estate she was with her selfe: who returned this answer: How can I smart, having such Angels to give mee comfort? Or how can I feele paine in their presence, whose faces are Heavens of pleasure? Since (said *Pamela*) being onely unfortunate by falling in our company, the hazzard of your life hath procured our liberty, so that accidentally (though farre from our intention) wee have been the causes of all your trouble, how can we thinke of your paine but as of our owne? or have any delight, whilest you rest grieved? Wonders of worth (said *Zelmane*) I shall ever whilest I live reckon for my highest happinesse, my being honoured by your company: and as for my travels in this, they are by the successe abundantly rewarded, since I could aspire to no higher good than I have compassed, having purchased you any contentment.

Whilest that passionate *Zelmane*, with an animated fervencie did incorporate her hand with *Philoclea's*, whose speaking lookes, how ever sometime out of modestie obliquely moving, had a continuall revolution about his face: the blacke Knights comming in drew *Pamela's* spirits from her thoughts to her eyes. A Gentleman followed him, directed from *Basilius*: who, after his dutie done to the Ladies, having shewne them that their Father and Mother were in good health (invited by their inquiring attendance) told how the first, whom prodigall fame had breathed forth with newes, (hasted by himselfe, as who carried an acceptable message, in hope of benefit or thankes) certified the King how the Castle was wonne, and his daughters delivered by the blacke Knight, who before had put a period to the victories of *Amphialus*. At this, *Pamela* looking on *Musidorus* blushed: and hee (though by no gesture betraying his joy) rejoyced, not because he heard himselfe praised, but because

ſhe heard him prayſed, and that *Anaxius* in a ſingle combat was killed by *Zelmane*, ſhe not long over-living the victory.

The King hearing this, who of his gracious nature would rather ſave one friend than deſtroy all his enemies, as if the delivery of his daughters had beene a matter of ſmall moment, and a gaine too light to counterpoize ſo great a loſſe, did abandon his ſoule to the tyranny of ſorrow, even more than Majeſtie in a Prince, or vertue in affliction, in the balances of reaſon would have allowed of ſuch weight. At this *Zelmanes* ſmile was accompanied with *Philoclea's*. But when hee ſpake of *Gynecia's* griefes over-growing the other, they grew pale; being afraid of the Fountaine from whence her teares did flow, leſt it ſhould drown them.

But whileſt *Gynecia* (the Meſſenger inſiſted) as runne madde with anguiſh, encloſed in a Chamber, would ſuffer none to come unto her: all wondred, that her Children being ſafe, a Strangers death, or her Husbands griefe, could weaken the knowne ſtrength of her Minde ſo much: the next Meſſenger came, being the latter, and thereby the better informed, who ſugred the firſt Newes with the aſſurance of *Zelmanes* ſafetie. Then the Queene comming forth as after a great Tempeſt, the Skie of her countenance cleared, looking brighter than before. The King would have come himſelfe here in perſon, but hee was perſwaded to ſend *Philanax* with a number of choſen men to receive the Caſtle and the Ladies; eftſoones being curious to know who cured *Zelmane*. When it was told him that the Knight who wonne the Caſtle would truſt none with that ſave himſelfe, hee was ſorrie that one of his worth ſhould bee put to ſuch trouble: and would needes have an ordinarie Surgeon ſought out to undertake the charge. In the meane time the Queene came and brought out of a Boxe a ſoveraigne Balme, which ſhee hath ſent by mee to bee applyed to your Wounds, faire *Zelmane*, not doubting but that they will quickely become ſound, if her direction bee obſerved; which is onely, That you reſt and keepe your ſelfe quiet from Companie now, and by the way, till ſhee her ſelfe may uſe other Remedies. And for this effect ſhee intreates you (Miracles of Nature) her daughters to forbeare her companie during this time; that your example (whoſe Authoritie abuſed, might emboldon the indiſcretion of inferiours) may bee a law for others: and ſhee aſſured mee, that ſhee would by a ſecret ſpye learne how ſhee were obeyed in this. Such a care hath ſhee of this ſweet Ladies health.

By the end of this Commiſſion well did *Zelmane* and *Philoclea* know, at whom in particular thoſe generall Injunctions did onely ayme. This enjoyned abſtinence did give *Zelmane* a ſurfet in ſorrow, who had rather have continued ſtill infirme, than to have recovered by ſo cruell a Phyſicke. And yet her miſerie was multiplyed when ſhee remembred the cauſe, whereof this (in reſpect of that which ſhee did expect) was a ſlender iſſue, and but a little furie, ſent to afflict her out of that Hell of *Gynecia's* Breaſt; into whoſe companie ſhee was ſhortly to enter. Now the blacke Knight, purpoſing to depart before *Philanax* arrived, brought his Companion the Knight of the Pole (as a Partner of his victorie) to kiſſe the Ladies hands: extenuating his owne part, and preferring his: Thoſe who have true Worth in themſelves, can never envie it in another. Thereafter adviſing him privately to have their little companie

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in a readineſſe, hee went with an uncounterfeited reverence, humbling himſelfe before the idoll of his ſoule to know her will: telling her what hee had done, being onely done for her, hee would attend thankes from no other; neither would he bee knowne till hee might bee knowne for hers: and ſhee (her countenance rather lightning courteſie than affection) deſired him to returne to his old Maſter, and hee ſhould bee reſtored to the eſtate which by his fault hee had before juſtly forfeited; wiſhing that hee ſhould carrie himſelfe more moderately thereafter, if hee would not incurre her indignation, and raze all regard of him out of her memorie.

Then *Muſidorus* (as contented as one who had beene brought from Hell to Heaven) with many vehement atteſtations to winne truſt with her, and imprecations againſt himſelfe in caſe of Perjurie, wiſhed, if ever his minde were ſo unhappie, as to bee ſurpriſed by any purpoſe tending in the leaſt degree to grieve her, that hee might never live till it tooke effect, but dye ere it were diſcovered. And (like a warie Gameſter, who having once advantage is loath to adventure againe) willing to ſeale up his eares with the acceptable ſounds which they had received, hee tooke leave, leaving his heart with her, and taking hers with him. Then went he towards *Pyrocles* (the joy of his heart ſhining thorough his face) and acquainted him with his unwilling abſenting himſelfe, referring all further conference till their meeting at the Arbour. And having in a complementall manner craved, but not deſired, employment from *Philoclea* in any ſervice, after the Funerals were performed, hee marched with his Troupe away, the moſt part thinking that hee went to meete *Philanax*: whileſt *Pamela* from a window followed with her eyes, till clouds of duſt did burie their object in the Aire.

Soone after their departure from the Caſtle, about this time, *Philanax* arrived; who immediately after hee had received the Caſtle in the Kings name, ſought for the Knight, whoſe gift (though not given by him) hee eſteemed it to bee. For hee being generouſly judicious, thought it more fit that Princes ſhould defray obligations by rewards (every man being inferiour to him to whom hee ſtands indebted) than to bee behinde with any by being beholding; and hearing that hee was gone, by publike inquirie for him, and praiſes of him, hee witneſſed to the world how highly his valour was valued. After hee had ſaluted the Princeſſes, hee viſited *Zelmane*, and told her how carefull his Maſter was to have thoſe Wounds cured, which in his ſervice had beene procured, that thereafter hee might otherwiſe expreſſe his gratefulneſſe. But *Zelmane* affirmed, that though that blond which was ſhed, had beene followed by all the reſt of her body, with the Kings former courteſies towards her, the deſerving by the recompence was both preceded and exceeded. Then *Philanax* (loth to ſtrive with deedes in words) deſired her, if her health might ſerve, to provide for her removing with the reſt to morrow: otherwiſe, that ſhould bee done for her, which ſhee her ſelfe would direct.

Immediately after his departure *Zelmane* aroſe: and having apparrelled her ſelfe, beganne to walke, not ſo much to trye how ſhee might comport with the intended journey, as that ſhe might pretend any meanes which might afford her the ſatisfaction of *Philoclea's* preſence; where (violently carried by her thoughts) ſhee came ſoone, but not ſo ſoone as ſhee wiſhed, and was wiſhed: where (*Pamela*

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apart entertaining her thoughts) ſhee thus entred with *Philoclea*. Deare Love, Oh in what an Ocean of troubles doth our eſtate continually flote! yet hath never ſo much as attained the ſight of any ſecure port. I ſee that this freedome will but bring us to a greater bondage: wee are led from captivity, onely to become captives. For, where before thoſe ſenſeleſſe Walls were thought ſufficient to guard us, wee ſhall bee watched now, by one more jealous than *Juno*, with more eyes than ever *Argus* had. I would willingly conveigh you where I might enjoy you, and you a Kingdome: but this my infirmity firſt hindred, and the comming of *Philanax* hath altogether prevented. In the meane time, till for performing of that a longed-for occaſion come, I muſt arme my ſelfe againſt your Fathers folly, and your Mothers furie. The ones might eaſily bee deluded; but the others cannot bee reſiſted, but by a ſhew of yeelding, which I muſt cunningly counterfeit: and therefore truſt no externall ſhew; for who ever have my countenance, you have my heart. *Philoclea's* words were, that ſhee cared not where ſhee went, ſo it were with him, nor what ſhee did, ſo it were warranted by his direction, as bent rather to burne her breaſt, than to let it lodge any thought which durſt but doubt of the ſufficiencie of his intentions; ſince, what ever circle they made, having alwayes for their centre the excellency of his owne worth. So parting, as if they had been to goe to live in ſundrie Kingdomes, though going to live in one companie, night invited them to repoſe.

The next morning being ſaluted by the Trumpets ſounds, and all readie to remove, they were quickely tranſported over the Lake; and as quickely (when landed) mounted by the provident care of *Philanax*, to finiſh their journey. But ere they came two or three miles off the Lodges, *Baſilius* met them: who embraced his Daughters, not that hee would goe firſt to them, but that hee would bee laſt with *Zelmane*, whom he had kiſſed with his eies, ere his lippes were drawne from his Daughters. And as ſoone as hee had ſhewn as much affection, encountring her, as his ſtate before ſo many would permit: hee ſaid, that notwithſtanding her countenance was the treaſure in the World, whereof hee was moſt covetous, yet it grieved him that another ſhould bee ſo happie as to have procured her libertie, rather than himſelfe; and that it was his purpoſe, as a private adventurer, to have manifeſted his affection, fighting as a Knight, not as a King, for her deliverie.

Zelmane replying, That it had beene againſt all reaſon, that ſo a great Prince, on whom the lives of ſo many did depend, ſhould have beene hazzarded for the life of one, whoſe fall could extend no further than to her owne ruine. Your ruine (ſaid hee) I wiſh that mine were firſt: for it could not but follow after. And doe not thinke that the blacke Knight, or any other, durſt doe more for you than I: yet ſuch is the miſerable eſtate of us Kings, that wee cannot prove men; but are compelled to move in our owne ſphere. The journeyes end cutting off their diſcourſe, *Gynecia* was waiting on thier lighting: and having firſt (dutie tyrannizing over affection) careleſly kiſſed *Pamela*, diſdainfully *Philoclea*, and vehemently *Zelmane*, thereafter enquiring of her wounds, thankes (though beſtowing nothing, defraying much) were courteouſly returned for the Balme which was ſent; ſhee proteſting that if no other thing could helpe, ſhee would pull out her owne heart, when *Baſilius* interrupted them

them, comming to have lightned his heart, by burdening his bodie with his Miſtreſſes lighting.

Dametas came ſtarting and leaping like a giddy Kidde to meete with *Pamela*; and as ſoone as ſhee was lighted, for the firſt ſalutation, told her how much ſhee was beholding to him, having ſhewne his man-hood and good will as much as the beſt fellow in thoſe bounds could have done: ſwearing that hee had ventured more for her, than hee would doe for all the world againe, and for his owne life too; I (quoth hee) and when my man *Dorus* durſt not bee ſeene, who was thought a brave fellow, yet hee fained a buſineſſe farre from the noyſe of Warre, to ſeeke ſheepe; but the truth is, to hide himſelfe, whileſt my deedes made all our Armie laugh for joy: ſo that during all that time of trouble, which I tremble yet to thinke upon, I never heard of him, till even now hee ſent mee word by a Shepheard, whom hee met on the way, that hee had found the Ewes which had ſtrayed, with great difficultie; and was driving them at leaſure, for feare they ſhould miſcarrie. But when hee comes, I promiſe I will make his cowardiſe bee knowne for leaving mee, when I would faine have left my ſelfe for feare. Oh but (ſaid *Pamela*) you muſt not bee offended though every man bee not ſo ſtout as you are; hee may bee an evill Souldier, but yet a good Shepheard: and I hope you keepe him that hee may keepe ſheepe, not that hee may kill men. Now in good faith (ſaid hee) I ſee you are not changed: for you were ever wiſe, and ſo doe you continue ſtill, I may well chide the fellow, but I will not beate him.

Then all entring the Lodge with *Baſilius*, though the Supper was readie, *Gynecia* would dreſſe *Zelmanes* Wounds firſt, and *Baſilius* would ſee them dreſſed; ſo by his deſpiſed importunateneſſe reſtraining the torrent of *Gynecia's* paſſions; which would but burſt forth more furiouſly thereafter. This freeing *Zelmanes* eares at that time, was but ſuch a reliefe to her, as they finde who expell poyſon by counter-poyſon, ſhee being as wearie of him, as affraid of the other.

Then ſitting downe to the Supper, more curious of a ſurfeit to their eyes, than for ſuſtenance to the reſt of their bodie: the eyes of *Baſilius* were ever feeding on the face of *Zelmane* with a fearefull earneſtneſſe, ſave ſometime when they were conſtrained to retire by the violence of his wives lookes: thinking that they with a jealous anger had upbraided his errour, which ſhee (otherwiſe buſied) had never ſo much as obſerved. The one of her eyes was ſetled like a fixed Starre on *Zelmane*: the other, like a wandring Comet threatning confuſion where it ſhined, ſtrayed betwixt *Zelmane* and her daughter *Philoclea*, watching and chaſtiſing with a looke her ſtolne lookes. *Zelmanes* languiſhing lights made the Table envied, whileſt her dejected lookes did onely bleſſe it; as ſcorning to looke on any, ſince ſhe might not looke where ſhee liked. *Philoclea*, chained by thoughts to *Zelmane*, did imitate her, being penſive, becauſe ſhee was penſive: yet like a cunning Painter, who having fully fedde his eyes with the affected object, turnes backe within himſelfe, that his imagination may engrave it the more exactly within his memorie, ſhee would ſometimes with a theeviſhly adventrous looke ſpye *Zelmanes* geſture, that ſhee might the better counterfeit it in her countenance. As for *Pamela*, ſhee kept her accuſtomed Majeſtie, being abſent where ſhee was, and preſent where ſhee was not. Then, the Supper being ended,

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after some ambiguous speeches, which might (for feare of being mistaken) bee taken in two senses, or else were altogether estranged from the speakers minde, speaking as in a dreame, not what they thought, but what they would be thought to thinke; every one retyred to the Lodge, where they had used before to lye; *Basilius* having first invited them, the next morning to see a Pastorall, represented by the ordinary Shepherds, to congratulate their prosperous returne.

IF this little Essay have not that perfection which is required, for supplying the want of that place for which it was intended, yet shal it serve for shadow to give a lustre to the rest. I have only herein conformed my selfe to that which preceded my beginning, and was knowne to be that admirable Authors owne, but doe differ in some things from that which follows, specially in the death of Philisides, *making choice of a course whereby I might best manifest what affection I beare to the memory of him, whom I tooke to be alluded unto by that name, and whom I only by this imperfect parcell (designing more) had a minde to honour.*

S.W.A.

From

From hence the Hiſtory is againe continued out of the Authors owne writings and conceits, as followeth.

After that *Baſilius* (according to the Oracles promiſe) had received home his daughters, and ſettled himſelf again in his ſolitary courſe & accuſtomed company, there paſſed not many daies ere the now fully recomforted *Dorus*, having waited a time of *Zelmanes* walking alone towards her little Arbor, tooke leave of his maſter *Dametas* husbandry to follow her. Neare whereunto overtaking her, and ſitting downe together among the ſweet flowers, whereof that place was very plentifull, under the pleaſant ſhade of a broad-leaved Sycamor, they recounted one to another their ſtrange pilgrimage of paſſions, omitting nothing which open hearted friendſhip is wont to lay forth, where there is cauſe to communicate both joyes & ſorrowes; for indeed there is no ſweeter taſte of friendſhip, than the coupling of ſoules in this mutuallity either of condoling, or comforting: where the oppreſſed mind finds it ſelfe not altogether miſerable, ſince it is ſure of one which is feelingly ſorry for his miſery: and the joyful ſpends not his joy, either alone, or there where it may be envied: but may freely ſend it to ſuch a well grounded object, from whence hee ſhall bee ſure to receive a ſweet reflection of the ſame joy, and, as in a cleere mirrour of ſincere good will, ſee a lively picture of his own gladneſſe. But after much diſcourſe on either part, *Dorus* (his heart ſcarce ſerving him to come to the point, whereunto his then comming had beene wholly directed, as loth in the kindeſt ſort to diſcover to his friend his owne unkindneſſe) at length, one word emboldening another, made knowne to *Zelmane*, how *Pamela* upon his vehement oath to offer no force unto her, till hee had inveſted her in the Dutchie of *Theſſalia*, had condiſcended to his ſtealing her away to the next ſea-port. That beſides the ſtrange humors ſhee ſaw her father more and more falling into, and unreaſonable reſtraint of her liberty, whereof ſhee knew no cauſe but light grounded jealouſies, added to the hate of that manner of life, and confidence ſhee had in his vertue: the chiefeſt reaſon had wonne her to this, was the late danger ſhee ſtood in of loſing him, the like whereof (not unlike to fall if this courſe were continued) ſhee choſe rather to dye than againe to undergoe. That now they waited for nothing elſe, but ſome fit time for their eſcape, by the abſence of their three lothſome companions, in whom folly engendered ſuſpicion. And therefore now, ſaid *Dorus*, my deare Couſin, to whom nature began my friendſhip, education confirmed it, and vertue hath made it eternall, here have I diſcovered the very foundation whereupon my life is built: bee you the Judge betwixt mee and my fortune. The violence of love is not unknowne to you; and I know my caſe ſhall never want pitie in your conſideration. How all the joyes of my heart doe leave me, in thinking I muſt for a time bee abſent from you, the eternall truth is witneſſe unto mee. I know I ſhould not ſo ſenſibly feele the pangs of my laſt departure. But this enchantment of my reſtleſſe deſire hath ſuch authority in my ſelfe above my ſelfe, that I am become a ſlave unto it. I have no more freedome in mine owne determinations; my thoughts are now all bent how to carry away my burdenous bliſſe. Yet, moſt beloved Couſin, rather than you ſhould thinke I doe herein violate that holy band of true friendſhip, wherein I (unworthy) am knit unto you, command mee ſtay; perchance the force of your commandement may worke ſuch impreſſion in my heart, that no reaſon of mine owne can imprint into it. For the Gods forbid, the

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foule word of abandoning *Pyrocles*, might ever be objected to the faithfull *Muſidorus*. But if you can ſpare my preſence, whoſe preſence no way ſerves you, and by the diviſion of theſe two Lodges is not oft with you: nay, if you can thinke my abſence may, as it ſhall, ſtand you in ſtead, by bringing ſuch an army hither, as ſhall make *Baſilius*, willing or unwilling, to know his owne hap, in granting you *Philoclea*: then I will cheerefully goe about this my moſt deſired enterpriſe, and ſhall thinke the better halfe of it already atchieved, being begun in the fortunate houre of my friends contentment. Theſe words, as they were not knit together with ſuch a conſtant courſe of flowing eloquence, as *Dorus* was wont to uſe: ſo was his voyce interrupted with ſighes, and his countenance with enterchanging colour diſmaid. So much his owne heart did find him faultie to unbend any way the continuall uſe of their deare friendſhip. But *Zelmane*, who had all this while gladly hearkened to the other tydings of her friends happy ſucceſſe, when this laſt determination of *Dorus* ſtrake her attentive eares, ſhee ſtaied a great while, oppreſſed with a dead amazement. There came ſtraight before her minde, made tender with woes, the images of her own fortune: her tedious longings, her cauſes of deſpaire, the comberſome folly of *Baſilius*, the enraged jealouſie of *Gynecia*, her ſelfe a Prince without retinue; a man annoyed with the troubles of womankind; lothſomely loved, and dangerouſly loving. And now for the perfecting of all, her friend to be taken away by himſelfe, to make the loſſe the greater by the unkindneſſe. But within a while ſhe reſolutely paſſed over all inward objections, and preferring her friends profit to her owne deſire, with a quiet but heavie looke, ſhe thus anſwered him: If I bare thee this love, vertuous *Muſidorus*, for mine owne ſake, and that our friendſhip grew becauſe I, for my part, might rejoyce to enjoy ſuch a friend, I ſhould now ſo throughly feele mine owne loſſe, that I ſhould call the heavens and earth to witneſſe, how cruelly yee rob me of my greateſt comfort, meaſuring the breach of friendſhip by mine owne paſſion. But becauſe indeed I love thee for thy ſelfe, and in my judgement judge of thy worthineſſe to be loved, I am content to build my pleaſure upon thy comfort; and then will I deeme my hap in friendſhip great, when I ſhall ſee thee, whom I love, happy. Let mee bee onely ſure thou loveſt me ſtill, the onely price of true affection. Goe therefore on, worthy *Muſidorus*, with the guide of vertue, and ſervice of fortune. Let thy love be loved, thy deſires proſperous, thy eſcape ſafe, and thy journy eaſie. Let every thing yeeld his helpe to thy deſert: for my part abſence ſhall not take thee from mine eyes, nor afflictions ſhall barre mee from gladding in thy good, nor a poſſeſſed heart ſhall keepe thee from the place it hath for ever allotted unto thee. *Dorus* would faine have replyed againe, to have made a liberall confeſſion that *Zelmane* had of her ſide the advantage of well performing friendſhip, but partly his owne griefe of parting from one hee loved ſo dearely, partly the kind care in what ſtate hee ſhould leave *Zelmane*, bred ſuch a conflict in his minde, that many times hee wiſhed hee had either never attempted, or never revealed this ſecret enterpriſe. But *Zelmane*, who had now looked to the uttermoſt of it, and eſtabliſhed her minde upon an aſſured determination, My onely friend, ſaid ſhe, ſince to ſo good towardneſſe your courteous deſtinies have conducted you, let not a ceremoniall conſideration of our mutuall love bee a barre unto it. I joy in your preſence, but I joy more in your good: that friendſhip brings forth the fruits of enmitie, which preferres his owne tenderneſſe before his friends dammage. For my part, my greateſt griefe herein ſhall be, I can be no further ſerviceable unto you. O *Zelmane*, ſaid *Dorus*, with his eyes even covered with water, I did not thinke ſo ſoone to have diſplayed my determination unto you, but to have made my way firſt

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in your loving judgement. But alas, as your ſweet diſpoſition drew me ſo far, ſo doth it now ſtrengthen me in it. To you therefore be the due commendation given, who can conquer me in Love, and love in Wiſedome. As for me, then ſhall goodneſſe turne to evill, and ungratefulneſſe be the token of a true heart, when *Pyrocles* ſhall not poſſeſſe a principall ſeat in my ſoule, when the name of *Pyrocles* ſhall not be held of me in devout reverence.

They would never have come to the cruell inſtant of parting, nor to the ill-faring word of farewell, had not *Zelmane* ſeen afarre off the old *Baſilius*, who having performed a ſacrifice to *Apollo* for his daughters, but principally for his miſtreſſe happie returne, had ſince been every where to ſeeke her. And now being come within compaſſe of diſcerning her, he began to frame the lovelieſt countenance he could, ſtroking up his legs, ſetting his beard in due order, and ſtanding bolt upright. Alas, ſaid *Zelmane*, behold an evill foretoken of your ſorrowfull departure. Yonder ſee I one of my Furies which doth daily vexe mee, farewell, farewell, my *Muſidorus*, the gods make fortune to wait on thy vertues, and make me wade through this lake of wretchedneſſe. *Dorus* burſt out into a floud of teares, wringing her faſt by the hand. No, no, ſaid he, I goe blind-fold whither the courſe of my ill hap carries me: for now too late my heart gives me, this our ſeparating can never be proſperous. But if I live attend me here ſhortly with an army. Thus both apalled with the grievous renting of their firſt combination (having firſt reſolved with themſelves, that whatſoever fell unto them, they ſhould never upon no occaſion utter their names, for the conſerving the honour of their royall parentage, but keep the names of *Daiphantus* & *Palladius*, as before had bin agreed between them) they took divers waies: *Dorus* to the lodge-ward, where his heavie eies might be ſomthing refreſhed; *Zelmane* towards *Baſilius*; ſaying to her ſelfe with a ſcornfull ſmiling: Yet hath not my friendly fortune deprived me of a pleaſant companion. But he having with much ſearch come to her preſence, doubt and deſire bred a great quarrell in his mind. For his former experience had taught him to doubt, and true feeling of love made doubts dangerous; but the working of his deſire had ere long won the field. And therfore with the moſt ſubmiſſive maner his behaviour could yeeld, O goddeſſe, ſaid he, towards whom I have the greateſt feeling of religion, be not diſpleaſed at ſome ſhew of devotion I have made to *Apollo*: ſince he (if he know any thing) knowes that my heart beares farre more awfull reverence to your ſelfe, than to his, or any other the like *Deity*. You will ever be deceived in me, anſwered *Zelmane*; I will make my ſelfe no competitor with *Apollo*, neither can blaſphemies to him be duties to me. With that *Baſilius* tooke out of his boſome certaine verſes he had written, and kneeling downe, preſented them to her. They contained this.

PHœbus *farewell, a ſweeter Saint I ſerve,*
The high conceits thy heav'nly wiſdomes breed,
My thoughts forget: my thoughts which never ſwerve
From her in whom is ſowne their freedomes ſeed,
And in whoſe eyes my daily doome I read.

Phœbus *farewell, a ſweeter Saint I ſerve,*
Thou art farre off, thy Kingdome is above:
She heav'n on earth with beauties doth preſerve.
Thy beames I like, but her cleare rayes I love:
Thy force I feare, her force I ſtill doe prove.

Phœbus *yeeld up thy title in my minde:*
She doth poſſeſſe, thy image is defac't;
But if thy rage ſome brave revenge will finde,
On her, who hath in me thy temple rac't,
Employ thy might, that ſhe my fires may taſte:
And how much more her worth ſurmounteth thee,
Make her as much more baſe by loving me.

This is my Hymne to you, ſaid he, not left me by my Anceſtors, but begun in my ſelfe. The temple wherin it is daily ſung, is my ſoule; and the ſacrifice I offer to you, withall, is all whatſoever I am. *Zelmane*, who ever thought ſhe found in his ſpeeches the ill taſte of a medicine, and the operation of a poiſon, would have ſuffered a diſdainfull look to have bin the only witneſſe of her good acceptation; but that *Baſilius* began afreſh to lay before her many pitifull prayers, and in the end to conclude that he was fully of opinion it was only the unfortunateneſſe of that place that hindred the proſperous courſe of his deſires. And therefore ſince the hatefull influence, which made him embrace this ſolitary life, was now paſt over him (as hee doubted not the judgment of *Philanax* would agree with his) & his late miſhaps had taught him how perillous it was to commit a Princes ſtate to a place ſo weakly guarded: he was now inclined to returne to his palace in *Mantinea*, and there he hoped he ſhould be better able to ſhew how much he deſired to make all he had hers: with many other ſuch hony words, which my pen growes almoſt weary to ſet down. This indeed neerely pierced *Zelmane*: for the good beginning ſhe had there obtained of *Philoclea*, made her deſire to continue the ſame trade, till unto the more perfecting of her deſires: and to come to any publike place ſhe did deadly feare, leſt her mask by many eyes might the ſooner be diſcovered, and ſo her hopes ſtopped, and the ſtate of her joies endangered. Therefore a while ſhe reſted, muſing at the daily changing labyrinth of her own fortune; but in her ſelfe determined it was her only beſt to keep him there, and with favours to make him love the place where the favours were received, as diſgraces had made him apt to change the ſoile.

Therefore caſting a kinde of corner looke upon him, It is truely ſaid (ſaid ſhee) that age cooleth the blood. How ſoone, good man, you are terrified before you receive any hurt? Doe you not know that daintineſſe is kindely unto us? And that hard obtaining is the excuſe of womans granting? Yet I ſpeake not as though you were like to obtain, or I to grant, but becauſe I would not have you imagine I am to be wonne by courtly vanities, or eſteeme a man the more, becauſe hee hath handſome men to wait on him, when he is afraid to live without them. You might have ſeen *Baſilius* humbly ſwell, and with a lowly looke ſtand upon his tip-toes; ſuch diverſity her words delivered unto him. O *Hercules*, anſwered he, *Baſilius* afraid! or his blood cold, that boiles in ſuch a furnace! Care I who is with me while I enjoy your preſence? Or is any place good or bad to me, but as it pleaſeth you to bleſſe or curſe it? O let me be but armed in your good grace, and I defie whatſoever there is or can be againſt me. No, no, your love is forcible, and my age is not without vigour. *Zelmane* thought it not good for his ſtomack, to receive a ſurfeit of too much favour, and therefore thinking he had enough for the time, to keepe him from any ſudden removing, with a certaine gracious bowing downe of her head toward him, ſhe turned away, ſaying, She would leave him at this time to ſee how temperately hee could uſe ſo bountifull a meaſure of her kindneſſe. *Baſilius*, that thought every drop a flood that bred any refreſhment, durſt not further preſſe her, but with an ancient

ancient modeſty left her to the ſweet repaſt of her owne fancie. *Zelmane* as ſoone as he was departed, went toward *Pamela's* lodge, in hope to have ſeene her friend *Dorus*, to have pleaſed her ſelfe with another painfull farewell, and further to have taken ſome advice with him touching her owne eſtate, whereof before ſorrow had not ſuffered her to thinke. But being come even neere the Lodge, ſhe ſaw the mouth of a cave, made as it ſhould ſeeme by Nature in deſpite of Art: ſo fitly did the rich-growing marble ſerve to beautifie the vault of the firſt entry. Under foot the ground ſeemed minerall, yeelding ſuch a gliſtering ſhew of gold in it, as they ſay the river *Tagus* carries in his ſandy bed. The cave framed out into many goodly ſpacious roomes, ſuch as ſelfe-liking men have with long and learned delicacy found out the moſt eaſefull: there ran through it a little ſweet river, which had left the face of the earth to drowne her ſelfe for a ſmall way in this darke, but pleaſant manſion. The very firſt ſhew of the place enticed the melancholy minde of *Zelmane* to yeeld her ſelfe over there to the flood of her owne thoughts: And therefore ſitting downe in the firſt entry of the caves mouth, with a ſong ſhe had lately made, ſhee gave a dolefull way to her bitter affects, and ſung to this effect:

SInce that the ſtormie rage of paſſions darke
(Of paſſions darke, made darke by beauties light)
With rebell force, hath clos'd in Dungeon darke
My minde ere now led forth by reaſons light.

Since all the things which give my eyes their light,
Doe foſter ſtill the fruits of fancies darke:
So that the windowes of my inward light
Doe ſerve to make my inward powers darke.

Since, as I ſay, both minde and ſenſes darke
Are hurt, not helpt, with piercing of the light:
While that the light may ſhew the horrors darke,
But cannot make reſolved darkneſſe light:
I like this place, where at the leaſt the darke
May keepe my thoughts from thought of wonted light.

Inſtead of an Inſtrument, her ſong was accompanied with the wringing of her hands, the cloſing of her weary eyes, and even ſometime cut off with the ſwelling of her ſighes, which did not ſuffer the voice to have his free and native paſſage. But as ſhe was a while muſing upon her Song, raiſing up her ſpirits, which were ſomething falne into the weakneſſe of lamentation, conſidering ſolitary complaints doe no good to him whoſe help ſtands without himſelfe, ſhe might a farre off firſt heare a whiſpering ſound, which ſeemed to come from the inmoſt part of the cave, and being kept together with the cloſe hollowneſſe of the place, had, as in a trunke, the more liberall acceſſe to her eares, and by and by ſhe might perceive the ſame voice deliver it ſelfe into Muſicall tunes, and with a Baſe *Lyra* gave forth this Song:

HArke plaintfull ghoſts, infernall furies harke
Unto my woes the hatefull heav'ns doe ſend,
The heav'ns conſpir'd to make my vitall ſparke
A wretched wracke, a glaſſe of ruines end.

Seeing, alas, ſo mighty powers bend
Their iref ull ſhot againſt ſo weake a marke,
Come cave, become my grave, come death, and lend
Receit to me, within thy boſome darke.

For what is life to daily dying minde,
Where drawing breath I ſucke the aire of woe:
Where too much ſight makes all the body blinde,
And higheſt thoughts downward moſt headlong throw?
Thus then my forme, and thus my ſtate I finde,
Death wrapt in fleſh, to living grave aſsign'd.

And pawſing but a little, with monefull melodie it continued this octave:

Like thoſe ſicke folkes, in whom ſtrange humours flow,
Can taſte no ſweets, the ſowre onely pleaſe:
So to my minde, while paſsions daily grow,
Whoſe fiery chaines upon his freedome ſeize,
Joyes ſtrangers ſeeme, I cannot bide their ſhow,
Nor brooke ought elſe but well acquainted woe.
Bitter griefes taſtes beſt, paine is my eaſe,
Sicke to the death, ſtill loving my diſeaſe.

O *Venus*, ſaid *Zelmane*, who is this ſo well acquainted with me, that can make ſo lively a portraiture of my miſeries? It is ſurely the ſpirit appointed to have care of me, which doth now in this dark place beare part with the complaints of his unhappie charge. For if it be ſo, that the heavens have at all times a meaſure of their wrathfull harmes, ſurely ſo many have come to my bliſſleſſe lot, that the reſt of the world hath too ſmall a portion, to make with cauſe ſo wailfull a lamentation. But (ſaid ſhe) whatſoever thou be, I will ſeeke thee out, for thy muſicke well aſſures me, we are at leaſt hand fellow-prentices to one ungracious Maſter. So roſe ſhe, and went guiding her ſelfe by the ſtill plaining voice, till ſhe ſaw upon a ſtone a little waxe-light ſet, and under it a piece of paper with theſe verſes very lately (as it ſhould ſeeme) written in it:

How is my Sunne, whoſe beames are ſhining bright,
Become the cauſe of my darke ugly night?
Or how doe I captiv'd in this darke plight,
Bewaile the caſe, and in the cauſe delight?

My mangled minde huge horrours ſtill doe fright,
With ſenſe poſſeſt, and claim'd by reaſons right:
Betwixt which two in me I have this fight,
Where whoſo winnes, I put my ſelfe to flight.

Come cloudy feares, cloſe up my dazled ſight,
Sorrowes ſucke up the marrow of my might,
Due ſighes blow out all ſparkes of joyfull light,
Tire on deſpaire upon my tired ſprite.
An end, an end, my dull pen cannot write,
Nor maz'd head thinke, nor faltring tongue recite.

And

And hard underneath the Sonnet, were theſe words written:

This cave is darke, but it had never light.
This waxe doth waſte it ſelfe, yet painleſſe dyes.
Theſe words are full of woes, yet feele they none.

I darkned am, who once had cleareſt ſight.
I waſte my heart, which ſtill new torments tries.
I plaine with cauſe, my woes are all mine owne.

No cave, no waſting waxe, no words of griefe,
Can hold, ſhew, tell my paines without reliefe.

She did not long ſtay to read the words, for not farre off from the ſtone ſhee might diſcerne in a darke corner, a Lady lying with her face ſo proſtrate upon the ground, as ſhee could neither know nor be knowne. But (as the generall nature of man is deſirous of knowledge, and ſorrow eſpecially glad to find fellowes) ſhe went as ſoftly as ſhe could convey her feet, neare unto her, where ſhe heard theſe words come with vehement ſobbings from her. O darkneſſe (ſaid ſhe) which doſt light-ſomely (me thinkes) make me ſee the picture of my inward darkneſſe, ſince I have choſen thee to be the ſecret witneſſe of my ſorrowes, let me receive a ſafe receit in thee, and eſteeme them not tedious; but if it be poſſible, let the uttering them bee ſome diſcharge to my over loaden breaſt. Alas ſorrow, now thou haſt the full ſacke of my conquered ſpirits, reſt thy ſelfe a while, and ſet not ſtill new fire to thy owne ſpoiles: O accurſed reaſon, how many eies thou haſt to ſee thy evils, and how dim, nay blinde thou art in perceiving them? Forlorne creature that I am, I would I might be freely wicked, ſince wickedneſſe doth prevaile: but the foot-ſteps of my over-trodden vertue lye ſtill as bitter accuſations againſt me. I am divided in my ſelf; how can I ſtand? I am overthrowne in my ſelfe, who ſhall raiſe me? Vice is but a nurſe of new agonies, and the vertue I am divorced from, makes the hatefull compariſon the more manifeſt. No, no, Vertue, either I never had but a ſhadow of thee, or thou thy ſelfe art but a ſhadow. For how is my ſoule abandoned? How are all my powers laid waſte? My deſire is pained, becauſe it cannot hope, and if hope came, his beſt ſhould bee but miſchiefe. O ſtrange mixture of humane mindes; onely ſo much good left, as to make us languiſh in our owne evils. Ye infernall Furies (for it is too late for me to awake my dead vertue, or to place my comfort in the angry gods) ye infernall Furies, I ſay, aide one that dedicates her ſelfe unto you; let my rage be ſatisfied, ſince the effect of it is fit for your ſervice. Neither bee affraid to make me too happy, ſince nothing can come to appeaſe the ſmart of my guilty conſcience. I deſire but to aſſwage the ſweltring of my helliſh longing, dejected *Gynecia*. *Zelmane* no ſooner heard the name of *Gynecia*, but that with a cold ſweat all over her, as if ſhe had been ready to tread upon a deadly ſtinging Adder, ſhe would have withdrawne her ſelfe, but her owne paſſion made her yeeld more unquiet motions than ſhe had done in comming. So that ſhee was perceived, and *Gynecia* ſuddenly riſen up; for indeed it was *Gynecia* gotten into the Cave (the ſame Cave, wherein *Dametas* had ſafely kept *Pamela* in the late uprore) to paſſe her pangs with change of places. And as her mind ran ſtill upon *Zelmane*, her piercing lovers eye had ſoon found it was ſhee. And ſeeing in her a countenance to flye away, ſhee fell downe at her feet, and catching faſt hold of her: Alas (ſaid ſhee) whither, or from whom

doeſt thou flye away? The ſavageſt beaſts are wonne with ſervice, and there is no flint but may bee mollified: How is *Gynecia* ſo unworthy in thine eyes? or whom cannot abundance of love make worthy? O thinke not that crueltie or ungratefulneſſe can flow from a good minde? O weigh, alas weigh with thy ſelfe the new effects of this mighty paſſion, that I, unfit for my eſtate, uncomely for my ſexe, muſt become a ſuppliant at thy feet! By the happy woman that bare thee, by all the joyes of thy heart, and ſucceſſe of thy deſire, I beſeech thee turne thy ſelf to ſome conſideration of me, and rather ſhew pitty in now helping me, than in too late repenting my death, which hourely threatens me. *Zelmane* imputing it to one of her continuall miſhaps thus to have met with this Lady, with a full weary countenance; Without doubt Madam, ſaid ſhe, where the deſire is ſuch as may be obtained, and the party well deſerving as your ſelfe, it muſt be a great excuſe that may well colour a deniall: but when the firſt motion carries with it a direct impoſſibility, then muſt the only anſwer be, comfort without help, and ſorrow to both parties; to you not obtaining, to me not able to grant. O, ſaid *Gynecia*, how good leiſure you have to frame theſe ſcornfull anſwers? Is *Gynecia* thus to bee deſpiſed? Am I ſo vile a worme in your ſight? No, no, truſt to it hard-hearted Tygre, I will not be the only Actor of this Tragedie: ſince I muſt fall, I will preſſe down ſome others with my ruines: ſince I muſt burn, my ſpitefull neighbours ſhall feele my fire. Doſt thou not perceive that my diligent eyes have pierced thorough the cloudy maske of thy diſguiſement? Have I not told thee, O foole (if I were not much more foole) that I knew thou wouldſt abuſe us with thy outward ſhew? Wilt thou ſtill attend the rage of love in a womans heart? the girle, thy well choſe Miſtreſſe, perchance ſhall defend thee, when *Baſilius* ſhall know how thou haſt ſotted his minde with falſhood, and falſly ſought the diſhonour of his houſe. Beleeve it, beleeve it, unkind creature, I will end my miſeries with a notable example of revenge, and that accurſed cradle of mine ſhall feele the ſmart of my wound, thou of thy tyranny, and laſtly (I confeſſe) my ſelfe of mine owne work. *Zelmane* that had long before doubted her ſelfe to be diſcovered by her, and now plainly finding it, was, as the Proverb ſaith, like them that hold the Wolfe by the eares, bitten while they hold, and ſlaine if they looſe. If ſhe held her off in theſe wonted termes, ſhe ſaw rage would make her love work the effects of hate; to grant unto her, her heart was ſo bound upon *Philoclea*, it had been worſe than a thouſand deaths. Yet found ſhe it was neceſſary for her to come to a reſolution, for *Gynecia's* ſore could bide no leiſure, and once diſcovered, beſides the danger of *Philoclea*, her deſires ſhould be for ever utterly ſtopped. She remembred withall the words of *Baſilius*, how apt he was to leave this life, and returne to his Court, a great bar to her hopes. Laſtly, ſhe conſidered *Dorus* enterpriſe might bring ſome ſtrange alteration of this their well liked fellowſhip. So that encompaſſed with theſe inſtant difficulties, ſhe bent her ſpirits to think of a remedy, which might at once both ſave her from them, and ſerve her to the accompliſhment of her onely purſuit. Laſtly, ſhe determined thus, that there was no way but to yeeld to the violence of their deſires, ſince ſtriving did the more chafe them. And that following their owne current, at length of it ſelfe it would bring her to the other ſide of her burning deſire.

Now in the mean while the divided *Dorus*, long divided between love and friendſhip, and now for his love divided from his friend, though indeed without prejudice of friendſhips loyaltie, which doth never barre the minde from his free ſatisfaction: yet ſtill a cruell Judge over himſelfe, thought hee was ſome wayes faulty, and applyed his minde now to amend it, with a ſpeedy and behoovefull returne. But then

then was his firſt ſtudie, how to get away, whereto already he had *Pamela's* conſent, confirmed and concluded under the name of *Mopſa* in her owne preſence: *Dorus* taking this way, that whatſoever he would have of *Pamela*, he would aske her whether in ſuch a caſe it were not beſt for *Mopſa* ſo to behave her ſelfe; in that ſort making *Mopſa's* envie an inſtrument of that ſhee did envie. So having paſſed over his firſt and moſt feared difficultie, he buſied his ſpirits how to come to the harveſt of his deſires, whereof hee had ſo faire a ſhew. And thereunto (having gotten leave for ſome dayes of his Maſter *Dametas*, who now accounted him as his ſon-in-law) hee romed round about the deſart, to finde ſome unknowne way, that might bring him to the next Sea-port, as much as might be out of all courſe of other paſſengers: which all very well ſucceeding him, & he having hired a Barke for his lives traffick, and provided horſes to carry her thither, returned homeward, now come to the laſt point of his care, how to goe beyond the lothſome watchfulneſſe of theſe three uncomely companions, and therein did wiſely conſider, how they were to be taken with whom he was to deale, remembring that in the particularities of every bodies mind and fortune, there are particular advantages, by which they are to be held. The muddy mind of *Dametas*, he found moſt eaſily ſtirred with covetouſneſſe. The curſt miſchievous heart of *Miſo*, moſt apt to be tickled with jealouſie, as whoſe rotten braine could think well of no body. But young Miſtreſſe *Mopſa*, who could open her eyes upon nothing that did not all to bewonder her, hee thought curioſitie the fitteſt bait for her. And firſt for *Dametas*, *Dorus* having employed a whole dayes worke, about ten mile off from the Lodge (quite contrary way that hee meant to take with *Pamela*) in digging and opening the ground, under an ancient Oake that ſtood there, in ſuch ſort as hee might longeſt hold *Dametas* greedy hopes in ſome ſhew of comfort, he came to his Maſter, with a countenance mixt betweene chearefulneſſe & haſte, and taking him by the right hand, as if he had a great matter of ſecrecie to reveale unto him: Maſter (ſaid he) I did never thinke that the gods had appointed my mind freely brought up, to have ſo longing a deſire to ſerve you, but that they minded thereby to bring ſome extraordinary fruit to one ſo beloved of them, as your honeſty makes me thinke you are. This binds me even in conſcience to diſcloſe that which I perſwade my ſelfe is allotted unto you, that your fortune may be of equall ballance with your deſerts. He ſaid no further, becauſe he would let *Dametas* play upon the bit a while; who not underſtanding what his words intended, yet well finding they carried no evill news, was ſo much the more deſirous to know the matter, as he had free ſcope to imagine what meaſure of good hap himſelfe would. Therefore putting off his cap to him, which he had never done before, and aſſuring him he ſhould have *Mopſa*, though ſhe had bin all made of cloth of gold, he beſought *Dorus* not to hold him long in hope, for that he found it a thing his heart was not able to beare. Maſter, anſwered *Dorus*, you have ſo ſatisfied me, with promiſing me the uttermoſt of my deſired bliſſe, that if my duty bound me not, I were in it ſufficiently rewarded. To you therefore ſhall my good hap be converted, and the fruit of all my labour dedicated. Therwith he told him, how under an ancient oke (the place he made him eaſily underſtand by ſufficient marks he gave unto him) hee had found digging but a little depth, ſcatteringly lying a great number of rich Medalles; and that piercing further into the ground, he had met with a great ſtone, which by the hollow ſound it yeelded, ſeemed to be the cover of ſome greater vault, and upon it a boxe of cypreſſe, with the name of the valiant *Ariſtomenes* graven upon it: and that within the boxe he found certaine verſes, which ſignified that ſome depth againe under that all his treaſure lay hidden, what time for the diſcord fell out in *Arcadia*,

hee

he lived baniſhed. Therewith he gave *Dametas* certaine Medalles of gold hee had long kept about him, and asked him, becauſe it was a thing much to be kept ſecret, and a matter one man in twenty houres might eaſily performe, whether hee would have him go and ſeek the bottome of it; which he had refrained to do till hee knew his mind, promiſing he would faithfully bring him what he found, or elſe that he himſelfe would doe it, and be the firſt beholder of that comfortable ſpectacle. No man need doubt which part *Dametas* would chuſe, whoſe fancie had already devoured all this great riches, and even now began to grudge at a Partner, before he ſaw his own ſhare. Therfore taking a ſtrong Jade, loaden with ſpades and mattocks, (which he meant to bring backe otherwiſe laden) he went in all ſpeed thitherward, taking leave of no body, onely deſiring *Dorus* he would looke well to the Princeſſe *Pamela*, promiſing him mountaines of his owne labour, which nevertheleſſe he little meant to performe, like a foole, not conſidering, that no man is to be moved with part that neglects the whole. Thus away went *Dametas*, having already made an image in his fancy, what palaces he would build, how ſumptuouſly he would fare, and among all other things imagined what money to employ in making coffers to keep his money: his ten mile ſeemed twice ſo many leagues, and yet, contrary to the nature of it, though it ſeemed long it was not weariſome. Many times he curſed his horſes want of conſideration, that in ſo important a matter, would make no greater ſpeed: many times he wiſhed himſelf the back of an Aſſe, to help to carry away the new ſought riches (an unfortunate wiſher, for if hee had as well wiſhed the head, it had been granted him.) At length being come to the tree, which he hoped ſhould beare ſo golden Acornes, downe went all his inſtruments, and forthwith to the rending up of the hurtleſs earth, where by and by he was caught with the lime of a few promiſed Medalles, which was ſo perfect a pawne unto him of his further expectation, that he deemed a greater number of houres well employed in groping further into it, which with logs and great ſtones was made as cumberſome as might be, till at length, with ſweatie brows, he came to the great ſtone: a ſtone, God knowes, full unlike to the cover of a monument, but yet there was the Cypreſſe box with *Ariſtomenes* graven upon it, and theſe verſes written in it.

A Baniſht man, long bard from his deſire
By inward lets, of them his ſtate poſſeſt,
Hid here his hopes, by which he might aſpire
To have his harmes with wiſedomes help redreſt.

Seeke then and ſee what man eſteemeth beſt,
All is but this, this is our labours hire:
Of this we live, in this we finde our reſt,
Who hold this faſt no greater wealth require.
Looke further then, ſo ſhalt thou finde at leaſt,
A bait moſt fit for hungry minded gueſt.

He opened the boxe, and to his great comfort read them, and with freſh courage went about to lift up that ſtone. But in the meane time, ere *Dametas* was halfe a mile gone to the treaſure-ward, *Dorus* came to *Miſo*, whom he found ſitting in the chimneyes end, babbling to her ſelfe, and ſhewing by all her geſtures, that ſhe was loathſomely weary of the world, not for any hope of a better life, but finding no one good, neither in minde nor bodie, whereout ſhee might nouriſh a quiet thought

thought, having long ſince hated each thing elſe, beganne now to hate her ſelfe. Before this ſweet humoured Dame *Dorus* ſet himſelfe, and framed towards her ſuch a ſmiling countenance, as might ſeeme to bee mixt betweene a tickled mirth, and a forced pitty. *Miſo*, to whom cheerfulneſſe in others was ever a ſauce of envie in her ſelfe, tooke quickly marke of his behaviour, and with a looke full of foreworne ſpite: Now the Divell, ſaid ſhe, take theſe villaines, that can never leave grenning; becauſe I am not ſo faire as Miſtreſſe *Mopſa*, to ſee how this skip-jacke lookes at me. *Dorus* that had the occaſion he deſired, Truly Miſtreſſe, anſwered hee, my ſmiling is not at you, but at them that are from you, and indeed I muſt needs a little accord my countenance with others ſport: And therewithall tooke her in his armes, and rocking her too and fro, In faith Miſtreſſe, ſaid he, it is high time for you to bid us good night for ever; ſince others can poſſeſſe your place in your owne time. *Miſo* that was never voide of malice enough to ſuſpect the uttermoſt evill, to ſatisfie a further ſhrewdneſſe, took on a preſent mildneſſe, and gently deſired him, to tell her what hee meant: for, ſaid ſhee, I am like enough to bee knaviſhly dealt with by that churle my husband. *Dorus* fell off from the matter againe, as if hee had meant no ſuch thing, till by much refuſing her entreatie, and vehemently ſtirring up her deſire to know, hee had ſtrengthened a credit in her to that hee ſhould ſay. And then with a formall countenance, as if the conſcience of the caſe had touched himſelfe: Miſtreſſe, ſaid hee, I am much perplexed in mine owne detetmination, for my thoughts doe ever will me to doe honeſtly, but my judgement failes me what is honeſt, betwixt the generall rule, that entruſted ſecrecies are holily to bee obſerved, and the particular exception, that the diſhoneſt ſecrecies are to be revealed: eſpecially there, where by revealing they may either be prevented, or at leaſt amended. Yet in this ballance, your judgement weighs me downe, becauſe I have confidence in it, that you will uſe what you know moderately, and rather take ſuch faults as an advantage to your owne good deſert, than by your bitter uſing it, be contented to be revenged on others with your own harmes. So it is Miſtreſſe, ſaid hee, that yeſterday driving my ſheepe up to the ſtately hill, which lifts his head over the faire City of *Manſinea*, I happened upon the ſide of it, in a little falling of the ground, which was a rampier againſt the Sunnes rage, to perceive a young maid, truly of the fineſt ſtamp of beauty, and that which made her beauty the more admirable, there was at all no art added to the helping of it. For her apparell was but ſuch as ſhepheards daughters are wont to weare; and as for her haire, it hung downe at the free liberty of his goodly length, but that ſometimes falling before the cleare ſtars of her ſight, ſhe was forced to put it behind her eares, and ſo open againe the treaſure of her perfections, which that for a while had in part hidden. In her lap there lay a ſhepheard ſo wrapped up in that well-liked place, that I could diſcerne no piece of his face: but as mine eyes were attent in that, her Angel-like voice ſtrake mine eares with this ſong.

My true love hath my heart and I have his,
By juſt exchange one for the other giv'n:
I hold his deare, and mine he cannot miſſe:
There never was a bargaine better driv'n.

His heart in me, keeps me and him in one,
My heart in him, his thoughts and ſenſes guides:

Hee

He loves my heart, for once it was his owne :
I cherish his, because in me it bides.

His heart his wound received from my sight :
My heart was wounded, with his wounded heart.
For as from me, on him his hurt did light :
So still me thought in me his hurt did smart :
Both equall hurt, in this change sought our blisse.
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

But as if the shepheard that lay before her had been organes, which were onely to be blowne by her breath, shee had no sooner ended with the joyning her sweet lips together, but that he recorded to her Musicke this rurall Poesie.

O Words which fall like summer dew on me,
O breath more sweet than is the growing bean,
O tongue in which all honyed liquors be,
O voice that doth the Thrush in shrilnesse staine,
Doe you say still, this is her promis'd due,
That she is mine, as I to her am true.

Gay haire, more gay than straw when harvest lyes,
Lips red and plumpe, as cherries ruddy side,
Eyes faire and great, like faire great Oxes eyes,
O brest, in which two white sheep swell in pride :
Joyne you with me, to seale this promise due,
That she be mine, as I to her am true.

But thou white skin, as white as cruddes well prest,
So smooth as sleek-stone, like it smooths each part :
And thou deare flesh, as soft as wooll new drest,
And yet as hard as brawne, made hard by art :
First foure but say, next foure their saying seale,
But you must pay the gage of promist weale.

And with the conclusion of his Song, he embraced her about the knees, O sweet *Charita*, said he, when shall I enjoy the rest of my toiling thoughts? and when shall your blissefull promise now due, bee verified with just performance? With that I drew neerer to them, and saw (for now he had lifted up his face to glasse himselfe in her faire eies) that it was my Master *Dametas*: but here *Miso* interrupted his tale with railng at *Dametas*, with all those exquisite tearmes, which I was never good scold enough to imagine. But *Dorus*, as if he had been much offended with her impatience, would proceed no further till she had vowed more stilnesse. For, said he, if the first drum thus chafe you; what will you be when it comes to the blowes? Then hee told her, how after many familiar entertainments betwixt them, *Dametas* laying before her his great credit with the Duke, and withall giving her very faire presents with promise of much more, had in the end concluded together to meete as that night at *Mantinea*, in the *Oudemian* street, at *Charita's* uncles house, about tenne of the

the clocke. After which bargaine *Dametas* had ſpied *Dorus*, and calling him to him, had with great braverie told him all his good happe, willing him in any caſe to returne to the old Witch *Miſo* (for ſo indeed, Miſtreſſe of livelineſſe, and not of ill will, he termed you) and to make ſome honeſt excuſe of his abſence: for, ſaid hee, kiſſing *Charita*, if thou didſt know what a life I lead with that drivell, it would make thee even of pittie receive mee into thy onely comfort. Now Miſtreſſe (ſaid hee) exerciſe your diſcretion, which if I were well aſſured of, I would wiſh you to goe your ſelfe to *Mantinea*, and (lying ſecret in ſome one of your goſſips houſes, till the time appointed come) ſo may you finde them together, and uſing mercy, reforme my Maſter from his evill wayes. There had nothing more enraged *Miſo*, than the praiſes *Dorus* gave to *Charita's* beauty, which made her jealouſie ſwell the more, with the poyſon of envie. And that being encreaſed with the preſents ſhee heard *Dametas* had given her (which all ſeemed torne out of her bowels) her hollow eyes yeelded ſuch wretched lookes, as one might well thinke *Pluto* at that time might have had her ſoule very good cheape. But when the fire of ſpite had fully caught hold of all her inward parts, then whoſoever would have ſeene the picture of *Alecto*, or with what manner of countenance *Medea* killed her own children, needed but take *Miſo* for the full ſatisfaction of that point of his knowledge. She that could before ſcarce goe, but ſupported by crutches, now flew about the houſe, borne up with the wings of Anger: there was no one ſort of mortall revenge that had ever come unto her eares, but preſented it ſelfe now to her gentle minde. At length with few words, for her words were choakt up with the riſing of her revengeful heart, ſhe ran down, and with her own hand ſadled a mare of hers; a mare that ſeven yeare before had not bin acquainted with the ſaddle, & ſo to *Mantinea* ſhe went, caſting with her ſelfe how ſhe might couple ſhame with the puniſhment of her accurſed husband: but the perſon is not worthy in whoſe paſſion I ſhould too long ſtand. Therefore now muſt I tell you that Miſtreſſe *Mopſa* (who was the laſt partie *Dorus* was to practiſe his cunning withall) was at the parting of her parents attending upon the Princes *Pamela*, whom becauſe ſhee found to be placed in her fathers houſe, ſhe knew it was for ſuſpition the Duke had of her. This made *Mopſa* with a right baſe nature (which joies to ſee any hard hap happen to them they deem happy) grow proud over her, and uſe great oſtentation of her own diligence, in prying curiouſly into each thing that *Pamela* did. Neither is there any thing ſooner overthrowes a weak heart, than opinion of authority; like too ſtrong a liquor for ſo feeble a glaſſe; which joined it ſelf to the humour of envying *Pamela's* beauty, ſo far, that oft ſhe would ſay to her ſelfe, if ſhe had bin borne a Princeſſe as well as *Pamela*, her perfections then ſhould have bin as well ſeen as *Pamela's*. With this maner of woman, and placed in theſe tearmes, had *Dorus* to play his laſt part: which hee would quickly have diſpatched, in tying her up in ſuch a maner, that ſhe ſhould little have hindred his enterpriſe, but that the vertuous *Pamela* (when ſhe ſaw him ſo minded) by countenance abſolutely forbad it, reſolutely determining ſhee would not leave behind her any token of wrong, ſince the wrong done to her ſelfe was the beſt excuſe of her eſcape: So that *Dorus* was compelled to take her in the manner he firſt thought of, and accordingly *Pamela* ſitting muſing at the ſtrange attempt ſhee had condeſcended unto, and *Mopſa* hard by her (looking in a glaſſe with very partiall eyes) *Dorus* put himſelfe betweene them, and caſting up his face to the top of the houſe, ſhrugging all over his body, and ſtamping ſometimes upon the ground, gave *Mopſa* occaſion (who was as buſie as a Bee to know any thing) to aske her lover *Dorus* what ailed him, that made him uſe ſo ſtrange a behaviour: he, as if his ſpirits had

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beene raviſhed with ſome ſupernaturall contemplation, ſtood ſtill mute, ſometimes rubbing his forehead, ſometimes ſtarting in himſelfe, that hee ſet *Mopſa* in ſuch an itch of inquiry, that ſhe would have offered her maidenhead, rather than be long kept from it. *Dorus* not yet anſwering to the purpoſe, ſtill keeping his amazement; O *Hercules*, ſaid he, reſolve me in this doubt. A tree to grant ones wiſhes? Is this the cauſe of the Kings ſolitarie life? Which part ſhall I take? Happy in either, unhappy becauſe I cannot know which were my beſt hap. Theſe doubtfull ſelfe ſpeeches made *Mopſa* yet in a further longing of knowing the matter: ſo that the pretty pigge, laying her ſweet burden about his necke, My *Dorus*, ſaid ſhe, tell me theſe words, or elſe I know not what will befall me, honey *Dorus* tell them me. *Dorus* having ſtretched her minde upon a right Laſt; Extremely loved *Mopſa*, ſaid hee, the matters be ſo great, as my heart failes me in the telling them: but ſince you hold the greateſt ſeat in it, it is reaſon your deſire ſhould adde life unto it. Therewith he told her a farre-fet tale, how that many millions of yeares before, *Jupiter* fallen out with *Apollo*, had thrown him out of heaven, taking from him the priviledge of a god. So that poore *Apollo* was faine to lead a very miſerable life, unacquainted to worke, and never uſed to begge; that in this order having in time learned to be *Admetus* heardman, he had upon occaſion of fetching a certaine breed of beaſts out of *Arcadia*, come to that very deſart, where, wearied with travell, and reſting himſelfe in the boughes of a pleaſant Aſh-tree ſtood a little off from the Lodge, hee had with pitifull complaints gotten his father *Jupiters* pardon, and ſo from that tree was received againe to his golden ſpheare. But having that right nature of a god, never to be ungratefull, to *Admetus* he had granted a double life: and becauſe that tree was the Chappell of his proſperous prayers, he had given it this quality, that whatſoever of ſuch eſtate, and in ſuch maner as he then was, ſate downe in that tree, they ſhould obtaine whatſoever they wiſhed. This *Baſilius* having underſtood by the Oracle, was the onely cauſe which had made him try, whether framing himſelfe to the ſtate of an heardman, hee might have the priviledge of wiſhing onely granted to that degree; but that having often in vaine attempted it, becauſe indeed he was not ſuch, he had now opened the ſecret to *Dametas*, making him ſweare hee ſhould wiſh according to his direction. But becauſe, ſaid *Dorus*, *Apollo* was at that time with extreme griefe muffled round about his face, with a ſcarlet cloake *Admetus* had given him, and becauſe they that muſt wiſh muſt be muffled in like ſort, and with like ſtuffe, my Maſter *Dametas* is gone I know not whither, to provide him a ſcarlet cloake, and to morrow doth appoint to returne with it. My Miſtreſſe, I cannot tell how, having gotten ſome inkling of it, is trudged to *Mantinea*, to get her ſelfe a cloak before him, becauſe ſhee would have the firſt wiſh. My Maſter at his parting, of great truſt told me this ſecret, commanding mee to ſee no body ſhould climbe that tree. But now my *Mopſa* (ſaid he) I have here the like cloak of mine owne, and am not ſo very a foole, as though I keep his commandements in others, to bar my ſelfe. I reſt onely extremely perplexed, becauſe having nothing in the world I wiſh for, but the enjoying you and your favour, I think it a much pleaſanter conqueſt to come to it by your owne conſent, than to have it by ſuch a charming force as this is. Now therefore chuſe, ſince have you I will, in what ſort I ſhall have you. But never child was ſo deſirous of a gay puppet, as *Mopſa* was to be in the tree; and therefore without ſqueamiſhneſſe promiſing all hee would, ſhe conjured him by all her precious Loves, that ſhe might have the firſt poſſeſſion of the wiſhing tree, aſſuring him that for the enjoying of her, hee ſhould never need to climbe farre. *Dorus*, to whom time was precious, made no great ceremonies with her; but helping her up to the

top

top of the tree, from whence likewise she could ill come down without help, he muffled her round about the face, so truely, that she her selfe could not undoe it. And so he told her the manner was, she should hold her mind in continuall devotion to *Apollo*, without making at all any noise, till at the farthest within twelve houres space, she should heare a voyce call her by name three times, and that till the third time she must in no wise answer; and then you shall not need to doubt your comming down, for at that time, said he, be sure to wish wisely, & in what shape soever he come unto you, speake boldly unto him, and your wish shall have as certaine effects, as I have a desire to enjoy your sweet Loves: in this plight did he leave *Mopsa*, resolved in her heart to be the greatest Lady in the world, & never after to feed of worse than furmentie. Thus *Dorus* having delivered his hands of his three tormentors, took speedily the benefit of his device, and mounting the gracious *Pamela* upon a faire horse he had provided for her, he thrust himselfe forthwith into the wildest part of the desart, where he had left markes to guide him from place to place to the next sea port, disguising her very fitly with scarfs; although he rested assured, he should meet that way with no body, till he came to his barke, into which he meant to enter by night. But *Pamela*, who all this while, transported with desire, & troubled with fear, had never free scope of judgement to look with perfect consideration into her owne enterprise, but even by the lawes of love had bequeathed the care of her self upon him to whom she had given her selfe; now that the pang of desire with evident hope was quieted, and most part of the feare passed, reason began to renew his shining in her heart, and make her see her self in her self, & weigh with what wings she flew out of her native country; and upon what ground she built so strange a determination. But love, fortified with her lovers presence, kept still his own in her heart. So that as they rid together with her hand upon her faithfull servants shoulder, suddenly casting her bashfull eies to the ground, and yet bending her selfe towards him (like the clyent that commits the cause of all his worth to a well trusted advocate) from a mild spirit said unto him these sweetly delivered words. Prince *Musidorus*, (for so my assured hope is I may justly call you, since with no other my heart would ever have yeelded to goe; and if so I doe not rightly tearme you, all other words are as bootlesse, as my deed miserable; and I as unfortunate, as you wicked) my Prince *Musidorus*, I say, now that the vehement shewes of your faithfull Love towards mee, have brought my minde to answer it in so dee a proportion, that contrary to all generall rules of reason, I have laid in you, my estate, my life, my honour; it is your part to double your former care, and make me see your vertue no lesse in preserving, than in obtaining: and your faith to be a faith as much in freedome, as bondage. Tender now your owne workmanship, and so governe your love towards mee, as I may still remaine worthy to be loved. Your promise you remember, which here by the eternall givers of vertue I conjure you to observe, let me be your owne as I am, but by no unjust conquest, let not our joyes which ought ever to last, bee stayned in our owne consciences; let no shadow of repentance steale into the sweet consideration of our mutuall happinesse. I have yeelded to be your wife, stay then till the time that I may rightly be so; let no other defiled name burthen my heart. What should I more say? if I have chosen well, all doubt is past, since your action onely must determine, whether I have done vertuously or shamefully in following you. *Musidorus* that had more abundance of joy in his heart, than *Ulysses* had what time with his owne industrie he stole the fatall *Palladium*, imagined to be the onely relike of *Troy*'s safety, taking *Pamela*'s hand, & many times kissing it, What I am, said he, the gods I hope will shortly make your owne eyes judges; and of my

mind towards you, the meane time shall be my pledge unto you; your contentment is dearer to me than mine own, and therefore doubt not of his mind, whose thoughts are so thralled unto you, as you are to bend or slacke them as it shall seeme best unto you. You doe wrong to your selfe, to make any doubt that a base estate could ever undertake so high an enterprise; or a spotted minde be able to behold your vertues. Thus much onely I must confesse, I can never doe, to make the world see you have chosen worthily, since all the world is not worthy of you. In such delightfull discourses kept they on their journey, maintaining their hearts in that right harmony of affection, which doth enterchangeably deliver each to other the secret workings of their soules, till with the unused travaile the Princesse being weary, they lighted downe in a faire thicke wood, which did entice them with the pleasantnesse of it to take their rest there. It was all of Pine trees, whose broad heads meeting together, yeelded a perfect shade to the ground, where their bodies gave a spacious & pleasant room to walke in, they were set in so perfect an order, that every way the eye being full, yet no way was stopped. And even in the middest of them were there many sweet springs, which did loose themselves upon the face of the earth. Here *Musidorus* drew out such provision of fruits, and others cates, as hee had brought for that daies repast, and laid it down upon the faire Carpet of the greene grasse. But *Pamela* had much more pleasure to walke under those trees, making in their barkes pretty knots, which tyed together the names of *Musidorus* and *Pamela*, sometimes intermixedly changing them, to *Pammidorus* and *Musimela*, with twenty other flowers of her travelling fancies, which had bound themselves to a greater restraint, than they could without much paine well endure: and to one tree, more beholding to her than the rest, she entrusted the treasure of her thoughts in these verses.

Doe not disdaine, O streight up-raised Pine,
That wounding thee, my thoughts in thee I grave;
Since that my thoughts, as streight as streightnesse thine,
No smaller wound, alas! far deeper have.

Deeper engrav'd, which salve nor time can save,
Giv'n to my heart, by my fore-wounded eye:
Thus cruell to my selfe, how canst thou crave
My inward hurt should spare thy outward rine?

Yet still faire tree, lift up thy stately line,
Live long, and long witnesse my chosen smart,
Which barr'd desires (barr'd from my selfe) impart:

And in this growing barke grew verses mine,
My heart my word, my word hath giv'n my heart.
The giver giv'n from gift shall never part.

Upon a root of the tree, that the earth had left something barer than the rest, shee wrote this couplet.

Sweete roote say thou, the roote of my desire
Was vertue clad in constant loves attire.

Musidorus, seeing her fancies drawne up to such pleasant contemplations, accompanied

companied her in them, and made the trees as well beare badges of his paſſions; as this ſong engraved in them did teſtifie:

YOu goodly pines, which ſtill with brave aſcent,
In natures pride your heads to heav'nward heave,
Though you beſides ſuch graces earth hath lent,
Of ſome late grace a greater grace receive,

By her who was (O bleſſed you) content
With her faire hand your tender barkes to cleave,
And ſo by you (O bleſſed you) hath ſent,
Such piercing words as no thoughts elſe conceive.

Yet yeeld your grain, a baſer hand may leave
His thoughts in you, where ſo ſweet thoughts were ſpent,
For how would you the miſtreſſe thoughts bereave
Of waiting thoughts all to her ſervice wonne?

Nay higher thoughts (though thralled thoughts) I call
My thoughts than hers, who firſt your tyne did rent:
Than hers, to whom my thoughts ſlonely thrall
Riſing from low, are to the higheſt bent;
Where hers, whom worth makes higheſt over all,
Comming from her, cannot but downeward fall.

While *Pamela* ſitting her downe under one of them, and making a poſie of the faire undergrowing flowers, filled *Muſidorus* eares with the heavenly ſound of her muſicke, which before he had never heard, ſo that it ſeemed unto him a new aſſault given to the caſtle of his heart, already conquered: which to ſignifie, and withall reply to her ſweet notes, he ſang in a kinde of ſtill, but raviſhing tune, a few verſes. Her ſong was this, and his reply followes.

Pamela. *LIke divers flowers, whoſe divers beauties ſerve*
To decke the earth with his well colour'd weede,
Though each of them, his priuate forme preſerve,
Yet joyning formes one ſight of beautie breed.

Right ſo my thoughts, wherein my heart I feede:
Right ſo my inward parts, and outward glaſſe,
Though each poſſeſſe a divers working kinde,
Yet all well knit to one faire end doe paſſe:
That he to whom theſe ſundry gifts I binde,
All what I am, ſtill one, his owne, doe finde,

Muſidorus. *All what you are, ſtill one his owne to finde,*
You that are borne to be the worlds bright eye,
What were it elſe but to make each thing blinde?
And to the ſunne with waxen wings to flie?

No, no, such force with my small force to trie
Is not my skill, or reach of mortall minde.
Call mee but yours, my title is most hie:
Hold me most yours, then my long suite is sign'd.

You none can claime but you your selfe aright,
For you doe passe your selfe in vertues might.
So both are yours: I, bound with gaged heart:
You onely yours, too far beyond desart.

In this vertuous vvantonnesse, suffering their minds to descend to each tender enjoying their united thoughts, *Pamela* having tasted of the fruits, and growing extreme sleepie, having bin long kept from it with the perplexitie of her dangerous attempt, laying her head in his lap, was invited by him to sleep with these softly uttered verses:

LOcke up, faire lidds, the treasure of my heart,
Preserve those beames, this ayes onely light:
To her sweet sense, sweet sleepe some ease impart,
Her sense too weake to keare her spiritis might.

And while O sleepe thou closest up her sight,
(Her sight where love did forge his fairest dart)
O harbour all her parts in easefull plight:
Let no strange dreame make her faire body start.

But yet O dreame, if thou wilt not depart
In this rare subject from thy common right:
But wilt thy selfe in such a seat delight,

Then take my shape, and play a Lovers part:
Kisse her from me, and say unto her sprite,
Till her eyes shine, I live in darkest night.

The sweet *Pamela* was brought into a sweet sleepe with this song, which gave *Musidorus* opportunitie at leasure to behold her excellent beauties. He thought her faire forehead was a field, where all his fancies fought; and every haire of her head seemed a strong chaine that tied him. Her faire lids, then hiding her fairer eyes, seemed unto him sweet boxes of mother of pearle, rich in themselves, but containing in them farre richer jewels. Her cheekes, with their colour most delicately mixed, would have entertained his eyes some while, but that the roses of her lips (whose separating was wont to be accompanied with most wise speeches) now by force drew his sight to marke how pretily they lay one over the other, uniting their divided beauties: and through them the eye of his fancie delivered to his memory the lying (as in ambush) under her lips of those armed rankes, all armed in most pure white, and keeping the most precise order of military discipline. And lest this beautie might seeme the picture of some excellent artificer, forth there stole a soft breath carrying good testimonie of her inward sweetnesse: and so stealingly it came out, as it seemed loath to leave his contentfull mansion, but that it hoped to

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be drawne in againe to that well cloſed paradiſe, which did ſo tyrannize over *Muſidorus* affects, that he was compelled to put his face as low to hers, as he could, ſucking the breath with ſuch joy, that he did determine in himſelfe, there had beene no life to a *Chameleons*, if he might be ſuffered to enjoy that food. But long he was not ſuffered, being within a while interrupted by the comming of a company of clownish villaines, armed with divers ſorts of weapons, and for the reſt both in face and apparell ſo forewaſted, that they ſeemed to beare a great conformity with the ſavages; who miſerable in themſelves, taught to increaſe their miſchiefes in other bodies harmes, came with ſuch cries as they both awaked *Pamela*, and made *Muſidorus* turn unto them full of a moſt violent rage, with the looke of a ſhe *Tygre* when her whelpes are ſtolne away.

But *Zelmane*, whom I left in the cave hardly beſtead, having both great wits and ſtirring paſſions to deale with, makes mee lend her my pen a while, to ſee with what dexteritie ſhe could put by her dangers. For having in one inſtant both to reſiſt rage and goe beyond wiſedome, being to deale with a Lady that had her wits awake in every thing, but in helping her owne hurt, ſhee ſaw now no other remedy in her caſe, but to qualifie her rage with hope, and to ſatisfie her wit with plainneſſe. Yet leſt too abrupt falling into it, ſhould yeeld too great advantage unto her, ſhee thought good to come to it by degrees with this kind of inſinuation. Your wiſe, but very darke ſpeeches, moſt excellent Lady, are woven up in ſo intricate a maner, as I know not how to proportion mine anſwer unto them: ſo are your praiers mixt with threats, and ſo is the ſhew of your love hidden with the name of revenge, the naturall effect of mortall hatred. You ſeeme diſpleaſed with the opinion you have of my diſguiſing, and yet if I be not diſguiſed, you muſt needs bee much more diſpleaſed. Hope then (the onely ſuccour of perplexed minds) being quite cut off, you deſire my affection, and yet you your ſelfe thinke my affection already beſtowed. You pretend cruelty, before you have the ſubjection, and are jealous of keeping that, which as yet you have not gotten. And that which is ſtrangeſt in your jealouſie, is both the unjuſtice of it, in being loath that ſhould come to your daughter, which you deeme good; and the vainneſſe, ſince you two are in ſo divers reſpects, that there is no neceſſity one of you ſhould fall to be a barre to the other. For neither (if I be ſuch as you fancie) can I marrie you, which muſt needs bee the onely end I can aſpire to in her: neither need the marrying of her keepe mee from a gratefull conſideration how much you honour mee in the love you vouchſafe to beare mee. *Gynecia*, to whom the fearefull agonies ſhee ſtill lived in, made any ſmall reprivall ſweet, did quickly finde her words falling to a better way of comfort, and therefore with a mind ready to ſhew nothing could make it rebellious againſt *Zelmane*, but too extreme tyranny, ſhe thus ſaid; Alas, too much beloved *Zelmane*, the thoughts are but overflowings of the mind, and the tongue is but a ſervant of the thoughts, therefore marvaile not that my words ſuffer contrarieties, ſince my minde doth houreley ſuffer in it ſelfe whole armies of mortall adverſaries. But alas, if I had the uſe of mine owne reaſon, then ſhould I not need, for want of it, to finde my ſelfe in this deſperate miſchiefe: but becauſe my reaſon is vaniſhed, ſo have I likewiſe no power to correct my unreaſonableneſſe. Doe you therefore accept the protection of my minde, which hath no other reſting place: and drive it not, by being unregarded, to put it ſelfe into unknowne extremities. I deſire but to have my affection anſwered, and to have a right reflection of my love in you: that granted, aſſure your ſelfe mine owne love will eaſily teach me to ſeeke your contentment, and make mee thinke my daughter a very meane price to keepe ſtill in mine eyes the food

of my ſpirits. But take heed that contempt drive mee not into deſpaire, the moſt violent cauſe of that miſerable effect. *Zelmane* that already ſaw ſome fruit of her laſt determined fancie (ſo farre as came to a mollifying of *Gynecia*'s rage) ſeeing no other way to ſatisfie ſuſpicion, which was held open with the continuall prickes of love, reſolved now with plaineneſſe to win truſt, which truſt ſhee might after deceive with a greater ſubtiltie. Therefore looking upon her with a more relenting grace than ever ſhe had done before, pretending a great baſhfulneſſe before ſhee could come to confeſſe ſuch a fault, ſhee thus ſaid unto her; Moſt worthy Lady, I did never thinke, till now, that pity of another could make mee betray my ſelfe, nor that the ſound of words could overthrow any wiſe bodies determination. But your words (I thinke) have charmed me, and your grace bewitched me. Your compaſſion makes me open my heart to you, and leave unharboured mine own thoughts. For proofe of it, I will diſcloſe my greateſt ſecret, which well you might ſuſpect, but never know, and ſo have your wandring hope in a more painfull wilderneſſe, being neither way able to be lodged in a perfect reſolution. I will, I ſay, unwrap my hidden eſtate, and after make you judge of it, perchance director. The truth is, I am a man: nay, I will ſay further to you, I am borne a Prince; and to make up your minde in a through underſtanding of mee ſince I came to this place, I may not deny I have had ſome ſprinkling of I know not what good liking to my Lady *Philoclea*. For how could I ever imagine, the heavens would have rained down ſo much of your favour upon me? and of that ſide there was a ſhew of poſsible hope, the moſt comfortable Counſellor of love. The cauſe of this my changed attyre, was a journey two yeeres agoe I made among the *Amazons*, where having fought to try my unfortunate valour, I met not one in all the Country but was too hard for mee, till in the end in the preſence of their Queene *Marpeſia*, I hoping to prevaile againſt her, challenged an old woman of foureſcore yeeres, to fight on horſebacke to the uttermoſt with mee. Who having overthrowne me, for the ſaving of my life, made mee ſweare I ſhould goe like an unarmed *Amazon*, till the comming of my beard did, with the diſcharge of my oath, deliver me of that bondage. Here *Zelmane* ended, not comming to a full concluſion, becauſe ſhe would ſee what it wrought in *Gynecia*'s minde, having in her ſpeech ſought to winne a beliefe of her; and, if it might be, by diſgrace of her ſelfe to diminiſh *Gynecia*'s affection. For the firſt, it had much prevailed: But *Gynecia*, whoſe end of loving her was not her fighting, neither could her love (too deepely grounded) receive diminiſhment; and beſides, ſhe had ſeene her ſelfe ſufficient proofes of *Zelmanes* admirable proweſſe; therefore ſleightly paſsing over that point of her feigned diſhonour, but taking good hold of the confeſsing her manly ſexe, with the ſhamefac't looke of that ſuitor, who having already obtained much, is yet forced by want to demand more, put forth her ſorrowfull ſuite in theſe words: The gods, ſaid ſhee, reward thee for thy vertuous pity of my overladen ſoule, who yet hath received ſome breath of comfort, by finding thy confeſsion to maintaine ſome poſsibility of my languiſhing hope. But alas! as they who ſeeke to enrich themſelves by minerall induſtrie, the firſt labour is to finde the myne; which to their cheerefull comfort being found, if after any unlooked for ſtop, or caſuall impediment keepe them from getting the deſired ure, they are ſo much the more grieved, as the late conceived hope addes torment to their former want. So falls it out with mee, happy or hapleſſe woman (as it pleaſeth you to ordaine) who am now either to receive ſome guerdon of my moſt wofull labours, or to returne into a more wretched darkeneſſe, having had ſome glimmering of my bliſfull Sunne. O *Zelmane*,

tread

tread not upon a ſoule that lyes under your foot: let not the abaſing of my ſelfe make me more baſe in your eyes, but judge of me according to that I am, and have beene, and let my errours be made excuſable by the immortall name of love. With that, under a feigned rage, tearing her clothes, ſhe diſcovered ſome parts of her faire body, which if *Zelmane*'s heart had not been ſo fully poſſeſt, as there was no place left for any new gueſt, no doubt it would have yeelded to that gallant aſſault. But *Zelmane* ſo much the more arming her determination, as ſhe ſaw ſuch force threatned, yet ſtill remembring ſhe muſt wade betwixt conſtancie and courteſie, embracing *Gynecia*, and once or twice kiſsing her, Deare Lady, ſaid ſhe, he were a great enemy to himſelfe, that would refuſe ſuch an offer, in the purchaſe of which a mans life were bleſſedly beſtowed. Nay, how can I ever yeeld due recompence for ſo exceſſive a favour? but having nothing to give you but my ſelfe, take that: I muſt confeſſe a ſmall, but a very free gift: what other affection ſoever I have had, ſhall give place to as great perfection, working beſides upon the bond of gratefulneſſe. The gods forbid I ſhould bee ſo fooliſh as not to ſee, or ſo wicked as not to remember, how much my ſmal deſerts are over-ballanced by your unſpeakable goodneſſe. Nay happy may I well account my miſhap among the *Amazons*, ſince that diſhonour hath beene ſo true a path to my greateſt honour, and the changing of my outward rayment, hath clothed my minde in ſuch inward contentation. Take therefore noble Lady as much comfort to your heart, as the full commandement of mee can yeeld you: wipe your faire eyes, and keep them for nobler ſervices. And now I will preſume thus much to ſay unto you, that you make of your ſelf for my ſake, that my joyes of my new obtained riches may be accompliſhed in you. But let us leave this place, leſt you be too long miſſed, and henceforward quiet your mind from any further care; for I will now (to my too much joy) take the charge upon mee, within few dayes to worke your ſatisfaction, and my felicitie. Thus much ſhee ſaid, and withall led *Gynecia* out of the Cave, for well ſhe ſaw the boyling mind of *Gynecia* did eaſily apprehend the fitneſſe of that lonely place. But indeed this direct promiſe of a ſhort ſpace, joyned with the cumberſome familiar of womankind, I meane modeſty, ſtayed ſo *Gynecia*'s minde, that ſhe tooke thus much at that preſent for good payment: remaining with a painefull joy, and a weariſome kinde of comfort, not unlike to the condemned priſoner, whoſe mind ſtill running upon the violent arrivall of his cruell death, heares that his pardon is promiſed, but not yet ſigned. In this ſort they both iſſued out of that obſcure manſion: *Gynecia* already half perſwaded in her ſelfe (O weakneſſe of humane conceit) that *Zelmane*'s affection was turned towards her. For ſuch alas, we are all, in ſuch a mould are we caſt, that with the too much love we beare our ſelves, being firſt our owne flatterers, we are eaſily hooked with others flattery, we are eaſily perſwaded of others love.

But *Zelmane* who had now to play her prize, ſeeing no way things could long remaine in that ſtate, and now finding her promiſe had tied her triall to a ſmall compaſſe of time, began to throw her thoughts into each corner of her invention, how ſhe might atchieve her lives enterpriſe: for well ſhee knew deceit cannot otherwiſe be maintained but by deceit: and how to deceive ſuch heedfull eyes, and how to ſatisfie, and yet not ſatisfie ſuch hopefull deſires, it was no ſmall skill. But both their thoughts were called from themſelves with the ſight of *Baſilius*, who then lying downe by his daughter *Philoclea*, upon the faire, though naturall, bed of greene graſſe, ſeeing the Sunne what ſpeed he made to leave our Weſt to doe his office in the other *Hemiſphere*, his inward Muſes made him in his beſt muſick, ſing this Madrigall.

Why

WHy dost thou haste away
O Titan faire, the giver of the day?
Is it to carry newes
To westerne wights, what starres in East appeare?
Or doest thou thinke that here
Is left a Sunne, whose beames thy place may use?
Yet stay and well peruse,
What be her gifts, that make her equall thee,
Bend all thy light to see
In earthy clothes inclos'd a heav'nly spark:
Thy running course cannot such beauties marke.
No, no, thy motions be
Hastened from us with barre of shadow dark,
Because that thou, the authour of our sight,
Disdain'st we see thee stain'd with others light.

And having ended, Deare *Philoclea*, said hee, sing something that may divert my thoughts from the continuall taske of their ruinous harbour: Shee obedient to him, and not unwilling to disburden her secret passion, made her sweet voice bee heard in these words.

O Stealing time the subject of delay,
(Delay, the racke of unrefrain'd desire)
What strange design hast thou my hopes to stay,
My hopes which doe but to my owne aspire?

Mine owne? O word on whose sweet sound doth prey
My greedy soule, with gripe of inward fire:
Thy title great I justly challenge may,
Since in such phrase his faith he did attire.

O time, become the chariot of my joyes:
As thou draw'st on, so let my blisse draw neere.
Each moment lost, part of my hap destroyes.

Thou art the father of occasion deare:
Joyne with thy sonne, to ease my long annoyes:
In speedy helpe, thank-worthy friends appeare.

Philoclea brake off her song, as soone as her mother with *Zelmane* came neere unto them, rising up with a kindly bashfulnesse, being not ignorant of the spite her mother bare her, and stricken with the sight of that person, whose love made all those troubles seeme faire flowers of her deerest garland, nay rather all those troubles made the love encrease. For as the arrivall of enemies makes a towne so fortifie it selfe, as ever after it remaines stronger, so that a man may say, enemies were no small cause of the towns strength: So to a mind once fixed in a well pleasing determination, who hopes by annoyance to overthrow it, doth but teach it to knit together all his best grounds, and so perchance of a chanceable purpose, make an unchangeable resolution. But no more did *Philoclea* see the wonted signes of *Zelmanes* affection towards

towards her, she thought she saw another light in her eyes, with a bold and careless looke upon her, which was wont to be dazeled with her beautie; and the framing of her courtesies rather ceremonious than affectionate, and that which worst liked her, was, that it proceeded with such quiet settlednesse, as it rather threatned a full purpose, than any sudden passion. She found her behaviour bent altogether to her mother, and presumed in her selfe, she discerned the well acquainted face of his fancies now turned to another subject. She saw her mothers worthinesse, and too well knew her affection. These joyning their divers working powers together in her minde, as yet a prentice in the painefull mysterie of passions, brought *Philoclea* into a new traverse of her thoughts, and made her keepe her carefull looke the more attentive upon *Zelmanes* behaviour, who indeed (though with much paine and condemning her selfe to commit a sacriledge against the sweet Saint that lived in her inmost temple) yet strengthening her selfe in it, being the surest way to make *Gynecia* bite of her other baites, did so quite over-rule all wonted shewes of love to *Philoclea*, and convert them to *Gynecia*, that the part she played did worke in both a full and lively perswasion: to *Gynecia*, such excessive comfort, as the being preferred to a rivall doth deliver to swelling desire: but to the delicate *Philoclea*, whose calme thoughts were unable to nourish any strong debate, it gave so stinging a hurt, that fainting under the force of her inward torment, she withdrew her selfe to the Lodge, and there weary of supporting her owne burthen, cast her selfe upon her bed, suffering her sorrow to melt it selfe into abundance of teares; at length closing her eyes, as if each thing she saw was a picture of her mishap, and turning upon her heart side, which with vehement panting did summon her to consider her fortune, thee thus bemoned her selfe.

Alas *Philoclea*, is this the price of all thy paines? Is this the reward of thy given-away libertie? Hath too much yeelding bred crueltie? Or can too great acquaintance make mee held for a stranger? Hath the choosing of a companion made mee left alone? Or doth granting desire, cause the desire to bee neglected? Alas, despised *Philoclea*, why diddest thou not hold thy thoughts in their simple course, and content thy selfe with the love of thine owne vertue, which would never have betrayed thee? Ah silly foole, didst thou looke for truth in him, that with his owne mouth confest his falshood? for plaine proceeding in him, that still goes disguised? They say the falsest men will yet beare outward shewes of a pure minde. But he that even outwardly beares the badge of trechery, what hels of wickednesse must needs in the depth be contained? But, O wicked mouth of mine, how darest thou thus blaspheme the ornament of the earth, the vessell of all vertue? O wretch that I am, that will anger the gods in dispraising their most excellent work! O no, no, there was no fault but in mee, that could ever thinke so high eyes would looke so low, or so great perfections would staine themselves with my unworthinesse. Alas, why could I not see, I was too weake a band to tie so heavenly a heart? I vvas not fit to limit the infinit course of his vvonderfull destinies. Was it ever like that upon onely *Philoclea* his thoughts should rest? Ah silly soule, that couldest please thy selfe vvith so impossible an imagination! an univeriall happinesse is to flow from him. How vvas I so inveigled to hope, I might be the marke of such a mind? He did thee no vvrong, O *Philoclea*, he did thee no vvrong, it vvas thy vveakenesse to fancie the beames of the Sunne should give light to no eyes but to thine. And yet O Prince *Pyrocles*, for whom I may well begin to hate my selfe, but can never leave to love thee, what triumph canst thou make of this conquest? What spoils wilt thou carry away of this my undeserved overthrow? could thy force finde

out

out no fitter field than the feeble minde of a poore maide, who at the firſt ſight did wiſh thee all happineſſe? Shal it be ſaid, the mirror of mankind hath been employed to deſtroy a hurtleſſe Gentlewoman? O *Pyrocles*, *Pyrocles*, let me yet call thee before the judgement of thine own vertue, let me be accepted for a plaintiffe in a cauſe which concernes my life: what need hadſt thou to arme thy face with the inchanting maske of thy painted paſsions? what need hadſt thou to fortifie thy excellencies with ſo exquiſite a cunning, in making our owne arts betray us? what neededſt thou deſcend ſo far from thy incomparable worthineſſe, as to take on the habit of weake womankind? Was all this to winne the undefended Caſtle of a friend, which being wonne, thou wouldeſt after raze? Could ſo ſmall a cauſe allure thee? or did not ſo unjuſt a cauſe ſtop thee? O me, what ſay I more? this is my caſe, my Love hates me, vertue deales wickedly with me, and hee does mee wrong whoſe doings I can never account a wrong. With that ſhe ſweet Lady turning her ſelfe upon her weary bed, ſhe happily ſaw a Lute, upon the belly of which *Gynecia* had written this ſong, what time *Baſilius* imputed her jealous motions to proceed of the doubt ſhe had of his untimely loves. Uoder which vaile, ſhe, contented to cover her never ceaſing anguiſh, had made the Lute a monument of her minde, which *Philoclea* had never much marked, till now the feare of a competitor more ſtirred her, than before the care of a mother. The verſes were theſe:

My Lute within thy ſelfe thy tunes encloſe,
Thy miſtreſſe ſong is now a ſorrow's crie,
Her hand benumb'd with fortunes daily blowes,
Her mind amaz'd can neithers helpe apply.
Weare theſe my words as mourning weeds of woes,
Black inke becomes the ſtate wherein I die.
And though my mones be not in muſick bound,
Of written griefes, yet be the ſilent ground.

The world doth yeeld ſuch ill conſorted ſhowes,
With circled courſe, which no wiſe ſtay can trie,
That childiſh ſtuffe which knowes not friends from foes,
(Better diſpis'd) bewonder gazing eye.
Thus noble gold downe to the bottome goes,
When worthleſſe corke aloft doth floating lye.
Thus in thy ſelfe, leaſt ſtrings are loudeſt found,
And loweſt ſtops doe yeeld the higheſt ſound.

Philoclea read them, and throwing downe the Lute, Is this the legacie you have bequeathed me, O kind mother of mine, ſaid ſhee? did you beſtow the light upon me for this? or did you beare me to be the Author of my buriall? A trim purchaſe you have made of your owne ſhame; robbed your daughter to ruine your ſelfe? The birds unreaſonable, yet uſe ſo much reaſon, as to make neſts for their tender young ones; my cruell mother turnes me out of mine owne harbour; alas, plaint boots not, for my caſe can receive no helpe, for who ſhould give me helpe? ſhall I flye to my parents? they are my murtherers: ſhall I goe to him, who already being wonne and loſt, muſt needs have killed all pitie? Alas, I can bring no new interceſsions, he knowes already what I am is his. Shall I come home againe to my ſelfe? O me contemned wretch; I have given away my ſelfe. With that the poore

ſoule

ſoule beat her breaſt, as if that bad beene guiltie of her faults neither thinking of revenge, nor ſtudying for remedy, but (ſweet creature) gave griefe a free dominion, keeping her chamber a few daies after, not needing to faine her ſelfe ſicke, feeling even in her ſoule the pangs of extreme paine. But little did *Gynecia* reck that, neither when ſhe ſaw her goe away from them, neither when ſhee after found that ſickneſſe made her hide her faire face: ſo much had fancie prevailed againſt nature. But O you that have ever knowne, how tender to every motion love makes the lovers heart, how he meaſures all his joyes upon her contentment, and doth with reſpectfull eye hang all his behaviour upon her eyes: judge I pray you now of *Zelmanes* troubled thoughts, when ſhee ſaw *Philoclea*, with an amazed kind of ſorrow, carry away her ſweet preſence, and eaſily found (ſo happy a conjecture unhappy affection hath) that her demeanour was guiltie of that treſpaſſe. There was never fooliſh ſoft hearted mother, that forced to beat her child, did weep firſt for his paines, and doing that ſhe was loth to doe, did repent before ſhe began, did finde halfe that motion in her weake minde, as *Zelmane* did, now that ſhe was forced by reaſon to give an outward blow to her paſſions, and for the lending of a ſmall time, to ſeeke the uſurie of all her deſires. The unkindneſſe ſhe conceived *Philoclea* might conceive, did wound her ſoule; each teare ſhe doubted ſhe ſpent, drowned all her comfort: Her ſickneſſe was a death unto her. Often would ſhee ſpeake to the image of *Philoclea*, which lived and ruled in the higheſt of her inward part, and uſe vehement oathes and proteſtations unto her; that nothing ſhould ever falſifie the free choſen vow ſhe had made. Often would ſhe deſire her that ſhe would looke well to *Pyrocles* heart, for as for her ſhe had no more intereſt in it to beſtow it any way: Alas, would ſhe ſay, only *Philoclea*, haſt thou not ſo much feeling of thine own force, as to know no new Conquerour can prevaile againſt thy conqueſts? Was ever any dazzled with the Moone, that had uſed his eyes to the beames of the Sunne? Is hee carried away with a greedy deſire of Acornes, that hath had his ſenſes raviſhed with a garden of moſt delightfull fruits? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, be thou but as mercifull a Princeſſe to my minde, as thou art a true poſſeſſour, and I ſhall have as much cauſe of gladneſſe, as thou haſt no cauſe of miſdoubting. O no, no; when a mans own heart is the gage of his debt, when a mans owne thoughts are willing witneſſes to his promiſe; laſtly, when a man is the Jaylour over himſelfe, there is little doubt of breaking credit, and leſſe doubt of ſuch an eſcape. In this combate of *Zelmanes* doubtfull imaginations, in the end reaſon, well backed with the vehement deſire to bring her matter ſoon to the deſired haven, did over-rule the boyling of her inward kindneſs, though as I ſay with ſuch a manifeſt ſtriſe, that both *Baſilius* and *Gynecia*'s well waiting eyes had marked her muſes had laboured in deeper ſubjects than ordinary: which ſhe likewiſe perceiving they had perceived, awaking her ſelfe out of thoſe thoughts, and principally caring how to ſatisfie *Gynecia* (whoſe judgement and paſſion ſhee ſtood moſt in regard of) bowing her head to her attentive eares, Madam (ſaid ſhe) with practice of my thoughts, I have found out a way by which your contentment ſhall draw on my happineſſe. *Gynecia* delivering in her face as thankfull a joyfulneſſe as her heart could hold, ſaid, it was then time to retire themſelves to their reſt, for what with riding abroad the day before, and late ſitting up for Eclogues, their bodies had dearely purchaſed that nights quiet. So went they home to their Lodge, *Zelmane* framing of both ſides bountifull meaſures of loving countenances, to eithers joy, and neithers jealouſie; to the ſpeciall comfort of *Baſilius*, whoſe weaker bowels were ſtreight full with the leaſt liquor of hope. So that ſtil holding her by the hand, and ſometimes tickling it, hee went by her with the moſt gay conceits that ever had

entred

entred his braines, growing now so hearted in his resolution, that he little respected *Gynecia's* presence. But with a lustier note than wonted, clearing his voyce, and cheering his spirits, looking still upon *Zelmane* (whom now the Moone did beautifie with her shining almost at the full) as if her eyes had beene his song-Booke, hee did the message of his mind in singing these verses.

When two Sunnes doe appeare,
Some say it doth betoken wonders near,
As Princes losse or change:
Two gleaming Suns, of splendour like I see,
And seeing feele in me
Of Princes heart quite lost the ruine strange.

But now each where doth range
With ugly cloke the dark envious night:
Who full of guiky spury spite,
Such living beames should her blacke seat assaile,
Too weake for them our weaker sight doth vaile.

No sayes faire Moone, my light
Shall barre that wrong, and though it not prevaile
Like to my brothers rayes, yet those I send
Hurt not the face which nothing can amend.

And by that time being come to the Lodge, and visited the sweet *Philoclea*, with much lesse than naturall care of the parents, & much lesse than wonted kindnesse of *Zelmane*, each party full fraught with diversly working fancies, made their pillowes weake props of their over-loden heads. Yet of all other were *Zelmanes* braines most turmoyled, troubled with love both active and passive; and lastly, and especially, with care, how to use her short limited time to the best purpose, by some wise and happy diverting her two lovers unwelcome desires. *Zelmane* having had the night her onely counsellor in the lustie enterprise she was to undertake, and having all that time mused, and yet not fully resolved, how shee might joyne prevailing with preventing, was offended with the daies bold entrie into her chamber, as if he had now by custome growne an assured bringer of evill newes. Which she, taking a Citterne to her, did lay to *Aurora's* charge with these well sung verses.

Aurora now thou shew'st thy blushing light,
Which oft to hope layes out a guilefull baite,
That trusts in time, to finde the way aright
To ease those paines, which in desire doe waite.

Blush on for shame: that still with thee doe light
On pensive soules (in stead of restfull baite)
Care upon care (in stead of doing right)
To over-prest breasts, more grievous weight.

As oh! my selfe, whose woes are never light,
(Ty'd to the stake of doubt) strange passions baite.

While

VVhile thy knowne course, observing natures right,
Stirres me to thinke what dangers lye in waite.
For mischieses great, day after day doth show,
Make me still feare, thy faire appearing show.

Alas, said she, am not I runne into a strange gulfe, that am faine for love to hurt her I love? And because I detest the others, to please them I detest? O onely *Philoclea*, whose beautie is matched with nothing, but with the unspeakeable beautie of thy fairest minde, if thou didst see upon what racke my tormented soule is set, little would you thinke I had any scope now to leape to any new change: with that with hastie hands shee got her selfe up, turning her sight to every thing, as if change of objects might help her invention. So went she againe to the cave; where forthwith it came into her head, that should bee the fittest place to performe her exploit, of which she had now a kinde of confused conceit, although shee had not set downe in her fancie, the meeting with each particularitie that might fall out. But as the painter doth at the first but shew a rude proportion of the thing hee imitates, which after with more curious hand hee drawes to the representing each lineament: so had her thoughts, beaten about it continually, received into them a ground-plot of her device, although shee had not in each part shaped it according to a full determination. But in this sort having early visited the mornings beautie, in those pleasant desarts, she came to the King and Queene, and told them, that for the performance of certaine her countrey devotions, which onely were to be exercised in solitarinesse, she did desire their leave she might for a few daies lodge her selfe in the Cave, the fresh sweetnesse of which did greatly delight her in that hot Countrey; and that for that small space, they would not otherwise trouble themselves in visiting her, but at such times as she would come to waite upon them; which should be every day at certain houres. Neither should it be long she would desire this privileged absence of them. They whose minds had already taken out that lesson perfectly, to yeeld a willing obedience to all her desires, with consenting countenance made her soon see her pleasure was a law unto them. Both indeed inwardly glad of it: *Basilius* hoping that her dividing her self from them, might yet give him some freer occasion of comming in secret unto her, whose favourable face had lately strengthned his fainting courage. But *Gynecia* of all other most joyous, holding her selfe assured that this was but a prologue to the play she had promised her. Thus both flattering themselves with diversly grounded hopes, they rang a bell which served to call certaine poore women which ever lay in cabins not far off, to doe the household services of both Lodges, and never came to either but being called for; and commanded them to carry forthwith *Zelmanes* bed and furniture of her chamber, into the pleasant Cave, & to deck it up as finely as it was possible for them, that their soules rest might rest her body to her best pleasing maner. That was with all diligence performed of them, and *Zelmane* already in possession of her new chosen lodging; where she, like one of *Vesta's* Nuns, entertained her selfe for a few dayes in all shew of straightnesse, yet once a day comming to doe her duty to the King and Queene, in whom the seldomnesse of the sight encreased the more unquiet longing, though somewhat qualified, as her countenance was decked to either of them with more comfort than wonted; Especially to *Gynecia*, who seeing her wholly neglecting her daughter *Philoclea*, had now promised her selfe a full possession of *Zelmanes* heart, still expecting the fruit of the happy and hoped for invention. But both she and *Basilius* kept such a continuall watch about the precincts of the cave, that either of them

was a bar to the other from having any ſecret communing with *Zelmane*. While in the meane time the ſweet *Philoclea*, forgotten of her father, deſpiſed of her mother, & in appearance left of *Zelmane*, had yeelded up her ſoule to be a prey to ſorrow & unkindneſs, not with a raging conceit of revenge, as had paſſed through the ſtout & wiſe heart of her mother, but with a kindly meekneſs taking upon her the weight of her own woes, and ſuffering them to have ſo full a courſe, as it did exceedingly weaken the eſtate of her body: as well for which cauſe, as for that ſhe could not ſee *Zelmane*, without expreſſing (more than ſhe would) how far now her love was impriſoned in extremity of ſorrow, ſhe bound her ſelfe firſt to the limits of her owne chamber, and after, (griefe breeding ſickneſſe) of her bed. But *Zelmane* having now a full libertie to caſt about every way how to bring her conceived attempt to a deſired ſucceſſe, was oft ſo perplexed with the manifold difficultie of it, that ſometimes ſhe reſolved by force to take her away, though it were with the death of her parents; ſometimes to go away her ſelf with *Muſidorus*, & bring both their forces, ſo to win her. But laſtly, even the ſame day that *Muſidorus*, by feeding the humor of his three lothſome guardians, had ſtoln away the Princeſs *Pamela* (whether it were that love meant to match them every way, or that her friends example had holpen her invention, or that indeed *Zelmane* forbare to practiſe her device till ſhe found her friend had paſſed through his:) the ſame day, I ſay, ſhe reſolved on a way to rid out of the Lodge her two cumberſom lovers, and in the night to carry away *Philoclea*: whereunto ſhe was aſſured her own love no leſs than her ſiſters, would eaſily win her conſent: hoping that although their abrupt parting had not ſuffered her to demand of *Muſidorus* which way he meant to direct his journey; yet either they ſhould by ſome good fortune finde him; or if that courſe failed, yet they might well recover ſome town of the *Helots*, neere the frontiers of *Arcadia*, who being newly again up in armes againſt the Nobility, ſhe knew would be as glad of her preſence, as ſhee of their protection. Therefore having taken order for all things requiſite for their going, and firſt put on a ſlight under-ſuit of mans apparrell, which before for ſuch purpoſes ſhe had provided, ſhee curiouſly trimmed her ſelfe to the beautifying of her beauties, that being now at her laſt triall, ſhee might come unto it in her braveſt armour. And ſo putting on that kinde of milde countenance, which doth encourage the looker on to hope for a gentle anſwer, according to her late received maner, ſhe left the pleaſant darkneſs of her melancholy Cave, to go take her dinner of the king and Queene, and give unto them both a pleaſant food of ſeeing the owner of their deſires. But even as the *Perſians* were anciently wont to leave no riſing Sunne unſaluted, but as his faire beames appeared clearer unto them, would they more heartily rejoyce, laying upon them a great foretoken of their following fortune: So was there no time that *Zelmane* encountred their eyes with her beloved preſence, but that it bred a kinde of burning devotion in them, yet ſo much the more gladding their greedie ſoules, as her countenance was cleared with more favour unto them: which now being determinately framed to the greateſt deſcent of kindneſs, it took ſuch hold of her unfortunate lovers, that like children about a tender father from a long voyage returned, with lovely childiſhneſſe hang about him, and yet with ſimple feare meaſure by his countenance how farre he accepts their boldneſſe: ſo were theſe now thrown into ſo ſerviceable an affection, that the turning of *Zelmane's* eie was a ſtrong ſterne enough to all their motions, wending no way but as the inchanting force of it guided them. But having made a light repaſt of the pleaſant fruits of that countrey, enterlarding their food with ſuch manner of generall diſcourſes as lovers are wont to cover their paſſions in, when reſpect of a third perſon keepes

them

them from plaine particulars, at the earneſt entreaty of *Baſilius*, *Zelmane* firſt ſaluting the Muſes with a Baſe Violl hung hard by her, ſent this embaſſage in verſified muſick to both her ill-requited lovers.

Beauty hath force to catch the humane ſight;
Sight doth bewitch the fancie evill awaked;
Fancie we feele, includes all paſsions might;
Paſsion rebell'd oft reaſons ſtrength is ſhaked.

No wonder then, though ſight my ſight did taint,
And though thereby my fancie was infected,
Though (yoked ſo) my minde with ſickneſſe faint,
Had reaſons waight for paſsions eaſe rejected.

But now the fit is paſt; and time hath giv'n
Leiſure to weigh what due deſert requireth.
All thoughts ſo ſprung, are from their dwelling driv'n,
And wiſdome to his wonted ſeat aſpireth,
Crying in me: eye-hopes deceitfull prove,
Things rightly priz'd, love is the band of love.

And after her ſong, with an affected modeſtie ſhee threw downe her eye, as if the conſcience of a ſecret grant her inward minde made, had ſuddenly caſt a baſhfull vaile over her. Which *Baſilius* finding, and thinking now was the time to urge his pairefull petition, beſeeching his wife with more carefull eye to accompany his ſickly daughter *Philoclea*, being rid for that time of her, who was content to grant him any ſcope, that ſhe might after have the like freedome, with a geſture governed by the force of his paſſions, making his knees his beſt ſupporters, hee thus ſaid unto her: If either, ſaid he, O Lady of my life, my deadly pangs could beare delay, or that this were the firſt time the ſame were manifeſted unto you, I would now but maintaine ſtill the remembrance of my misfortune, without urging any further reward, than time and pitie might procure for mee. But (alas) ſince my martyrdome is no leſſe painfull than manifeſt, and that I no more feele the miſerable danger, than you know the aſſured truth thereof: why ſhould my tongue deny his ſervice to my heart? Why ſhould I feare the breath of my words, who daily feele the flame of your works? Embrace in your ſweet conſideration, I beſeech you, the miſery of my caſe, acknowledge your ſelfe to bee the cauſe, and thinke it is reaſon for you to redreſſe the effects. Alas, let not certaine imaginative rules, whoſe truth ſtands but upon opinion, keepe ſo wiſe a minde from gratefulneſſe and mercy, whoſe never failing lawes nature hath planted in us. I plainely lay my death unto you, the death of him that loves you, the death of him whoſe life you may ſave; ſay your abſolute determination, for hope it ſelfe is a paine, while it is over-maſtred with feare, and if you do reſolve to be cruell, yet is the ſpeedieſt condemnation, as in evils, moſt welcome. *Zelmane* who had fully ſet to her ſelfe what traine ſhe ſhould keep, yet knowing that who ſooneſt meanes to yeeld doth well to make the braveſt parley, keeping countenance aloft: Noble Prince (ſaid ſhe) your words are too well couched to come out of a reſtleſſe minde, and thanked be the gods, your face threatens no danger of death. Theſe are but thoſe ſwelling ſpeeches, which give the uttermoſt name to every trifle, which all were worth nothing, if they were not enameld with the goodly

outſide of love. Truly love were very unlovely, if it were halfe ſo deadly, as you lovers (ſtill living) tearme it. I thinke well it may have a certaine childiſh vehemencie, which for the time to one deſire will engage all the ſoule, ſo long as it laſteth. But with what impatience you your ſelfe ſhew, who confeſſe the hope of it a paine, and think your owne deſire ſo unworthy, as you would fain be rid of it, and ſo with overmuch love ſue hard for a haſtie refuſall. A refuſall! (cried out *Baſilius*, amazed with all, but pierced with the laſt) now aſſure your ſelfe, whenſoever you uſe that word definitively, it will be the undoubted doome of my approching death. And then ſhall your owne experience know in me, how ſoone the ſpirits dried up with anguiſh, leave the performance of their miniſtery, whereupon our life dependeth. But alas, what a crueltie is this, not onely to torment, but to thinke a torment ſleight? The terribleſt tyrants would ſay by no man they killed, he died not; nor by no man they puniſhed, that they eſcaped free: for of all other there is leaſt hope of mercy where there is no acknowledging of the pain; and with like cruelty are my words, breathed out from a flamy heart, accounted as meſſengers of a quiet minde. If I ſpeake nothing, I choake my ſelfe, and am in no way of reliefe: if ſimply, neglected: if confuſedly, not underſtood: if by the bending together all my inward powers, they bring forth any lively expreſſing of that they truely feele, that is a token, forſooth, the thoughts are at too much leaſure. Thus is ſilence deſperate, folly puniſhed, and wit ſuſpected: but indeed it is vaine to ſay any more, for words can bind no beliefe. Lady, I ſay, determine of me, I muſt confeſſe I cannot beare this battell in my mind, and therefore let me ſoone know what I may account of my ſelfe, for it is a hell of dolours, when the mind, ſtill in doubt for want of reſolution, can make no reſiſtance.

Indeed (anſwered *Zelmane*) if I ſhould grant to your requeſt, I ſhould ſhew an example in my ſelfe that I eſteeme the holy band of chaſtity to be but an imaginative rule, as you termed it; and not the trueſt obſervance of nature, the moſt noble commandement that mankinde can have over themſelves, as indeed both learning teacheth, and inward feeling aſſureth. But firſt ſhall *Zelmanes* grave become her marriage bed, before my ſoule ſhall conſent to his owne ſhame, before I will leave a marke in my ſelfe of an unredeemable treſpaſſe. And yet muſt I confeſſe that if ever my heart were ſtirred, it hath beene with the manifeſt and manifold ſhewes of the miſery you live in for me. For in truth ſo it is, nature gives not to us her degenerate children any more generall precept, than one to helpe the other, one to feele a true compaſſion of the others miſhap. But yet if I were never ſo contented to ſpeake with you (for further O *Baſilius* never looke for at my hands) I know not how you can avoid your wives jealous attendance, but that her ſuſpicion ſhall bring my honour into queſtion. *Baſilius*, whoſe ſmall ſailes the leaſt wind did fill, was forthwith as farre gone into a large promiſing himſelfe his deſire, as before hee was ſtricken down with a threatned deniall. And therfore bending his browes, as though he were not a man to take the matter as he had done; What (ſaid he) ſhall my wife become my miſtreſſe? Thinke you not that thus much time hath taught me to rule her? I will mew the Gentlewoman till ſhe have caſt all her feathers, if ſhe rouze her ſelfe againſt me. And with that he walked up and down, nodding his head, as though they miſtooke him much, that thought hee was not his wives maſter. But *Zelmane* now ſeeing it was time to conclude; Of your wiſdom and manhood (ſaid ſhe) I doubt not but that ſufficeth not me, for both they can hardly tame a malicious tongue, and impoſſibly bar the freedome of thought, which be the things that muſt be only witneſſes of honour, or judges of diſhonour. But that you may ſee I doe not ſet light your affection, if to night after your wife be aſſuredly aſleep, whereof by your love I conjure

ſure you to have a moſt preciſe care, you will ſteale handſomely to the cave unto me, there do I grant you as great proportion as you will take of free conference with me, ever remembring you will ſeek no more, for ſo ſhall you but deceive your ſelf, and for ever loſe me. *Baſilius*, that was old enough to know that women are not wont to appoint ſecret night-meetings for the purchaſing of land, holding himſelfe already an undoubted poſſeſſor of his deſires, kiſſing her hand, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, as if the greatneſſe of the benefit did go beyond all meaſure of thanks, ſaid no more, leſt ſtirring of more words, might bring forth ſome perhaps contrary matter. In which trance of joy, *Zelmane* went from him, ſaying ſhe would leave him to the remembrance of their appointment, and for her, ſhe would goe viſite the Lady *Philoclea*: into whoſe chamber being come, keeping ſtill her late taken-on gravity, and aſking her how ſhe did, rather in the way of dutifull honour, than any ſpeciall affection, with extreme inward anguiſh to them both, ſhee turned from her; and taking the Queene *Gynecia*, led her into a bay window of the ſame chamber, determining in her ſelfe, not to utter to ſo excellent a wit as *Gynecia* had, the uttermoſt point of her pretended device, but to keep the clauſe of it for the laſt inſtant, when the ſhortneſſe of the time ſhould not give her ſpirits leaſure to looke into all thoſe doubts, that eaſily enter to an open invention. But with ſmiling eyes, and with a delivered over grace, fayning as much love to her, as ſhe did counterfeit little love to *Philoclea*, ſhe began with more credible than eloquent ſpeech to tell her, that with much conſideration of a matter ſo nearely importing her owne fancie, and *Gynecia*'s honour, ſhe had now concluded that the night following ſhould bee the fitteſt time for the joyning together their ſeverall deſires, what time ſleepe ſhould perfectly doe his office upon the King her husband, and that the one ſhould come to the other into the cave. Which place as it was the firſt receit of their promiſed love, ſo it might have the firſt honour of the due performance. That the cauſe why thoſe few daies paſt ſhee had not ſought the like, was, leſt the new change of her lodging, might make the King more apt to marke any ſudden event: which now the uſe of it would take out of his minde. And therefore, now moſt excellent Lady (ſaid ſhe) there reſteth nothing, but that quickely after ſupper you traine up the King to viſit his daughter *Philoclea*, and then fayning your ſelfe not well at eaſe, by your going to bed draw him not long to be after you. In the meane time I will be gone home to my lodging, where I will attend you with no leſſe devotion, but as I hope with better fortune than *Thisbe* did the too much loving, and too much loved *Pyramus*. The blood that quickly came into *Gynecia's* faire face, was the onely anſwere ſhe made, but that one might eaſily ſee contentment and conſent were both to the full in her, which ſhee did teſtifie with the wringing *Zelmane* faſt by the hand, cloſing her eyes, and letting her head fall, as if ſhe would give her to know, ſhee was not ignorant of her fault, although ſhe were tranſported with the violence of her evill. But in this triple agreement did the day ſeeme tedious of all ſides, till his never erring courſe had given place to the nights ſucceſſion: And the ſupper by each hand haſted, was with no leſſe ſpeed ended, when *Gynecia* preſenting a heavie ſleepineſſe in her countenance, brought up both *Baſilius* and *Zelmane* to ſee *Philoclea*, ſtill keeping her bed, and farre more ſicke in minde than body, and more grieved than comforted with any ſuch viſitation. Thence *Zelmane* wiſhing eaſefull reſt to *Philoclea*, did ſeeme to take that nights leave of this princely crue, when *Gynecia* likewiſe ſeeming ſomewhat diſeaſed, deſired *Baſilius* to ſtay a while with his daughter, while ſhee recommended her ſickneſſe to her beds comfort, indeed deſirous to determine againe of the manner of her ſtealing away; to no leſſe comfort to *Baſilius*,

who the ſooner ſhe was aſleep, the ſooner hoped to come by his long purſued prey. Thus both were bent to deceive each other, and to take the advantage of either others diſadvantage. But *Gynecia* having taken *Zelmane* into her bed-chamber, to ſpeake a little with her of their ſweet determination: *Zelmane* upon a ſudden (as though ſhe had never thought of it before,) Now the gods forbid (ſaid ſhe) ſo great a Lady as you are ſhould come to me; or that I ſhould leave it to the hands of fortune, if by either the ill-governing of your paſſion, or your husbands ſudden waking, any danger might happen unto you. No; if there bee any ſuperiority in the points of true love, it ſhall be yours: if there be any danger, ſince my ſelfe am the author of this device, it is reaſon it ſhould be mine. Therefore doe you but leave with me the keyes of the gate, and upon your ſelfe take my upper garment, that if any of *Dametas* houſe ſee you, they may thinke you bee my ſelfe, and I will preſently lye downe in your place, ſo muffled for your ſuppoſed ſickneſſe, as the King ſhall nothing know me. And then as ſoone as he is aſleepe, will I (as it much better becomes me) wait upon you. But if the uttermoſt of miſchiefes ſhould happen, I can aſſure you the kings life ſhall ſooner pay for it than your honour. And with the ending of her words, ſhee threw off her mantle, not giving *Gynecia* any ſpace to take the full image of this new change into her fancie. But ſeeing no ready objection againſt it in her heart, and knowing that there was no time then to ſtand long diſputing; beſides, remembring the giver was to order the manner of his gift, yeelded quickly to this conceit, indeed not amongſt the ſmalleſt cauſes, tickled thereunto by a certain wanton deſire, that her husbands deceit might be the more notable. In this ſort did *Zelmane*, nimbly diſarraying her ſelfe, poſſeſſe *Gynecia's* place, hiding her head in ſuch a cloſe maner, as grievous and over-watched ſickneſſe is wont to invite to it ſelfe the ſolace of ſleepe. And of the other ſide the Queen putting on *Zelmanes* outmoſt apparell, went firſt into her cloſet, there quickly to beautifie her ſelfe with the beſt and ſweeteſt night deckings. But there caſting an haſty eye over her precious things, which ever ſince *Zelmanes* comming, her head otherwiſe occupied had left unſeen, ſhe hapned to ſee a bottle of gold, upon which down along were graved theſe verſes:

Let him drinke this, whom long in armes to fold
Thou doeſt deſire, and with free power to hold.

She remembred the bottle, for it had beene kept of long time by the Kings of *Cyprus*, as a thing of rare vertue, and given to her by her mother, when ſhe being very young married to her husband of much greater age, her mother perſwaded it was of propertie to force love with love effects, had made a precious preſent of it to this her beloved childe, though it had beene received rather by tradition to have ſuch a quality, than by any approved experiment. This *Gynecia* (according to the common diſpoſition, not onely (though eſpecially) of wives, but of all other kindes of people, not to eſteeme much ones owne, but to thinke the labour loſt employed about it) had never cared to give to her husband, but ſuffered his affection to runne according to his owne ſcope. But now that love of her particular choice had awaked her ſpirits, and perchance the very unlawfulneſſe of it had a little blowne the coale, among her other ornaments with glad minde ſhe tooke moſt part of this liquor, putting it into a faire cup, all ſet with diamonds: for what dares not love undertake, armed with the night, and provoked with luſt? And thus downe ſhee went to the Cave-ward, guided onely by the Moones faire ſhining, ſuffering no other thought to have any familiaritie with her braines, but that which did preſent unto her

her a picture of her approching contentment. She that had long disdained this solitary life her husband had entred into, now wished it much more solitary, so she might only obtaine the private presence of *Zelmane*. She that before would not have gone so farre, especially by night, and to so darke a place, now tooke a pride in the same courage, and framed in her minde a pleasure out of the paine it selfe. Thus with thicke doubled paces she went to the Cave, receiving to her selfe, for her first contentment, the onely lying where *Zelmane* had done; whose pillow she kist a thousand times, for having borne the print of that beloved head. And so keeping with panting heart her travelling fancies so attentive, that the winde could stirre nothing, but that she stirred her selfe, as if it had been the pace of the longed-for *Zelmane*, she kept her side of the bed, defending only and cherishing the other side with her arme, till after a while waiting, counting with her selfe how many steps were betwixt the Lodge and the Cave, and oft accusing *Zelmane* of more curious stay than needed, she was visited with an unexpected guest.

For *Basilius*, after his wife was departed to her fained repose, as long as hee remained with his daughter, to give his wife time of unreadying her selfe, it was easily seene it was a very thorny abode he made there: and the discourses with which hee entertained his daughter, not unlike to those of earnest Players, when in the middest of their game trifling questions bee put unto them, his eyes still looking about, and himselfe still changing places, beginning to speak of a thing, and breaking it off before it were halfe done. To any speech *Philoclea* ministred unto him, with a sudden starting and casting up his head, made an answer farre out of all Grammar: a certaine deepe musing, and by and by out of it; uncertaine motions, unstayed graces. Having borne out the limit of a reasonable time, with as much paine as might be, hee came darkling into his chamber, forcing himselfe to tread as softly as hee could. But the more curious he was, the more hee thought every thing creaked under him: and his minde being out of the way with another thought, and his eyes not serving his turne in that darke place, each Coffer or Cupboard he met, one saluted his shinnes, another his elbowes: sometimes readie in revenge to strike them againe with his face. Till at length, fearing his wife were not fully asleepe, he came lifting up the clothes as gently as (I thinke) poore *Pan* did, when in stead of *Ioles* bed hee came into the rough embracings of *Hercules*; and laying himselfe downe, as tenderly as a New Bride, rested a while with a very open eare, to marke each breath of his supposed wife. And sometimes he himselfe would yeeld such a long fetched sigh, as though that had beene a musicke to draw on another to sleepe, till within a very little while, with the other parties well counterfeit sleepe (who was as willing to be rid of him as he to be gone from thence) assuring himself he left all safe there, in the same order stole out again, and putting on his night-gowne, with much groping and scrambling he gat himselfe out of the little house, and then did the Moone-light serve to guide his feet. Thus with a great deale of paine did *Basilius* go to her whom he fled, and with much cunning left the person for whom hee had employed all his cunning. But when *Basilius* was once gotten (as he thought) into a cleare coast, what joy he then made, how each thing seemed vile in his sight, in comparison of his fortune, how far already he deemed himselfe in the chiefe tower of his desires, it were tedious to tell: once, his heart could not chuse but yeeld this song, as a fairing of his contentment.

GEt hence foule Greife, the canker of the minde:
Farewell Complaint, the misers onely pleasure.

Away

Away vaine cares, by which few men doe finde
Their ſought-for treaſure.

Ye helpleſſe ſighes, blow out your breath to nought,
Teares drowne your ſelves, for woe (your caſe is waſted)
Thought, thinke to end, too long the fruit of thought
My minde hath taſted.

But thou, ſure Hope, tickle my leaping heart.
Comfort, ſtep thou in place of wonted ſadneſſe:
Forefelt deſire, begin to ſavour part
Of comming gladneſſe.

Let voice of ſighes into cleare muſicke run:
Eyes, let your teares with gazing now be mended,
In ſtead of thought true pleaſure be begun,
And never ended.

Thus imagining as then with himſelfe, his joyes ſo held him up, that hee never touched ground. And like a right old beaten Souldier, that knew well enough the greateſt Captaines doe never uſe long Orations, when it comes to the very point of execution, as ſoone as he was gotten into the Cave, and, to the joyfull, though ſilent expectation of *Gynecia*, come cloſe to the bed, never recking his promiſe, to looke for nothing but conference, hee leapt into that ſide, reſerved for a more welcome gueſt. And laying his lovingeſt hold upon *Gynecia*, O *Zelmane*, ſaid he, embrace in your favour this humble ſervant of yours: hold within me my heart, which pants to leave his maſter to come unto you. In what caſe poore *Gynecia* was, when ſhe knew the voice, and felt the body of her husband, faire Ladies, it is better to know by imagination than by experience. For ſtreight was her minde aſſaulted, partly with the being deprived of her unquenched deſire, but principally with the doubt that *Zelmane* had betrayed her to her husband, beſides the renewed ſting of jealouſie, what in the meane time might befall her daughter. But of the other ſide, her love, with a fixed perſwaſion ſhee had, taught her to ſeeke all reaſon of hopes. And therein thought beſt before diſcovering of her ſelfe, to marke the behaviour of her husband; who both in deeds and words ſtill uſing her, as taking her to bee *Zelmane*, made *Gynecia* hope that this might bee *Baſilius* owne enterpriſe, which *Zelmane* had not ſtayed, leſt ſhee ſhould diſcover the matter, which might be performed at another time. Which hope, accompanied with *Baſilius* manner of dealing (he being at that time fuller of livelier fancies, than many yeares before he had beene) beſides the remembrance of her daughters ſickneſſe, and late ſtrange countenance betwixt her and *Zelmane*, all comming together into her minde, which was loath to condemne it ſelfe of an utter overthrow, made her frame her ſelfe, not truly with a ſugred joy, but with a determinate patience to let her husband thinke he had found a very gentle and ſupple-minded *Zelmane*; which hee good man making full reckoning of, did melt in as much gladneſſe as ſhee was oppreſſed with divers ungratefull burthens.

But *Pyrocles*, who had at this preſent no more to play the part of *Zelmane*, having ſo naturally meaſured the manner of his breathing, that *Baſilius* made no doubt of his ſound ſleeping, and laine a pretty while with a quiet unquietneſſe to performe

performe his entended enterpriſe, as ſoone as by the debate betwixt *Baſilius* ſhinnes and the unregarding fourmes, he perceived that hee had fully left the Lodge: after him went hee with ſtealing ſteps, having his ſword under his arme (ſtill doubting leſt ſome miſchance might turne *Baſilius* backe againe) downe to the gate of the Lodge. Which not content to locke faſt, he barred and fortified with as many deviſes, as his wit and haſte would ſuffer him, that ſo hee might have full time both for making ready *Philoclea*, and conveying her to her horſe, before any might come in to finde them miſſing. For further ends of thoſe ends, and what might enſue of this action, his love and courage well matched never looked after, holding for an aſſured ground, that whoſoever in great things will thinke to prevent all objections, muſt lye ſtill and doe nothing. This determination thus weighed, the firſt part thus performed, up to *Philoclea's* chamber doore went *Pyrocles*, rapt from himſelfe with the exceſſive fore-feeling of his (as hee aſſured himſelfe) neere comming contentment. What ever paines he had taken, what dangers hee had runne into, and eſpecially thoſe ſawcie pages of love, doubts, griefes, languiſhing hopes, and threatning deſpaires, came now all to his minde in one ranke to beautifie his expected bliſſefulneſſe, and to ſerve for a moſt fit ſauce, whoſe foureneſſe might give a kinde of life to the delightfull cheare his imagination fed upon. All the great eſtate of his father, all his owne glory, ſeemed unto him but a trifling pompe, whoſe good ſtands in other mens conceit, in compariſon of the true confort he found in the depth of his minde; and the knowledge of any miſery that might enſue his joyous adventure, was recked of but as a ſleight purchaſe of poſſeſſing the top of happineſſe: for ſo far his thoughts paſt through all perils, that already hee conceived himſelfe ſafely arrived with his Lady at the ſtately palace of *Pella*, among the exceeding joyes of his father, and infinite congratulations of his friends, giving order for the royall entertainment of *Philoclea*, and for ſumptuous ſhews and triumphes againſt their marriage. In the thought whereof as he found extremity of joy, ſo well found hee that extremity is not without a certaine joyfull paine, by extending the heart beyond his wonted limits, and by ſo forcible a holding all the ſenſes to one object, that it confounds their mutuall working, not without a charming kinde of raviſhing them, from the free uſe of their owne function. Thus grieved onely with too much gladneſſe, being come to the doore, which ſhould be the entry of his happineſſe, hee was met with the latter end of a ſong, which *Philoclea*, like a ſolitary Nightingale, bewayling her guiltleſſe puniſhment, and helpeleſſe miſfortune had newly delivered over, meaning none ſhould be judge of her paſſion but her owne conſcience. The ſong having beene accorded to a ſweetly plaid on Lute, contained theſe verſes, which ſhe had lately with ſome art curiouſly written, to enwrap her ſecret and reſolute woes.

VErtue, beautie, and ſpeech, did ſtrike, wound, charme,
My heart, eyes, eares, with wonder, love, delight,
Firſt, ſecond, laſt, did binde, enforce, and arme,
His works, ſhews, ſuits, with wit, grace, and vows might,
Thus honour, liking, truſt, much, farre, and deepe,
Held, pierc't, poſſeſt, my judgment, ſenſe, and will,

Till

Till wrong, contempt, deceit, did grow, ſteale, creepe,
Bands, favour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.
Then griefe, unkindneſſe, proofe, tooke, kindled, thought,
Well grounded, noble, due, ſpite, rage, diſdaine,
But ah, alas (in vaine) my minde, ſight, thought,
Doth him, his face, his words, leave, ſhun, refraine,
For no thing, time, nor place, can looſe, quench, eaſe,
Mine owne, embraced, ſought, knot, fire, diſeaſe.

The force of love to thoſe poore folke that feele it, is many wayes very ſtrange, but no way ſtranger, than that it doth ſo enchaine the lovers judgment upon her that holds the raines of his minde, that whatſoever ſhe doth is ever in his eyes beſt. And that beſt, being the continuall motion of our changing life, turned by her to any other thing, that thing againe becommeth beſt. So that nature in each kinde ſuffering but one ſuperlative, the lover onely admits no poſitive. If ſhe ſit ſtill, that is beſt, for ſo is the conſpiracie of her ſeverall graces held beſt together to make one perfect figure of beauty. If ſhe walke, no doubt that is beſt, for beſides the making happy the more places by her ſteps, the very ſtirring addes a pleaſing life to her native perfections. If ſhe be ſilent, that without compariſon is beſt, ſince by that means the untroubled eye moſt freely may devoure the ſweetneſſe of his object. But if ſhe ſpeake, hee will take it upon his death that is beſt, the quinteſſence of each word being diſtilled downe into his affected ſoule: Example of this was well to be ſeene in the given-over *Pyrocles*, who with panting breath, and ſometime ſighes, not ſuch as ſorrow reſtraining the inward parts doth make them glad to deliver, but ſuch as the impatiencie of delay, with the unſurety of never ſo ſure hope, is wont to breathe out. Now being at the doore, of the one ſide hearing her voice, which hee thought, if the Philoſophers ſaid true of the heavenly ſeven-ſphered harmony, was by her not onely repreſented, but far ſurmounted; and of the other, having his eyes over-filled with her beautie, for the King at his parting had left the chamber open, and ſhee at that time lay, as the heat of the countrey did well ſuffer, upon the top of her bed, having her beauties eclipſed with nothing but with a faire ſmocke, wrought all in flames of aſh-colour ſilke and gold, lying ſo upon her right ſide, that the left thigh down to the foot, yeelded his delightfull proportion to the full view, which was ſeene by the helpe of a rich lampe, which thorow the curtaines a little drawne caſt forth a light upon her (as the Moone doth when it ſhines into a thinne wood;) *Pyrocles* I ſay was ſtopped with the violence of ſo many darts caſt by *Cupid*, all together put upon him, that quite forgetting himſelf, and thinking therein already he was in the beſt degree of felicity, he would have loſt much of his time, and with too much love omitted the enterpriſe undertaken for his love, had not *Philoclea's* pitifull accuſing of him forced him to bring his ſpirits againe to a new byas; for ſhe laying her hand under her faire cheek, upon which there did prettily trickle the ſweet drops of her delightfull (though ſorrowfull) teares, made theſe words wait upon her moanfull ſong. And hath that cruell *Pyrocles*, ſaid ſhee, deſerved thus much of

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me, that I ſhould for his ſake lift up my voice in my beſt tunes, and to him continually, with pouring out my plaint, make a diſdained oblation? Shall my ſoule ſtill do this honour to his unmercifull tyrannie, by my lamenting his loſſe, to ſhew his worthineſſe and my weakneſſe? He heares thee not ſimple *Philoclea*, he heares thee not; and if he did, ſome hearts grow the harder the more they find their advantage. Alas, what a miſerable conſtitution of mind have I! I diſdain my fortune, and yet reverence him that diſdaines me. I accuſe his ungratefulneſſe, and have his vertue in admiration. O ye deafe heavens, I would either his injury could blot out mine affection, or my affection could forget his injury. With that, giving a pitifull but ſweet ſhrich, ſhe tooke againe the Lute, and began to ſing this Sonnet, which might ſerve as an explaining to the other.

THe love which is imprinted in my ſoule
With beauties ſeale, and vertue faire diſguis'd,
With inward cries puts up a bitter roule
Of huge complaints that now it is deſpis'd.

Thus thus the more I love, the wrong the more
Monſtrous appeares, long truth received late,
VVrong ſturres remorſed griefe, griefes deadly ſore
Unkindneſſe breeds, unkindneſſe foſtereth hate.

But ah, the more I hate, the more I think
VVhom I doe hate; the more I thinke on him,
The more his matchleſſe gifts doe deppely ſinke
Into my breaſt, and loves renewed ſwimme.
What med'cine then can ſuch diſeaſe remove,
Where love drawes hate, and hate engendreth love?

But *Pyrocles*, that had heard his name accuſed, & condemned by the mouth which of all the world, and more than all the world, he moſt loved; had then cauſe enough to call his mind to his home, and with the moſt haſte he could (for true love feares the accident of an inſtant) to match the excuſing of his fault, with declaration of his errand thither. And therefore blowne up and down with as many contrary paſſions, as *Æolus* ſent out winds upon the Trojan reliques, guided upon the ſea by the valiant *Æneas*, he went into her chamber, with ſuch a pace as reverent fear doth teach; where kneeling down, and having prepared a long diſcourſe for her, his eyes were ſo filled with her ſight, that as if they would have robbed all their fellows of their ſervices, both his heart fainted, and his tongue failed, in ſuch ſort, that he could not bring forth one word, but referred her underſtanding to his eyes language. But ſhe in extremitie amazed to ſee him there, at ſo undue a ſeaſon, and aſhamed that her beautifull body made ſo naked a proſpect, drawing in her delicate limbes into the weak guard of the bed, and preſenting in her face to him ſuch a kind of pitifull anger, as might ſhew this was only a fault; therfore becauſe ſhe had a former grudg unto him, turning away her face from him, ſhe thus ſaid unto him: O *Zelmane* or *Pyrocles*, (for whether name I uſe it much skils not, ſince by the one I was firſt deceived, and by the other now betraied) what ſtrange motion is the guide of thy cruel mind hither? Doſt thou not thinke the day torments thou haſt given me ſufficient, but

that

that thou doſt envie mee the nights quiet? Wilt thou give my ſorrowes no truce, but by making me ſee before mine eyes how much I have loſt, offer me due cauſe of confirming my plaint? Or is thy heart ſo full of rancor, that thou doſt deſire to feed thine eyes with the wretched ſpectacle of thine overthrowne enemy, and ſo to ſatisfie the full meaſure of thy undeſerved rage, with the receiving into thy ſight the unrelievable ruines of my deſolate life? O *Pyrocles*, *Pyrocles*, for thine own vertues ſake, let miſeries be no muſick unto thee, and be content to take to thy ſelfe ſome colour of excuſe, that thou didſt not know to what extremity thy inconſtancie, or rather falſhood, hath brought me. *Pyrocles*, to whom every ſyllable ſhe pronounced was a thunderbolt to his heart, equally diſtraught betwixt amazement & ſorrow, abaſhed to ſee ſuch a ſtop of his deſires, greived with her pain, but tormented to find himſelf the author of it, with quaking lips, & pale cheer, Alas divine Lady, ſaid he, your diſpleaſure is ſo contrary to my deſert, and your words ſo far beyond all expectations, that I have leaſt ability now I have moſt need, to ſpeak in the cauſe upon which my life dependeth. For my troth is ſo undoubtedly conſtant unto you, my heart is ſo aſſured a witneſſe to it ſelfe of his unſpotted faith, that having no one thing in me, whereout any ſuch ſacriledge might ariſe, I have likewiſe nothing in ſo direct a thing to ſay for my ſelfe, but ſincere and vehement proteſtations; for in truth, there may moſt words be ſpent, where there is ſome probabilitie to breed of both ſides conjecturall allegations. But ſo perfect a thing as my love is of you, as it ſuffers no queſtion, ſo it ſeems to receive injury by addition of any words unto it. If my ſoule could have been polluted with trechery, it would likewiſe have provided for it ſelfe due furniture of colourable anſwers; but as it ſtood upon the naked conſcience of his untouched duty, ſo I muſt confeſſe it is altogether unarmed againſt ſo unjuſt a violence as you lay upon me: alas! let not the pains I have taken to ſerve you, be now accounted injurious unto you, let not the dangerous cunning I have uſed to pleaſe you be deemed a treaſon againſt you: ſince I have deceived them who you fear for your ſake, do not you deſtroy me for their ſake; what can I without you further do? or to what more forwardneſſe can any counſell bring our deſired happineſſe? I have provided whatſoever is needfull for our going, I have rid them both out of the Lodg, ſo that there is none here to be hinderers or knowers of our departure, but only the almighty powers, whom I invoke as triers of mine innocency, & witneſſes of my well meaning. And if ever my thoughts did receive ſo much as a fainting in their affections; if they have not continually with more and more ardour from time to time purſued the poſſeſſion of your ſweeteſt favour; if ever in that poſſeſſion they received either ſpot or falſhood; then let their moſt horrible plagues fall upon me, let mine eies be deprived of the light which did abaſe the heavenly beams that ſtrake them, let my falſified tongue ſerve to no uſe but to bemone mine owne wretchedneſs, let my heart, impoiſoned with deteſtable treaſon, be the ſeat of infernal ſorrow, let my ſoule, with the endleſſe anguiſh of his conſcience, become his owne tormentor. O falſe mankind! cried out the ſweet *Philoclea*; how can an impoſthumed heart but yeeld forth evill matter by his mouth? Are oaths there to be beleeved, where vows are broke? No no, who doth wound the eternall juſtice of the gods, cares little for abuſing their names: & who in doing wickedly feare no due recompencing plaguss, doth little feare that invoking of plagues will make them come ever a whit the ſooner. But alas, what aileth this new converſion, have you yet another ſlight to play? or do you think to deceive me in *Pyrocles* forme, as you have done in *Zelmanes*? Or rather now you have betraied me in both, is ſome third ſex left you, into which you can transforme your ſelfe to inveigle my ſimplicitie? Enjoy the conqueſt you

have

have already won: and assure your selfe you are come to the farthest point of your cunning. For my part, unkind *Pyrocles*, my only defence shall be beleefe of nothing, my comfort my faithfull innocencie, and the punishment I desire of you shall be your owne conscience. *Philoclea*'s hard persevering in this unjust condemnation of him, did so overthrow all the might of *Pyrocles* mind (who saw that time would not serve to prove by deeds, & that the better words he used, the more they were suspected of deceitfull cunning) that voide of all counsell, and deprived of all comfort, finding best deserts punished, and neerest hopes prevented, hee did abandon the succour of himselfe, and suffered griefe so to close his heart, that his breath fayling him, with a deathfull shutting of his eyes, he fell down at her bedside, having had time to say no more, but Oh! whom dost thou kill *Philoclea*? She that little looked for such an extreme event of her doings, start out of her bed, like *Venus* rising from her mother the sea, not so much stricken down with amazement and griefe of her fault, as lifted up with the force of love and desire to help, she laid her faire body over his breast, and throwing no other water in his face, but the streame of her teares, nor giving him other blowes, but the kissing of her well formed mouth, her only cries were these lamentations: O unfortunate suspicion, said she, the very meane to lose that we most suspect to lose. O unkind kindnesse of mine, which returnes an imagined wrong with an effectuall injury. O foole, to make quarrell my supplication, or to use hate as the mediator of love. Childish *Philoclea*, hast thou thrown away the jewel wherin all thy pride consisted? Hast thou with too much hast over-run thy selfe? Then would she renew her kisses: & yet not finding the life return, redouble her plaints in this maner. O divine soule, said she, whose vertue can possesse no lesse than the highest place in heaven, if for mine eternall plague thou hast utterly left this most sweet mansion, before I follow thee with *Thisbe*'s punishment for my rash unwarinesse, heare this protestation of mine: That as the wrong I have done thee proceeded of a most sincere, but unresistable affection, so led with this pitifull example, it shall end in the mortall hate of my selfe, and (if it may be) I will make my soule a tombe of thy memory. At that word with anguish of mind & weaknesse of body, encreased one by the other, & both augmented by this fearfull accident, she had faln down in a sound, but that *Pyrocles* then first severing his eie-lids, & quickly apprehending her danger, to him more than death, beyond all powers striving to recover the commandement of all his powers, staied her from falling: and then lifting the sweet burthen of her body in his armes, laid her again in her bed. So that she, but then the Physician, was now become the patient: & he, to whom her weakness had been serviceable, was now enforced to do service to her weakness: which performed by him with that hearty care which the most careful love on the best loved subject in greatest extremity could employ, prevailed so farre, that ere long she was able (though in strength exceedingly dejected) to call home her wandring senses, to yeeld attention to that her beloved *Pyrocles* had to deliver. But he lying downe on the bed by her, holding her hand in his, with so kind an accusing her of unkindnes, as in accusing her he condemned himselfe, began from point to point to discover unto her all that had passed between his lothed lovers & him. How he had entertained, & by entertaining deceived both *Basilius* and *Gynecia*: and with such a kind of deceit, as either might see the cause in the other, but neither espie the effect in themselves. That all his favours to them had tended onely to make them strangers to this his action: and all his strangenesse to her, to the finall obtaining of her long promised, and now to be performed favour. Which device seeing it had so well succeeded to the removing all other hinderances, that only her resolution remained for the taking their happy journy, he conjured her by all the love

ſhe had ever borne him, ſhe would make no longer delay to partake with him whatſoever honours the noble kingdome of *Macedon*, and all other *Euarchus* dominions might yeeld him; ſpecially ſince in this enterpriſe he had now waded ſo farre, as hee could not poſſibly retire himſelf backe, without being overwelmed with danger and diſhonor. He needed not have uſed further perſwaſion: for that only conjuration had ſo forcibly bound all her ſpirits, that could her body have ſeconded her mind, or her mind have ſtrengthened her body, without reſpect of any wordly thing, but onely fear to be again unkind to *Pyrocles*, ſhe had condeſcended to go with him. But raiſing her ſelfa little in her bed, & finding her own unability in any ſort to endure the aire: My *Pyrocles*, ſaid ſhe (with tearfull eies and pitifull countenance, ſuch as well witneſſed ſhe had no will to deny any thing ſhe had power to performe) if you can convey me hence in ſuch plight as you ſee mee, I am moſt willing to make my extremeſt danger a teſtimony, that I eſteeme no danger in regard of your vertuous ſatisfaction. But ſhe fainted ſo faſt, that ſhe was not able to utter the reſt of her conceived ſpeech: which alſo turned *Pyrocles* thoughts from expecting further anſwer, to the neceſſary care of reviving her, in whoſe fainting himſelfe was more than overthrown. And that having effected with all the ſweet meanes his wits could deviſe, though his higheſt hopes were by this unexpected downefall ſunke deeper than any degree of deſpaire; yet leſt the appearance of his inward griefe might occaſion her further diſcomfort, having rackt his face to a more comfortable ſemblance, he ſought ſome ſhew of reaſon, to ſhew ſhe had no reaſon, either for him, or for her ſelfe to be afflicted. Which in the ſweet minded *Philoclea*, whoſe conſideration was limited by his words, & whoſe conceit pierced no deeper than his outward countenance, wrought within a while ſuch quietneſſe of minde, and that quietneſſe again ſuch repoſe of body, that ſleep, by his harbingers weakneſſe, wearineſſe, & watchfulneſſe, had quickly taken up his lodging in all her ſenſes. Then indeed had *Pyrocles* leaſure to ſit in judgement on himſelfe, and to heare his reaſon accuſe his raſhneſſe, who, without forecaſt of doubt, without knowledge of his friend, without acquainting *Philoclea* with his purpoſe, or being made acquainted with her preſent eſtate, had falne headlong into that attempt, the ſucceſſe whereof he had long ſince ſet downe to himſelfe, as the meaſure of all his other fortunes. But calling to minde how weakely they doe, that rather finde fault with what cannot be amended, than ſeeke to amend wherein they have beene faultie: hee ſoone turned him from remembring what might have beene done, to conſidering what was now to be done; & when that conſideration failed, what was now to be expected. Wherein hauing runne over all the thoughts, his reaſon, called to the ſtricteſt accounts, could bring before him, at length hee lighted on this: That as long as *Gynecia* bewrayed not the matter (which hee thought ſhee would not doe, as well for her own honour and ſafety, as for the hope ſhe might ſtill have of him, which is loth to die in a lovers heart) all the reſt might turne to a pretty merriment, and enflame his lover *Baſilius*, againe to caſt about for the miſſed favour. And as naturally the heart ſtuffed up with wofulneſſe, is glad greedily to ſucke the thinneſt ayre of comfort: ſo did he at firſt embace this conceit, as offering great hope, if not aſſurance of well doing, till looking more neerely into it, and not able to anſwer the doubts and difficulties he ſaw therein more and more ariſing, the night being alſo farre ſpent, his thoughts even weary of his owne burthens, fell to a ſtraying kind of uncertaintie: and his mind ſtanding onely upon the nature of inward intelligences, left his body to give a ſleeping reſpite to his vitall ſpirits, which hee, according to the quality of ſorrow, received with greater greedineſſe than ever in his life before: according to the nature of ſorrow, I ſay, which is paſt cares remedy: For

care

care ſtirring the braines, and making thin the ſpirits, breaketh reſt: but thoſe griefs, wherein one is determined there is no preventing, doe breed a dull heavineſſe, which eaſily clothes it ſelfe in ſleepe. So as laid downe ſo neere the beautie of the world, *Philoclea*, that their neckes were ſubject each to others chaſte embracements, it ſeemed love had come thither to lay a plot in that picture of death, how gladly, if death came, their ſoules would goe together.

The third Eclogue.

Thyrſis not with many painted words nor falſified promiſes had wonne the conſent of his beloved *Kala*, but with a true and ſimple making her know he loved her; not forcing himſelfe beyond his reach to buy her affection, but giving her ſuch pretty preſents, as neither could wearie him with the giving, nor ſhame her for the taking. Thus, the firſt Strawberries he could finde, were ever in a clean waſht diſh ſent to *Kala*; thus poſies of the Spring flowers were wrapt up in a little greene ſilk, and dedicated to *Kala's* breaſts; thus ſometimes his ſweeteſt creame, ſometimes the beſt Cake bred his mother made, were reſerved for *Kala's* taſte. Neither would he ſtick to kill a lambe when ſhe would be content to come over the way unto him. But then lo, how the houſe was ſwept, & rather no fire than any ſmoke left to trouble her. Then love ſongs were not daintie, when ſhe would heare them, and as much manerly ſilence when ſhe would not: in going to Church great worſhip to *Kala*. So that all the pariſh ſaid, never a maid they knew ſo well waited on: and when dancing was about the May-pole, no body taken out but ſhe, and he, after a leape or two to ſhew her his owne activitie, would frame all the reſt of his dancing, onely to grace her. As for her fathers ſheepe, he had no leſſe care of them than his owne: ſo that ſhe might play her as ſhe would, warranted with honeſt *Thyrſis* carefulneſſe. But if he ſpied *Kala* favoured any one of the flock more than his fellowes, then that was cheriſhed: ſhearing him ſo (when ſhorne he muſt be) as might moſt become him: but while the wooll was on, wrapping within it ſome verſes, wherein *Thyrſis* had a ſpeciall gift, & making the innocent beaſt his unweeting meſſenger. Thus conſtantly continuing, though he were none of the faireſt, at length he wonne *Kala's* heart, the honeſteſt wench in all thoſe quarters. And ſo with conſent of both parents (without which neither *Thyrſis* would aske, nor *Kala* grant) their marrying day was appointed, which becauſe it fell out in this time, I thinke it ſhall not bee impertinent to remember a little our Shepheards, while the other greater perſons are either ſleeping or otherwiſe troubled. *Thyrſis* marriage time once known, there needed no inviting of the neighbours in that valley, for ſo well was *Thyrſis* beloved, that they were all readie to doe him credit: neither yet came they like Harpies to devoure him, but one brought a fat pigge, the other a tender kidde, the third a great gooſe: as for cheeſe, milk, and butter were the goſſips preſents. Thither came of ſtrange ſhepheards only the melancholy *Philiſides*, for the vertuous *Coridon* had long ſince left off all joyfull ſolemnities. And as for *Strephon* and *Klaius*, they had loſt their miſtreſſe, which put them into ſuch extreme ſorrowes, as they could ſcarcely abide the light of the day, much leſſe the eyes of men. But of the *Arcadian* borne ſhepheards, thither came good old *Geron*, yong *Hiſtor* (though unwilling) and upright *Dicus*, merry *Pas*, and jolly *Nico*. As for *Dametas*, they durſt not preſume (his pride was ſuch) to invite him, and *Dorus* they found might not be ſpared. And there under a bower made of bowes (for *Thyrſis* houſe was not able to receive them) every one was placed according to his age. The women (for ſuch was the maner of the country) kept together to make

good cheare among themselves, from which otherwise a certain painefull modestie restraines them: and there might the sadder Matrons give good counsell to *Kala*, who poore soule wept for feare of that she desired. But among the shepheards was all honest libertie, no feare of dangerous tel-tales, who hunt greater preyes, nor indeed mindes in them to give tel-tales any occasion, but one questioning with another of the manuring his ground, and governing his flocke; the highest point they reached to, was, to talke of the holinesse of marriage; to which purpose as soone as their sober dinner was ended, *Dicus* in stead of thankes sang this song, with a cleere voice and cheerefull countenance.

LEt mother earth now decke her selfe in flowers,
To see her off-spring seek a good increase,
where justest love doth vanquish Cupids *powers,*
And warre of thoughts is swallowed up in peace,
Which never may decrease,
But like the turtles faire,
Live one in two, a well united paire;
Which that no chance may staine,
O Hymen *long their coupled joyes maintaine.*

O heav'n awake, shew forth thy stately face,
Let not these slumbring clouds thy beauties hide,
But with thy cheerfull presence helpe to grace
The honest Bridegroome, and the bashfull bride,
Whose loves may ever bide,
Like to the Elme and Vine,
With mutuall embracements them to twine:
In which delightfull paine,
O Hymen *long their coupled joyes maintaine.*

Ye Muses all which chaste affects allow,
And have to Thyrsis *shew'd your secret skill,*
To this chaste love your sacred favours bow,
And so to him and her your gifts distill,
That they all vice may kill:
And like to lillies pure,
May please all eyes, and spotlesse may endure.
Where that all blisse may reigne,
O Hymen *long their coupled joyes maintaine.*

Ye Nymphes which in the waters empire have,
Since Thyrsis *musick oft doth yeeld you praise,*
Grant to the thing which we for Thyrsis *crave.*
Let one time (but long first close up their dayes,
One grave their bodies seaze;
And like two rivers sweet,
When they, though divers, doe together meet,
One streame both streames containe:
O Hymen *long their coupled joyes maintaine.*

Pan

Pan, father Pan, the god of ſilly ſheepe,
Whoſe care is cauſe that they in number grow,
Have much more care of them that them doe keepe,
Since from theſe good the others good doth flow,
And make their iſſue ſhow
In number like the heard
Of yonglings, which thy ſelfe with love haſt reard;
Or like the drops of raine.
O Hymen long their coupled joyes maintaine.

Vertue (if not a God) yet Gods chiefe part,
Be thou the knot of thru their open vow;
That ſtill he be her head, ſhe be his heart,
He leane to her, ſhe unto him doe bow:
Each other ſtill allow:
Like Oke and Miſtle-toe.
Her ſtrength from him, but praiſe from her do grow;
In which moſt lovely traine,
O Hymen long their coupled joyes maintaine.

But thou foule Cupid, ſire to lawleſſe luſt,
Be thou farre hence with thy empoyſon'd dart,
Which though of glittering gold, ſhall here take ruſt,
Where ſimple love, which chaſtneſſe doth impart,
Avoides thy hurtfull art,
Not needing charming skill,
Such minds with ſweet affections for to fill,
Which being pure and plaine,
O Hymen long their coupled joyes maintaine.

All churliſh words, ſhrewd anſwers, crabbed lookes,
All privateneſſe, ſelfe-ſeeking, inward ſpite,
All waywardneſſe, which nothing kindly brookes,
All ſtrife for toyes, and clayming maſters right,
Be hence aye put to flight.
All ſtirring husbands hate
Gainſt neighbors good for womaniſh debate,
Be fled as things moſt vaine.
O Hymen long their coupled joyes maintaine.

All peacoke pride, and fruits of peacocks pride,
Longing to be with loſſe of ſubſtance gay,
With retchleſneſſe what may the houſe beside,
So that you may on hyer ſlippers ſtay,
For ever hence away:
Yet let not ſluttery,
The ſinke of filth, be counted huſwifery:
But keeping whole your meane,
O Hymen long their coupled joyes maintaine.

But above all, away vile jealouſie,
The evill of evils, juſt cauſe to be unjuſt.
(How can he love ſuſpecting trechery?
How can ſhe love where love cannot win truſt?)
Goe ſnake, hide thee in duſt,
Ne dare once ſhew thy face,
Where open hearts doe hold ſo conſtant place,
That they thy ſting reſtraine,
O Hymen *long their coupled joyes maintaine.*

The earth is deckt with flowers, the heav'ns diſplaid,
Muſes grant gifts, Nymphes long and joyned life,
Pan *ſtore of babes, vertue their thoughts well ſtaid,*
Cupids *luſt gone, and gone is bitter ſtrife,*
Happy man, happy wife.
No pride ſhall them oppreſſe,
Nor yet ſhall yeeld to lothſome ſluttiſhneſſe,
And jealouſie is ſlaine:
For Hymen *will their coupled joyes maintaine.*

Truly *Dicus*, ſaid *Nico*, although thou didſt not grant mee the prize the laſt day, when undoubtedly I won it, yet muſt I needs ſay, Thou for thy part haſt ſung well and thriftily. *Pas* ſtraight deſired all the company they would beare witneſſe that *Nico* had once in his life ſpoken wiſely; for, ſaid he, I will tell it his father, who will be a glad man when he heares ſuch newes. Very true, ſaid *Nico*, but indeed ſo would not thine in like caſe, for he would looke thou ſhouldeſt live but one houre longer, than a diſcreet word wandred out of thy mouth. And I pray thee, ſaid *Pas*, gentle *Nico*, tell me, what miſchance it was that brought thee to taſte ſo fine a meate? Mary good-man blockhead, ſaid *Nico*, becauſe he ſpeakes againſt jealouſie, the filthy traytor to true affection, and yet diſguiſing it ſelfe in the rayment of love. Sentences, Sentences, cryed *Pas*. Alas, how ripe witted theſe young folkes be now adaies! But well counſelled ſhall that husband be, when this man comes to exhort him not to be jealous. And ſo ſhall he, anſwered *Nico*, for I have ſeene a freſh example, though it be not very fit to be knowne. Come, come, ſaid *Pas*, be not ſo ſqueamiſh, I know thou longeſt more to tell it, than we to heare it. But for all his words *Nico* would not beſtow his voice, till he was generally entreated of all the reſt. And then with a merry marriage looke he ſang this following diſcourſe; for with a better grace he could ſing than tell.

A Neighbour mine not long agoe there was,
(But nameleſſe he, for blameleſſe he ſhall be)
That married had a tricke and bonny laſſe
As in a ſommer day a man might ſee:
But he himſelfe a foule unhandſome groome,
And farre unfit to hold ſo good a roome.

Now whether mov'd with ſelfe unworthineſſe,
Or with her beauty, fit to make a prey,
Fell jealouſie did ſo his braine oppreſſe,

That

That if he absent were but halfe a day,
He ghest the worst (you wot what is the worst)
And in himselfe new doubting causes nurst.

While thus he fear'd the silly innocent,
Who yet was good, because she knew none ill,
Unto his house a jolly shepheard went,
To whom our Prince did beare a great good will,
Because in wrestling and in pastorall,
He farre did passe the rest of shepheards all.

And therefore he a Courtier was benamed,
And as a Courtier was with cheere received,
(For they have tongues to make a poore man blamed,
If he to them his dutie misconceived:)
And for this Courtier should well like his table,
The goodman bade his wife be serviceable.

And so she was, and all with good intent;
But few daies past while she good maner us'd,
But that her husband thought her service bent
To such an end as he might be abus'd.
Yet like a coward fearing strangers pride,
He made the simple wench his wrath abide,

With chumpish lookes, hard words, and secret nips,
Grumbling at her when she his kindnesse sought,
Asking her how she tasted Courtiers lips,
He forc'st her thinke that which she never thought.
In fine, he made her ghesse there was some sweet,
In that which he so fear'd that she should meet.

When once this entred was in woman's heart,
And that it had enflam'd a new desire,
There rested then, to play a womans part,
Fuell to seeke and not to quench the fire:
But (for his jealous eye she well did finde)
She studied cunning how the same to blinde.

And thus she did. One day to him she came,
And though against his will) on him she leand,
And out gan cry, Ah well away for shame,
If you helpe not our wedlock will be stained.
The goodman starting, askt what her did move?
She sigh'd and said, The bad ghest sought her love.

He little looking that she should complaine
Of that, whereto he fear'd she was enclin'd;

Buſsing her oft, and in his heart full faine,
He did demaund what remedy to finde;
How they might get that gueſt from them to wend,
And yet the Prince (that lov'd him) not offend.

Husband quoth ſhe, goe to him by and by,
And tell him you doe finde I doe him love:
And therefore pray him that of courteſie
He will abſent himſelfe, leſt he ſhould move
A young girles heart, to that were ſhame for both,
Whereto, you know, his honeſt heart were loath.

Thus ſhall you ſhew that him you doe not doubt,
And as for me (ſweet husband) I muſt beare:
Glad was the man when he had heard her out,
And did the ſame, although with mickle feare:
For feare he did, leſt he the young man might
In choler put, with whom he would not fight.

The Courtly ſhepheard much agaſt at this,
Not ſeeing erſt ſuch token in the wife,
Though full of ſcorne, would not his duty miſſe,
Knowing that ill becomes a houſhold ſtrife,
Did goe his way; but ſojourn'd neare there by,
That yet the ground hereof he might eſpie.

The wife thus having ſettled husbands braine,
Who would have ſworne his ſpouſe Diana was,
Watched when ſhe a further point might gaine,
Which little time did fitly bring to paſſe.
For to the Court her man was call'd by name,
Whether he needs muſt goe for feare of blame.

Three dayes before that he muſt ſure depart,
She written had (but in a hand diſguis'd)
A letter ſuch, which might from either part,
Seeme to proceed, ſo well it was deviſ'd.
She ſeal'd it firſt, then ſhe the ſealing brake,
And to her jealous husband did it take.

With weeping eyes (her eyes ſhe taught to weep)
She told him that the Courtier had it ſent:
Alas (quoth ſhe) thus womens ſhame doth creepe.
The goodman read on both ſides the content,
It title had, Unto my onely love:
Subſcription was, Yours muſt, if you will prove.

Th' epiſtle ſelfe ſuch kind of words it had,

My

My ſweeteſt joy, the comfort of my ſprite,
So may thy flockes increaſe thy deare heart glad,
So may each thing, even as thou wiſheſt light,
As thou wilt deigne to reade, and gently reed
This mourning inke, in which my heart doth bleed.

Long have I lov'd (alas thou worthy art)
Long have I lov'd (alas love craveth love)
Long have I lov'd thy ſelfe, alas my heart
Doth breake, now tongue unto thy name doth move;
And thinke not that thy anſwer anſwer is,
But that it is my doome of bale or bliſſe.

The jealous wretch muſt now to Court be gone:
Ne can he faile, for Prince hath for him ſent:
Now is the time we may be here alone,
And give a long deſire a ſweet content.
Thus ſhall you both reward a lover true,
And eke revenge his wrong ſuſpecting you.

And this was all, and this the husband read
With chafe enough, till ſhe him pacified:
Deſiring, that no griefe in him be bred,
Now that he had her words ſo truely tried:
But that he would to him the letter ſhow,
That with his fault he might her goodneſſe know.

That ſtraight was done, with many a boyſtrous threat,
That to the King he would his ſinne declare:
But now the Courtier gan to ſmell the feat,
And with ſome words which ſhewed little care,
He ſtaid untill the goodman was departed,
Then gave he him the blow which never ſmarted.

Thus may you ſee the jealous wretch was made
The Pandar of the thing he moſt did feare:
Take heed therefore, how you enſue that trade,
Leſt the ſame markes of jealouſie you beare:
For ſure no jealouſie can that prevent,
Whereto two parties once be full content.

Behold, ſaid *Pas*, a whole dicker of wit: he hath pickt out ſuch a tale, with intention to keep a husband from jealouſie, which was enough to make a ſanctified husband jealous, to ſee ſubtilties ſo much in the feminine gender. But, ſaid he, I will ſtrike *Nico* dead, with the wiſe words ſhall flow out of my gorge. And without further entreatie thus ſang.

WHo doth deſire that chaſte his wife ſhould be,
Firſt, be he true, for truth doth truth deſerve:

Then

Then ſuch be he, as ſhe his worth may ſee,
And one man ſtill credit with her preſerve.

Not toying kind, nor cauſeleſly unkinde,
Not ſtirring thoughts, nor yet denying right,
Not ſpying faults, nor in plaine errors blinde,
Never hard hand, nor ever reines too light.

As farre from want, as farre from vaine expence,
(The one doth force, the later doth entice)
Allow good company, but keepe from thence
All filthie mouthes that glory in their vice.
This done, thou haſt no more, but leave the reſt
To vertue, fortune, time, and womans breaſt.

Well concluded, ſaid *Nico*; when he hath done all, he leaves the matter to his wives diſcretion. Now whenſoever thou marrieſt, let her diſcretion deck thy head with *Actæons* ornament. *Pas* was ſo angry with his wiſh, being indeed towards marriage, that they might perchance have fallen to buffets, but that *Dicus* deſired *Philiſides* (who as a ſtranger ſate among them, revolving in his minde all the tempeſts of evill fortunes he had paſſed) that he would doe ſo much grace to the company, as to ſing one of his Country ſongs. *Philiſides* knowing it no good manners to be ſqueamiſh of his cunning, having put himſelfe in their company, without further ſtudie beganne to utter that, wherewith his thoughts were then (as alwaies) moſt buſied: and to ſhew what a ſtranger he was to himſelfe, ſpake of himſelfe, as of a third perſon, in this ſort.

THe *lad* Philiſides
Lay by a river ſide,
In flowrie field a gladder eye to pleaſe:
His pipe was at his foot,
His lambs were him beſide,
A widow turtle neare on bared root
Sate wayling without boot.
Each thing both ſweet and ſad
Did draw his boyling braine
To thinke, and thinke with paine
Of Mira's *beames, eclipſt by abſence bad.*
And thus, with eyes made dimme
With teares, he ſaid, or ſorrow ſaid for him:
O earth, once anſwer give,
So may thy ſtately grace
By North, or South ſtill rich adorned live,
So Mira *long may be*
On thy then bleſſed face,
Whoſe foot doth ſet a heav'n on curſed thee,
I aske, now anſwer me.
If th' author of thy bliſſe
Phœbus, *that ſhepheard high,*

Doe

Doe turne from thee his eye.
Doth not thy ſelfe, when he long abſent is,
Like rogue, all ragged goe,
And pine away with daily waſting woe?
Tell me you wanton brooke,
So may your ſliding race
Shun loathed-loving banks, with cunning crooke.
So in you ever new
Mira *may looke her face,*
And make you faire with ſhadow of her hue:
So when to pay your due
To mother ſea you come,
She chide you not for ſtay,
Nor beat you for your play.
Tell mee if your diverted ſprings become
Abſented quite from you,
Are you not dried? Can you your ſelves renew?
Tell me you flowers faire
Cowſlip and Columbine,
So may your Make this wholeſome ſpring-time ayre
With you imbraced lie,
And lately thence untwine:
But with dew drops engender children hie:
So may you never die,
But pull'd by Mira's *hand,*
Dreſſe boſome hers, or head,
Or ſcatter on her bed.
Tell me, if husband ſpring time leave your land,
When he from you is ſent,
Wither not you, languiſht with diſcontent?
Tell me, my ſilly pipe,
So may thee ſtill bitide
A cleanly cloth thy moiſtneſſe for to wipe:
So may the cherries red
Of Mira's *lips divide*
Their ſugred ſelves to kiſſe thy happy head;
So may her eares be led,
Her eares where Muſicke lives,
To heare and not deſpiſe
Thy lyribliring cryes:
Tell, if that breath, which thee thy ſounding gives,
Be abſent farre from thee,
Abſent alone canſt thou then piping be?
Tell me lambe of gold,
So maiſt thou long abide
The day well fed, the night in faithfull fold:
So grow thy wooll of note,
In time that richly dy'd
It may be part of Mira's *peticote.*

Tell

Tell me, if Wolves the throat
Have caught of thy deare damme,
Or ſhe from thee bee ſtaid,
Or thou from her be ſtraid,
Canſt thou poore lambe, become anothers lambe?
Or rather till thou die
Still for thy Dam with bea-waymenting cry?
Tell me O Turtle true,
So may no fortune breed
To make thee nor thy better-loved rue:
So may thy bleſsings ſwarme
That Mira *may thee feede*
With hand and mouth, with lap and breaſt keep warm:
Tell me if greedy arme,
Doe fondly take away
With traitor lime the one,
The other left alone:
Tell me poore wretch, parted from wretched prey,
Diſdaine not you the greene,
Wailing till death ſhun you not to be ſeene?
Earth, brooke, flow'rs, pipe, lambe, dove,
Say all, and I with them,
Abſence is death, or worſe, to them that love.
So I unluckie lad
Whom hills from her doe hem,
What fits me now but tears, and ſighings ſad?
O fortune too too bad,
I rather would my ſheep,
Tha'dſt killed with a ſtroke,
Burnt Cabin, loſt my cloake,
Than want one houre thoſe eyes which my joyes keep.
Oh! what doth wailing win?
Speech without end were better not begin.
My ſong climbe thou the wind,
Which Cyprus ſweet now gently ſendeth in,
That on his wings the levell thou maſt find
To his, but kiſsing hir
Her eares the weights of wit.
If thou know not for whom thy Maſters dies,
Theſe marks ſhall make thee wiſe:
Shee is the beardeſſe faire that ſhines in darke,
And gives her kids no food, but willow's barke.
This ſaid, at length he ended
His oft ſigh-broken dittie
Then raiſe, but raiſe on legs with faintneſſe bended,
With skinne in ſorrow died,
With face the plot of pitie,
With thoughts which thoughts their own tormentors tryed.
He roſe, and ſtreight eſpied

His Ramme, who to recover
The Ewe another loved,
With him proud battell proved.
He envied such a death in sight of lover,
And always westward eying,
More envied Phœbus *for his westerne flying.*

The whole companie would gladly have taken this occasion of requesting *Philisides* in plainer sort to discover unto them his estate. Which he willing to prevent (as knowing the relation thereof more fit for funerals than the time of a marriage) began to sing this song he had learned before he had ever subjected his thoughts to acknowledge no Master but a Mistresse.

AS I my little flocke on Ister *banke*
(A little flocke; but well my pipe they couth)
Did piping leade, the Sunne alreadie sanke
Beyond our world, and ere I got my booth,
Each thing with mantle blacke the night doth scoth;
Saving the glow-worme, which would courteous be
Of that small light oft watching shepheards see.

The Welkin had full niggardly enclosed
In coffer of dimme clouds his silver groates,
Icleped starres; each thing to rest disposed,
The caves were full, the mountaines void of goates,
The birds eye clos'd, closed their chirping notes.
As for the Nightingale, wood-musicks King,
It August was, he daign'd not then to sing.

Amid my sheepe, though I saw nought to feare,
Yet (for I nothing saw) I feared sore;
Then found I which thing is a charge to beare:
As for my sheepe, I dradded mickle more
Than ever for my selfe since I was bore.
I sate me downe: for see to goe ne could,
And sang unto my sheepe lest stray they should.

The song I sang old Lanquet *had me taught,*
Lanquet, *the shepheard best swift* Ister *knew,*
For clearkly reed, and hating what is naught,
For faithfull heart, cleane hands, and mouth as true:
With his sweet skill my skillesse youth he drew,
To have a feeling taste of him that sits
Beyond the heaven, farre more beyond our wits.

He said, the Musicke best thilke powers pleas'd
Was jump concord betweene our wit and will;
Where highest notes to godlinesse are rais'd,
And lowest sinke not downe to jote of ill.

With old true tales he wont mine eares to fill,
How shepheards did of yore, how now they thrive,
Spoyling their flocke, or while, twixt them they strive.

He liked me, but pitied lustfull youth:
His good strong staffe my slipperie yeares upbore:
He still hop'd well because I loved truth;
Till forc't to part, with heart and eyes even sore,
To worthy Coridon he gave me ore:
But thus in okes true shade recounted be,
Which now in nights deepe shade sheep heard of me.

Such manner time there was (what time I no't)
When all this Earth, this damme or mould of ours
Was onely won'd with such as beasts begot:
Unknowne as then were they that builded towers:
The cattle wilde, or tame, in natures bowers
Might freely rome, or rest, as seemed them:
Man was not man their dwellings in to hem.

The beasts had sure some beastly policie:
For nothing can indure where n'order is.
For once the Lion by the Lambe did lie.
The fearefull Hinde the Leopard did kisse.
Hurtlesse was Tygers paw and Serpents hisse.
This thinke I well, the beasts with courage clad,
Like Senators, a harmelesse Empire had.

At which whether the otkers did repine,
(For envie harbreth most in feebleſt hearts)
Or that they all to changing did incline,
(As even in beasts their dams leave changing parts)
The multitude to Jove a suit imparts,
With neighing, blaying, braying, and barking,
Roring, and howling for to have a King.

A King, in language theirs they said they would:
(For then their language was a perfect speech)
The birds likewise with chirps, and puing could
Cackling, and chattering, that of Jove beseech.
Onely the Owle still warn'd them not to seech
So hastily that which they would repent:
But saw they would, and he to deserts went.

Jove wisely said (for Wisedome wisely sayes)
O beasts, take heed what you of me desire.
Rulers will thinke all things made them to please,
And soone forget the swinke due to their hire:
But since you will, part of my heav'nly fire
I will you lend; the rest your selves must give,

That

That it both ſeene and felt may with you live.

Full glad they were, and tooke the naked ſprite,
Which ſtreight the Earth yclothed in his clay:
The Lyon, heart; the Ounce gave active might;
The Horſe, good ſhape; the Sparrow, luſt to play;
Nightingale, voyce, entiſing ſong to ſay;
Elephant gave a perfect memory;
And Parrot, ready tongue that to apply.

The Fox gave craft; the Dogge gave flatterie;
Aſſe, patience; the Mole, a working thought;
Eagle, high looke; Wolfe, ſecret crueltie;
Monkie, ſweet breath; the Cow her eyes faire brought;
The Ermion, whiteſt skin, ſpotted with nought;
The Sheepe, mild-ſeeming face; climbing, the Beare;
The Stagge did give the harme-eſchuing feare.

The Hare, her ſleights; the Cat, his melancholy;
Ant, induſtry; and Conny, skill to build;
Cranes, order; Storkes, to be appearing holy;
Chameleon, eaſe to change; Ducke, eaſe to yeeld;
Crocodile, teares, which might be falſely ſpill'd;
Ape great thing gave, though he did mowing ſtand,
The inſtrument of inſtruments, the hand.

Each other beaſt likewiſe his preſent brings:
And (but they dread their Prince they ought ſhould want)
They all conſented were to give him wings;
And aye more awe towards him for to plant,
To their own worke this priviledge they grant.
That from henceforth to all eternitie,
No beaſt ſhould freely ſpeake, but onely he.

Thus Man was made; thus Man their Lord became:
Who at the firſt, wanting or hiding pride,
He did to beaſts beſt uſe his cunning frame;
With water drinke, hearbs meat, and naked hide:
And fellow-like let his dominion ſlide;
Not in his ſayings, ſaying I, but we:
As if he meant his Lordſhip common be.

But when his ſeate ſo rooted he had found,
That they now skill'd not how from him to wend;
Then gan in guiltleſſe earth full many a wound,
Iron to ſeeke, which 'gainſt it ſelfe ſhould bend,
To teare the bowels, that good corne ſhould ſend:
But yet the common damme none did bemone,
Becauſe (though hurt) they never heard her grone.

Then gan the factions in the beaſts to breed;
Where helping weaker ſort, the nobler beaſts,
(As Tygers, Leopards, Beares, and Lions ſeed)
Diſdain'd with this, in deſarts ſought their reſts;
Where famine ravine taught their hungry cheſts,
That craftily he forc't them to doe ill,
Which being done he afterwards would kill.

For murther done, which never earſt was ſeen,
By thoſe great beaſts, as for the weakers good.
He choſe themſelves his guarders for to beene,
'Gainſt thoſe of might; of whom in feare they ſtood,
As horſe and dogge, not great, but gentle bloud:
Blithe were the commons cattell of the field,
Tho when they ſaw their foen of greatneſſe kill'd.

But they or ſpent, or made of ſlender might,
Then quickly did the meaner cattell finde,
The great beames gone, the houſe on ſhoulders light:
For by and by the Horſe faire bits did binde:
The dogge was in a coller taught his kinde.
As for the gentle birds like caſe may rue,
When Falcon they, and Goſſe-hawke ſaw in mew.

Worſt fell to ſmalleſt birds, and meaneſt heard,
Whom now his owne, full like his owne he us'd:
Yet firſt but wooll, or feathers off he teard:
And when they were well us'd to be abus'd,
For hungry teeth their fleſh with teeth be bruis'd:
At length for glutton taſte he did them kill:
At laſt for ſport their ſilly lives did ſpill.

But yet O man rage not beyond thy need:
Deeme it no glory to ſwell in tyrannie.
Thou art of bloud; joy not to ſee things bleed:
Thou feareſt death; thinke they are loth to die.
A plaint of guiltleſſe hurt doth pierce the skie.
And you poore beaſts, in patience bide your hell,
Or know your ſtrengths, and then you ſhall doe well.

Thus will I ſing, and pipe eight ſullen houres
To ſheepe, whom love, not knowledge, made to heare,
Now fancies fits, now fortunes balefull ſtowres:
But then I homewards call'd my lambkins deare:
For to my dimmed eyes begant appeare
The night grown old, her black head waxen gray,
Sure ſhepheards ſign, that morn ſhould ſoon fetch day.

According to the nature of divers eares, divers judgements ſtreight followed: ſome praiſing his voyce, others his words fit to frame a Paſtorall ſtile, others the ſtrangeneſſe of the tale, and ſcanning what he ſhould meane by it. But old *Geron* (who

who had borne him a grudge ever ſince in one of their Eclogues he had taken him up over-bitterly) tooke hold of this occaſion to make his revenge, and ſaid, He never ſaw thing worſe proportioned, than to bring in a tale of hee knew not what beaſts at ſuch a ſport-meeting, when rather ſome ſong of love, or matter for joyfull melody was to be brought forth. But (ſaid he) this is the right conceit of young men, who thinke then they ſpeake wiſelieſt, when they cannot underſtand themſelves. But little did the melancholike ſhepheard regard either his diſpraiſes, or the others praiſes, who had ſet the foundation of his honour there, where he was moſt deſpiſed. And therefore he returning againe to the traine of his deſolate penſiveneſſe, *Geron* invited *Hiſtor* to anſwer him in Eclogue-wiſe; who indeed having beene long in love with the faire *Kala*, and now by *Lalus* overgone, was grown into a deteſtation of marriage. But thus it was:

Geron. Hiſtor.

Geron. *IN faith, good* Hiſtor, *long is your delay,*
From holy marriage, ſweet and ſureſt meane,
Our fooliſh luſt in honeſt rules to ſtay;
I pray thee doe to Lalus *ſample leane:*
Thou ſeeſt how friske and jolly now he is,
That laſt day ſeem'd he could not chew a beane.
Beleeve me man, there is no greater bliſſe,
Than is the quiet joy of loving wife;
Which who ſo wants, halfe of himſelfe doth miſſe.
Friend without change, play-fellow without ſtrife,
Food without fulneſſe, counſell without pride,
Is this ſweet doubling of our ſingle life.

Hiſtor. *No doubt to whom ſo good chance did betide,*
As for to finde a paſture ſtrew'd with gold,
He were a foole if there he did not bide.
Who would not have a Phœnix *if he could?*
The humming Waſpe if it had not a ſting,
Before all flies the Waſpe accept I would:
But this bad world, few golden fields doth bring;
Phœnix *but one, of Crowes we millions have;*
The Waſpe ſeemes gay, but is a combrous thing.
If many Kala's *our* Arcadia *gave,*
Lalus *example I would ſoone enſue,*
And thinke, I did my ſelfe from ſorrow ſave.
But of ſuch wives we finde a ſlender crew;
Shrewdneſſe ſo ſtirres, pride ſo puffes up the heart,
They ſeldome ponder what to them is due.
With meager lookes, as if they ſtill did ſmart;
Puiling or whimpriag, or elſe ſcoulding flat,
Make home more paine than following of the cart.
Either dull ſilence, or eternall chat:
Still contrary to what her husband ſayes;
If he doe praiſe the dog, ſhe likes the cat.
Auſtere ſhe is, when he would honeſt playes;
And gameſome then, when he thinkes on his ſheep;

She bids him goe, and yet from journey ſtayes,
She warre doth ever with his kinsfolke keepe,
And makes them fremb'd, who friends by nature are,
Envying ſhallow toyes with malice deepe.
And if forſooth there come ſome new found ware,
The little coyne his ſweating browes have got,
Muſt goe for that, if for her lowres he care:
Or elſe; Nay faith, mine is the luckleſt lot,
That ever fell to honeſt woman yet:
No wife but I hath ſuch a man, God wot.
Such is their ſpeech, who be of ſober wit;
But, who doe let their tongues ſhew well their rage,
Lord, what by words they ſpeake, what ſpite they ſpit!
The houſe is made a very lothſome cage,
Wherein the bird doth never ſing but cry,
With ſuch a will as nothing can aſſwage.
Dearely the ſervants doe their wages buy,
Revil'd for each ſmall fault, ſometimes for none:
They better live that in a gaole doe lie.
Let other fouler ſpots away be blowne;
For I ſeeke not their ſhame, but ſtill me thinkes,
A better life it is to lie alone.

Geron. *who for each fickle feare from vertue ſhrinkes,*
Shall in this life embrace no worthy thing:
No mortall man the cup of ſuretie drinkes.
The heav'ns doe not good haps in handfuls bring:
But let us picke our good from out much bad,
That ſtill our little world may know his King.
But certainly ſo long we may be glad
While that we doe what Nature doth require,
And for th' event we never ought be ſad.
Man oft is plagu'd with aire, is burnt with fire,
In water drown'd, in earth his buriall is;
And ſhall we not therefore their uſe deſire?
Nature above all things requireth this,
That we our kinde doe labour to maintaine;
Which drawne-out line doth hold all humane bliſſe.
Thy father juſtly may of thee complaine,
If thou doe not repay his deeds for thee,
In granting unto him a grandſires gaine.
The common-wealth may rightly grieved be,
which muſt by this immortall be preſerved,
If thus thou murther thy poſteritie.
His very being he hath not deſerved,
Who for a ſelfe-conceit will that forbeare,
Whereby that being ay muſt be conſerved.
And God forbid, women ſuch cattell were,
As you paint them; but well in you I finde,

No man doth ſpeake aright, who ſpeakes in feare.
Who onely ſees the ill is worſe than blind.
Theſe fifiie winters married have I beene;
And yet finde no ſuch fault in womankind.
I have a wife worthy to bee a Queene,
So well ſhe can command, and yet obey;
In ruling of a houſe ſo well ſhe's ſeene.
And yet in all this time betwixt us tway,
We beare our double yoke with ſuch content,
That never paſt foule word, I dare well ſay:
But theſe are your love toyes, which ſtill are ſpent
In lawleſſe games, and love not as you ſhould;
But with much ſtudie learne late to repent.
How well laſt day before our Prince you could
Blinde Cupids *workes with wonder teſtifie?*
Yet now the roote of him abaſe you would.
Goe to, goe to, and Cupid *now apply,*
To that where thou thy Cupid *maiſt avow,*
And thou ſhalt finde, in women vertues lie:
Sweet ſupple mindes, which ſoone to wiſedome bow,
Where they by wiſedomes rule directed are,
And are not forc'd fond thraldome to allow.
As we to get are fram'd, ſo they to ſpare:
We made for paine, our paines they made to cheriſh:
We care abroad, and they of home have care.
O Hiſtor, *ſeeke within thy ſelfe to flouriſh:*
Thy houſe by thee muſt live or elſe be gone:
And then who ſhall the name of Hiſtor *nouriſh?*
Riches of children paſſe a Princes throne;
Which touch the fathers heart with ſecret joy,
When without ſhame he ſaith, theſe be mine owne.
Marry therefore: for marriage will deſtroy
Thoſe paſſions which to youthfull head doe clime,
Mothers and Nurſes of all vaine annoy.

Hiſtor. *Perchance I will; but now me thinkes it time,*
To goe unto the Bride, and uſe this day,
To ſpeake with her, while freely ſpeake we may.

He ſpake theſe words with ſuch affection, as a curious eye might eaſily have perceived he liked *Lalus* fortune better than he loved his perſon. But then indeed did all ariſe, and went to the women, where ſpending all the day, and good part of the night, in dancing, carolling, and waſſaling, laſtly, they left *Lalus*, where he long deſired to be left, and with many unfained thanks returned every man to his home. But ſome of them having to croſſe the way of the two Lodges, might ſee a Lady making dolefull lamentations over a body, which ſeemed dead unto them. But, me thinkes, *Dametas* cryes unto me, if I come not the ſooner to comfort him, hee will leave off his golden worke, that hath already coſt him ſo much labour and longing.

The end of the third Booke. The

THE FOURTH BOOKE OF THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

THe Almighty Wiſedome evermore delighting to ſhew the world, that by unlikelieſt meanes greateſt matters may come to concluſion: that humane reaſon may bee the more humbled, and more willingly give place to divine Providence: as at the firſt it brought *Dametas* to play a part in this royall Pageant, ſo having continued him ſtill an actor, now that all things were grown ripe for an end, made his folly the inſtrument of revealing that, which farre greater cunning had ſought to conceale. For ſo it fell out, that *Dametas* having ſpent the whole day in breaking up the cumberſome worke of the Paſtor *Dorus*, and feeling in all his labour no paine ſo much, as that his hungry hopes received any ſtay, having with the price of much ſweat and wearineſſe gotten up the huge ſtone, which he thought ſhould have ſuch a golden lining, the good man in the great bed, that ſtone had made, found nothing but theſe two verſes written upon a broad peece of velame:

Who hath his hire, hath well his labour plac't:
Earth thou didſt ſeeke, and ſtore of Earth thou haſt.

What an inward diſcontentment it was to Maſter *Dametas*, to finde his hope of wealth turned to poor verſes, for which he never cared much, nothing can deſcribe, but either the feeling in ones ſelfe the ſtate of ſuch a minde *Dametas* had, or at leaſt the bethinking what was *Midas* fancie, when after the great pride hee conceived to be made judge between the gods, he was rewarded with the ornament of an Aſſes eares. Yet the deepe apprehenſion he had received of ſuch riches, could not ſo ſodainly loſe the colour that had ſo throughly died his thicke braine, but that he turned and toſſed the poore bowels of the innocent earth, till the comming on of the night, and the tediouſneſſe of his fruitleſſe labour made him content rather to exerciſe his diſcontentation at home than there. But forced hee was (his horſe being otherwiſe burthened with digging inſtruments) to returne as he came, moſt part of the way on foote; with ſuch grudging lamentations as a nobler minde would (but more nobly) make for the loſſe of his Miſtreſſe. For ſo farre had he fed his fooliſh ſoule with the expectation of that which he reputed felicitie, that he no leſſe accounted himſelfe miſerable, than if hee had fallen from ſuch an eſtate his fancie had embraced. So then home againe went *Dametas*, puniſhed in conceit, as in conceit he had erred, till he found himſelfe there from a fancied loſſe falne to eſſentiall miſerie.

For

For entring into his houſe three houres before night, in ſtead of the lightſome countenance of *Pamela*, which gave ſuch an inward decking to that Lodge, as proudeſt Palaces might have cauſe to envie it; and of the gratefull converſation of *Dorus*; whoſe witty behaviour made that lonelineſs to ſeem full of good company: in ſtead of the loud ſcoulding of *Miſo*, and the buſie rumbling up and down of *Mopſa*, which though they were ſo ſhort, as quite contrary to the others praiſe-worthineſſe, yet were they farre before them in filling of a houſe; he found nothing but a ſolitarie darkneſſe: which as naturally it breeds a kind of irkſome ghaſtfulneſſe, ſo it was to him a moſt preſent terrour, remembring the charge he had left behinde, which he well knew imported no leſſe than his life unto him. Therfore lighting a candle, there was no place a Mouſe could have dwelled in, but that hee with quaking diligence ſought into. But when he ſaw he could ſee nothing of that he moſt cared for, then became he the right pattern of a wretch dejected with feare: for crying and howling, knocking his head to the wall, he began to make pitifull complaints, where no bodie could heare him: & (with too much dread he ſhould not recover her) leave all conſideration how to recover her. But at length looking like a ſhee goat, when ſhe caſts her kid, for very ſorrow he took in his own behalf, out of the lodge he went running as hard as he could, having now received the very form of hanging into his conſideration. Thus running as a man that would gladly have run from himſelfe, it was his fooliſh fortune to eſpie, by the glimmering light the Moon did then yeeld him, one ſtanding aloft among the boughes of a faire Aſh. He that would have asked counſell at that time of a dog, caſt up his face, as if his tooth had bin drawing: and with much bending his ſight, perceived it was Miſtreſſe *Mopſa*, fitly ſeated there for her wit and dignity. There (I will not ſay with joy, for how could he taſt of joy, whoſe imagination was fallen from a palace to a gallows? but yet with ſome refreſhing of comfort in hope, he ſhould learne better tidings of her:) he began to cry out; O *Mopſa*, my beloved chicken, here am I thine owne father *Dametas*, never in ſuch a towardneſſe of hanging, if thou canſt not help me. But yet never a word could his eloquence procure of *Mopſa*, who indeed was there attending for greater matters. This was yet a new burthen to poore *Dametas*, who thought all the world was conſpired againſt him: and therfore with a ſilly choler he began another tune. Thou vile *Mopſa*, ſaid he, now the vengeance of my fatherly curſe light overthwart thee, if thou do not ſtreight anſwer me. But neither bleſſing nor curſing could prevaile. *Mopſa*, who was now great with childe with the expectation of her May-game hopes, did long to be delivered with the third time being named. Which by and by followed. For *Dametas* rubbing his elbow, ſtamping and whining, ſeeing neither of theſe take place, began throw ſtones at her, and withall to conjure her by the name of helliſh *Mopſa*. But when he had named her the third time, no chime can more ſuddenly follow the ſtriking of a clocke, than ſhe verily thinking it was the God, that uſed her fathers voice, throwing her arms abroad, and not conſidering ſhe was muffled upon ſo high a tree, came fluttering downe like a hooded-hawke; like enough to have broken her neck, but that the tree full of boughes toſſed her from one bough to another, and laſtly well bruiſed brought her to receive an unfriendly ſalutation of the earth. *Dametas*, as ſoone as ſhe was downe, came running to her, and finding her ſo cloſe wrapt, pulled off the ſcarlet cloake: in good time for her, for with the ſoreneſſe of the fall, if ſhe had not had breath given her, ſhee had delivered a fooliſh ſoule to *Pluto*. But when *Dametas* began afreſh to deſire his daughter not to forget the paines he had taken for her in her childhood (which he was ſure ſhe could not remember) and to tell where *Pamela* was. O good *Apollo*, ſaid *Mopſa*, if ever thou

thou didſt beare love to *Phaetons* mother, let me have a King to my husband. Alas, what ſpeakeſt thou of *Phaeton*, ſaid *Dametas*? if by thy circumſpect meanes I finde not out *Pamela*, thy father will be hanged to morrow. It is no matter though he bee hanged, anſwered *Mopſa*; doe but thou make *Dorus* a King, and let him be my huſband, good *Apollo*, for my courage doth much prick me toward him. Ah *Mopſa*, cried out *Dametas*, where is thy wit? doſt thou not know thy father? how haſt thou forgotten thy ſelfe? I doe not aske wit of thee, mine owne god (ſaid ſhe) but I ſee thou wouldeſt have mee remember my father, and indeed forget my ſelfe. No, no, a good husband. Thou ſhalt have thy fill of husbands, ſaid *Dametas*, and doe but anſwer me my queſtion. O I thanke thee, ſaid *Mopſa*, with all my heart heartily; but let them be all kings. *Dametas* ſeeing no other way prevaile, fell downe on his knees, *Mopſa*, *Mopſa*, ſaid he, doe not thus cruelly torment me: I am alreadie wretched enough; alas, either helpe me, or tell me thou canſt not. Shee that would not be behinde *Apollo* in courteſie, kneeled down on the other ſide, I will never leave tormenting thee, ſaid *Mopſa*, untill thou haſt ſatisfied my longing, but I will proclaime thee a promiſe-breaker, that even *Jupiter* ſhall heare it. Now by the foſtering thou haſt received in this place, ſave my life, ſaid *Dametas*. Now by the faire Aſh, anſwered *Mopſa*, where thou didſt receive ſo great a good turne, grant poſt haſte to my burning fancie. O where is *Pamela*, ſaid *Dametas*? O a luſtie husband, ſaid *Mopſa*. *Dametas*, that now verily aſſured himſelfe, his daughter was mad, began utterly to deſpaire of his life, and therefore amazedly catching her in his armes, to ſee whether he could bring her to her ſelfe, he might feele the weight of a great cudgell light upon his ſhoulders; and for the firſt greeting he knew his wife *Miſo's* voice, by the calling him ribalde villaine, and asking him whether ſhee could not ſerve his turne as well as *Charita*? For *Miſo* having, according to *Dorus* counſell, gone to *Mantinea*, and there harboured her ſelfe in an old acquaintance houſe of hers, as ſoone as ten of the clocke was ſtricken (where ſhee had remained cloſely all that while, I thinke with ſuch an amiable cheare, as when jealous *Juno* ſate croſſe-legged, to hinder the child-birth of her husbands love) with open mouth ſhe went to the Magiſtrate appointed over ſuch matters, and there with the moſt ſcolding invective, her rage rather than eloquence could bring forth, ſhee required his ayde to take *Dametas*, who had left his dutie to the king and his daughter, to commit adulterie in the houſe of *Charita's* uncle, in the Oudemian ſtreet. But neither was the name of *Charita* remembred, nor any ſuch ſtreet knowne. Yet ſuch was the generall miſlike all men had of *Dametas* unworthy advancement, that every man was glad to make himſelfe a miniſter of that, which might redound to his ſhame, and therefore with *Panike* cries and laughters, there was no ſuſpected place in all the city but was ſearched for, under the title of *Dametas*, *Miſo* ever formoſt, encouraging them with all the ſhamefull blazings of his demeanour, encreaſing the ſport of hunting her husband, with her diligent barking; till at length having already done both him and her ſelfe as much infamous ſhame, as ſuch a tongue in ſuch an action might performe, in the end not being able to finde a thing that was not, to her mare againe ſhe went, having neither ſuſpicion nor rage any thing mitigated. But (leaving behinde her a ſufficient remedy of her tragicall fancies) away homeward ſhe came, imputing the not finding her husband, to any chance rather than to his innocencie. For her heart being apt to receive and nouriſh a bitter thought, it had ſo ſwallowed up a determinate condemnation, that in the very anatomie of her ſpirits one ſhould have found nothing but divelliſh diſdaine, and hatefull jealouſie. In this ſort grunting out her miſchievous ſpite, ſhe came by the tree, even as *Dametas* was

was making that ill-understood intercession to his fooliſh *Mopſa*. As ſoone as ſhee heard her husbands voice, ſhe verily thought ſhe had her play: and therfore ſtealing from her mare as ſoftly as ſhe could, ſhe came creeping and halting behind him, even as he (thinking his daughters little wits had quite left her great nowle) began to take her in his armes; thinking perchance her feeling ſenſe might call her mind-parts unto her. But *Miſo*, who ſaw nothing but thorow the colour of revengefull anger, eſtabliſhed upon the fore-judgment of his treſpaſſe, undoubtedly reſolving that *Mopſa* was *Charita*, *Dorus* had told her of; mumping out her hoarſe chafe, ſhe gave him the wooden ſalutation you heard of. *Dametas*, that was not ſo ſenſible in any thing as in blowes, turned up his blubbered face like a great lowt new whipt: Alas thou woman, ſaid he, what hath thy poore husband deſerved to have his own ill-luck loaden with thy diſpleaſure? *Pamela* is loſt, *Pamela* is loſt. *Miſo* ſtil holding on the courſe of her former fancie; what telleſt thou me naughty varlet of *Pamela?* doſt thou think that doth anſwer me, for abuſing the lawes of marriage? have I brought thee children, have I beene a true wife unto thee, to be deſpiſed in mine old age? And ever among ſhe would ſauce her ſpeeches with ſuch baſtanado's, that poore *Dametas* began now to thinke, that either a generall madding was falne, or elſe that all this was but a viſion. But as for viſions, the ſmart of the cudgell put out of his fancie: & therefore againe turning to his wife, not knowing in the world what ſhe meant, *Miſo* (ſaid he) hereafter thou maiſt examine me, do but now tell me what is become of *Pamela*. I will firſt examine this drab, ſaid ſhe, and withal let fall her ſtaffe as hard as ſhe could upon *Mopſa*, ſtill taking her for *Charita*. But *Mopſa*, that was already angry, thinking that ſhe had hindred her from *Apollo*, leapt up and caught her by the throat, like to have ſtrangled her, but that *Dametas* from a condemned man was faine to become a judge, and part this fray, ſuch a picture of a rude diſcord, where each was out with the other two. And then getting the opportunity of their falling out to hold himſelfe in ſurety, who was indeed the verieſt coward of the three, he renewed his earneſt demand of them. But it was a ſport to ſee how the former conceits *Dorus* had printed in their imaginations, kept ſtill ſuch dominion in them, that *Miſo* though now ſhe found and felt it was her daughter *Mopſa*, yet did *Charita* continually paſſe through her thoughts, which ſhe uttered with ſuch crabbed queſtions to *Dametas*, that he not poſſibly conceiving any part of her doubt, remained aſtoniſhed, and the aſtoniſhment encreaſed her doubt. And as for *Mopſa*, as firſt ſhe did aſſuredly take him to be *Apollo*, and thought her mothers comming did marre the bargain: ſo now much talking to and fro had delivered ſo much light into the miſtie mould of her capacitie, as to know him to be her father: yet remained there ſuch footſteps of the foretaken opinion, that ſhe thought verily her father and mother were haſted thither to get the firſt wiſh. And therefore to whatſoever they asked of her, ſhe would never anſwer, but embracing the tree, as if ſhe feared it had beene running away, Nay, ſayes ſhe, I will have the firſt wiſh, for I was here firſt: which they underſtood no more, than *Dametas* did what *Miſo* meant by *Charita*: till at length with much urging them, being indeed better able to perſwade both, than to meet hand to hand with either, he prevailed ſo much with them, as to bring them into the Lodge, to ſee what loſſe their negligence had ſuffered. Then indeed the neere neighbourhood they bare to themſelves, made them leave other toyes, and look into what dangerous plight they were falne, aſſoone as the King ſhould know his daughters eſcape. And as for the women they began afreſh to enter into their brawling, whether were in the fault. But *Dametas* who did feare that among his other evils, the thunderbolt of that ſtorme would fall upon his ſhoulders, ſlipt away from them, but with ſo meagre a

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cheare, as might much sooner engender laughter than pitie. O true *Arcadia*, would he say (tearing his haire and beard, and sometime for too much woe, making unweldie some-saults) how dareſt thou beare upon thee ſuch a felonious traytor as I am? And you falſe-hearted trees, why would you make no noiſe, to make her ungracious departure known? Ah *Pamela*, *Pamela*, how often when I brought thee in fine poſies of all coloured flowers, wouldeſt thou clap me on the cheeke, and ſay thou wouldſt be one day even with me? Was this thy meaning, to bring me to an even paire of gallowes? Ah ill-taught *Dorus*, that cameſt hither to learne good manners of me; Did I ever teach thee to make thy maſter ſweat out his heart for nothing, and in the mean time to run away with thy miſtreſſe? O my dun cow, I did thinke ſome evill was towards me ever ſince the laſt day thou didſt run away from me, and held up thy taile ſo pitifully: did not I ſee an Eagle kill a Cuckoe, which was a plaine fore-token unto me, *Pamela* ſhould be my deſtruction? Wife *Miſo* (if I durſt ſay it to thy face) why didſt thou ſuſpect thy husband, that loveth a peece of cheeſe better than a woman? And thou little *Mopſa*, that ſhalt inherit the ſhame of thy fathers death, was it time for thee to clime trees, which ſhould ſo ſhortly be my beſt burial? O that I could live without death, or die before I were aware! O heart, why haſt thou no hands at commandement to diſpatch thee? O hands, why want you a heart to kill this villaine? In this ſort did he inveigh againſt every thing, ſomtimes thinking to run away while it was yet night: but he that had included all the world within his ſheepecote, thought that worſe than any death: ſometime for dread of hanging he meant to hang himſelfe, finding, as indeed it is, that feare is far more painfull to cowardiſe, than death to a true courage. But his fingers were nothing nimble in that action, and any thing was let enough thereto, he being a true lover of himſelfe without any rivall. But laſtly, guided by a farre greater conſtellation than his owne, hee remembred to ſearch the other lodge, where it might be *Pamela* that night had retired her ſelfe. So thither with trembling hammes he carryed himſelfe: but employing his double key, which the King for ſpeciall credit had unworthily beſtowed upon him, he found all the gates ſo barred, that his key could not prevaile, ſaving onely one trap doore which went down into the vault by the cellar, which as it was unknown of *Pyrocles*, ſo had he left it unregarded. But *Dametas*, that ever knew the Buttery better than any other place, got in that way, and paſſing ſoftly to *Philoclea's* chamber, where hee thought moſt likely to finde *Pamela*, the doore being left open he entred in, and by the light of the lampe he might diſcerne one on the bed by her: which he although he tooke to be *Pamela*, yet thinking no ſurety enough in a matter touching his necke, hee went hard to the bed ſide of theſe unfortunate lovers, who at that time, being not much before the breake of day (whether it were they were ſo divinely ſurpriſed, to bring this whole matter to the deſtined concluſion, or that the unreſiſtable force of their ſorrowes had overthrowne the wakefull uſe of their ſenſes) were as then poſſeſſed with a mutuall ſleepe, yet not forgetting with vinie embracements to give any eye a perfect modell of affection. But *Dametas* looking with the lampe in his hand, but neither with ſuch a face nor minde upon theſe excellent creatures, as *Pſyche* did upon her unknowne lover, and giving every way freedome to his fearfull eyes, did not onely perceive it was *Zelmane*, and therefore much different from the Lady he ſought: but that this *Zelmane* did more differre from the *Zelmane* hee and others had ever taken her for, wherein the change of her apparell chiefly confirmed his opinion; ſatisfied with that, and not thinking it good to awake the ſleeping Lyon, hee went downe againe; taking with him *Pyrocles* ſword (wherewith upon his ſlight underſuite *Pyrocles* came onely apparelled thither) being ſure to leave no weapon in

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the chamber, and ſo making the doore as faſt as hee could on the out-ſide, hoping with the revealing of this (as he thought greater fault) to make his owne the leſſe, or at leaſt that this injury would ſo fill the Kings head, that he ſhould not have leaſure to chaſtiſe his negligence, (like a fool, not conſidering that the more rage breeds the crueller puniſhment) hee went firſt into the Kings chamber, and not finding him there, he ran downe crying with open mouth, the King was betraied, and that *Zelmane* did abuſe his daughter. The noiſe he made, being a man of no few words, joyned to the yelping ſound of *Miſo*, and his unpleaſant inheritrix, brought together ſome number of the ſhepherds; to whom he, without any regard of reſerving it for the Kings knowledge, ſpattered out the bottome of his ſtomack, ſwearing by him he never knew, that *Zelmane*, whom they had taken all the while to be a woman, was as arrant a man as himſelfe was, whereof he had ſeene ſufficient ſignes and tokens, and that he was as cloſe as a Butterflie with the Lady *Philoclea*. The poore men, jealous of their Princes honour, were ready with weapons to have entred the Lodge; ſtanding yet in ſome pauſe, whether it were not beſt firſt to heare ſome news from the King himſelfe, when by the ſudden comming of other ſhepheards, which with aſtoniſhed lookes ran from the one cry to the other, their griefes were ſurcharged with the evill tidings of the Kings death. Turning therefore all their minds and eies that way, they ran to the Cave where they ſaid hee lay dead, the Sunne beginning now to ſend ſome promiſe of comming light, making haſte, I think, to be a ſpectator of the following tragedies. For *Baſilius* having paſt over the night more happy in contemplation than action, having had his ſpirits ſublimed with the ſweet imagination of embracing the moſt deſired *Zelmane*, doubting leſt the Caves darkneſſe might deceive him in the dayes approach, thought it now ſeaſon to returne to his wedlock bed, remembring the promiſe he had made to *Zelmane*, to obſerve true orders towards *Gynecia*. Therefore departing, but not departing without bequeathing by a Will of words, ſealed with many kiſſes, a full gift of all his love and life to his miſconceived bedfellow, he went to the mouth of the Cave, there to apparell himſelfe; which doing, the motion of his joy could not bee bridled from uttering ſuch like words: Bleſſed be thou, O night, ſaid hee, that haſt with thy ſweet wings ſhrowded me in the vale of bliſſe, it is thou that art the firſt gotten childe of time, the day hath been but an uſurper upon thy delightfull inheritance, thou inviteſt all living things to comfortable reſt, thou art the ſtop of ſtrife, and the neceſſary truce of approaching battels. And therewith he ſang theſe verſes to confirme his former prayſes.

O Night, the eaſe of care, the pledge of pleaſure,
Deſires beſt meane, harveſt of hearts affected,
The ſeat of peace, the throne which is erected,
Of humane life to bee the quiet meaſure!

Be victor ſtill of Phœbus *golden treaſure:*
Who hath our ſight with too much ſight infected,
Whoſe light is cauſe we have our lives neglected,
Turning all natures courſe to ſelfe diſpleaſure.

Theſe ſtately ſtarres in their now ſhining faces,
With ſinleſſe ſleep, and ſilence (wiſedomes mother)
Witneſſe his wrong, which by thy help is eaſed:

Thou art therefore of these our desart places
The sure refuge; by thee and by no other
My soule is blest, sense-joy'd, and fortune raysed.

And yet further would his joyes needs bring forth. O *Basilius* (said he) the rest of thy time hath beene but a dreame unto thee: it is now onely thou beginnest to live, now onely thou hast entred into the way of blissefulnesse. Should fancy of marriage keep me from this Paradise? or opinion of I know not what promise bind me from paying the right duties to nature and affection? O who would have thought there could have bin such difference betwixt women? Be jealous no more, O *Gynecia*, but yeeld to the preheminence of more excellent gifts; support thy self with such marble pillars as shee doth, decke thy breast with those Alablaster bowles that *Zelmane* doth; then accompanied with such a title, perhaps thou maiest recover the possession of my otherwise inclined love. But alas *Gynecia*, thou canst not shew such evidence, therefore thy plea is vaine. *Gynecia* heard all this he said, who had cast about her *Zelmanes* garment, wherein she came thither, and had followed *Basilius* to the Caves entrie, full of inward vexation, betwixt the deadly accusation of her owne guiltinesse, and the spitefull doubt she had *Zelmane* had abused her. But because of the one side (finding the King did think her to be *Zelmane*) shee had liberty to imagine it might rather be the Kings own unbridled enterprise, which had barred *Zelmane*, than *Zelmanes* cunning deceiving of her; and that of the other, if shee should headily seeke a violent revenge, her owne honour might be as much interessed, as *Zelmane* endangered; she fell to this determination: First with fine handling of the King, to settle in him a perfect good opinion of her, and then as shee should learne how things had passed, to take into her selfe new devised counsell: but this being her first action, having given unlooked for attendance to the King, shee heard with what partiality he did preferre her to her selfe, she saw in him how much fancy doth not only darken reason, but beguile sense, she found opinion mistresse of the Lovers judgement, which serving as a good lesson to her good conceit, she went out to *Basilus*, setting her selfe in a grave behaviour and stately silence before him, untill hee (who at the first thinking her by so much shadow as he could see to bee *Zelmane*, was beginning his loving ceremonies) did now being helped by the peeping light, wherwith the morning did overcome the nights darkness, know her face and his error; which acknowledging in himselfe with starting back from her, she thus with a modest bitternesse spake unto him: Alas my Lord, well did your words descipher your mind, and well be those words confirmed with this gesture. Very loathsome must that woman be, from whom a man hath cause to go back; and little better liked is that wife, before whom the husband preferres them hee never knew. Alas, hath my faithfull observing my part of duty made you thinke your selfe ever a whit the more exempted? Hath that which should claime gratefulnesse been a cause of contempt? Is the being the mother of *Pamela* become an odious name unto you? If my life hitherto led have not avoyded suspicion, if my violated truth to you bee deserving of any punishment, I refuse not to bee chastised with the most cruell torment of your displeasure, I refuse not misery, purchased by mine owne merit. Hard I must needs say (although till now I never thought I should have had cause to say) is the destiny of woman-kind, the triall of whose vertue must stand upon the loving of them that employ all their industry not to be beloved. If *Zelmanes* young yeares had not had so much gravity hidden under a youthfull face, as your gray-haires have beene but the vizar of unfitting youthfulnesse, your vicious mind had brought

some

ſome fruits of repentance, and *Gynecia* might then have been with much more right ſo baſely deſpiſed.

Baſilius, that was more aſhamed to ſee himſelfe overtaken, than *Vulcan* was, when with much cunning hee proved himſelfe a Cuckold, began to make certaine extravagant excuſes: but the matter in it ſelfe hardly brooking any purgation, with the ſuddenneſſe of the time, which barred any good conjoyned invention, made him ſometimes alledge one thing, to which by and by hee would bring in a contrary, one time with flat deniall, another time with mitigating the fault; now brave, then humble, uſe ſuch a ſtammering defenſive, that *Gynecia*, the violence of whoſe ſore indeed ran another way, was content thus to faſten up the laſt ſtitch of her anger. Well, well my Lord, ſaid ſhee, it ſhall well become you ſo to governe your ſelfe, as you may be fit rather to direct me, than to bee judged of me, and rather to bee a wiſe maſter of mee, than an unskilfull pleader before mee. Remember the wrong yee have done is not onely to mee, but to your children, whom you had of mee: to your Countrey, when they ſhall finde they are commanded by him, that cannot command his owne undecent appetites: laſtly, to your ſelfe, ſince with theſe paines you doe but build up a houſe of ſhame to dwell in: if from thoſe moveable goods of nature (wherewith in my firſt youth my royall parents beſtowed me upon you) bearing you children, and encreaſe of yeares have withdrawne mee; conſider I pray you, that as you are cauſe of the one, ſo in the other, time hath not left to worke his never failing effects in you. Truely, truly (Sir) very untimely are theſe fires in you: it is time for us both to let reaſon enjoy his due ſoveraignty. Let us not plant anew thoſe weeds, which by natures courſe are content to fade.

Baſilius, that would rather than his life the matter had been ended, the beſt Rhetoricke hee had, was flat demanding pardon of her, ſwearing it was the very force of *Appollo's* deſtiny, which had carried him thus from his owne byas; but that now, like as farre travellers were taught to love their owne Countrey, he had ſuch a leſſon without booke of affection unto her, as he would repay the debt of this errour with the intereſt of a great deale more true honour than ever before hee had done her. Neither am I to give pardon unto you, my Lord (ſaid ſhe) nor you to beare honour to me. I have taken this boldneſſe for the unfained love I owe unto you, to deliver my ſorrow unto you; much more for the care I have of your wel-doing, than for any other ſelfe fancie. For well I know that by your good eſtate my life is maintained, neither, if I would, can I ſeparate my ſelfe from your fortune. For my part therefore I claime nothing, but that which may bee ſafeſt for your ſelfe; my life, will, honour, and whatſoever elſe, ſhall be but a ſhadow of that body. How much *Baſilius's* owne ſhame had found him culpable, and had already even in ſoule read his owne condemnation, ſo much did this unexpected mildeneſſe of *Gynecia* captive his heart unto her, which otherwiſe perchance would have growne to a deſperate careleſneſſe. Therefore embracing her, and confeſſing that her vertue ſhined in his vice, hee did even with a true reſolved minde vowe unto her, that as long as hee, unworthy of her, did live, ſhee ſhould bee the furtheſt and onely limit of his affection. Hee thanked the deſtinies that had wrought her honour out of his ſhame, and that had made his owne ſtriving to goe amiſſe, to be the beſt meane ever after to hold him in the right path. Thus reconciled, to *Baſilius* great contentation, who began ſomething to marke himſelfe in his owne doings, his hard hap guided his eye to the Cup of gold wherein *Gynecia* had put the liquor meant for *Zelmane*, and having failed of that gueſt, was now carrying it home againe. But he

whom perchance ſorrow, perchance ſome long diſaccuſtomed paines, had made extremely thirſtie, tooke it out of her hands, although ſhee directly told him, both of whom ſhe had it, what the effect of it was, and the little proofe ſhe had ſeen thereof; hiding nothing from him, but that ſhee meant to miniſter it to another patient. But the King, whoſe belly had no eares, and much drouth kept from the deſiring a taſter, finding it not unpleaſant to his palate, dranke it almoſt off, leaving very little to cover the cuppes bottome. But within a while that from his ſtomacke the drinke had delivered to his principall veines his noyſome vapours, firſt with a painefull ſtretching, and forced yawning, then with a darke yellowneſſe dying his skinne, and a cold deadly ſweate principally about his temples, his body by naturall courſe longing to deliver his heavie burthen to his earthly damme, wanting force in his knees, which utterly abandoned him, with a heavie fall gave ſome proofe whether the operation of that unknowne potion tended. For with pang-like grones, and ghaſtly turning of his eies, immediatly all his limbes ſtiffened, and his eies fixed, he having had time to declare his caſe onely in theſe words; O *Gynecia*, I die: have care. Of what or how much further hee would have ſpoken, no man can tell: for *Gynecia* having well perceived the changing of his colour, and thoſe other evill ſignes, yet had not looked for ſuch a ſudden over-throw, but rather had bethought her ſelfe what was beſt for him, when ſhee ſuddenly ſaw the matter come to that period, comming to him, and neither with any cries getting a word of him, nor with any other poſſible meanes able to bring any living action from him; the height of all ugly ſorrowes did ſo horribly appeare before her amazed minde, that at the firſt, it did not onely diſtract all power of ſpeech from her, but almoſt wit to conſider, remaining as it were quicke buried in a grave of miſeries. Her painefull memory had ſtreight filled her with the true ſhapes of all the fore-paſt miſchiefes, her reaſon began to cry out againſt the filthy rebellion of ſinfull ſenſe, and to teare it ſelfe with anguiſh, for having made ſo weake a reſiſtance; her conſcience a terrible witneſſe of the inward wickedneſſe, ſtill nouriſhing this debatefull fire; her complaint now not having an end to be directed unto, from ſomething to disburden ſorrow, but a neceſſarie downefall of inward wretchedneſſe. She ſaw the rigour of the laws was like to lay a ſhameful death upon her, which being for that action undeſerved, made it the more inſupportable, and yet in depth of her ſoule moſt deſerved, made it more miſerable. At length, letting her tongue goe as dolorous thoughts guided it, ſhee thus with lamentable demeanour ſpake.

O bottomeleſſe pit of ſorrow, in which I cannot containe my ſelfe, having the firebrands of all furies within mee ſtill falling, and yet by the infiniteneſſe of it never ſaine. Neither can I ridde my ſelfe, being fettered with the everlaſting conſideration of it. For whither ſhould I recommend the protection of my diſhonoured fall? to the earth? it hath no life, and waites to bee encreaſed by the reliques of my ſhamed carkaſſe: To men? who are alwaies cruell in their neighbours faults, and make others overthrow become the badge of their ill masked vertue? To the heavens? O unſpeakeable torment of conſcience, which dare not look unto them. No ſin can enter there, oh, there is no receipt for polluted mindes. Whither then wilt thou lead this captive of thine, O ſnakie deſpaire? Alas, alas, was this the free-holding power that accurſed poyſon hath granted unto mee, that to bee held the ſurer it ſhould deprive life? was this the folding in mine armes promiſed, that I ſhould fold nothing but a dead bodie? O mother of mine, what a deathfull ſucke have you given mee? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, well hath my mother revenged

revenged upon me my unmotherly hating of thee. O *Zelmane* to whom yet (leſt any miſerie ſhould faile mee) remaine ſome ſparkes of my deteſtable love, if thou haſt (as now alas! now my minde aſſures mee thou haſt) deceived mee, there is a faire ſtage prepared for thee, to ſee the tragicall end of thy hated lover. With that word there flowed out two rivers of teares out of her faire eies, which before were drie; the remembrance of her other miſchiefes being dried up in a furious fire of ſelfe-deteſtation, love onely, according to the temper of it, melting it ſelfe into thoſe brinie tokens of paſſion. Then turning her eies againe upon the bodie, ſhee remembred a dreame ſhee had had ſome nights before, wherein thinking her ſelfe called by *Zelmane*, paſſing a troubleſome paſſage, ſhee found a dead bodie, which told her there ſhould bee her onely reſt. This no ſooner caught hold of her remembrance, than that ſhee determining with her ſelfe, it was a direct viſion of her fore-appointed end, tooke a certaine reſolution to imbrace death, aſſoone as it ſhould bee offered unto her, and no way to ſeeke the prolonging of her annoyed life. And therefore kiſſing the cold face of *Baſilius*; And even ſo will I reſt, ſaid ſhee, and joyne this faultie ſoule of mine to thee, if ſo much the angrie gods will grant me.

And as ſhe was in this plight, the Sunne now climing over our Horizon, the firſt Shepheards came by: who ſeeing the King in that caſe, and hearing the noyſe *Dametas* made of the Ladie *Philoclea*, ranne with the dolefull tydings of *Baſilius* death unto him, who preſently with all his companie came to the Caves entrie where the Kings bodie lay; *Dametas* for his part more glad for the hope hee had of his private eſcape, than ſorrie for the publike loſſe his Country received for a Prince not to bee miſliked. But in *Gynecia* nature prevailed above judgement, and the ſhame ſhe conceived to bee taken in that order, overcame for that inſtant the former reſolution, ſo that aſſoone as ſhe ſaw the foremoſt of the paſtorall troupe, the wretched Princeſſe ran to have hid her face in the next woods; but with ſuch a mind, that ſhe knew not almoſt her ſelfe what ſhe could wiſh to be the ground of her ſafetie. *Dametas* that ſaw her run away in *Zelmanes* upper raiment, and judging her to be ſo, thought certainly all the ſpirits in hell were come to play a tragedy in theſe woods, ſuch ſtrange change hee ſaw every way. The King dead at the Caves mouth; the Queen (as he thought) abſent; *Pamela* fled away with *Dorus*; his wife and *Mopſa* in divers frenzies. But of all other things *Zelmane* conquered his capacity, ſuddenly from a woman growne to a man; and from a lockt chamber gotten before him into the fields, which hee gave the reſt quickly to underſtand; for inſtead of doing any thing as the exigent required, he began to make circles, and all thoſe fantaſticall defences that he had ever heard were fortifications againſt Devils. But the other ſhepheards, who had both better wits, & more faith, forthwith divided themſelvs, ſome of them running after *Gynecia*, and eſteeming her running away a great condemnation of her owne guiltineſs; others going to their Prince to ſee what ſervice was left for them, either in recovery of his life, or honouring his death. They that went after the Queen, had ſoon taken her, in whom now the firſt feares were ſtaied, and the reſolution to die had repoſſeſſed his place in her mind. But when they ſaw it was the Queen, to whom beſides the obedient duty they ow'd to her ſtate, they had alwaies carried a ſingular love for her courteous liberalities, and other wiſe and vertuous parts, which had filled all that people with affection and admiration; they were all ſuddenly ſtopped, beginning to aske pardon for their following her in that ſort, and deſiring her to be their good Lady, as ſhe had ever beene. But the Queen, who now thirſted to bee ridde of her ſelfe, whom ſhee hated above all things, with ſuch an

aſſured countenance as they have, who alreadie have diſpenſed with ſhame, & digeſted the ſorrowes of death, ſhe thus ſaid unto them, Continue, continue, my friends: your doing is better than your excuſing; the one argues aſſured faith, the other want of aſſurance. If you loved your Prince, when he was able & willing to do you much good, which you could not then requite to him; doe you now publiſh your gratefulneſſe, when it ſhall be ſeen to the world, there are no hopes left to lead you unto it. Remember, remember, you have loſt *Baſilius*, a Prince to defend you, a Father to care for you, a companion in your joyes, a friend in your wants. And if you loved him, ſhew you hate the author of his loſſe. It is I, faithfull *Arcadians*, that have ſpoiled the Countrie of their protectour, I, none but I, was the miniſter of his unnaturall end. Carrie therefore my bloud in your hands, to teſtifie your owne innocencie, neither ſpare for my titles ſake, but conſider it was hee that ſo entituled mee. And if you think of any benefits by my meanes, thinke with it, that I was but the inſtrument and hee the ſpring. What ſtay yee Shepheards, whoſe great Shepheard is gone? you need not feare a woman, reverence your Lords murtherer, nor have pitie of her, who hath not pitie of her ſelfe. With this, ſhe preſented her faire necke, to ſome by name, other by ſignes, deſiring them to doe juſtice to the world, duty to their good King, honour to themſelves, and favour to her. The poore men looked one upon the other, unuſed to bee arbiters in Princes matters, and being now faln into a great perplexitie, betwixt a Prince dead and a Princeſs alive. But once, for them ſhee might have gone whither ſhee would, thinking it a ſacriledge to touch her perſon: when ſhee finding ſhee was not a ſufficient oratour to perſwade her own death by their hands; well, ſaid ſhe, it is but ſo much the more time of miſery, for my part, I will not give my life ſo much pleaſure from hence forward as to yeeld to his deſire of his own choice of death; ſince all the reſt is taken away, yet let me excel in miſery. Lead me therfore whither you wil, only happy, becauſe I cannot be more wretched. But neither ſo much would the honeſt Shepheards doe, but rather with many teares bemoaned this encreaſe of their former loſſe, till ſhe was faine to leade them, with a very ſtrange ſpectacle, either that a Princeſſe ſhould be in the hands of ſhepheards, or a priſoner ſhould direct her guardians: laſtly, before either witneſſe or accuſer, a Lady condemne her ſelfe to death. But in ſuch monefull march they went towards the other Shepheards, who in the meane time had left nothing unaſſayed to revive the King, but all was bootleſſe; and their ſorrowes encreaſed the more they had ſuffered any hopes vainely to ariſe. Among other trials they made, to know at leaſt the cauſe of his end, having eſpyed the unhappie cup, they gave the little liquour that was left to a dogge of *Dametas*, in which within a ſhort time it wrought the like effect; although *Dametas* did ſo much to recover him, that for very love of his life hee daſht out his braines. But now all together, and having *Gynecia* among them, who to make her ſelfe the more odious, did continually record to their mindes the exceſſe of their loſſe, they yeelded themſelves over to all thoſe formes of lamentation, that dolefull images doe imprint in the honeſt, but over-tender hearts, eſpecially when they thinke the rebound of the evill fals to their owne ſmart. Therefore, after the ancient Greeke manner, ſome of them remembring the nobility of his birth, continued by being like his Anceſtors: others his ſhape, which though not excellent, yet favour and pity drew all things now to the higheſt point; others his peaceable governement, the thing which moſt pleaſeth men reſolved to live of their owne; others his liberality, which though it cannot light upon all men, yet all men naturally hoping it may bee they, make it a moſt amiable vertue. Some calling in queſtion the greatneſſe of his power, which

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encreaſed the compaſſion to ſee the preſent change(having a dolefull memory how he had tempered it with ſuch familiar courteſie among them, that they did more feele the fruites, than ſee the pompes of his greatneſſe) all with one conſent giving him the ſacred titles of good, juſt, mercifull, the father of the people, the life of his Countrey, they ranne about his bodie, tearing their beards and garments; ſome ſending their cries to heaven, others inventing particular howling muſicke; many vowing to kill themſelves at the day of his funerals, generally giving a true teſtimonie that men are loving creatures, when injuries put them not from their naturall courſe: and how eaſie a thing it is for a Prince by ſucceſſion, deepely to ſinke into the ſoules of his Subjects, a more lively monument than *Mauſolus* Tombe. But as with ſuch hearty lamentation, they diſperſed among thoſe woods the reſounding ſhrikes, the Sunne, the perfecteſt marke of time, having now gotten up two houres journey in his daily changing Circle, their voice helped with the onely anſwering Eccho, came to the eares of the faithfull and worthie Gentleman *Philanax*: who at that time was come to viſit the King, accompanied with divers of the worthie *Arcadian* Lords, who with him had viſited the places adjoyning for the more aſſurance of *Baſilius* ſolitarineſſe, a thing after the late mutinie hee had uſually done; and ſince the Princeſſes returne more diligently continued: which having now likewiſe performed, thinking it as well his duetie to ſee the King, as of good purpoſe, being ſo neare, to receive his further direction; accompanied as above ſaid, hee was this morning comming unto him, when theſe unpleaſant voices gave his minde an uncertaine preſage of his neare approaching ſorrow. For by and by hee ſaw the bodie of his dearely eſteemed Prince, and heard *Gynecia's* lamenting: not ſuch as the turtle-like dove is wont to make for the ever over-ſoone loſſe of her onely loved make, but with curſings of her life, deteſting her owne wickedneſſe, ſeeming onely therefore not to deſire death, becauſe ſhee would not ſhew a love of any thing. The Shepheards, eſpecially *Dametas*, knowing him to bee the ſecond perſon in authoritie, gave forthwith relation unto him, what they knew and had proved of this dolorous ſpectacle, beſides the other accidents of his children. But hee principally touched with his Maſters loſſe, lighting from his horſe with a heavie cheare, came and kneeled downe by him, where finding hee could doe no more than the ſhepheards had for his recoverie, the conſtancie of his minde, ſurpriſed before hee might call together his beſt rules, could not refraine ſuch like words. Ah deare maſter, ſaid he, what change it hath pleaſed the Almightie Juſtice to worke in this place! How ſoone (not to your loſſe, who having lived long to nature, and to time longer by your well deſerved glory, but longeſt of all in the eternall manſion you now poſſeſſe) but how ſoon I ſay to our ruine, have you left the fraile bark of your eſtate? O that the words I in moſt faithfull duty delivered unto you, when you firſt entred this ſolitarie courſe, might have wrought as much perſwaſion in you, as they ſprang from truth in mee, perchance your ſervant *Philanax* ſhould not now have cauſe in your loſſe to bewaile his owne overthrow. And therewith taking himſelfe; and indeed evill fitteth in me (ſaid hee) to let go my heart to womaniſh complaints, ſince my Prince being undoubtedly well, it rather ſhewes love of my ſelfe, which makes me bewaile mine owne loſſe. No, the true love muſt be proved in the honour of your memorie, and that muſt bee ſhewed with ſeeking juſt revenge upon your unjuſt and unnaturall enemies, and far more honourable it will be for your Tombe, to have the bloud of your murtherers ſprinckled upon it, than the teares of your friends. And if your ſoule looke downe upon this miſerable earth, I doubt not it

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had much rather your death were accompanied with well deſerved puniſhment of the cauſers of it, than with the heaping on it more ſorrowes with the end of them, to whom you vouchſafed your affection: let them lament that have woven the web of lamentation; let their owne deathes make them cry out for your death, that were the authors of it. Therewith carrying manfull ſorrow and vindicative reſolution in his face, hee roſe up, ſo looking on the poore guiltleſſe Princeſſe tranſported with an unjuſt juſtice, that his eyes were ſufficient Heraulds for him to denounce a mortall hatred. Shee (whom furies of love, firebrands of her conſcience, ſhame of the world, with the miſerable loſſe of her husband, towards whom now the diſdaine of her ſelfe bred more love; with the remembrance of her viſion, wherewith ſhe reſolved aſſuredly the gods had appointed that ſhamefull end to be her reſting place, had ſet her mind to no other way but to death) uſed ſuch like ſpeeches to *Philanax*, as ſhee had before to the ſhepheards; willing him not to looke upon her as a woman, but a monſter; not as a Princeſſe, but as a traytor to his Prince, not as *Baſilius* wife, but as *Baſilius* murtherer. She told him how the world required at his hands the juſt demonſtration of his friendſhip; if he now forgot his Prince, he ſhould ſhew he had never loved but his fortune: like thoſe vermine that ſucke of the living bloud, and leave the body as ſoone as it is dead; poore Princeſſe, needleſly ſeeking to kindle him, who did moſt deadly deteſt her, which hee uttered in this bitter anſwer. Madame (ſaid hee) you doe well to hate your ſelfe, for you cannot hate a worſe creature; and though wee feele enough your helliſh diſpoſition, yet wee need not doubt you are of counſell to your ſelfe of much worſe than we know. But now feare not, you ſhall not long be cumbred with being guided by ſo evill a ſoule; therefore prepare your ſelfe, that if it be poſſible you may deliver up your ſpirit ſo much purer, as you more waſh your wickedneſſe with repentance. Then having preſently given order for the bringing from *Mantinea* a great number of tents, for the receipt of the principall *Arcadians*: the manner of that country being that where the Prince died, there ſhould be order taken for the countries government, and in the place any murther was committed, the judgment ſhould be given there, before the body was buried: both concurring in this matter, and already great part of the Nobility being arrived, he delivered the Princeſs to a Gentleman of great truſt; and as for *Dametas*, taking from him the keyes of both the Lodges, calling him the moth of his Princes eſtate, and only ſpot of his judgment, hee cauſed him with his wife and daughter, to bee fettered up in as many chaines and clogs as they could beare, and every third houre to bee cruelly whipt, till the determinate judgement ſhould bee given of all theſe matters. That done, having ſent already at his comming, to all the quarters of the country to ſeek *Pamela*, although with ſmall hope of overtaking them, he himſelfe went well accompanied to the Lodge, where the two unfortunate lovers were attending a cruell concluſion of their long painefull, and late moſt painefull affection. *Dametas* clowniſh eyes, having been the onely diſcoverers of *Pyrocles* ſtratagem, had no ſooner taken a full view of them (which in ſome ſights would rather have bred any thing than an accuſing minde) and locked the doore upon theſe two young folkes, now made priſoners for love, as before they had been priſones to love, but that immediately upon his going downe (whether with noiſe *Dametas* made, or with the creeping in of the light, or rather that as extreme griefe had procured his ſleepe, ſo extreme care had meaſured his ſleepe, giving his ſenſes a very early *ſalve* to come to themſelvs) *Pyrocles* awaked; and being up, the firſt evill hanſell hee had of the ill caſe wherein he was, was the ſeeing himſelfe deprived of his ſword, from which he had never ſeparated himſelfe in any occaſion,

occaſion,and even that night firſt by the Kings bed,and then there had laid it, as he thought ſafe: putting great part of the truſt of his well doing in his own courage ſo armed. For indeed the confidence in ones ſelfe is the chiefeſt nurſe of magnanimity, which confidence notwithſtanding doth not leave the care of neceſſary furnitures for it:and therefore of all the Grecians, *Homer* doth ever make *Achilles* the beſt armed. But that,as I ſay,was the firſt ill-token: but by and by he perceived he was a priſoner before any arreſt:for the doore,which he had left open,was made ſo faſt on the outſide,that for all the force he could employ unto it,he could not undo *Dametas* doing; then went he to the windows,to ſee if that way there were any eſcape for him and his deare Ladie. But as vaine he found all his emploiment there,not having might to breake out but onely one barre; wherein notwithſtanding hee ſtrayned his ſinewes to the uttermoſt. And that he rather tooke out to uſe for other ſervice,than for any poſſibilitie he had to eſcape;for even then it was that *Dametas*,having gathered together the firſt comming Shepherds,did blabber out what he had found in the Lady *Philoclea's* chamber, *Pyrocles* markingly hearkened to all that *Dametas* ſaid, whoſe voice and minde acquaintance had taught him ſufficiently to know. But when he aſſuredly perceived that his being with the Ladie *Philoclea* was fully diſcovered,& by the folly or malice,or rather malicious folly of *Dametas*,her honour therin touched in the higheſt degree;remembring withall the cruelty of the *Arcadian* lawes, which without exception did condemne all to death, who were found(as *Dametas* reported of them)in act of marriage without ſolemnity of marriage,aſſuring himſelfe beſides the law,the King and the Queene would uſe ſo much more hate againſt their daughter, as they had found themſelvs ſotted by him in the purſuit of their love. Laſtly,ſeeing they were not only in the way of death,but fitly incaged for death,looking with a hearty griefe upon the honour of love,the fellowleſs *Philoclea*(whoſe innocent ſoule now enjoying his own goodnes,did little know the danger of his ever fair,then ſleeping harbor)his excellent wit ſtrengthened with vertue,but guided by love,had ſoon deſcribed to himſelfe a perfect viſion of their preſent condition:wherin having preſently caſt a reſolute reckoning of his own part of the miſery,not only the chief but ſole burthen of his anguiſh conſiſted in the unworthy caſe,which was like to fall upon the beſt deſerving *Philoclea*. Hee ſaw the misfortune,not the miſmeaning of his work,was like to bring that creature to end, in whom the world(as he thought) did begin to receive honour; he ſaw the weake judgment of man,would condemne that as death deſerving vice in her,which had in troth never broken the bonds of a true living vertue: & how often his eie turned to his attractive adamant,ſo often did an unſpeakeable horrour ſtrike his noble heart,to conſider ſo unripe years, ſo faultleſſe a beautie, the manſion of ſo pure goodneſſe, ſhould have her youth ſo untimely cut off,her naturall perfections unnaturally conſumed,her vertue rewarded with ſhame:ſometimes he would accuſe himſelf of negligence,that had no more curiouſly looked to all the houſe entries,& yet could he not imagine the way *Dametas* was gotten in:and to call back what might have bin, to a man of wiſedome & courage,carries but a vain ſhadow of diſcourſe:ſometimes he could not chuſe but with a diſſolution of his inward might lamentably conſider with what face he might look upon his(till then)joy *Philoclea*,when the next light waking ſhould deliver unto her, ſhould perchance bee the laſt of her hurtleſſe life. And that the firſt time ſhe ſhould bend her excellent eies upon him,ſhee ſhould ſee the accurſed author of her dreadfull end; and even this conſideration more than any other,did ſo ſet it ſelfe in his well diſpoſed minde,that diſperſing his thoughts to all the waies that might be of her ſafetie, finding a very ſmall diſcourſe in ſo narrow limits

limits of time and place, at length in many difficulties he ſaw none beare any likelihood for her life, but his death. For then he thought it would fall out, that when they found his body dead, having no accuſer but *Dametas*, as by his ſpeech he found there was not, it might juſtly appear that either *Philoclea* in defending her honour, or elſe he himſelf in deſpair of atchieving, had left his carkaſſe proofe of his intent, but witneſs of her cleareneſſe. Having a ſmall while ſtaied upon the greatneſſe of his reſolution, and looked to the furtheſt of it: be it ſo (ſaid the valiant *Pyrocles*:) never life for better cauſe, nor to a better end was beſtowed; for if death be to follow this doing, which no death of mine could make me leave undone, who is to die ſo juſtly as my ſelf? & if I muſt die, who can be ſo fit executioners as mine own hands; which as they were acceſſaries to the doing, ſo in killing me they ſhall ſuffer their own puniſhmẽt? But then aroſe there a new impediment; for *Dametas* having caried away any thing, which he thought might hurt as tender a man as himſelfe, he could find no fit inſtrument which might give him a final diſpatch: at length, making the more haſte leſt his Lady ſhould awake, taking the iron bar, which being ſharper ſomewhat at the one end than the other he hoped, joyned to his willing ſtrength, might break off the feeble thred of mortality: Truly (ſaid he) fortune thou haſt wel perſevered mine enemy, that will grant me no fortune to be unfortunate, nor let me have an eaſie paſſage now I am to trouble thee no more. But, ſaid he, ô bar, bleſſed in that thou haſt done ſervice to the chamber of the Paragon of life; ſince thou couldſt not help me to make a perfecter eſcape, yet ſerve my turn I pray thee, that I may eſcape from my ſelf: therewithall, yet once looking to fetch the laſt repaſt of his eies, and now againe tranſported with the pitifull caſe he left her in, kneeling downe, he thus prayed. O great maker and great ruler of this world (ſaid he) to thee do I ſacrifice this bloud of mine, & ſuffer (Lord) the errrours of my youth to paſſe away therein, and let not the ſoule by thee made, and ever bending unto thee, be now rejected of thee: neither be offended that I do abandon this body, to the government of which thou hadſt placed me, without thy leave; ſince how can I know but that thy unſearchable mind is I ſhould ſo do, ſince thou haſt taken from me all means longer to abide in it? And ſince the difference ſtands but in a ſhort time of dying, thou that haſt framed my ſoule enclined to do good, how can I in this ſmall ſpace of mine benefit ſo much all the humane kinde, as in preſerving thy perfecteſt workmanſhip, their chiefeſt honour? O juſtice it ſelfe, howſoever thou determineſt of me, let this excellent innocency not be oppreſſed! Let my life pay her loſſe: O Lord give me ſome ſigne that I may die with this comfort. And pawſing a little, (as if he had hoped for ſome token) whenſoever to the eternall darkneſſe of the earth ſhe doth follow me, let our ſpirits poſſeſſe one place, and let them be more happy in that uniting. With that word ſtriking the barre upon his heart ſide with all the force he had, and falling withall upon it to give it the thorower paſſage, the barre in troth was too blunt to do the effect, although it pierced his skinne, and bruiſed his ribs very ſore, ſo that his breath was almoſt paſt him. But the noiſe of his fall drave away ſleepe from the quiet ſenſes of the dear *Philoclea*, whoſe ſweet ſoule had an early ſalutation of a deadly ſpectacle unto her, with ſo much more aſtoniſhment, as the falling aſleep but a little before ſhe had retired herſelfe from the uttermoſt point of wofulneſſe, and ſaw now again before her eies the moſt cruell enterpriſe that humane nature can undertake, without diſcerning any cauſe thereof. But the lively print of her affection had ſoon taught her not to ſtay long upon deliberation in ſo urgent a neceſſitie: therefore getting with ſpeed her weake, though well accorded limbes, out of her ſweetned bed, as when jewels are haſtily pulled out of ſome rich coffer, ſhee

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ſpared not the nakedneſſe of her tender feete, but I think borne as faſt with deſire as feare carried *Daphne*, ſhe came running to *Pyrocles*, and finding his ſpirits ſomething troubled with the fall, ſhe put by the barre that lay cloſe to him, and ſtrayning him in her moſt beloved embracements, My comfort, my joy, my life (ſaid ſhe) what haſte have you to kil your *Philoclea* with the moſt cruel torment that ever Lady ſuffered? Do you not yet perſwade your ſelfe that any hurt of yours is death unto me? and that your death ſhould be my hell? Alas, if any ſudden miſlike of me (for other cauſe I ſee none) have cauſed you to loath your ſelfe; if any fault or defect of mine hath bred this terribleſt rage in you, rather let mee ſuffer the bitterneſſe of it, for ſo ſhall the deſerver bee puniſhed, mankind preſerved from ſuch a ruine, and I for my part ſhal have that comfort, that I die by the nobleſt hand that ever drew ſword. *Pyrocles* grieved with his fortune, that he had not in one inſtant cut off all ſuch deliberation, thinking his life onely reſerved to be bound to be the unhappy newes-teller: Alas (ſaid he) my only ſtarre, why do you this wrong to God, your ſelfe, and me, to ſpeak of faults in you? no, no, moſt faulteleſſe, moſt perfect Lady, it is your excellency that makes mee haſten my deſired end; it is the right I owe to the generall nature, that (though againſt private nature) makes mee ſeek the preſervation of all that ſhe hath done in this age; let me, let me die. There is no way to ſave your life (moſt worthy to be conſerved) than that my death be your clearing: Then did he, with farre more paine and backward lothneſſe, than the ſo near killing himſelfe was (but yet driven with neceſſity to make her yeeld to that he thought was her ſafety) make her a ſhort, but pithy diſcourſe, what he had heard by *Dametas* ſpeeches, confirming the reſt with a plain demonſtration of their impriſonment. And then ſought he new means of ſtopping his breath; but that by *Philoclea's* labor, above her force, he was ſtayed to heare her. In whom a man might perceive what ſmall difference in the working there is betwixt a ſimple voydneſſe of evill, and a judiciall habit of vertue. For ſhe, not with an unſhaken magnanimity, wherewith *Pyrocles* weighed and deſpiſed death, but with an innocent guiltineſſe, not knowing why ſhe ſhould feare to deliver her unſtained ſoule to God, helped with the true loving of *Pyrocles*, which made her think no life without him, did almoſt bring her minde to as quiet attending all accidents, as the unmaſtred vertue of *Pyrocles*. Yet having with a pretty paleneſſe (which did leave milken lines upon her roſie cheekes) paid a little duty to humane feare, taking the Prince by his hand, and kiſſing the wound he had given himſelfe; O the only life of my life, and (if it fall out ſo) the comfort of my death (ſaid ſhe) farre, farre from you be the doing me ſuch wrong, as to think I will receive my life as a purchaſe of your death, but well may you make my death ſo much more miſerable, as it ſhall any thing be delayed after my only felicity Do you think I can accompt of the moment of death, like the unſpeakeable afflictions my ſoule ſhould ſuffer, ſo oft as I call *Pyrocles* to minde, which ſhould be as oft as I breathed? Should theſe eyes guide my ſteps, that had ſeene your murder? Should theſe hands feed me, that had not hindred ſuch a miſchiefe? Should this heart remaine within me, at every pant to count the continuall clocke of my miſeries? O no, if dye we muſt, let us thank death, hee hath not divided ſo true an union. And truly my *Pyrocles*, I have heard my father, & other wiſemen ſay, that the killing of ones ſelf is but a falſe colour of true courage, proceeding rather of a feare of a further evill, either of torment or ſhame. For if it were not a reſpecting the harme, that would likewiſe make him not reſpect what might be done unto him: and hope, being of all other the moſt contrary thing to feare, this being an utter baniſhment of hope, it ſeemes to receive his ground in feare. Whatſoever (would they ſay) comes out of deſpaire, cannot

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beare the title of valour, which should be lifted up to such a height, that holding all things under it selfe, it should be able to maintaine his greatnesse even in the midst of miseries. Lastly, they would say, God had appointed us Captaines of these our bodily forts, which, without treason to that Majesty, were never to bee delivered over till they were re-demanded. *Pyrocles*, who had that for a law unto him, not to leave *Philoclea* in any thing unsatisfied, although he still remained in his former purpose, and knew that time would grow short for it, yet hearing no noise (the shepheards being as then run to *Basilius*) with setled and humble countenance, as a man that should have spoken of a thing that did not concerne himselfe, bearing even in his eyes sufficient shewes, that it was nothing but *Philoclea's* danger, which did any thing burthen his heart, farre stronger than fortune, having with vehement embracings of her, got yet some fruit of his delayed end, hee thus answered the wise innocency of *Philoclea*. Lady, most worthy not onely of life, but to be the very life of all things; the more notable demonstrations you make of the love, so farre beyond my desert, with which it pleaseth you to overcome fortune, in making me happy; the more am I even in course of humanity, (to leave that loves force, which I neither can nor will leave) bound to seek requitals witnesse, that I am not ungratefull: to do which, the infiniteneſse of your goodnesse being such as I cannot reach unto it, yet doing all I can, and paying my life, which is all I have, though it be far, without measure, short of your desert, yet shall I not die in debt to mine owne duty. And truly, the more excellent arguments you made to keep me from this passage, imagined far more terrible than it is, the more plainly it makes me to see what reason I have to prevent the loss not only of *Arcadia*, but all the face of the earth should receive, if such a tree (which even in his first spring, doth not only beare most beautifull blossoms, but most rare fruits) should be so untimely cut off. Therefore, O most truly beloved Lady, to whom I desire, for both our goods, that these may be my last words, give me your consent even out of that wisdome which must needs see, that (besides your unmatched betterneſse, which perchance you will not see) it is fitter one dye than both. And since you have sufficiently shewed you love me, let mee claime by that love, you will be content rather to let me dye contentedly, than wretchedly: rather with a cleare and joyfull conscience, than with desperate condemnation in my selfe, that I accursed villaine, should be the meane of banishing from the sight of men the true example of vertue. And because there is nothing left me to be imagined, which I so much desire, as that the memory of *Pyrocles* may ever have an allowed place in your wise judgment, I am content to draw so much breath longer, as by answering the sweet objections you alledged, may bequeath (as I thinke) a right conceit unto you, that this my doing is out of judgment, and not sprung of passion. Your father (you say) was wont to say, that this like action doth more proceed of fear of further evil or shame, than of a true courage: Truly, first, they put a very guessing case, speaking of them who can never after come to tell, with what mind they did it. And as for my part, I call the immortall truth to witnesse, that no fear of torment can appall me, who know it is but divers manners of apparrelling death: and have long learned to set bodily paine but in the second forme of my being. And as for shame, how can I be ashamed of that, for which my well-meaning conscience will answer for me to God, and your unresistable beautie to the world? But to take that argument in his owne force, and grant it done for avoiding of further paine or dishonour, (for as for the name of feare, it is but an odious title of passion, given to that which true judgment performeth) grant, I say, it is to shunne a worse case, and truely I doe not see, but that true fortitude, looking into all humane things with a per-

a perſisting reſolution, carried away neither with wonder of pleaſing things, nor aſtoniſhment of the unpleaſant, doth not yet deprive it ſelfe of the diſcerning the difference of evill, but rather is the onely vertue, which in an aſſured tranquility ſhuns the greater by the valiant entring into the leſſe. Thus for his countries ſafety he will ſpend his life, for the ſaving of a limbe he wil not niggardly ſpare his goods; for the ſaving of all his body he will not ſpare the cutting off a limbe, where indeed the weak-hearted man will rather die, than ſee the face of a ſurgeon: who might with as good reaſon ſay, that the conſtant man abides the painfull ſurgery, for feare of a further evil: but he is content to wait for death it ſelfe, but neither is true; for neither hath the one any feare, but a well chooſing judgment: nor the other hath any contentment, but only fear, and not having a heart actively to perform a matter of paine, is forced paſſively to abide a greater damage. For to doe, requires a whole heart; to ſuffer, falleth eaſilieſt in the broken minds. And if in bodily torment thus, much more in ſhame; wherein ſince valour is a vertue, and vertue is ever limited, we muſt not runne ſo infinitely, as to thinke the valiant man is willingly to ſuffer any thing; ſince the very ſuffering of ſome things is a certaine proofe of want of courage. And if any thing unwillingly, among the chiefeſt may ſhame goe: for if honour be to bee held deare, his contrary is to be abhorred, and that not for feare but of a true election. For which is the leſſe inconvenient, either the loſſe of ſome yeares more or leſſe (once wee know our lives bee not immortall) or the ſubmitting our ſelves to each unworthy miſery, which the fooliſh world may lay upon us? As for their reaſon, that feare is contrary to hope, neither doe I defend feare, nor much yeeld to the authority of hope, to either of which great enclining ſhewes but a feeble reaſon, which muſt be guided by his ſervants: and who builds not upon hope, ſhall feare no earth-quake of deſpaire. Their laſt alledging of the heavenly powers, as it beares the greateſt name, ſo it is the onely thing that at all bred any combat in my minde. And yet I doe not ſee, but that if God had made us maſters of any thing, it is of our owne lives; out of which, without doing wrong to any body, wee are to iſſue at our owne pleaſure. And the ſame argument would as much prevaile to ſay wee ſhould for no neceſſity lay away from us any of our joynts, ſince they being made of him, without his warrant wee ſhould not depart from them; or if that may be, for a greater cauſe we may paſſe to a greater degree. And if we be Lievtenants of God, in this little Caſtle, doe you not thinke we muſt take warning of him to give over our charge when he leavs us unprovided of good meanes to tarry in it? No certainely doe I not, anſwered the ſorrowfull *Philocles*, ſince it is not for us to appoint that mighty Majeſty, what time hee will helpe us: the uttermoſt inſtant is ſcope enough for him to revoke every thing to ones owne deſire. And therefore to prejudicate his determination, is but a doubt of goodneſſe in him, who is nothing but goodneſſe. But when indeed he doth either by ſickneſſe, or outward force lay death upon us, then are wee to take knowledge that ſuch is his pleaſure, and to know that all is well that hee doth. That we ſhould bee maſters of our ſelves, wee can ſhew at all no title, nor claime; ſince neither we made our ſelves, nor bought our ſelves, wee can ſtand upon no other right but his gift, which hee muſt limit as it pleaſeth him. Neither is there any proportion betwixt the loſſe of any other limbe, and that, ſince the one bends to the preſerving of all, the other to the deſtruction of all; the one takes not away the minde from the actions for which it is placed in the world, the other cuts off all poſsibility of his working. And truely, my moſt deare *Pyrocles*, I muſt needes proteſt unto you, that I

cannot think your defence even in rules of vertue sufficient. Sufficient and excellent it were, if the question were of two outward things, wherein a man might by natures freedom determine, whether he would prefer shame to pain; present smaller torment, to greater following, or no. But to this (besides the comparison of the matters valures) there is added of the one part a direct evill doing, which maketh the ballance of that side too much unequall: since a vertuous man, without any respect whether the griefe be lesse or more, is never to doe that which he cannot assure himself is allowable before the everliving rightfulnes; but rather is to think honours or shames, which stand in others mens true or false judgments, paines or not paines, which yet never approch our soules, to be nothing in regard of an unspotted conscience. And these reasons do I remember, I have heard good men bring in, that since it hath not his ground in an assured vertue, it proceeds rather of some other disguised passion. *Pyrocles* was not so much perswaded as delighted by her well conceived and sweetly pronounced speeches, but when she had closed her pitifull discourse, and as it were seale d up her delightfull lips with the moistnesse of her tears, which followed still one another like a precious rope of pearle: now thinking it hie time; be it as you say (said he, most vertuous beauty) in all the rest, but never can God himself perswade me, that *Pyrocles* life is not well lost, for to preserve the most admirable *Philoclea*. Let that be, if it be possible, written on my Tombe, and I will not envie *Codrus* honour. With that he would again have used the barre, meaning if that fayled to leave his braines upon the wall, when *Philoclea* now brought to that she most feared, kneeled downe unto him, and embracing so his legs, that without hurting her (which for nothing he would have done) he could not rid himselfe from her, she did with all the conjuring words, which the authority of Love may lay, beseech him, hee would not now so cruelly abandon her, hee would not leave her comfortlesse in that misery to which hee had brought her. That then indeede shee would even in her soule accuse him, to have most foully betrayed her; that then she should have cause to curse the time that ever the name of *Pyrocles* came to her eares, which otherwise no death could make her doe. Will you leave me, said shee, not onely dishonoured, as supposed unchaste with you, but as a murderer of you? Will you give mine eyes such a picture of Hell, before my neare approaching death, as to see the murdred body of him I love more than all the lives that nature can give? With that shee sware by the highest cause of all devotions, that if he did persevere in that cruell resolution, she would (though untruely) not only confesse to her father, that with her consent this act had been committed, but if that would not serve (after she had puld out her owne eyes, made accursed by such a sight) shee would give herselfe so terrible a death, as shee might thinke the paine of it would countervaile the never dying paine of her mind. Now therefore kill your selfe, to crowne this vertuous action with infamy: kill your selfe to make me (whom you say you love) as long as I after live, change my loving admiration of you, to a detestable abhorring your name. And so indeed you shall have the end you shoote at: for in stead of one death, you shall give mee a thousand, and yet in the meane time deprive me of the helpe God may send mee. *Pyrocles*, even overweyed with her so wisely uttered affection, finding her determination so fixed, that his end should but deprive them both of a present contentment, and not avoide a comming evill (as a man that ranne not unto it by a sodaine qualme of passion, but by a true use of reason, preferring her life to his owne) now that wisedome did manifest unto him, that way would not prevaile; he

hee retired himſelfe with as much tranquillity from it, as before hee had gone unto it; like a man, that had ſet the keeping or leaving of the body, as a thing without himſelfe, and ſo had thereof a freed and untroubled conſideration. Therefore throwing away the barre from him, and taking her up from the place, where hee thought the conſummating of all beauties very worthily lay; ſuffering all his ſenſes to devoure up their chiefeſt food, which he aſſured himſelfe they ſhould ſhortly after for ever bee deprived of: Well, ſaid hee, moſt deare Lady, whoſe contentment I preferre before mine owne, and judgement eſteeme more than mine owne, I yeeld unto your pleaſure. The gods ſend you have not wonne your owne loſſe: For my part they are my witneſſes, that I thinke I doe more at your commandement, in delaying my death, than another would in beſtowing his life. But now, ſaid hee, as thus farre I have yeelded unto you, ſo grant me in recompence thus much againe, that I may finde your love in granting, as you have found your authority in obtaining. My humble ſuit is, you will ſay I came in by force into your chamber, for ſo am I reſolued now to affirme, and that will be the beſt for us both: but in no caſe name my name, that whatſoever come of mee my houſe bee not diſhonoured. *Philoclea* fearing leſt refuſall would turne him backe againe to his violent refuge, gave him a certaine countenance, that might ſhew ſhee did yeeld to his requeſt, the latter part wherof indeed ſhe meant for his ſake to performe. Neither could they ſpend more words together: for *Philanax*, with twentie of the nobleſt perſonages of *Arcadia* after him, were come into the Lodge, *Philanax* making the reſt to ſtay below, for the reverence hee bare to womanhood, as ſtilly as he could came to the door, & opening it, drew the eies of theſe two dolefull lovers upon him. *Philoclea* cloſing againe, for modeſty ſake, within her bed the riches of her beauties, but *Pyrocles* tooke hold of his barre, minding at leaſt to die, before the excellent *Philoclea* ſhould receive any outrage. But *Philanax* reſted awhile upon himſelfe, ſtriken with admiration at the goodly ſhape of *Pyrocles*, whom before he had never ſeene, and withall remembring beſides others the notable act he had done (when with his courage and eloquence he had ſaved *Baſilius*, perchance the whole State, from utter ruine) he felt a kinde of relenting minde towards him. But when that ſame thought came wayted on with the remembrance of his maſters death, which he by all probabilities thought he had beene of counſell unto with the Queen, compaſſion turned to hatefull paſſion, and left in *Philanax* a ſtrange medley, betwixt pity and revenge, betwixt liking and abhorring. O Lord, ſaid he to himſelfe, what wonders doth nature in our time, to ſet wickedneſſe ſo beautifully garniſhed? and that which is ſtrangeſt, out of one ſpring to make wonderfull effects both of vertue and vice to iſſue! *Pyrocles* ſeeing him in ſuch a muſe, neither knowing the man, nor the cauſe of his comming, but aſſuring himſelfe it was for no good, yet thought beſt to begin with him in this ſort. Gentleman, ſaid he, what is the cauſe of your comming to my Lady *Philoclea's* chamber? is it to defend her from ſuch violence as I might go about to offer unto her? If it be ſo, truly your comming is vaine, for her own vertue hath beene a ſufficient reſiſtance; there needs no ſtrength to be added to ſo inviolate chaſtity, the excellency of her minde makes her body impregnable. Which for mine own part I had ſoone yeelded to confeſſe, with going out of this place (where I found but little comfort, being ſo diſdainfully received) had I not been, I know not by whom preſently upon my comming hither, ſo locked into this chamber, that I could never eſcape hence: where I was fettered in the moſt guilty ſhame that ever man was, ſeeing what a paradiſe of unſpotted goodnes my filthy thoughts ſought to defile. If for that therfore you come,

already I aſſure you your errand is performed; but if it be to bring me to any puniſhment whatſoever, for having undertaken ſo inexcuſable preſumption, truely I beare ſuch an accuſer about me of mine own conſcience, that I willingly ſubmit my ſelf unto it. Only thus much let me demand of you, that you will be a witneſſe unto the king what you heare me ſay, and oppoſe your ſelf, that neither his ſudden fury, nor any other occaſion may offer any hurt to this Lady, in whom you ſee nature hath accompliſhed ſo much, that I am faine to lay mine own faultineſſe, as a foyle of her pureſt excellencie. I can ſay no more, but look upon her beauty, remember her bloud, conſider her yeeres, and judge rightly of her vertues, and I doubt not a Gentlemans minde will then bee a ſufficient inſtructer unto you, in this I may terme it miſerable chance, happened unto her by my unbridled audacity. *Philanax* was content to heare him our, not for any favour he owed him, but to ſee whether hee would reveale any thing of the originall cauſe, and purpoſe of the kings death. But finding it ſo far from that, that he named *Baſilius* unto him, as ſuppoſing him alive, thinking it rather cunning than ignorance: Yong man (ſaid he) whom I have cauſe to hate, before I have meane to know, you uſe but a point of skill, by confeſſing the manifeſt ſmaller fault, to be beleeved hereafter in the deniall of the greater. But for that matter, all paſſeth to one end, and hereafter we ſhall have leaſure by torments to ſeeke the truth, if the love of truth it ſelfe will not bring you unto it. As for my Lady *Philoclea*, if it ſo fall out as you ſay, it ſhall be the more fit for her yeers, and comely for the great houſe that ſhe is come of, that an ill governed beauty hath not cancelled the rules of vertue. But howſoever it be, it is not for you to teach an *Arcadian* what reverent duty we owe unto any of that progenie. But, ſaid hee, come with me without reſiſtance, for the one cannot availe, & the other may procure pitty. Pitty? ſaid *Pyrocles*, with a bitter ſmiling, diſdained with ſo curriſh an anſwer: no, no, *Arcadian*, I can quickly have pitty of my ſelfe, & would think my life moſt miſerable, which ſhould be a gift of thine. Only I demand this innocent Ladies ſecuritie, which untill thou haſt confirmed unto me by an oath, aſſure thy ſelfe, the firſt that laies hands upon her ſhall leave his life for a teſtimony of his ſacriledge. *Philanax* with an inward ſcorne thinking it moſt manifeſt they were both, he at leaſt, of counſell with the kings death, Wel, ſaid he, you ſpeak much to me of the king, I do here ſweare unto you, by the love I have ever borne him, ſhe ſhall have no worſe, howſoever it fall out, than her own parents. And upon that word of yours I yeeld, ſaid the poor *Pyrocles*, deceived by him that meant not to deceive him. Then did *Philanax* deliver him into the hands of a nobleman in the company, every one deſirous to have him in his charge, ſo much did his goodly preſence (wherin true valour ſhined) breed a delightfull admiration in all the beholders. *Philanax* himſelfe ſtaied with *Philoclea*, to ſee whether of her he might learn ſome diſcloſing of his former concluſion. But ſhe, ſweet Lady, whom firſt a kindly ſhamefac'tneſſe had ſeparated from *Pyrocles* (having been left in a more open view than her modeſty would well bear) then the attending her fathers comming, & ſtudying how to behave her ſelfe towards him for both their ſafeties, had called her ſpirits all within her; now that upō a ſudden *Pyrocles* was delivered out of the chamber frō her, at the firſt ſhe was ſo ſurprized with the extreme ſtroke of the woful ſight, that like thoſe that in their dreams are taken with ſome ugly viſion, they would faine cry for help, but have no force, ſo remained ſhe awhile quite deprived, not only of ſpeech, but almoſt of any other lively action. But whē indeed *Pyrcoles* was quite drawn frō her eies, & that her vital ſtrength began to return unto her, now not knowing what they did to *Pyrocles*, but (according to the nature of love) fearing the worſt, wringing her hands, & letting abundance

abundance of teares be the firſt part of her eloquence, bending her amber-crowned head over her bed ſide to the hard-hearted *Philanax*; O *Philanax*, *Philanax*, ſaid ſhe, I know how much authorty you have with my father; there is no man whoſe wiſdome he ſo much eſteemes, nor whoſe faith ſo much he repoſeth upon: remember how oft you have promiſed your ſervice unto me, how oft you have given me occaſion to beleeve that there was no Lady in whoſe favor you more deſired to remain: and if the remembrance be not unpleaſant to your minde, or the rehearſall unfitting for my fortune, remember there was a time when I could deſerve it. Now my chance is turned, let not your truth turne. I preſent my ſelfe unto you, the moſt humble and miſerable ſuppliant living: neither ſhall my deſire be great; I ſeeke for no more life than I ſhall be found worthy of. If my bloud may waſh away the diſhonour of *Arcadia*, ſpare it not, although through me it hath indeed never been diſhonoured. My only ſute is, you will be a mean for me, that while I am ſuffered to enjoy this life, I may not bee ſeparated from him, to whom the gods have joyned me, and that you determine nothing of him more cruelly than you doe of mee. If you rightly judge of what hath paſt, wherein the gods (that ſhould have beene of our marriage) are witneſſes of our innocencies; then procure, wee may live together. But if my father will not ſo conceive of us; as the fault (if any were) was united, ſo let the puniſhment be united alſo. There was no man that ever loved either his Prince, or any thing pertaining to him, with a truer zeale than *Philanax* did. This made him even to the depth of his heart receive a moſt vehement griefe, to ſee his maſter made as it were more miſerable after death. And for himſelfe, calling to mind in what ſort his life had bin preſerved by *Philoclea*, what time taken by *Amphialus* he was like to ſuffer a cruell death, there was nothing could have kept him from failing to tender pitie, but the perfect perſwaſion hee had, that all this was joyned to the packe of his maſters death, which the miſconceived ſpeech of marriage made him the more beleeve. Therefore firſt muttering to himſelfe ſuch like words: The violence the Gentleman ſpake of, is now turned to marriage: he alledged *Mars*, but ſhe ſpeaks of *Venus*. O unfortunate maſter! This hath beene that faire divell *Gynecia*, ſent away one of her daughters, proſtituted the other, empoyſoned thee, to overthrow the diadem of *Arcadia*. But at length thus unto her ſelfe he ſaid: If your Father, Madame, were now to ſpeake unto, truely there ſhould no body be found a more ready advocate for you than my ſelfe. For I would ſuffer this fault, though very great, to be blotted out of my mind, by your former led life, your benefits towards my ſelfe, and being daughter to ſuch a Father. But ſince among your ſelves you have taken him away, in whom was the onely power to have mercy, you muſt now be clothed in your owne working, and looke for none other, than that which dead pitileſſe lawes may allot unto you. For my part, I loved you for your vertue, but now where is that? I loved you in reſpect of a private benefit; what is that in compariſon of the publike loſs? I loved you for your father, unhappy folks, you have robbed the world of him. Theſe words of her father were ſo little underſtood by the only well underſtanding *Philoclea*, that ſhe deſired him to tell her, what he meant to ſpeake in ſuch darke ſort unto her of her Lord and Father, whoſe diſpleaſure was more dreadfull unto her than her puniſhment: that ſhe was free in her owne conſcience, ſhee had never deſerved evill of him, no not in this laſt fact: wherein if it pleaſed him to proceede with patience, hee ſhould finde her choice had not been unfortunate. Hee that ſaw her words written in the plaine table of her faire face, thought it impoſſible there ſhould therein be contained deceit: and therefore ſo much the more abaſhed: Why, ſaid he, Madame, would you have me thinke you are not of conſpiracie with

the Princeſſe *Pamela's* flight, and your fathers death? With that word the ſweet Lady gave a pitifull crie, having ſtreight in her face and breaſt abundance of witneſſes, that her heart was farre from any ſuch abominable conſent. Ah of all ſides utterly ruined *Philoclea*, ſaid ſhe! now indeed I may well ſuffer all conceit of hope to dye in me. Deare father where was I, that might not doe you my laſt ſervice before, ſoone after miſerably following you? *Philanax* perceived the demonſtration ſo lively & true in her, that he eaſily acquited her in his heart of that fact, and the more was moved to joyne with her in moſt hearty lamentation. But remembring him, that the burthen of the ſtate, and puniſhment of his maſters murderers, lay all upon him: Well, ſaid he, Madame, I can do nothing, without all the ſtates of *Arcadia*. What they will determine of you, I know not: for my part your ſpeeches would much prevaile with me, but that I finde not how to excuſe your giving over your body to him, that for the laſt proofe of his treaſon, lent his garments to diſguiſe your miſerable mother, in the moſt vile fact ſhee hath committed. Hard ſure it will be to ſeparate your cauſes, with whom you have ſo nearely joyned your ſelfe. Neither do I deſire it, ſaid the ſweetly weeping *Philoclea*: whatſoever you determine of him, doe that likewiſe to mee; for I know, from the fountaine of vertue nothing but vertue could ever proceed: onely as you find him faultleſſe, let him find you favourable, and build not my diſhonour upon ſurmiſes. *Philanax* feeling his heart more and more mollifying unto her, renewed the image of his dead maſter in his fancie, and uſing that for the ſpurs of his revengefull choler, went ſuddenly without any more ſpeech from the deſolate Lady, to whom now fortune ſeemed to threaten unripe death, and undeſerved ſhame among her leaſt evils. But *Philanax* leaving good guard upon the Lodge, went himſelfe to ſee the order of his other priſoners, whom even then as hee iſſued, he found increaſed by this unhoped meanes.

The noble *Pamela* having delivered over the burthen of her fearefull cares to the naturall eaſe of a well refreſhing ſleep, repoſed both mind and body upon the truſted ſupport of her Princely ſhepheard, when with the braying cries of a raſcall companie ſhe was robbed of her quiet, ſo that at one inſtant ſhe opened her eyes, and the enraged *Muſidorus* roſe from her; enraged betwixt the doubt he had what theſe men would goe about, and the ſpite he conceived againſt their ill-pleaſing preſence. But the clownes having with their hideous noiſe brought them both to their feet, had ſoone knowledge what gueſts they had found, for indeed theſe were the skummy remnant of thoſe rebels, whoſe naughty minds could not truſt ſo much to the goodneſſe of their Prince, as to lay their hang-worthy neckes upon the conſtancy of his promiſed pardon. Therefore when the reſt (who as ſheepe had but followed their fellowes) ſo ſheepiſhly had ſubmitted themſelves, theſe only committed their ſafety to the thickeſt part of thoſe deſert woods: who, as they were in the conſtitution of their minds little better than beaſts, ſo were they apt to degenerate to a beaſtly kinde of life, having now framed their gluttoniſh ſtomackes to have for food the wild benefits of nature, the uttermoſt end they had, being but to draw out (as much as they could) the line of a tedious life. In this ſort vagabonding in thoſe untroden places, they were guided by the everlaſting Juſtice, uſing themſelves to be puniſhers of their faults, and making their owne actions the beginning of their chaſtizements (unhappily both for him and themſelves) to light on *Muſidorus*. Whom as ſoone as they ſaw turned towards them, they full well remembred it was hee, that accompanied with *Baſilius*, had come to the ſuccour of *Zelmane*: and had left among ſome of them bloudy tokens of his valour. As for *Pamela*, they had many times ſeene her. Thus firſt ſtirred up with a ruſticall revenge againſt him,

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and then deſire of ſpoile to helpe their miſerable wants, but chiefly thinking it was the way to confirme their owne pardon, to bring the Princeſſe backe unto her father (whom they were ſure hee would never have ſent ſo farre ſo ſleightly accompanied) without any other denouncing of warre, ſet all together upon the worthy *Muſidorus*. Who being before hand as much enflamed againſt them, gave them ſo brave a welcome, that the ſmart of ſome made the reſt ſtand further off, crying and prating againſt him, but like bad curres, rather barking than cloſing: he in the meane time placing his trembling Lady to one of the Pyne trees, and ſo ſetting himſelfe before her, as might ſhew the cauſe of his courage grew in himſelfe, but the effect was onely employed in her defence. The villaines that now had a ſecond proofe, how ill wards they had for ſuch a ſword, turned all the courſe of their violence into throwing darts and ſtones, indeed the only way to overmaſter the valour of *Muſidorus*. Who finding them ſome already touch, ſome fall ſo neare his chiefeſt life *Pamela*, that in the end ſome one or other might hap to doe an unſuccourable miſchiefe, ſetting all his hope in deſpaire, ranne out from his Lady among them. Who ſtreight like ſo many ſwine, when a hardy maſtiffe ſets upon them, diſperſed themſelves. But the firſt hee overtooke, as he ran away, carrying his head as fat before him, as thoſe manner of runnings are wont to doe, with one blow ſtrake it ſo cleane off, that it falling betwixt the hands, and the body falling upon it, it made a ſhew as though the fellow had had great haſte to gather up his head againe. Another the ſpeed hee made to runne for the beſt game, bare him full butt againſt a tree, ſo that tumbling backe with a bruiſed face, and a dreadfull expectation, *Muſidorus* was ſtraight upon him: and parting with his ſword one of his legs from him, left him to make a roaring lamentation that his mortar-treading was marred for ever. A third finding his feet too ſlow, as well as his hands too weak, ſuddenly turned back, beginning to open his lips for mercy. But before hee had well entred a rudely compiled oration, *Muſidorus* blade was come betweene his jawes into his throat, and ſo the poore man reſted there for ever with a very evill mouth full of an anſwer. *Muſidorus* in this furious chaſe would have followed ſome other of theſe hatefull wretches, but that hee heard his Lady cry for helpe, whom three of this villanous crue, had (whiles *Muſidorus* followed their fellowes, compaſſing about ſome trees) ſuddenly come upon and ſurpriſed, threatning to kill her if ſhee cried, and meaning to convey her out of ſight, while the Prince was making his blood-thirſty chaſe. But ſhee that was reſolved, no worſe thing could fall unto her than the being depriued of him, on whom ſhe had eſtabliſhed all her comfort, with a pitifull cry fetched his eyes unto her: who then thinking ſo many weapons thruſt into his eyes, as with his eyes he ſaw bent againſt her, made all hearty ſpeed to her ſuccour. But one of them wiſer than his companions, ſet his dagger to her Alabaſter throat, ſwearing if he threw not away his ſword, hee would preſently kill her. There was never poore ſcholler, that having in ſtead of his booke ſome playing toy about him, did more ſuddenly caſt it from him, at the child-feared preſence of a cruell Schoolmaſter, than the valiant *Muſidorus* diſcharged himſelfe of his onely defence, when he ſaw it ſtood upon the inſtant point of his Ladies life. And holding up his noble hands to ſo unworthy audience, O *Arcadians*, it is I that have done you the wrong, ſhe is your Princeſſe (ſaid he) ſhe never had will to hurt you, and you ſee ſhee hath no power. Uſe your choler upon me that have better deſerved it, do not your ſelves the wrong to do her any hurt, which in no time or place will ever bee forgiven you. They that yet truſted not to his curteſie, bad him ſtand further off from his ſword; which hee obediently did, ſo farre was love above all other things in him. Then

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did they call together the reſt of their fellowes, who though they were few, yet according to their number poſſeſſed many places. And then began theſe ſavage Senators to make a conſultation what they ſhould do: ſome wiſhing to ſpoyle them of their jewells and let them go on their journie (for that if they carried them backe, they were ſure they ſhould have leaſt part of their prey) others preferring their old homes to any thing, deſired to bring them to *Baſilius* as pledges of their ſurety: and there wanted not which cried, the ſafeſt way was to kill them both; to ſuch an unworthy thraldome were theſe great and excellent perſonages brought. But the moſt part reſiſted to the killing of the Princeſſe, fore-ſeeing their lives would never bee ſafe after ſuch a fact committed, and began to wiſh rather the ſpoyle than death of *Muſidorus*: when the villain that had his leg cut off, came ſcrawling towards them, and being helped to them by one of the company, began with a groaning voice, and a disfigured face, to demand the revenge of his bloud, which ſince hee had ſpent with them in their defence, it were no reaſon he ſhould bee ſuffred by them to dye diſcontented. The onely contentment he required was, that by their help with his owne hands he mighr put his murtherer to ſome cruell death: he would faine have cried more againſt *Muſidorus*, but that the much loſſe of bloud, helped on with this vehemency, choked up the ſpirits of his life, leaving him to make betwixt his body and ſoule an ill-favoured partition. But they ſeeing their fellow in that ſort dye before their faces, did ſwell in new mortall rages: All reſolved to kill him, but now onely conſidering what maner of terrible death they ſhould invent for him. Thus was a while the agreement of his ſlaying broken by diſagreement of the manner of it; & extremity of cruelty grew for a time to be the ſtop of cruelty. At length they were reſolved every one to have a piece of him, and to become all as well hangmen as judges: When *Pamela* tearing her haire, and falling downe among them, ſometimes with all the ſort of humble prayers, mixt with promiſes of great good turnes (which they knew her ſtate was able to performe) ſometimes threatning them, that if they kild him and not her, ſhe would not onely revenge it upon them, but upon all their wives and children: bidding them conſider that though they might thinke ſhee was come away in her fathers diſpleaſure, yet they might be ſure he would ever ſhew himſelfe a father; that the gods would never, if ſhe lived, put her in ſo baſe eſtate, but that ſhe ſhould have ability to plague ſuch as they were: returning afreſh to prayers and promiſes, and mixing the ſame againe with threatnings, brought them who were now growne colder in their fellowes cauſe (who was paſt aggravating the matter with his cries) to determine with themſelves there was no way, but eyther to kill them both, or ſave them both. As for the killing, already they having anſwered themſelves, that that was a way to make them Citizens of the woods for ever; they did in fine conclude they would returne them backe againe to the King, which they did not doubt, would be the cauſe of a great reward, beſides their ſafety from their fore-deſerved puniſhment. Thus having either by fortune, or the force of thoſe two lovers inward working vertue, ſettled their cruell hearts to this gentler courſe, they tooke the two horſes, and having ſet upon them their princely priſoners, they returned towards the Lodge. The villaines having decked all their heads with lawrell branches, as thinking they had done a notable act, ſinging and ſhowting, ran by them, in hope to have brought them the ſame day againe to the King. But the time was ſo farre ſpent, that they were forced to take up that nights lodging in the midſt of the woods. Where while the clownes continued their watch about them, now that the night, according to his darke nature, did adde a kinde of deſolat nto the penſive hearts of theſe two afflicted lovers, *Muſidorus* taking the tender hand of

Pamela

Pamela, and bedewing it with his tears in this sort gave an issue to the swelling of his hearts griefe. Most excellent Lady, said he, in what case thinke you am I with my selfe? how unmerciful judgments do I lay upon my soule, now that I know not what god hath so reversed my well meaning enterprise, as instead of doing you that honour which I hoped (& not without reason hoped) *Thessalia* should have yeelded unto you, am now like to become a wretched instrument of your discomfort? Alas, how contrarie an end have all the inclinations of my minde taken! my faith fals out a treason unto you, & the true honour I beare you, is the field wherein your dishonour is like to be sown. But I invoke that universall and only wisdome (which examining the depth of hearts, hath not his judgment fixed upon the event) to bear testimony with me, that my desire, though in extremest vehemency, yet did not so overcharge my remẽbrance, but that, as far as mans wit might be extended, I sought to prevent all things that might fall to your hurt. But now that all the evil fortunes of evill fortune have crossed my best framed intent, I am most miserable in that, that I cannot only not give you help, but, which is worst of all, am barred from giving you counsell. For how should I open my mouth to counsell you in that, wherein by my counsel you are most undeservedly fallen? The faire and wise *Pamela*, although full of cares of the unhappy turning of this matter, yet seeing the griefe of *Musidorus* only stirred for her, did so tread downe all other motions with the true force of vertue, that she thus answered him, having first kissed him, which before she had never, love commanding her, which doubted how long they should enjoy one another; or of a lively spark of nobleness, to descend in most favour to one, when he is lowest in affliction. My deare, & ever deare *Musidorus* (said she) a greater wrong do you to your self, that will torment you thus with grief for the fault of fortune. Since a man is bound no further to himself, than to do wisely; chance is only to trouble them that stand upon chance. But greater is the wrong (at least if any thing that comes from you may beare the name of wrong) you do unto me, to thinke me either so childish, as not to perceive your faithfull faultlesnesse; or perceiving it, so basely disposed, as to let my heart be overthrown, standing upõ it self in so unspotted a pureness. Hold for certain, most worthy *Musidorus*, it is your self I love, which can no more be diminished by these showers of evill hap, than flowers are marred with the timely raines of April. For how can I want comfort that have the true and living comfort of thy unblemished vertue? And how can I want honour, as long as *Musidorus*, in whom indeed honour is, doth honour me? Nothing bred from my self can discomfort me: & fooles opinions I will not reckon as dishonour. *Musidorus* looking up to the starres, O mind of minds (said he) the living power of all things, which dost with all these eies behold our ever-varying actions, accept into thy favorable eares this praier of mine. If I may any longer hold out this dwelling on the earth, which is called a life, grant me ability to deserve at this Ladies hands the grace she hath shewed unto me; grant me wisdome to know her wisdome, & goodnesse so to encrease my love of her goodnesse, that all mine own chosen desires, bee to my selfe but second to her determinations. Whatsoever I be, let it be to her service: let me herein be satisfied, that for such infinite favours of vertue, I have some way wrought her satisfaction. But if my last time approcheth, and that I am no longer to be amongst mortall creatures, make yet my death serve her to some purpose, that hereafter she may not have cause to repent her selfe that she bestowed so excellent a mind upon *Musidorus*. *Pamela* could not chuse but accord the conceit of their fortune to these passionate praiers, in so much that her constant eies yeelded some teares, which wiping from her faire face with *Musidorus* hand, speaking softly unto him,

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as if ſhe had feared more any body ſhould be witneſſe of her weakeneſſe, than of any thing elſe ſhe had ſaid, You ſee, ſaid ſhee, my Prince and onely Lord, what you worke in me by your too much grieving for me: I pray you think I have no joy but in you, & if you fill that with ſorrow, what do you leave for me? What is prepared for us we know not, but that with ſorrow we cannot prevent it, we know. Now let us turn from theſe things, & think you how you will have me behave my ſelfe towards you in this matter. *Muſidorus* finding the authority of her ſpeech confirmed with direct neceſſity, the firſt care came to his minde was of his deare friend & couſin *Pyrocles*; with whom long before he had concluded what names they ſhould bear, if upon any occaſion they were forced to give themſelves out for great men, and yet not make themſelves fully known. Now fearing leſt if the Princeſs ſhould name him for *Muſidorus*, the fame of their two being together would diſcover *Pyrocles*; holding her hand betwixt his hands a good while together: I did not think, moſt excellent Princeſſe, ſaid he, to have made any further requeſt unto you; for having bin already to you ſo unfortunate a ſuiter, I know not what modeſty can beare any further demand. But the eſtate of one young man, whom (next to you, far above my ſelfe) I love more than all the world, one worthy of all well being, for the notable conſtitution of his mind, & moſt unworthy to receive hurt by me, whom he doth in all faith & conſtancy love, the pity of him only goes beyond all reſolution to the contrary. Then did he, to the Princeſſe great admiration, tell her the whole ſtorie as far as he knew of it, and that when they made the grievous diſ-junction of their long combination, they had concluded *Muſidorus* ſhould entitle himſelf *Palladius* Prince of *Iberia*, and *Pyrocles* ſhould be *Daiphantus* of *Lycia*.

Now (ſaid *Muſidorus*) he keeping a womans habit, is to uſe no other name than *Zelmane*: but I that find it beſt, of the one ſide for your honour, you went away with a Prince, & not with a ſhepheard; of the other ſide accounting my death leſſe evill than the betraying of that ſweet friend of mine, will take this meane betwixt both, & uſing the name of *Palladius*, if the reſpect of a Prince wil ſtop your fathers furie, that will ſerve as well as *Muſidorus*, untill *Pyrocles* fortune being ſome way eſtabliſhed, I may freely give good proof that the noble country of *Theſſalia* is mine: and if that will not mitigate your fathers opinion to mewards (nature I hope working in your excellencies will make him deale well by you.) For my part, the image of death is nothing fearefull unto me: and this good I ſhall have reaped by it, that I ſhal leave my moſt eſteemed friend in no danger to be diſcloſed by me. And beſides (ſince I muſt confeſſe, I am not without a remorſe of her caſe) my vertuous mother ſhall not know her ſons violent death, hid under the fame will go of *Palladius*: but as long as her yeeres, now of good number, be counted among the living, ſhe may joy her ſelfe with ſome poſſibility of my returne. *Pamela* promiſing him upon no occaſion ever to name him, fell into extremity of weeping, as if her eyes had beene content to ſpend all their ſeeing moiſtneſſe, now that there was a ſpeech of the loſſe of that, which they held as the chiefeſt light. So that *Muſidorus* was forced to repaire her good counſels with ſweet conſolations, which continued betwixt them untill it was about midnight, that ſleepe having ſtollen into their heavie ſenſes, and now abſolutely commanding in their vitall powers, left them delicately wound one in anothers armes, quietly to waite for the comming of the morning: which as ſoon as ſhe appeared to play her part, laden (as you have heard) with ſo many well occaſioned lamentations, their lobbiſh guard (who all night had kept themſelves awake with prating how valiant deeds they had done when they ran away: and how faire a death their fellow had died, who at his laſt gaſpe ſued to be a hangman) awaked them

them, and ſet them upon their horſes, to whom the very ſhining force of excellent vertue, though in a very harriſh ſubject, had wrought a kinde of reverence in them; *Muſidorus* as he rid among them (of whom they had no other hold but of *Pamela*) thinking it want of well ſquared judgment, to leave any meane unaſſayed of ſaving their lives, to this purpoſe ſpake to his unſeemely guardians, uſing a plaine kind of phraſe to make his ſpeech the more credible. My maſters (ſaid hee) there is no man that is wiſe, but hath in whatſoever he doth ſome purpoſe whereto he directs his doings, which ſo long he followes, till he ſee that either that purpoſe is not worth the pains, or that another doing carries with it a better purpoſe. That you are wiſe in what you take in hand, I have to my coſt learned: that makes me deſire you to tell me what is your end in carrying the Princeſs & me back to her father. Pardon ſaid one, Reward cryed another. Well (ſaid hee) take both, although I know you are ſo wiſe to remember, that hardly they both will goe together, being of ſo contrary a making; for the ground of pardon is an evill, neither any man pardons but remembers an evill done: the cauſe of reward is the opinion of ſome good act, and who ſo rewardeth, that holds the chiefe place of his fancy. Now one man of one companie, to have the ſame conſideration both of good and evill, but that the conceit of pardoning, if it be pardoned, will take away the mind of rewarding, is very hard, if not impoſſible. For either even in juſtice will hee puniſh the fault as well as reward the deſert, or elſe in mercy ballance the one by the other: ſo that the not chaſtiſing ſhall be a ſufficient ſatisfying. Thus then you may ſee that in your owne purpoſe reſts great uncertainty. But I will grant that by this your deed you ſhall obtaine your double purpoſe. Yet conſider I pray you whether by another mean that may not better be obtained, & then I doubt not your wiſedomes will teach you to take hold of the better. I am ſure you know any body were better have no neede of a pardon than enjoy a pardon, for as it carries with it the ſurety of a preſerved life, ſo beares it a continuall note of a deſerved death. This therefore (beſides the danger you may run into, my Lady *Pamela* being the undoubted inheritrix of this State, if ſhe ſhall hereafter ſeeke to revenge the wrong done her) ſhall be continually caſt in your teeth, as men dead by the law: the honeſter ſort will diſdaine your companie, and your children ſhall be the more baſely reputed of, and you your ſelves in every ſleight fault hereafter, as men once condemned, apteſt to be overthrowne. Now if you will (I doubt not you wil, for you are wiſe) turne your courſe, & guard my Lady *Pamela* thitherward whither ſhe was going: firſt, you need not doubt to adventure your fortunes where ſhe goes, and there ſhall you be aſſured in a country as good and rich as this, of the ſame manners and language, to be ſo farre from the conceit of a pardon, as wee both ſhall be forced to acknowledge wee have received by your meanes whatſoever we hold deare in this life. And ſo for reward, judge you whether it be not more likely you ſhall there receive it, where you have done no evill, but ſingular and undeſerved goodneſs; or here, where this ſervice of yours ſhall be diminiſhed by your duty, & blemiſhed by your former fault. Yes I proteſt and ſweare unto you, by the faire eies of that Ladie, there ſhall no Gentlemen in all that countrey be preferred: you ſhall have riches, eaſe, pleaſure; and that which is beſt to ſuch worthy mindes, you ſhall not be forced to crie mercie for a good fact. You only of all the *Arcadians*, ſhal have the praiſe in continuing in your late valiant attempt, and not baſely be brought under a halter for ſeeking the libertie of *Arcadia*. Theſe words in their mindes, who did nothing for any love of goodneſſe, but onely as their ſenſes preſented greater ſhewes of profit, began to make them waver, and ſome to clappe their hands and ſcratch their heads, and ſweare it was the beſt

beſt way. Others that would ſeem wiſer than the reſt, to capitulate what tenements they ſhould have, what ſubſidies they ſhould pay: others to talke of their wives, in doubt whether it were beſt to ſend for them, or to take new where they went: moſt (like fooles) not readily thinking what was next to bee done, but imagining what cheare they would make when they came there, one or two of the laſt diſcourſers beginning to turne their faces towards the woods which they had left. But being now come within the plaine neare to the Lodges, unhappily they eſpied a troupe of horſemen. But then their falſe hearts had quickly, for the preſent feare, forſaken their laſt hopes: and therefore keeping on the way toward the Lodge, with ſongs & cries of joy, the horſemen, who were ſome of them *Philanax* had ſent out to the ſearch of *Pamela*, came galloping unto them; marvelling who they were that in ſuch a generall mourning durſt ſing joyfull tunes, and in ſo publique a ruine weare the lawrell token of victory. And that which ſeemed ſtrangeſt, they might ſee two among them unarmed like priſoners, but riding like Captaines. But when they came nearer, they perceived the one was a Lady, and the Lady *Pamela*. Then glad they had by hap found that which they ſo little hoped to meet withall, taking theſe clowns, who firſt reſiſted them, for the deſire they had to be the deliverers of the two excellent priſoners, learning that they were of thoſe rebels which had made the dangerous uproare, as well under colour to puniſh that, as this their laſt withſtanding them, but indeed their principall cauſe being, becauſe they themſelves would have the only praiſe of their own queſt, they ſuffered not one of them to live. Marry three of the ſtubborneſt of them they left their bodies hanging upon the trees, becauſe their doing might carry the likelier forme of judgement. Such an unlooked for end did the life of Juſtice work, for the naughty minded wretches, by ſubjects to be executed, that would have executed Princes: and to ſuffer that without law, which by law they had deſerved. And thus theſe young folkes twice priſoners before any due arreſt, delivered of their jaylours, but not of their jayle, had rather change than reſpite of miſery; theſe ſouldiers that tooke them, with very few words of entertainment haſting to carry them to their lord *Philanax*: to whom they came, even as he, going out of the Lady *Philoclea's* chamber, had overtaken *Pyrocles*, whom before hee had delivered to the cuſtody of a Nobleman of that country. When *Pyrocles*, led towards his priſon, ſaw his friend *Muſidorus*, with the noble Lady *Pamela* in that inexpected ſort returned, his griefe (if any griefe were in a minde, which had placed every thing according to his naturall worth) was verie much augmented, for beſides ſome ſmall hope hee had, if *Muſidorus* had once beene cleare of *Arcadia*, by his dealing and authority to have brought his onely gladſome deſires to a good iſſue: the hard eſtate of his friend did no leſſe, nay rather more vexe him than his owne. For ſo indeed it is ever found, where valour and friendſhip are perfectly coupled in one heart: the reaſon being, that the reſolute man, having once digeſted in his judgement the worſt extremity of his owne caſe, and having either quite expelled or at leaſt repelled all paſſion, which ordinarily followes an overthrowne fortune, not knowing his friends minde ſo well as his owne, nor with what patience hee brookes his caſe (which is as it were the materiall cauſe of making a man happy or unhappy) doubts whether his friend accompts not himſelfe more miſerable, and ſo indeed bee more lamentable. But aſſoone as *Muſidorus* was brought by the ſouldiers neare unto *Philanax*, *Pyrocles* not knowing whether ever after he ſhould bee ſuffered to ſee his friend, and determining there could bee no advantage by diſſembling a not knowing of him, leapt ſodainely from their hands that held him, and paſsing with a ſtrength ſtrengthened with a true affection

affection, through them that encompaſſed *Muſidorus*, he embraced him as faſt as he could in his armes: And kiſſing his cheeks, O my *Palladius* (ſaid he) let not our vertue now abandon us; let us prove our mindes are no ſlaves to fortune, but in adverſity can triumph over adverſity. Deare *Daiphantus*, anſwered *Muſidorus* (ſeeing by his apparell his being a man was revealed) I thanke you for this beſt care of my beſt part: but feare not, I have kept too long company with you to want now a thorow determination of theſe things; I well know there is nothing evill but within us, the reſt is either naturall or accidentall. *Philanax* finding them of ſo neare acquaintance, began preſently to examine them apart: but ſuch reſolution hee met with in them, that by no ſuch meanes hee could learne further than it pleaſed them to deliver: So that he thought beſt to put them both in one place, with eſpiall of their words and behaviour, that way to ſift out the more of theſe forepaſſed miſchiefes. And for that purpoſe gave them both unto the Nobleman, who before had the cuſtodie of *Pyrocles*, by name *Simpathus*, leaving a truſtie ſervant of his owne to give diligent watch to what might paſſe betwixt them. No man that hath ever paſſed thorow the ſchoole of affection, needs doubt what a tormenting griefe it was to the noble *Pamela*, to have the company of him taken from her, to whoſe vertuous company ſhe had bound her life. But weighing with her ſelfe, it was fit for her honour, till her doings were cleerely manifeſted, that they ſhould remaine ſeparate, kept downe the riſing tokens of griefe; ſhewing paſſion in nothing but her eyes, which accompanied *Muſidorus* even unto the tent whither hee and *Pyrocles* were led. Then with a countenance more princely than ſhe was wont, according to the wont of higheſt hearts (like the palme-tree ſtriving moſt upward, when hee is moſt burthened) ſhee commanded *Philanax* to bring her to her father and mother, that ſhee might render them account of her doings. *Philanax* ſhewing a ſullen kinde of reverence unto her, as a man that honoured her as his Maſters heire, but much miſliked her for her (in his conceit) diſhonourable proceedings, told her what was paſt, rather to anſwer her, than that hee thought ſhee was ignorant of it. But her good ſpirit did preſently ſuffer a true compaſſionate affliction of thoſe hard adventures: which with croſſing her armes, looking a great while on the ground, with thoſe eyes which let fall many teares, ſhe well declared. But in the end remembring how neceſſary it was for her, not to love her ſelfe in ſuch an extremity, ſhee ſtrengthened her well created heart, and ſtoutly demanded *Philanax*, what authoritie then they had to lay hands on her perſon, who being the undoubted heire, was then the lawfull Princeſſe of that Kingdome? *Philanax* anſwered, her Grace knew the ancient lawes of *Arcadia* were, ſhee was to have no ſway of government till ſhe came to one and twenty yeeres of age, or were married. And married I am, anſwered the wiſe Princeſſe, therefore I demand your due allegeance. The gods forbid, ſaid *Philanax*, *Arcadia* ſhould be a dowrie of ſuch marriages. Beſides, hee told her all the ſtates of her countrey were evill ſatisfied touching her fathers death, which likewiſe, according to the ſtatutes of *Arcadia*, was even that day to be judged of, before the bodie were removed to receive his Princely funeralls. After that paſt, ſhe ſhould have ſuch obedience, as by the lawes was due unto her, deſiring God ſhee would ſhew her ſelfe better in publike governement, than ſhee had done in private. She would have ſpoken to the Gentlemen and people gathered about her: but *Philanax* fearing leſt thereby ſome commotion might ariſe, or at leaſt a hinderance of executing his Maſters murtherers, which hee longed after more than any thing, haſted her up to the Lodge, where her ſiſter was, and there with a choſen company of Souldiers to guard the place, left her with *Philoclea*, *Pamela* proteſting they

laid violent hands on her, and that they entred into rebellious attempts againſt her. But high time it was for *Philanax* ſo to do; for already was all the whole multitude fallen into confuſed and dangerous diviſions.

There was a notable example, how great diſſipations Monarchall government is ſubject unto. For now their Prince and guide had left them, they had not experience to rule; and had not whom to obey. Publike matters had ever beene privately governed, ſo that they had no lively taſte what was good for themſelves. But every thing was either vehemently deſirefull, or extremely terrible. Neighbours invaſions, civill diſſention, cruelty of the comming Prince, and whatſoever in common ſenſe carries a dreadfull ſhew, was in all mens heads, but in few how to prevent: hearkening on every rumour, ſuſpecting every thing, condemning them whom before they had honoured, making ſtrange and impoſſible tales of the Kings death, while they thought themſelves in danger, wiſhing nothing but ſafety; as ſoone as perſwaſion of ſafety tooke them, deſiring further benefits, as amendment of forepaſſed faults (which faults notwithſtanding none could tell either the grounds or effects of) all agreeing in the univerſall names of liking or miſliking, but of what in eſpeciall points, infinitely diſagreeing. Altogether like a falling ſteeple, the part whereof, as windowes, ſtones, and pinnacles were well, but the whole maſſe ruinous. And this was the generall cauſe of all, wherin notwithſtanding was an extreme medley of diverſified thoughts, the great men looking to make themſelves ſtrong by factions, the Gentlemen ſome bending to them, ſome ſtanding upon themſelves, ſome deſirous to overthrow thoſe few which they thought were over them; the ſouldiers deſirous of trouble, as the nurſe of ſpoile, and not much unlike to them, though in another way, were all the needy ſort, the rich fearfull, the wiſe carefull. This compoſition of conceits brought forth a dangerous tumult, which yet would have beene more dangerous, but that it had ſo many parts, that no body well knew againſt whom chiefely to oppoſe themſelves. For ſome there were that cryed to have the State altered, and governed no more by a Prince; marry in the alteration, many would have the *Lacedemonian* government of a few choſen Senatours; others the *Athenian*, where the peoples voice held the chiefe authority. But theſe were rather the diſcourſing ſort of men than the active, being a matter more in imagination than practice. But they that went neareſt to the preſent caſe (as in a countrey that knew no governement without a Prince) were they that ſtrove whom they ſhould make. Whereof a great number there were that would have the Princeſſe *Pamela* preſently to enjoy it: ſome diſdaining that ſhe had as it were abandoned her owne countrey, enclining more to *Philoclea*: and there wanted not of them, which wiſhed *Gynecia* were delivered, and made Regent till *Pamela* were worthily married. But great multitudes there were, which having beene acquainted with the juſt government of *Philanax*, meant to eſtabliſh him as Lievtenant of the ſtate: and theſe were the moſt popular ſort, who judged by the commodities they felt. But the principall men in honour and might, who had long before envied his greatneſſe with *Baſilius*, did much more ſpurne againſt any ſuch preferment of him. For yet before their envie had ſome kind of breathing out his rancour, by laying his greatneſſe as a fault to the Princes judgement, who ſhewed in *Dametas* he might eaſily be deceived in mens valour: But now if the Princes choice, by ſo many mouthes ſhould be confirmed, what could they object to ſo rightly eſteemed an excellency? they therefore were diſpoſed, ſooner to yeeld to any thing, than to his raiſing: and were content (for to croſſe *Philanax*) to ſtop thoſe actions, which otherwiſe they could not but thinke good. *Philanax* himſelfe

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as much hindred by thoſe that did immoderately honour him (which brought both more envie and ſuſpicion upon him) as by them that did manifeſtly reſiſt him, but (ſtanding onely upon a conſtant deſire of juſtice, and a cleare conſcience) went forward ſtoutly in the action of his maſters revenge, which hee thought himſelfe particularly bound to. For the reſt, as the ordering of the government, hee accounted himſelfe but as one, wherein notwithſtanding he would employ all his loyall endevour.

But among the Noblemen, hee that moſt openly ſet himſelfe againſt him, was named *Timautus*, a man of middle age, but of extreme ambition, as one that had placed his uttermoſt good in greatneſſe, thinking ſmall difference by what meanes he came by it. Of commendable wit, if he had not made it a ſervant to unbridled deſires. Cunning to creepe into mens favours, which hee prized onely as they were ſerviceable unto him. Hee had beene brought up in ſome ſouldiery, which he knew how to ſet out with more than deſerved oſtentation. Servile (though envious) to his betters: and no leſſe tyrannically minded to them he had advantage of. Counted revengefull, but indeed meaſuring both revenge and reward, as the partie might either helpe or hurt him. Rather ſhameleſſe than bold, and yet more bold in practice than in perſonall adventures. In ſumme, a man that could bee as evill as he liſted, and liſted as much as any advancement might thereby be gotten. As for vertue, he counted it but a ſchoole name. He even at the firſt aſſembling together, finding the great ſtroke *Philanax* carried among the people, thought it his readieſt way of ambition to joyne with him: which though his pride did hardly brook, yet the other vice carrying with it a more apparent object, prevailed over the weaker, ſo that with thoſe liberall proteſtations of friendſhip, which men that care not for their word are wont to beſtow, he offered unto him the choice in marriage of either the ſiſters, ſo he would likewiſe help him to the other, and make ſuch a partition of the *Arcadian* eſtate: Wiſhing him, that ſince he loved his Maſter, becauſe hee was his Maſter, which ſhewed the love began in himſelfe, he ſhould rather, now occaſion was preſented, ſeeke his owne good ſubſtantially, than affect the ſmoak of a glory, by ſhewing an untimely fidelity to him that could not reward it: and have all the fruit hee ſhould get, in mens opinions, which would bee as divers as many; few agreeing to yeeld him due praiſe of his true heart. But *Philanax*, who had limited his thoughts in that he eſteemed good (to which he was neither carried by the vain tickling of uncertaine fame, nor from which he would be tranſported by enjoying any thing, whereto the ignorant world gives the excellent name of goods) with great miſlike of his offer, he made him ſo peremptory an anſwer, not without threatning, if hee found him foſter any ſuch fancy, that *Timautus* went with an inward ſpite from him, whom before hee had never loved; and meaſuring all mens marches by his owne pace, rather thought it ſome further fetch of *Philanax* (as that hee would have all to himſelfe alone) than was any way taken with the lovely beauty of his vertue; whoſe image he had ſo quite defaced in his owne ſoule, that hee had left himſelfe no eyes to behold it, but ſtayed waiting fit opportunity to execute his deſires both for himſelfe and againſt *Philanax*; which by the bringing backe of *Pamela*, the people being divided into many motions (which both with murmuring noiſes, and putting themſelves in ſeverall troupes, they well ſhewed) hee thought apt time was layed before him, the waters being (as the Proverbe ſaith) troubled, and ſo the better for his fiſhing. Therefore going amongſt the chiefeſt Lords, whom he knew principally to repine at *Philanax*, and making a kind of convocation of them, hee inveighed againſt his proceeding, drawing every thing to

the most malicious interpretation, that malice it selfe could instruct him to doe. He said, it was season for them to looke to such a weed, that else would over-grow them all. It was not now time to consult of the dead, but of the living, since such a slye Wolfe was entred among them, that could make justice the cloake of tyrannie, and love of his late Master the destruction of his now being children. Doe you not see (said hee) how farre his corruption hath stretched, that hee hath such a number of Rascals voices to declare him Lievtenant, ready to make him Prince, but that hee instructs them, matters are not yet ripe for it? As for us, because wee are too rich to be bought, he thinkes us the fitter to be killed. Hath *Arcadia* bred no man but *Philanax*? Is shee become a stepmother to all the rest, and hath given all her blessings to *Philanax*? Or if there bee men amongst us, let us shew wee disdaine to be servants to a servant. Let us make him know, wee are farre worthier not to be slaves, than hee to be a Master. Thinke you hee hath made such haste in these matters, to give them over to anothers mans hand? Thinke you hee durst become the Jaylor of his Princesse, but either meaning to bee her Master, or her murtherer? And all this for the deare good will (forsooth) he bears to the Kings memory, whose authority as he abused in his life, so he would now persevere to abuse his name after his death. O notable affection, for the love of the father to kill the wife, and dis-inherite the children! O single-minded modestie, to aspire to no lesse than to the Princely Diademe! No, no, hee hath vired all this while, but to come the sooner to his affected end. But let us remember what wee be; in quality his equalls, in number farre before him: let us deliver the Queene and our naturall Princesses, and leave them no longer under his authority, whose proceedings would rather shew that hee himselfe had beene the murtherer of the King, than a fit Guardian of his posterity. These words pierced much into the mindes already inclined that way; insomuch that most part of the Nobility confirmed *Timautus* speech, and were ready to execute it: when *Philanax* came among them, and with a constant, but reverent behaviour, desired them they would not exercise private grudges in so common a necessity. Hee acknowledged himselfe a man, and a faulty man; to the cleering or satisfying of which, hee would at all times submit himselfe; since his end was to bring all things to an upright judgement, it should evill fit him to flye the judgement. But, said hee, my Lords, let not *Timautus* rayling speech (who whatsoever hee findes evill in his soule, can with ease lay it upon another) make mee lose your good favour. Consider that all well-doing stands so in the middle betwixt his two contrary evils, that it is a ready matter to cast a slanderous shade upon the most approved vertues. Who hath an evill tongue, can call severitie, crueltie; and faithfull diligence, diligent ambition. But my end is not to excuse my selfe, nor to accuse him: for both those, hereafter will be time enough. There is neither of us, whose purging or punishing may so much import to *Arcadia*. Now I request you, for your owne honours sake, and require you by the duty you owe to this estate, that you doe presently (according to the lawes) take in hand the chastisement of our Masters murderers, and laying order for the government: by whomsoever it be done, so it be done, and justly done, I am satisfied. My labour hath beene to frame things so, as you might determine: now it is in you to determine. For my part, I call the heavens to witnesse, the care of my heart stands to repay that, wherein both I, and most of you were tyed to that Prince, with whom all my love of worldly action is dead.

As *Philanax* was speaking his last words, there came one running to him with open mouth, and fearefull eyes, telling him, that there was a great number of the

the people which were bent to take the young men out of *Simpathus* hands, and, as it ſhould ſeeme by their acclamations, were like enough to proclaime them Princes. Nay, ſaid *Philanax*, (ſpeaking aloud, and looking with a juſt anger upon the Noblemen) it is no ſeaſon to heare *Timautus* idle ſlanders, while ſtrangers become our Lords, and *Baſilius*'s murtherers ſit in his throne. But whoſoever is a true *Arcadian*, let him follow me. With that he went toward the place he heard of, followed by thoſe that had ever loved him, and ſome of the Noblemen. Some other remaining with *Timautus*, who in the meane time was conſpiring by ſtrong hand to deliver *Gynecia*, of whom the weakeſt guard was had. But *Philanax* where he went found them all in an uproare, which thus was fallen out. The greateſt multitude of people, that were come to the death of *Baſilius*, were the *Mantineans*, as being the neareſt City to the Lodges. Among theſe, the chiefe man both in authority and love, was *Kalander*, he that not long before had bin hoſt to the two Princes; whom though he knew not ſo much as by name, yet beſides the obligation hee ſtood bound to them in, for preſerving the lives of his ſonne and nephew, their noble behaviour had bred ſuch love in his heart towards them, as both with teares he parted from them, when they left him (under promiſe to returne) and did keepe their jewels and apparell, as the reliques of two demi-gods. Among others, he had entred the priſon, and ſeene them, which forthwith ſo inveſted his ſoule both with ſorrow and deſire to helpe them (whom he tendred as his children) that calling his neighbours the *Mantineans* unto him, he told them all the praiſes of theſe two young men, ſwearing, he thought the gods had promiſed for them better, than they themſelves could have imagined. He willed them to conſider, that when all was done *Baſilius* children muſt enjoy the ſtate, who ſince they had choſen, and choſen ſo, as all the world could not mend their choice, why ſhould they reſiſt Gods doing, and their Princeſſes pleaſure? This was the only way to purchaſe quietneſſe without blood, where otherwiſe they ſhould at one inſtant crowne *Pamela* with a Crown of gold, and a diſhonoured title: which whether ever ſhee would forget, he thought it fit for them to weigh: ſuch (ſaid he) heroicall greatneſſe ſhines in their eyes, ſuch an extraordinary majeſtie in all their actions, as ſurely either fortune by parentage, or nature in creation, hath made them Princes. And yet a ſtate already we have, we need but a man, who ſince he is preſented unto you by the heavenly providence, embraced by your undoubted Princeſſe, worthy for their youth of compaſſion, for their beauty of admiration, for their excellent vertue, to be Monarchs of the world; ſhall wee not be content with our owne bliſſe? ſhall we put out our eyes, becauſe another man cannot ſee? or rather like ſome men, when too much good happens unto them, they thinke themſelves in a dreame, and have no ſpirits to taſte their owne goods? No, no, my friends, beleeve mee, I am ſo unpartiall that I know not their names, but ſo overcome with their vertue, that I ſhall then thinke the deſtinies have ordained a perpetuall flouriſhing to *Arcadia*, when they ſhall allot ſuch a governour unto it. This ſpoken by a grave man in yeares, great in authority, neare allyed to the Prince, and known honeſt, prevailed ſo with all the *Mantineans*, that with one voice they ran to deliver the two Princes. But *Philanax* came in time to withſtand them, both ſides yet ſtanding in armes, and rather wanting a beginning, than mindes to enter into a bloudy conflict. Which *Philanax* foreſeeing, thought beſt to remove the priſoners ſecretly, and if need were, rather without forme of juſtice to kill them, than againſt juſtice (as hee thought) to have them uſurpe the ſtate. But there againe aroſe a new trouble. For *Simpathus* (the noble-man that kept them) was ſo ſtricken in compaſſion with their excellent preſence, that as he would not falſifie his promiſe to *Philanax*,

to give them liberty, ſo yet would he not yeeld them to himſelfe, fearing he would doe them violence. Thus tumult upon tumult ariſing, the Sunne (I thinke) a weary to ſee their diſcords, had already gone downe to his Weſterne lodging. But yet to know what the poore ſhepheards did, who were the firſt diſcryers of theſe matters, will not to ſome eares perchance be a tedious digreſſion.

Here endeth the fourth Booke or Act.

The fourth ECLOGUE.

THe ſhepheards finding no place for them in theſe garboiles, to which their quiet hearts (whoſe higheſt ambition was in keeping themſelves up in goodneſſe) had at all any aptneſſe, retired themſelves from among the clamorous multitude: and as ſorrow deſires company, went up together to the Weſtern ſide of a hill, whoſe proſpect extended it ſo far, as they might well diſcern many of *Arcadia*'s beauties. And there looking upon the Sunnes as then declining race, the poore men ſate penſive of their preſent miſeries, as if they found a wearineſſe of their wofull words: till at laſt good old *Geron* (who as he had longeſt taſted the benefits of *Baſilius* government ſo ſeemed to have a ſpeciall feeling of the preſent loſſe) wiping his eyes and long white beard bedewed with great drops of teares, began in this ſort to complaine: Alas poore ſheepe (ſaid hee) which hitherto have enjoyed your fruitfull paſture in ſuch quietneſſe, as your wooll among other things hath made this countrey famous, your beſt dayes are now paſt: now you muſt become the victuall of an army, and perchance an armie of forraine enemies: you are now not onely to feare home-Wolves, but alien Lions; now (I ſay) now that our right *Baſilius* is deceaſed. Alas, ſweet paſtures, ſhall ſouldiers that know not how to uſe you, poſſeſſe you? Shal they that cannot ſpeake the *Arcadian* language be Lords over your ſhepheards? For alas with good cauſe may we looke for any evill, ſince *Baſilius* our onely ſtrength is taken from us. To that all the other ſhepheards preſent uttered pitifull voices, eſpecially the very borne *Arcadians*. For as for the other, though humanity moved them to pitty humane caſes, eſpecially in a Prince, under whom they had found a refuge of their miſeries, and juſtice equally adminiſtred, yet could they not ſo naturally feele the lively touch of ſorrow. Nevertheleſſe, of that number one *Agelaſtus*, notably noted among them, as well for his skill in Poetry, as for an auſterely maintained ſorrowfulneſſe, wherewith he ſeemed to deſpiſe the workes of nature, framing an univerſall complaint in that univerſall miſchiefe, uttered it in this Seſtine.

SInce wayling is a bud of cauſefull ſorrow,
Since ſorrow is the follower of evill fortune,
Since no evill fortune equals publike damage;
Now Princes loſſe hath made our damage publike,
Sorrow pay we to thee the rights of Nature,
And inward griefe ſeale up with outward wailing.

Why ſhould we ſpare our voice from endleſſe wayling,
Who juſtly make our hearts the ſeate of ſorrow?

In

In ſuch a caſe where it appeares that nature
Doth adde her forces unto the ſting of fortune:
Chooſing alas! this our theater publike,
Where they would leave trophees of cruell damage.

Then ſince ſuch pow'rs conſpir'd our damage
(Which may be knowne, but never helpe with wailing)
Yet let us leave a monument in publike,
Of willing teares, torne haires, and cries of ſorrow.
For loſt, loſt is by blow of cruell fortune
Arcadia's *gemme, the nobleſt childe of nature.*

O nature doting old, O blinded nature,
How haſt thou torn thy ſelfe! ſought thine own danger!
In granting ſuch a ſcope to filthy fortune,
By thy impes loſſe to fill the world with wailing,
Caſt thy ſtepmother eyes upon our ſorrow,
Publike our loſſe, ſo ſee, thy ſhame is publike.

O that we had, to make our woes more publike,
Seas in our eyes, and braſen tongues by nature,
A yelling voice, and hearts compos'd of ſorrow,
Breath made of flames, wits knowing nought but damage
Our ſports murdring our ſelves, our muſicks wayling,
Our ſtudies fixt upon the falls of fortune.

No, no, our miſchiefe growes in this vile fortune,
That private paines can not breathe out in publike
The furious inward griefes with helliſh wailing,
But forced are to burthen feeble nature
With ſecret ſenſe of our eternall damage,
And ſorrow feed, feeding our ſoules with ſorrow.

Since ſorrow then concludeth all our fortune,
With all our deaths ſhew we this damage publike.
His nature feares to dye who lives ſtill wayling.

It ſeemed that this complaint of *Agelaſtus* had awaked the ſpirits of the *Arcadians*, aſtoniſhed before with exceedingneſſe of ſorrow. For he had ſcarcely ended, when divers of them offred to follow his example, in bewailing the generall loſſe of that countrey, which had been as well a nurſe to ſtrangers, as a mother to *Arcadians*. Among the reſt one accounted good in that kind, and made the better by the true feeling of ſorrow, roared out a ſong of lamentation, which (as well as might be) was gathered up in this forme:

SInce that to death is gone the ſhepheard hie,
Who moſt the ſilly ſhepheards pipe did priſe,
Your dolefull tunes ſweet Muſes now apply:

And

And you O trees (if any life there lies
In trees) now through your porous barkes receive
The strange resound of these my causefull cryes:
And let my breath upon your branches cleave,
My breath distinguish'd into words of woe,
That so I may signes of my sorrow leave.
But if among your selves some one tree grow,
That aptest is to figure misery,
Let it embassage beare your griefes to show.
The weeping Myrrhe I thinke will not deny
Her helpe to this, this justest cause of plaint.
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses *now apply.*

And thou poore earth, whom fortune doth attaint,
In Natures name to suffer such a harme,
As for to lose thy gemme, and such a Saint,
Upon thy face let coaly Ravens swarme,
Let all the Sea thy teares accounted bee:
Thy bowels with all killing metalls arme.
Let gold now rust, let Diamonds waste in thee:
Let Pearles be wan with wo, their dam doth beare:
Thy selfe henceforth the light doe never see.
And you O flowers, which sometimes Princes weare,
Till these strange altrings you did hap to try,
Of Princes losse your selves foretokens reare.
Lily, *in mourning blacke thy whitenesse dye:*
O Hyacinthe *let* Ay *be on thee still.*
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses *now apply.*

O Eccho, *all these wooods with roaring fill,*
And doe not onely marke the accents last,
But all, for all reach out my wailefull will:
One Eccho *to another* Eccho *cast*
Sound of my griefes, and let it never end,
Till that it hath all woods and waters past.
Nay to the heav'ns your just complaining send,
And stay the starres inconstant constant race,
Till that they doe unto our dolours bend:
And aske the reason of that speciall grace,
That they which have no lives should live so long,
And vertuous soules so soon should lose their place?
Aske if in great men good men doe so throng,
That he for want of elbow-roome must die?
Or if that they be scant, if this be wrong?
Did wisedome this our wretched time espie
In one true chest to rob all vertues treasure?
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses *now apply.*

And if that any counsell you to measure
Your dolefull tunes, to them still plaining say,

To well felt griefe, plaint is the only pleasure.
O light of Sunne, which is entit'led day;
O well thou doest that thou no longer bidest;
For mourning night her black weeds may display.
O Phœbus with good cause thy face thou hidest,
Rather than have thy all-beholding eye
Foul'd with this sight, while thou thy chariot guidest:
And well (me thinkes) becomes this vaulty skie
A stately tombe to cover him deceased.
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now apply.

O Philomela with thy breast oppressed
By shame and griefe, help, help me to lament
Such cursed harmes as cannot be redressed.
Or if thy mourning notes be fully spent,
Then give a quiet eare unto my plaining:
For I to teach the world complaint am bent.
You dimmy clouds, which well employ your staining
This chearfull aire with your obscured cheare,
Witnesse your wofull teares with daily raining.
And if, O Sunne, thou ever didst appeare
In shape, which by mans eye might be perceived:
Vertue is dead, now set thy triumph here.
Now set thy triumph in this world, bereaved
Of what was good, where now no good doth lye:
And by thy pompe our losse will be conceived.
O notes of mine, your selves together tye:
With too much griefe me thinkes you are dissolved.
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now apply.

Time ever old, and young is still revolved
Within it selfe, and never tasteth end:
But mankind is for aye to nought resolved.
The filthy snake her aged coat can mend,
And getting youth againe, in youth doth flourish:
But unto man age ever death doth send.
The very trees with grafting we can cherish,
So that we can long time produce their time:
But man which helpeth them, helplesse must perish.
Thus, thus the mindes which over all doe climbe,
When they by yeares experience get best graces,
Must finish then by deaths detested crime.
We last short while, and build long lasting places:
Ah let us all against foule nature cry:
We Natures workes doe helpe, she us defaces.
For how can Nature unto this reply,
That she her childe, I say, her best child killeth?
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses now apply.

Alas, me thinkes my weakened voice but spilleth

The vehement course of his just lamentation:
Me thinkes my sound no place with sorrow filleth.
I know not I, but once in detestation
I have my selfe, and all that life containeth,
Since death on vertues fort hath made invasion.
One word of woe another after traineth:
Ne doe I care how rude be my invention,
So it be seene what sorrow in me raigneth.
O Elements, by whose (men say) contention,
Our bodies be in living power maintained,
Was this mans death the fruit of your dissention?
O Physickes power, which (some say) hath restrained
Approach of death, alas thou helpest meagerly,
When once one is for Atropos *distrained.*
Great be Physicians brags, but aide is beggerly;
When rooted moisture failes or groweth dry,
They leave off all, and say, death comes too eagerly:
They are but words therefore that men doe buy
Of any, since god Æsculapius *ceased.*
Your dolefull tunes sweet Muses *now apply.*

Justice, justice is now (alas) oppressed:
Bountifulnesse hath made his last conclusion;
Goodnesse for best attire in dust is dressed.
Shepheards bewaile your uttermost confusion,
And see by this picture to you presented,
Death is our home, life is but a delusion.
For see alas who is from you absented,
Absented? nay I say for ever banished
From such as were to dye for him contented.
Out of our sight in turne of hand is vanished
Shepheard of shepheards, whose well settled order,
Private with wealth, publike with quiet garnished.
While he did live, farre, farre was all disorder;
Example more prevailing than direction,
Farre was home-strife, and farre was foe from border.
His life a law, his looke a full correction.
As in his health we healthfull were preserved,
So in his sicknesse grew our sure infection.
His death our death. But ah, my Muse hath swerved,
For such deepe plaint as should such woes descry,
Which he of us for ever hath deserved.
The stile of heavie heart can never flye
So high as should make such a paine notorious.
Cease Muse therefore: thy dart O death apply,
And farewell Prince, whom goodnesse hath made glorious.

Many were ready to have followed this course, but the day was so wasted, that onely this riming *Sestine*, delivered by one of great account among them, could obtaine favour to be heard.

Farewell

FArewell O Sunne, Arcadia's *cleareſt light:*
Farewell O pearle, the poor mans plenteous treaſure.
Farewell O golden ſtaffe, the weak mans might:
Farewell O joy, the joyful's onely pleaſure.
Wiſedome farewell, the skilleſſe mans direction:
Farewell with thee, farewell all our affection.

For what place now is left for our affection,
Now that of pureſt lamp is quench'd the light,
Which to our darkned mindes was beſt direction?
Now that the Mine is loſt of all our treaſure?
Now death hath ſmallow'd up our worldly pleaſure,
We Orphans made void of all publike might?

Orphans indeed, depriv'd of fathers might:
For he our father was in all affection,
In our well-doing placing all his pleaſure,
Still ſtudying how to us to be a light.
As well he was in peace a ſafeſt treaſure:
In warre his wit and word was our direction.

Whence, whence alas, ſhall we ſeek our direction?
When that we feare our hatefull neighbours might,
Who long have gap'd to get Arcadians *treaſure.*
Shall we now finde a guide of ſuch affection,
Who for our ſakes will thinke all travaile light,
And make his paines to keep us ſafe, his pleaſure?

No, no, for ever gone is all our pleaſure;
For ever wandring from all good direction;
For ever blinded of our cleareſt light;
For ever lamed of our ſureſt might;
For ever baniſh't from well plac'd affection;
For ever rob'd of all our royall treaſure.

Let teares for him therefore be all our treaſure,
And in our wailing naming him our pleaſure:
Let hating of our ſelves be our affection,
And unto death bend ſtill our thoughts direction:
Let us againſt our ſelves employ our might,
And putting out our eyes ſeeke we our light.

Farewell our light, farewell our ſpoyled treaſure:
Farewell our might, farewell our daunted pleaſure:
Farewell direction, farewell all affection.

The night began to caſt her dark canopy over them, & they, even weary with their woes, bended homewards, hoping by ſleep, forgetting themſelves, to eaſe their preſent dolours, when they were met with a troup of 20. horſe, the chiefe of which aſking them for the King, and underſtanding the hard newes, thereupon ſtayed among them, expecting the return of a meſſenger, whō with ſpeed he diſpatcht to *Philanax.*

The end of the fourth Booke.

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

THE dangerous diviſion of mens mindes, the ruinous renting of all eſtates, had now brought *Arcadia* to feele the pangs of the uttermoſt perill (ſuch convulſions never comming, but that the life of that government drawes neare his neceſſary period) when to the honeſt and wiſe *Philanax*, equally diſtracted betwixt deſire of his Maſters revenge and care of the eſtates eſtabliſhment, there came (unlooked for) a *Macedonian* Gentleman, who in ſhort, but pithie manner, delivered unto him, that the renowned *Evarchus*, King of *Macedon*, purpoſing to have viſited his old friend and confederate the King *Baſilius*, was now come within halfe a mile of the Lodges; where having underſtood by certaine Shepheards the ſudden death of their Prince, had ſent unto him (of whoſe authority and faith he had good knowledge) deſiring him to advertiſe him, in what ſecurity he might reſt there for that night, where willingly he would (if ſafely he might) help to celebrate the funeralls of his ancient companion and ally; adding, he need not doubt, ſince he had brought but twenty in his company, hee would be ſo unwiſe as to enter into any forcible attempt with ſo ſmall force. *Philanax* having entertained the Gentleman, as well as in the midſt of ſo many tumults he could, pauſing a while with himſelfe, conſidering how it ſhould not onely be unjuſt, and againſt the law of Nations, not well to receive a Prince whom good will had brought among them, but (in reſpect of the greatneſſe of his might) very dangerous to give him any cauſe of due offence; remembring withall the excellent trials of his equity, which made him more famous than his victories, hee thought hee might be the fitteſt inſtrument to redreſſe the ruines they were in, ſince his goodneſſe put him without ſuſpicion, and his greatneſſe beyond envie. Yet weighing with himſelfe how hard many heads were to be bridled, and that in this monſtrous confuſion ſuch miſchiefe might be attempted, of which late repentance ſhould after be but a ſimple remedy; he judged beſt firſt to know how the peoples minds would ſway to this determination. Therefore deſiring the Gentleman to returne to the King his Maſter, and to beſeech him (though with his paines) to ſtay for an houre or two where hee was, till he had ſet things in better order to receive him; he himſelfe went firſt to the Noblemen, then to *Kalander* and the principall *Mantineans*, who were moſt oppoſite unto him, deſiring them, that as the night had moſt bleſſedly ſtayed them from entring into civill bloud, ſo they would be content in the night to aſſemble the people together, to heare ſome newes, which he was to deliver unto them. There is nothing more deſi-

rous

rous of novelties than a man that feares his preſent fortune. Therefore they, whom mutuall diffidence made doubtfull of their utter deſtruction, were quickly perſwaded to heare of any new matter, which might alter at leaſt, if not help the nature of their feare. Namely, the chiefeſt men, who as they had moſt to loſe, ſo were moſt jealous of their owne caſe, and were already grown as wearie to be followers of *Timautus* ambition, as before they were enviers of *Philanax* worthineſſe. As for *Kalander* and *Simpathus*, as in the one a vertuous friendſhip had made him ſeek to advance, in the other a naturall commiſeration had made him willing to protect the excellent (though unfortunate) priſoners; ſo were they not againſt this convocation. For having nothing but juſt deſires in them, they did not miſtruſt the juſtifying of them. Onely *Timautus* laboured to have withdrawne them from this aſſembly, ſaying, it was time to ſtop their eares from the ambitious charmes of *Philanax*: Let them firſt deliver *Gynecia*, and her daughters, which were fit perſons to heare, and then they might begin to ſpeak. That this was but *Philanax* cunning, to linke broyle upon broyle, becauſe he might avoyd the anſwering of his treſpaſſes, which as hee had long intended, ſo had hee prepared coloured ſpeeches to diſguiſe them. But as his words expreſſed rather a violence of rancour, than any juſt ground of accuſation, ſo pierced they no further than to ſome partiall eare, the multitude yeelding good attention to what *Philanax* would propoſe unto them: Who like a man, whoſe beſt building was a well framed conſcience, neither with plauſible words, nor fawning countenance, but even with the grave behaviour of a wiſe father, whom nothing but love makes to chide, thus ſaid unto them. I have (ſaid he) a great matter to deliver unto you, and thereout am I to make a greater demand of you: But truely ſuch hath this late proceeding beene of yours, that I know not what is to bee demanded of you. Mee thinkes I may have reaſon to require of you, as men are wont among Pirates, that the life of him that never hurt you may be ſafe. Me thinks I am not without apparence of cauſe, as if you were *Cyclops* or *Canibals*, to deſire that our Princes body, which hath thirtie yeares maintained us in a flouriſhing peace, bee not torne in pieces, or devoured among you, but may be ſuffered to yeeld it ſelfe, which never was defiled with any of your blouds, to the naturall reſt of the earth. Mee thinks, not as to *Arcadians*, renowned for your faith to Prince, and love of Countrey, but as to ſworn enemies of this ſweet ſoyle, I am to deſire you, that at leaſt, if you will have ſtrangers to your Princes, yet you will not deliver the Seigniory of this goodly Kingdom to your noble Kings murtherers. Laſtly, I have reaſon, as if I had to ſpeak to mad men, to deſire you to be good to your ſelves: For before God, what either barbarous violence or unnaturall folly, hath not this day his ſeat in your minds, and left his footſteps in your actions. But in troth I love you too well, to ſtand long diſplaying your faults: I would you your ſelves did forget them, ſo you did not fall againe into them. For my part, I had much rather be an Orator of your praiſes. But now (if you will ſuffer attentive judgement, and not fore-judging paſſion, to be the weigher of my words) I will deliver unto you what a bleſſed meane the gods have ſent unto you if you liſt to embrace it. I think there is none among you ſo young, either in yeares, or underſtanding, but hath heard the true fame of that juſt Prince *Euarchus* King of *Macedon*. A Prince with whom our late Maſter did ever hold moſt perfect alliance. He, even he is this day come, having but twentie horſe with him, within two miles of this place, hoping to have found the vertuous *Baſilius* alive, but now willing to doe honour to his death. Surely, ſurely, the heavenly powers have in ſo full a time beſtowed him on us, to unite our diviſions. For my part therefore I wiſh, that ſince

among our ſelves we cannot agree in ſo manifold partialities, we doe put the ordering of all theſe things into his hands, as well touching the obſequies of the King, the puniſhment of his death, as the marriage and crowning of our Princeſſe. He is both by experience and wiſdome taught how to direct; his greatneſſe ſuch, as no man can diſdaine to obey him: his equitie ſuch, as no man need to feare him. Laſtly, as he hath all theſe qualities to help, ſo hath he (though he would) no force to hurt. If therefore you ſo think good, ſince our lawes beare that our Princes murther be chaſtiſed, before his murthered body be buried, wee may invite him to ſit to morrow in the judgement-ſeat; which done, you may after proceed to the buriall. When *Philanax* firſt named *Euarchus* landing, there was a muttering murmur among the people, as though in that evill ordered weakneſſe of theirs, he had come to conquer their countrey. But when they underſtood he had ſo ſmall a retinue, whiſpering one with another, and looking who ſhould begin to confirme *Philanax* propoſition, at length *Simpathus* was the firſt that allowed it, then the reſt of the Noblemen; neither did *Kalander* ſtrive, hoping ſo excellent a Prince could not but deale graciouſly with two ſuch young men; whoſe authoritie joyned to *Philanax*, all the popular ſort followed. *Timautus*, ſtill blinded with his owne ambitious haſte (not remembring factions are no longer to be truſted, than the factious may be perſwaded it is for their owne good) would needs ſtrive againſt the ſtreame, exclaiming againſt *Philanax*, that now he ſhewed who it was that would betray his countrey to ſtrangers. But well hee found, that who is too buſie in the foundation of an houſe, may pull the building about his eares. For the people already tired with their owne diviſions (of which his clampring had beene a principall nurſe) and beginning now to eſpie a haven of reſt, hated any thing that ſhould hinder them from it: asking one another whether this were not hee, whoſe evill tongue no man could eſcape: whether it were not *Timautus* that made the firſt mutinous oration to ſtrengthen the troubles: whether *Timautus*, without their conſent, had not gone about to deliver *Gynecia?* And thus inflaming one another againſt him, they threw him out of the aſſembly, and after purſued him with ſtones and ſtaves, ſo that with loſſe of one of his eyes, ſore wounded and beaten, he was faine to flie to *Philanax* feet for ſuccour of his life; giving a true leſſon, that vice it ſelfe is forced to ſeek the ſanctuarie of vertue. For *Philanax*, who hated his evill, but not his perſon, and knew that a juſt puniſhment might by the manner be unjuſtly done; remembring withall, that although herein the peoples rage might have hit rightly, yet if it were nouriſhed in this, no man knew to what extremities it might extend it ſelfe: with earneſt dealing, and employing the uttermoſt of his authoritie, he did protect the trembling *Timautus*. And then having taken a generall oath, that they ſhould in the nonage of the Princeſſe, or till theſe things were ſettled, yeeld full obedience to *Euarchus*, ſo farre as were not prejudiciall to the lawes, cuſtomes, and liberties of *Arcadia*: and having taken a particular bond of *Simpathus* (under whom he had a ſervant of his owne) that the priſoners ſhould be kept cloſe, without conference with any man: he himſelfe, honourably accompanied with a great number of Torches, went to the King *Euarchus*, whoſe comming in this ſort into *Arcadia* had thus fallen out.

The wofull Prince *Plangus*, receiving of *Baſilius* no other ſuccours, but only certaine to conduct him to *Euarchus*, made all poſſible ſpeed towards *Byzantium*, where he underſtood the King, having concluded all his warres with the winning of that towne, had now for ſome good ſpace made his abode. But being far gone on his way, hee received certaine intelligence, that *Euarchus* was not onely ſome

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dayes before returned into *Macedon*, but ſince was gone with ſome haſte to viſit that coaſt of his country that lay towards *Italy*; The occaſion given by the *Latines*, who having already gotten into their hands, partly by conqueſt, and partly by confederacie, the greateſt part of *Italy*, and long gaped to devoure *Greece* alſo (obſerving the preſent opportunitie of *Euarchus* abſence, and *Baſilius* ſolitarineſſe, which two Princes they knew to bee in effect the whole ſtrength of *Greece*) were even ready to lay an unjuſt gripe upon it, which after they might beautifie with the noble name of conqueſt. Which purpoſe though they made not knowne by any ſolemne denouncing of warre, but contrariwiſe, gave many tokens of continuing ſtill their former amitie: yet the ſtaying of his Subjects ſhips, trafficking as Merchants into thoſe parts, together with the daily preparation of ſhipping, and other warlike proviſions in Ports moſt convenient for the tranſporting of Souldiers, occaſioned *Euarchus* (not unacquainted with ſuch practices) firſt to ſuſpect, then to diſcerne, laſtly to ſeeke to prevent the intended miſchiefe. Yet thinking warre never to be accepted, untill it be offered by the hand of neceſſitie, he determined ſo long openly to hold them his friends, as open hoſtilitie bewrayed them not his enemies, not ceaſing in the meane time by letters and meſſages to move the States of *Greece*, by uniting their ſtrength, to make timely proviſion againſt this perill: by many reaſons making them ſee, that though in reſpect of place ſome of them might ſeeme further removed from the firſt violence of the ſtorme, yet being imbarked in the ſame ſhip, the finall wrack muſt needs be common to them all. And knowing the mightie force of example, with the weake effect of faire diſcourſes not waited on with agreeable actions, what hee perſwaded them himſelfe performed, leaving in his owne Realme nothing either undone or unprovided, which might be thought neceſſarie for withſtanding an invaſion. His firſt care was to put his people in a readineſſe for warre, and by his experienced Souldiers to traine the unskilfull to martiall exerciſes. For the better effecting whereof, as alſo for meeting with other inconveniences, in ſuch doubtfull times incident to the moſt ſetled ſtates, making of the divers regions of his whole Kingdome ſo many diviſions as he thought convenient, he appointed the charge of them to the greateſt, and of greateſt truſt hee had about him: arming them with ſufficient authoritie to leavie forces within their ſeverall governments, both for reſiſting the invading enemie, and puniſhing the diſordered ſubject. Having thus prepared the body, and aſſured the heart of his countrey againſt any miſchiefe that might attaint it, hee then tooke into his carefull conſideration the externall parts, giving order both for the repairing and encreaſing his Navie, and for the fortifying of ſuch places, eſpecially on the Sea-coaſt, as either commoditie of landing, weakneſſe of the countrey, or any other reſpect of advantage was likelieſt to draw the enemy unto. But being none of them who thinke all things done, for which they have once given direction, he followed everie where his commandement with his preſence, which witneſſed of everie mans ſlackneſſe or diligence, chaſtiſing the one, & encouraging the other, ſuffered not the fruit of any profitable counſell for want of timely taking to bee loſt. And thus making one place ſucceed another in the progreſſe of wiſdome and vertue, he was now come to *Aulon*, a principall Port of his Realm, when the poor *Plangus*, extremely wearied with his long journey (deſire of ſuccouring *Erona* no more relieving, than feare of not ſuccouring her in time aggravating his travell) by a lamentable narration of his childrens death, called home his cares from encountring forreine enemies, to ſuppreſſe the inſurrection of inward paſſions. The matter ſo hainous, the manner ſo villanous, the loſſe of ſuch perſons, in ſo unripe yeares, in a time ſo dangerous to the whole

ſtate of *Greece*, how vehemently it moved to griefe and compaſſion others, onely not blind to the light of vertue, nor deafe to the voyce of their countrey, might perchance by a more cunning work-man in lively colours bee delivered. But the face of *Euarchus* ſorrow, to the one in nature, to both in affection, a father; and judging the world ſo much the more unworthily deprived of thoſe excellencies, as himſelfe was better Judge of ſo excellent worthines, can no otherwiſe be ſhadowed out by the skilfulleſt pencill, than by covering it over with the veile of ſilence. And indeed that way himſelfe took, with ſo patient a quietneſſe receiving this pitifull relation, that all the words of weakeneſſe ſuppreſſed, magnanimity ſeemed to triumph over miſery. Only receiving of *Plangus* perfect inſtruction of all things concerning *Plexirtus* and *Artaxia*, with promiſe not onely to aide him in delivering *Erona*, but alſo with vehement proteſtation, never to returne into *Macedon*, till he had purſued the murtherers to death: hee diſpatched with ſpeed a ſhip for *Byzantium*, commanding the Governour to provide all neceſſaries for the warre againſt his owne comming, which hee purpoſed ſhould bee very ſhortly. In this ſhippe *Plangus* would needs goe, impatient of ſtay, for that in many dayes before hee had underſtood nothing of his Ladies eſtate. Soone after whoſe departure, newes was brought to *Euarchus*, that all the ſhips detained in *Italy* were returned. For the *Latines* finding by *Euarchus* proceedings their intent to be fruſtrate (as before by his ſudden returne they doubted it was diſcovered) deeming it no wiſdome to ſhew the will, not having the abilitie to hurt, had not only in free & friendly maner diſmiſſed them, but for the time wholly omitted their enterpriſe, attending the opportunitie of fitter occaſion. By meanes whereof *Euarchus* rid from the cumber of that warre (likely otherwiſe to have ſtayed him longer) with ſo great a fleet as haſte would ſuffer him to aſſemble, forthwith imbarked for *Byzantium*. And now followed with freſh winds, he had in a ſhort time run a long courſe, when on a night encountred with an extreme tempeſt, his ſhips were ſo ſcattred, that ſcarcely any two were left together. As for the Kings owne ſhip, deprived of all company, ſore bruiſed and weather-beaten, able no longer to brooke the ſeas churliſh entertainment, a little before day it recovered the ſhore. The firſt light made them ſee it was the unhappie coaſt of *Laconia*: for no other countrey could have ſhown the like evidence of unnaturall war. Which having long endured between the Nobilitie and the *Helotes*, and once compounded by *Pyrocles*, under the name of *Daiphantus*, immediately upon his departure had broken out more violently than ever before. For the King taking opportunitie of their Captaines abſence, refuſed to performe the conditions of peace, as extorted from him by rebellious violence. Whereupon they were againe deeply entred into warre, with ſo notable an hatred towards the verie name of a King, that *Euarchus* (though a ſtranger unto them) thought it not ſafe there to leave his perſon; where neither his owne force could bee a defence, nor the ſacred name of Majeſtie a protection. Therefore calling to him an *Arcadian* (one that comming with *Plangus* had remained with *Euarchus*, deſirous to ſee the wars) hee demanded of him for the next place of ſuretie, where hee might make his ſtay, untill hee might heare ſomewhat of his fleet, or cauſe his ſhip to be repaired. The Gentleman, glad to have this occaſion of doing ſervice to *Euarchus*, and honour to *Baſilius* (to whom he knew he ſhould bring a moſt welcome gueſt) told him, that if it pleaſed him to commit himſelf to *Arcadia* (a part whereof lay open to their view) he would undertake, ere the next night were far ſpent, to guide him ſafely to his Maſter *Baſilius*. The preſent neceſſitie much prevailed with *Euarchus*, yet more a certain vertuous deſire to try, whether by his authoritie he might withdraw *Baſilius* from burying himſelf alive,

alive,and to employ the reſt of his old yeares in doing good,the only happy action of mans life.For beſides the univerſall caſe of *Greece*, deprived by this meanes of a principall pillar,he weighed and pitied the pitiful ſtate of the *Arcadian* people,who were in worſe caſe than if death had taken away their Prince.For ſo yet their neceſſity would have placed ſome one to the helme: now, a Prince being, and not doing like a Prince;keeping,and not exerciſing the place,they were in ſo much more evill caſe,as they could not provide for their evill.Theſe rightly wiſe & vertuous conſiderations eſpecially moved *Euarchus* to take his journey towards the deſart,where arriving within night,and underſtanding to his great grief,the newes of the Princes death,he waited for his ſafe conduct from *Philanax*: in the meane time taking his reſt under a tree,with no more affected pompes, than as a man that knew, howſoever hee was exalted, the beginning and end of his body was earth. But *Philanax*,as ſoon as he was in ſight of him,lighting from his horſe,preſented himſelfe unto him in all thoſe humble behaviours,which not only the great reverence of the party,but the conceit of ones owne miſery is wont to frame. *Euarchus* roſe up unto him with ſo gracious a countenance, as the goodneſſe of his minde had long exerciſed him unto: carefull ſo much more to deſcend in all courteſies, as he ſaw him beare a low repreſentation of his afflicted ſtate.But to *Philanax*,as ſoone as by neere looking on him he might perfectly behold him,the gravity of his countenance,and yeares, not much unlike to his late deceaſed, but ever beloved maſter, brought his forme ſo lively unto his memory, & revived ſo all the thoughts of his wonted joyes within him,that in ſtead of ſpeaking to *Euarchus*,he ſtood a while like a man gone a farre journey from himſelf,calling as it were with his mind an account of his loſſes: imagining that this paine needed not,if nature had not bin violently ſtopped of her own courſe,& caſting more loving than wiſe conceits,what a world this would have bin if this ſudden accident had not interrupted it. And ſo far ſtrayed hee into his raving melancholy,that his eies,nimbler than his tongue,let fall a floud of teares,his voice being ſtopped with extremity of ſobbing, ſo much had his friendſhip carried him to *Baſilius*,that he thought no age was timely for his death.But at length taking the occaſion of his own weeping,he thus did ſpeak to *Euarchus*.Let not my tears,moſt worthily renowned Prince, make my preſence unpleaſant, or my ſpeech unmarked of you.For the juſtneſſe of the cauſe,takes away the blame of any weakneſſe in me; and the affinity that the ſame beareth to your greatneſſe, ſeemes even lawfully to claime pity in you: A Prince of a Princes fall,a lover of juſtice,of a moſt unjuſt violence.And give me leave excellent *Euarchus* to ſay, I am but the repreſenter of all the late flouriſhing *Arcadia*,which now with mine eies doth weep,with my tongue doth complain,with my knees doth lay it ſelf at your feet,which never have bin unready to carry you to the vertuous protecting of innocents. Imagine, vouchſafe to imagine,moſt wiſe and good King,that here is before your eies,the pitiful ſpectacle of a moſt doloronſly ending tragedy: wherin I doe but play the part of all the new miſerable province,which being ſpoiled of their guide,doth lie like a ſhip without a Pilot, tumbling up and downe in the uncertaine waves, till it either runne it ſelfe upon the rockes of ſelfe-diviſion,or bee overthrowne by the ſtormy winde of forraine force. *Arcadia* finding her ſelfe in theſe deſolate termes, doth ſpeake, and I ſpeake for her,to thee not vainely puiſſant Prince, that ſince now ſhee is not onely robbed of the naturall ſupport of her Lord, but ſo ſuddenly robbed that ſhee hath not breathing time to ſtand for her ſafety: ſo unfortunately, that it doth appall their mindes,though they had leaſure: and ſo miſchievouſly, that it doth exceede both the ſuddenneſſe and infortuneneſſe of it: thou wilt lend thine arme unto her,

and as a man, take compaſſion of mankinde, as a vertuous man chaſtiſe moſt abhominable vice, and as a Prince protect a people, which all have with one voice called for thy goodneſſe: thinking, that as thou art only able, ſo thou art fully able to redreſſe their imminent ruines. They do therfore with as much confidence as neceſſitie flie unto you for ſuccour, they lay themſelves open unto you: to you, I meane your ſelfe, ſuch as you have ever beene: that is to ſay, that hath alwaies had his determinations bounded with equitie. They only reſerve the right to *Baſilius* bloud; the manner to the ancient preſcribing of their laws. For the reſt, without exception, they yeeld over unto you, as to the elected protectour of this kingdome, which name and office they beſeech you, till you have laid a ſufficient foundation of tranquility, to take upon you; the particularitie both of their ſtatutes and demandes you ſhall preſently after underſtand. Now only I am to ſay unto you, that this countrie fals to be a faire field, to prove whether the goodly tree of your vertue will live in all ſoiles. Here I ſay will bee ſeene, whether either feare can make you ſhort, or the likerouſneſſe of dominion make you beyond juſtice. And I can for concluſion ſay no more but this, you muſt think upon my words; and on your anſwer depends not only the quiet, but the lives of ſo many thouſands, which for their ancient confederacie, in this their extreme neceſſitie, deſire neither the expence of your treaſure, nor hazzard of your ſubjects, but onely the benefit of your wiſedome, whoſe both glorie and encreaſe ſtands in the exerciſing of it. The ſumme of this requeſt was utterly unlooked for of *Euarchus*, which made him the more diligent in marking his ſpeech, & after his ſpeech take the greater pauſe for a perfect reſolution. For as of the one ſide, he thought nature required nothing more of him than that he ſhould be a help to them of like crearion, and had his heart no whit commanded with feare, thinking his life well paſſed, having ſatisfied the tyrannie of time with the courſe of many years, the expectation of the world with more than expected honour, laſtly, the tribute due to his own mind with the daily offering of moſt vertuous actions: ſo of the other, he weighed the juſt reproach that followed thoſe who eaſily enter into other folkes buſineſſe, with the opinion might be conceived, love of ſeigniory rather than of Juſtice had made him embark himſelfe thus, into a matter nothing pertaining to him, eſpecially in a time when earneſt occaſion of his owne buſineſſe ſo greatly required his preſence. But in the end, wiſedome, being an eſſential and not an oppinionate thing, made him rather to bend to what was in it ſelfe good, than what by evill minds might be judged not good. And therein did ſee that though the people did not belong unto him, yet doing good (which is not encloſed within any termes of people) did belong unto him, and if neceſſitie forced him for ſome time to abide in *Arcadia*, the neceſſity of *Arcadia* might juſtly demand ſome fruit of abiding. To this, ſecret aſſurance of his owne worthineſſe (which although it bee never ſo well cloathed in modeſty, yet alwayes lives in the worthieſt mindes) did much puſh him forward, ſaying unto himſelfe, the treaſure of thoſe inward gifts he had were beſtowed by the heavens upon him, to be beneficiall, and not idle. On which determination reſting, and yet willing before hee waded any further, to examine well the depth of the others proffer; he thus with that wel-poyſed geſture unpaſſionate nature beſtoweth upon mankinde, made anſwer to *Philanax* moſt urgent petition: Although long experience hath made me know all men (and ſo Princes which be but men) to be ſubject to infinite caſualties, the very conſtitution of our lives remaining in continuall change: yet the affaires of this country, or at leaſt my meeting ſo jumply with them, makes me abaſhed with the ſtrangeneſſe of it. With much paine am I come hither to ſee my long approved friend,

friend, and now I finde it I will see him, I must see him dead: after, for mine owne security, I seek to be warranted mine owne life: and there suddenly am I appointed to be a judge of other mens lives: though a friend to him, yet am I a stranger to the countrie, and now of a stranger you would suddenly make a director. I might object to your desire my weaknesse, which age perhaps hath wrought in mind and body: and justly I may pretend the necessity of mine own affaires, to which as I am by all true rules most nearly tyed, so can they not long beare the delay of my absence. But though I would and could dispense with these difficulties, what assurance can I have of the peoples will? which having so many circles of imaginations, can hardly be enclosed in one point. Who knowes a people, that knowes not sudden opinion makes them hope, which hope if it be not answered, they fall into hate: chusing and refusing, erecting and overthrowing, according as the presentnesse of any fancy carries them. Even this their hastie drawing to me, makes mee thinke they will bee as hastily withdrawne from mee; for it is but one ground of inconstancy, soone to take, or soone to leave. It may be they have heard of *Euarchus* more than cause: their own eies will be perhaps more curious Judges: out of hear-say they may have builded many conceits, which I cannot, perchance will not performe, then will undeserved repentance be a greater shame and injury unto me, than their undeserved proffer is honour. And to conclude, I must bee fully enformed how the patient is minded, before I can promise to undertake the cure. *Philanax* was not of the moderne mindes, who makes suters magistrates: but did ever think the unwilling worthie man, was fitter than the undeserving desirer. Therfore the more *Euarchus* drew backe, the more hee found in him, that the cunningest Pilot doth most dread the rockes, the more earnestly he pursued his publike request unto him. He desired him not to make any weake excuses of his weaknesse, since so many examples had well proved his mind was strong to overpasse the greatest troubles, and his body strong enough to obey his minde; and that so long as they were joyned together, he knew *Euarchus* would thinke it no wearisome exercise, to make them vessels of vertuous actions. The duty to his countrie hee acknowledged: which as he had so setled, as it was not to feare any sudden alteration, so since it did want him, as well it might endure a fruitfull as an idle absence. As for the doubt he conceived of the peoples constancie in this their election, hee said it was such a doubt as all humane actions are subject unto: yet as much as in politique matters, which receive not Geometricall certainties, a man may assure himselfe there was evident likelihood to be conceived of the continuance, both in their unanimity, & his worthinesse: whereof the one was apt to be held, and the other to hold, joyned to the present necessitie the firmest band of mortall mindes. In summe, hee alledged so many reasons to *Euarchus* his minde (already enclined to enter into any vertuous action) that hee yeelded to take upon himselfe the judgement of the present cause, so as he might find indeed that such was the peoples desire out of judgement and not faction. Therefore mounting on their horses, they hasted to the Lodges, where they found, though late in the night, the people wakefully watching for the issue of *Philanax* Embassage. No man thinking the matter would be well done, without he had his voice in it, & each deeming his owne eies the best guardians of his throate in that unaccustomed tumult. But when they saw *Philanax* returne, having on his right hand the King *Euarchus*, on whom they had now placed the greatest burthen of their feares, with joyfull shouts & applauding acclamations, they made him and the world quickly know, that one mans sufficiency is more availeable than tenne thousand of the multitude. So evill ballanced bee the extremities of popular mindes, and so much naturall impe-

imperiousnesse there rests in a well formed spirit. For, as if *Euarchus* had bin borne of the Princely bloud of *Arcadia*, or that long and well acquainted proofe had ingrafted him in their country, so flocked they about this stranger, most of them already from dejected feares rising to ambitious considerations, who should catch the first hold of his favour. And then from those crying welcomes to babling one with the other, some praysing *Philanax* for his exceeding paine, others liking *Euarchus* aspect; and as they judged his age by his face, so judging his wisedome by his age, *Euarchus* passed through them like a man that did neither disdaine a people, nor yet was any thing tickled with their flatteries. But alwayes holding his owne, a man might read a constant determination in his eyes. And in that sort dismounting among them, he forthwith demanded the convocation to be made, which accordingly was done, with as much order and silence, as it might appeare *Neptune* had not more force to appease the rebellious wind, than the admiration of an extraordinary vertue hath, to temper a disordred multitude. He being raised up upon a place more high than the rest, where he might be best understood, in this sort spake unto them; I understand (said he) faithful *Arcadians*, by my Lord *Philanax*, that you have with one consent, chosen me to be the Judge of the late evils hapned, orderer of the present disorders; and finally, protector of this countrey, till therein it be seen what the customes of *Arcadia* require. He could say no further, being stopped with a general cry, that so it was; giving him all the honourable titles, and happy wishes they could imagine. He beckned unto them for silence, and then thus againe proceeded. Well, said he, how good choice you have made, the attending must be in you, the proofe in me: But because it many times fals out, we are much deceived in others, we being the first to deceive our selves, I am to require you, not to have an overshooting expectation of mee, the most cruell adversary of all honourable doings. Nor promise your selves wonders out of a sudden liking: but remember I am a man, that is to say, a creature, whose reason is often darkned with errour. Secondly, that you will lay your hearts void of foretaken opinions: else whatsoever I do or say wil be measured by a wrong rule, like them that have the yellow jaundise, every thing seeming yellow unto them. Thirdly, what soever debates have risen among you, may be utterly extinguished, knowing that even among the best men are diversitie of opinions, which are no more in true reason to breed hatred, than one that loves black should be angry with him that is cloathed in white; for thoughts & conceits are the very apparrell of the mind. Lastly, that you do not easily judge of your Judge, but since you will have me to command, think it is your part to obey. And in reward of this, I will promise and protest unto you, that the uttermost of my skill, both in the generall lawes of nature, especially of *Greece*, & particularly of *Arcadia* (where in I must confesse I am not unacquainted) I will not only see the passed evils duly punished, and your weale hereafter established; but for your defence in it, if need shal require, I will employ the force and treasures of mine owne countrey. In the meane time, this shall be the first order I will take, that no man under paine of grievous punishment, name me by any other name but Protectour of *Arcadia*. For I will not leave any possible colour, to any of my naturall successors, to make claime to this, which by free election you have bestowed upon me. And so I vow unto you, to depose my selfe of it assoone as the judgement is passed, the King buried, and his lawfull successour appointed. For the first whereof, I mean, the trying which be guilty of the Kings death, and these other hainous trespasses, because your customes require such haste, I will no longer delay it, than till to morrow as soone as the Sunne shall give us fit opportunity. You may therefore retyre your selfe to your rest, that

you

you may be readier to be preſent, at theſe ſo great important matters. With many allowing tokens was *Euarchus* ſpeech heard, who now by *Philanax* (that tooke the principall care of doing all due ſervices unto him) was offered a lodging made ready for him (the reſt of the people, as well as a ſmall commoditie of that place would ſuffer, yeelding their wearie heads to ſleepe) when loe the night thorowly ſpent in theſe mixed matters, was for that time baniſhed the face of the earth, and *Euarchus* ſeeing the day begin to diſcloſe his comfortable beauties, deſiring nothing more than to joyne ſpeed with juſtice, willed *Philanax* preſently to make the judgement place be put in order: and as ſoon as the people (who yet were not fully diſperſed) might be brought together, to bring forth the priſoners and the Kings body. Which the manner was, ſhould in ſuch caſes bee held in ſight, though covered with blacke velvet, untill they that were accuſed to bee the murtherers were quitted or condemned; whether the reaſon of the law were to ſhew the more gratefull love to their Prince, or by that ſpectacle, the more to remember the Judge of his dutie. *Philanax*, who now thought in himſelfe, he approached to the juſt revenge he ſo much deſired, went with all care & diligence to perform his charge. But firſt it ſhall be wel to know, how the poore & princely priſoners paſſed this tedious night. There was never Tyrant exerciſed his rage with more grievous torments, upon any he moſt hated, than afflicted *Gynetia* did crucifie her own ſoule, after the guiltineſſe of her heart was ſurcharged with the ſuddenneſſe of her husbands death: for although that effect came not from her mind, yet her mind being evill, and the effect evill, ſhee thought the juſtice of God had for the beginning of her paines coupled them together. This inceſſantly boyled in her breſt, but moſt of all, when *Philanax* having cloſely impriſoned her, ſhee was left more freely to ſuffer the firebrands of her owne thoughts; eſpecially when it grew darke, and had nothing left by her but a little lamp, whoſe ſmall light to a perplexed mind, might rather yeeld fearefull ſhadowes, than any aſſured ſight. Then began the heaps of her miſeries to weigh downe the platforme of her judgement; then began deſpaire to lay his ugly clawes upon her; ſhe began then to feare the heavenly powers (ſhe was wont to reverence) not like a childe, but like an enemy, neither kept ſhee her ſelfe from blaſphemous repining againſt her creation. O gods, would ſhe cry out, why did you make me to deſtruction? If you love goodneſſe, why did you not give me a good mind? Or if I cannot have it without your gift, why doe you plague me? Is it in me to reſiſt the mightineſſe of your power? Then would ſhe imagine ſhe ſaw ſtrange ſights, and that ſhe heard the cries of helliſh ghoſts; then would ſhe skritch out for ſuccour, but no man comming unto her, ſhe would faine have killed her ſelfe, but knew not how. At ſome times againe, the verie heavineſſe of her imaginations would cloſe up her ſenſes to a little ſleepe: but then did her dreames become her tormentors. One time it would ſeeme unto her, *Philanax* was haling her by the haire of the head, and having put out her eyes, was ready to throw her into a burning furnace. Another time ſhe would thinke ſhe ſaw her husband making the complaint of his death to *Pluto*, and the Magiſtrates of that infernall region, contending in great debate, to what eternall puniſhment they ſhould allot her. But long her dreaming would not hold, but that it would fall upon *Zelmane*: to whom ſhe would think ſhe was crying for mercie, and that ſhe did paſſe away by her in ſilence, without any ſhew of pitying her miſchiefe. Then waking out of a broken ſleep, and yet wiſhing ſhe might ever have ſlept, new formes, but of the ſame miſeries, would ſeaze her mind: ſhe feared death, and yet deſired death; ſhee had paſſed the uttermoſt of ſhame, and yet ſhame was one of her cruelleſt aſſaults; ſhe hated *Pyrocles*, as the originall of her mortall overthrow: and yet the love ſhe had

conceived

conceived to him, had ſtill a high authoritie of her paſſions. O *Zelmane*, would ſhe ſay (not knowing how neere hee himſelfe was to as great a danger) now ſhalt thou glut thy eyes with the diſhonoured death of thy enemy! Enemy, alas enemy, ſince ſo thou haſt well ſhewed thou wilt haue me account thee, couldeſt thou not as well have given me a determinate deniall, as to diſguiſe thy firſt diſguiſing with a double diſſembling? Perchance if I had beene utterly hopeleſſe, the vertue was once in me might have called together his forces, and not have beene led captive to this monſtrous thraldome of puniſhed wickedneſſe. Then would her own knowing of good inflame anew the rage of deſpaire: which becomming an unreſiſted Lord in her breaſt, ſhee had no other comfort but in death, which yet ſhee had in horrour when ſhe thought of. But the wearieſome deteſting of her ſelf, made her long for the dayes approach, at which time ſhe determined to continue her former courſe, in acknowledging any thing which might haſten her end: wherein although ſhee did not hope for the end of her torments, feeling already the beginning of hell agonies, yet according to the nature of paine, the preſent being moſt intolerable, ſhee deſired to change that, and put to adventure the enſuing. And thus reſted the reſtleſſe *Gynecia*. No leſſe ſorrowfull, though leſſe ragefull, were the minds of the Princeſſe *Pamela*, and the Lady *Philoclea*, whoſe only advantages were, that they had not conſented to ſo much evill, and ſo were at greater peace with themſelves: and that they were not left alone, but might mutually beare part of each others woes. For when *Philanax*, not regarding *Pamela's* princely proteſtations, had by force left her under guard with her ſiſter, & that the two ſiſters were matched, as well in the diſgraces of fortune, as they had beene in the beſt beauties of nature: thoſe things that till then baſhfulneſſe and miſtruſt had made them hold reſerved one from the other, now feare, the underminer of all determinations, and neceſſitie, the victorious rebell of all lawes, forced them interchangeably to lay open. Their paſſions then ſo ſwelling in them, as they would have made Auditors of ſtones, rather than have ſwallowed up in ſilence the choking adventures were fallen unto them: Truely the hardeſt hearts, which have at any time thought womans teares to be a matter of ſlight compaſſion (imagining that faire weather will quickly after follow) would now have beene mollified: and beene compelled to confeſſe, that the fairer a Diamond is, the more pitie it is it ſhould receive a blemiſh. Although, no doubt, their faces did rather beautifie ſorrow, than ſorrow could darken that, which even in darkneſſe did ſhine. But after they had ſo long as their other afflictions would ſuffer them, with dolefull ceremonies bemoned their fathers death, they ſate downe together apparrelled as their miſadventures had found them; *Pamela* in her journeying weeds, now converted to another uſe: *Philoclea* only in her night gowne, which ſhe thought ſhould be the rayment of her funerals. But when the excellent creatures had after much panting (with their inward travell) gotten ſo much breathing power, as to make a pitifull diſcourſe one to the other what had befallen them, & that by the plain comparing the caſe they were in, they thorowly found that their griefes were not more like in regard of themſelves, than like in reſpect of the ſubject (the two Princes, as *Pamela* had learned of *Muſidorus*, being ſo minded, as they would ever make both their fortunes one) it did more unite, and ſo ſtrengthen their lamentation: ſeeing the one could not be miſerable, but that it muſt neceſſarily make the other miſerable alſo. That therefore was the firſt matter their ſweet mouths delivered, the declaring the paſſionate beginning, troubleſome proceeding, and dangerous ending, their never-ending loves had paſſed. And when at any time they entred into the praiſes of the yong Princes, too long it would have exerciſed their tongues, but that

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their memorie forthwith warned them, the more praiſe-worthy they were, the more at that time they were worthy of lamentation. Then againe to crying and wringing of hands; and then anew, as unquiet griefe ſought each corner, to new diſcourſes, from diſcourſes to wiſhes, from wiſhes to prayers. Eſpecially the tender *Philoclea*, who as ſhe was in yeares yonger, and had never lifted up her mind to any opinion of ſoveraigntie, ſo was ſhe the apter to yeeld to her miſ-fortune; having no ſtronger debates in her mind, than a man may ſay a moſt wittie childhood is wont to nouriſh; as to imagine with her ſelfe, why *Philanax* and the other Noblemen ſhould deale ſo cruelly by her, that had never deſerved evill of any of them. And how they could find in their hearts to impriſon ſuch a perſonage, as ſhe did figure *Pyrocles*, whom ſhe thought all the world was bound to love as well as ſhe did. But *Pamela*, although endued with a vertuous mildneſſe, yet the knowledge of her ſelf, & what was due unto her, made her heart ful of a ſtronger diſdain againſt her adverſity.

So that ſhe joyned the vexation of her friend, with the ſpite to ſee her ſelfe, as ſhee thought, rebelliouſly detained, and mixed deſirous thoughts to help, with revengefull thoughts if ſhe could not help. And as in pangs of death, the ſtronger heart feeles the greater torment, becauſe it doth the more reſiſt his oppreſſour, ſo her mind, the nobler it was ſet, and had already embraced the higher thoughts, ſo much more it did repine; and the more it repined, the more helpleſſe wounds it gave unto it ſelfe. But when a great part of the night was paſſed over, the dolefull muſicke of theſe ſweet Ladies complaints, and that leaſure, though with ſome ſtrife, had brought *Pamela* to know, that an Eagle when ſhe is in a cage muſt not thinke to do like an Eagle, remembring with themſelves, that it was likely the next day the Lords would proceed againſt thoſe they had impriſoned, they employed the reſt of the night in writing unto them, with ſuch earneſtneſſe as the matter required, but in ſuch ſtiles as the ſtate of their thoughts was apt to faſhion. In the meane time, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* were recommended to ſo ſtrong a guard, as they might well ſee it was meant, they ſhould pay no leſſe price than their lives for the getting out of that place, which they like men indeed, (fortifying courage with the true rampier of patience) did ſo endure, as they did rather appeare governours of neceſſitie, than ſervants to fortune. The whole ſumme of their thoughts reſting upon the ſafetie of their Ladies, and their care one for the other: wherein (if at all) their hearts did ſeeme to receive ſome ſoftneſſe. For ſometimes *Muſidorus* would feele ſuch a motion to his friend, and his unworthy caſe, that hee would fall into ſuch kind of ſpeeches: My *Pyrocles*, would he ſay, how unhappy may I thinke *Theſſalia*, that hath beene as it were the middle way to this evill eſtate of yours? For if you had not beene there brought up, the Sea ſhould not have had this power thus to ſever you from your deare Father. I have therefore (if complaints doe at any time become a mans heart) moſt cauſe to complaine, ſince my countrey, which received the honour of *Pyrocles* education, ſhould bee a ſtep to his overthrow, if humane chances may be counted an overthrow to him, that ſtands upon vertue. O excellent *Muſidorus*, anſwered *Pyrocles*, how doe you teach mee rather to fall out with my ſelfe and my fortune, ſince by you I have received all good, you only by me this affliction? to you and your vertuous Mother, I in my tendreſt yeares, and Fathers greateſt troubles, was ſent for ſuccour. There did I learne the ſweet myſteries of Philoſophie; there had I your lively example to confirme that which I learned; there laſtly had I your friendſhip, which no unhappineſſe can ever make mee ſay, but that hath made mee happie. Now ſee how my deſtinie (the gods know) not my will, hath rewarded you: my Father ſends

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for you away out of your land, whence but for me you had not come: what after followed, you know. It was my love, not yours, which firſt ſtayed you here; and therefore if the heavens ever held a juſt proportion, it were I, & not you, that ſhould feele the ſmart. O blame not the heavens, ſweet *Pyrocles*, ſaid *Muſidorus*; as their courſe never alters, ſo is there nothing done by the unreachable Ruler of them, but hath an everlaſting reaſon for it. And to ſay the truth of theſe things, wee ſhould deale ungratefully with nature, if wee ſhould be forgetfull receivers of her gift, and diligent auditors of the chances wee like not. Wee have lived, and have lived to be good to our ſelves and others: our ſoules which are put into the ſtirring earth of our bodies, have atchieved the cauſes of their thither comming: they have known, and honoured with knowledge, the cauſe of their creation, and to many men (for in this time, place, and fortune, it is lawfull for us to ſpeak glorioufly) it hath been behovefull that we ſhould live. Since then eternitie is not to be had in this conjunction, what is to be loſt by the ſeparation, but time? which, ſince it hath his end, when that is once come, all that is paſt is nothing: and by the protracting nothing gotten, but labour and care. Doe not mee therefore that wrong (who ſomething in yeares, but much in all other deſerts, am fitter to dye than you) as to ſay, you have brought mee to any evill: ſince the love of you, doth over-ballance all bodily miſchiefes. And thoſe miſchiefes be but miſchiefes to the baſer minds, too much delighted with the kennell of this life. Neither will I any more yeeld to my paſſion of lamenting you, which, howſoever it might agree to my exceeding friendſhip, ſurely it would nothing to your exceeding vertue. Adde this to your noble ſpeech, my deare Couſin, ſaid *Pyrocles*, that if wee complaine of this our fortune, or ſeeme to our ſelves faultie, in having one hurt the other, wee ſhew a repentance of the love wee beare to theſe matchleſſe creatures, or at leaſt a doubt it ſhould be over dearly bought, which for my part (and ſo dare I anſwer for you) I call all the gods to witneſſe, I am ſo far from, that no ſhame, no torment, no death, would make me forgoe the leaſt part of the inward honour, eſſentiall pleaſure, and living life, I have enjoyed in the preſence of the faultleſſe *Philoclea*. Take the preheminence in all things, but in true loving, anſwered *Muſidorus*, for the confeſſion of that no death ſhall get of me. Of that, anſwered *Pyrocles*, ſoberly ſmiling, I perceive we ſhall have a debate in the other world, if at leaſt there remaine any thing of remembrance in that place. I doe not thinke the contrarie, ſaid *Muſidorus*, although you know it is greatly held, that with the death of body and ſenſes (which are not onely the beginning, but dwelling and nouriſhing of paſſions, thoughts, and imaginations) they failing, memory likewiſe failes, which riſeth only out of them: and then is there left nothing, but the intellectuall part or intelligence, which voyd of all morall vertues, which ſtand in the meane of perturbations, doth only live in the contemplative vertue, and power of the omnipotent good, the ſoule of ſoules, and univerſall life of this great work, & therfore is utterly void from the poſſibility of drawing to it ſelf theſe ſenſible conſiderations. Certainly, anſwered *Pyrocles*, I eaſily yeeld, that wee ſhall not know one another, and much leſſe theſe paſſed things, with a ſenſible or paſſionate knowledge. For the cauſe being taken away, the effects follow. Neither doe I think, we ſhall have ſuch a memory, as now we have, which is but a relick of the ſenſes, or rather a print the ſenſes have left of things paſt in our thoughts, but it ſhall be a vitall power of that very intelligence; which as while it was here, it held the chiefe ſeat of our life, & was as it were the laſt reſort, to which of all our knowledges, the higheſt appeale came, and ſo by that meanes was never ignorant of our actions, though many times rebelliouſly reſiſted, alwaies with this priſon darkened:

ſo,

ſo much more being free of that priſon, and returning to the life of all things, where all infinite knowledge is, it cannot but bee a right intelligence, which is both his name and being of things both preſent and paſſed, though voide of imagining to it ſelfe any thing; but even growne like to his Creator hath all things, with a ſpirituall knowledge before it. The difference of which is as hard for us to conceive, as it was for us, when wee were in our mothers wombes, to comprehend (if any body would have told us) what kinde of light wee now in this life ſee, what kinde of knowledge we now have: yet now we doe not onely feele our preſent being, but wee conceive what wee were before we were borne, though remembrance make us not doe it, but knowledge, and though we are utterly without any remorſe of any miſery we might then ſuffer. Even ſuch and much more oddes, ſhall there be at that ſecond delivery of ours; when void of ſenſible memory, or memorative paſſion, we ſhall not ſee the colours, but lives of all things that have been or can be: and ſhall (as I hope) know our friendſhip, though exempt from the earthly cares of friendſhip, having both united it, and our ſelves, in that high and heavenly love of the unquenchable light. As hee had ended his ſpeech, *Muſidorus* looking with a heavenly joy upon him, ſang this ſong unto him, he had made before love turned his muſe to another ſubject.

SInce natures works be good, and death doth ſerve
As natures worke, why ſhould we feare to dye?
Since feare is vaine, but when it may preſerve:
Why ſhould we feare that which we cannot flye?

Feare is more paine than is the paine it feares,
Diſarming humane mindes of native might:
While each conceit an ugly figure beares,
Which were not evill, well view'd in reaſons light.

Our onely eyes, which dimm'd with paſsions be,
And ſcarce diſcerne the dawne of comming day,
Let them be clear'd, and now begin to ſee,
Our life is but a ſtep in duſty way.
Then let us hold the bliſſe of peacefull mind,
Since this we feele, great loſſe we cannot find.

Thus did they like quiet Swannes ſing their owne obſequies, and vertuouſly enable their mindes againſt all extremities, which they did thinke would fall upon them, eſpecially reſolving, that the firſt care they would have, ſhould be by taking the fault upon themſelves, to cleare the two Ladies, of whoſe caſe (as of nothing elſe that happened) they had not any knowledge. Although their friendly Hoſte the honeſt Gentleman *Kalander*, ſeeking all meanes how to helpe them, had endevoured to ſpeak with them, and to make them know who ſhould be their Judge. But the curious ſervant of *Philanax* forbad him the entry upon paine of death. For ſo it was agreed upon, that no man ſhould have any conference with them, for feare of new tumults. In ſo much that *Kalander* was conſtrained to retire himſelfe, having yet obtained thus much, that he would deliver unto the two Princes their apparell and jewels, which being left with him at *Mantinea* (wiſely conſidering that their diſguiſed weeds, which were all as then they had, would make them more odious in

the ſight of the Iudges) he had that night ſent for, and now brought unto them. They accepted their owne with great thankfulneſſe, knowing from whence it came, and attired themſelves in it againſt the next day, which being indeed rich and Princely, they accordingly determined to maintaine the names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*, as before it is mentioned. Then gave they themſelves to conſider in what ſort they might defend their cauſes, for they thought it no leſſe vaine to wiſh death, than cowardly to feare it, till ſomething before morning a ſmall ſlumber taking them, they were by and by after called up to come to the anſwer of no leſſe than their lives imported. But in this ſort was the judgement ordered: As ſoone as the morning had taken a full poſſeſſion of the Element, *Euarchus* called unto him *Philanax*, and willed him to draw out into the middeſt of the greene (before the chiefe Lodge) the throne or judgement ſeat, in which *Baſilius* was wont to ſit, and according to their cuſtomes, was ever carried with the Prince. For *Euarchus* did wiſely conſider, the people to bee naturally taken with exteriour ſhewes, far more than with inward conſideration of the materiall points. And therefore in this new entry into ſo entangled a matter, hee would leave nothing which might bee either an armour or ornament unto him, and in theſe pompous ceremonies hee well knew a ſecret of government much to conſiſt. That was performed by the diligent *Philanax*, and therein *Euarchus* did ſet himſelfe all cloathed in black, with the principall men, who could in that ſuddenneſſe provide themſelves of ſuch mourning rayments: The whole people commanded to keepe an orderly ſilence of each ſide, which was duely obſerved of them, partly for the deſire they had to ſee a good concluſion of theſe matters, and partly ſtricken with admiration, as well at the grave and princely preſence of *Euarchus*, as at the greatneſſe of the cauſe which was then to come in queſtion. As for *Philanax*, *Euarchus* would have done him the honour to ſit by him, but he excuſed himſelfe, deſiring to be the accuſer of the priſoners in his Maſters behalfe; and therefore ſince hee made himſelfe a party, it was not convenient for him to ſit in the judiciall place. Then was it a while deliberated, whether the two young Ladies ſhould be brought forth in open preſence: but that was ſtopped by *Philanax*, whoſe love and faith did deſcend from his Maſter to his children, and only deſired the ſmart ſhould light upon the others, whom hee thought guilty of his death and diſhonour; alledging for this, that neither wiſedome would they ſhould be brought in preſence of the people, which might hereupon grow to new uproares, nor juſtice required they ſhould be drawne to any ſhame, till ſome body accuſed them. And as for *Pamela*, he proteſted the lawes of *Arcadia* would not allow any judgement of her, although ſhe her ſelfe were to determine nothing, till age or marriage enabled her. Then the Kings body being laid upon a Table, juſt before *Euarchus*, and all covered over with blacke, the priſoners, namely, the Queen and two young Princes, were ſent for to appeare, in the Protectors name: which name was the cauſe they came not to knowledge how neare a kinſman was to judge of them, but thought him to be ſome Nobleman, choſen by the countrey in this extremity. So extraordinary a courſe had the order of the heavens produced at this time, that both nephew and ſon were not only priſoners, but unknown to their uncle and father, who of many yeares had not ſeen them. And *Pyrocles* was to plead for his life before that throne, in which throne lately before he had ſaved the Kings life. But firſt was *Gynecia* led forth, in the ſame weeds that the day and night before ſhe had worn, ſaving that in ſtead of *Zelmane's* garment in which ſhe was found, ſhe had caſt on a long cloak, which reached to the ground, of ruſſet courſe cloath, with a poore felt hat, which almoſt covered all her face,

face, moſt part of her goodly haire (on which her hands had layed many a ſpitefull hold), ſo lying upon her ſhoulders, as a man might well ſee had no artificiall careleſneſſe. Her eyes downe on the ground, of purpoſe not to looke on *Pyrocles* face: which ſhe did not ſo much ſhunne, for the unkindneſſe ſhe conceived of her owne overthrow, as for the feare thoſe motions in this ſhort time of her life ſhould be revived, which ſhe had with the paſſage of infinite ſorrowes mortified. Great was the compaſſion the people felt, to ſee their Princeſſe ſtate and beauty ſo deformed by fortune and her owne defert, whom they had ever found a Lady moſt worthy of all honour. But by and by the ſight of the two other priſoners drew moſt of the eyes to that ſpectacle. *Pyrocles* came out led by *Simpathus*, clothed after the Greek manner, in a long coate of white velvet, reaching to the ſmall of his legge, with great buttons of Diamonds all along upon it: His necke without any coller, not ſo much as hidden with a ruffe, did paſſe the whiteneſſe of his garments, which was not much in faſhion unlike to the crimſon rayment our Knights of the Order firſt put on. On his feet hee had nothing but ſlippers, which, after the ancient manner, were tied up with certaine laces, which were faſtned under his knee, having wrapped about (with many pretty knots) his naked legges. His faire auberne haire (which hee ware in great length, and gave at that time a delightfull ſhew, with being ſtirred up and downe with the breath of a gentle wind) had nothing upon it, but white Ribbin, in thoſe dayes uſed for a Diademe. Which rolled once or twice about the uppermoſt part of his forehead, fell downe upon his backe, cloſed up at each end with the richeſt pearle were to be ſeene in the world. After him followed another nobleman, guiding the noble *Muſidorus*, who had upon him a long cloake, after the faſhion of that which we call the Apoſtles mantle, made of purple Satten; not that purple which we now have, and is but a counterfeit of the *Getulian* purple (which yet was farre the meaner in price and eſtimation) but of the right *Tyrian* purple, which was neareſt to a colour betwixt our murray & ſcarlet. On his head, which was black and curled, he ware a *Perſian Tiara*, all ſet downe with rowes of ſo rich Rubies, as they were enough to ſpeake for him, that they had to judge of no meane perſonage.

In this ſort with erected countenances, did theſe unfortunate Princes ſuffer themſelves to bee led, ſhewing aright, by the compariſon of them and *Gynecia*, how to divers perſons compaſſion is diverſly to bee ſtirred. For as to *Gynecia*, a Lady knowne of great eſtate, and greatly eſteemed, the more miſerable repreſentation was made of her ſudden ruine, the more mens hearts were forced to bewaile ſuch an evident witneſſe of weake humanity: ſo to theſe men, not regarded becauſe unknowne, but rather (beſides the deteſtation of their fact) hated as ſtrangers, the more they ſhould have fallen downe in an abject ſemblance, the more in ſtead of compaſſion they ſhould have gotten contempt: but therefore were to uſe (as I may terme it) the more violence of magnanimity, and ſo to conquer the expectation of the lookers with an extraordinary vertue. And ſuch effect indeed it wrought in the whole aſſembly, their eyes yet ſtanding as it were in ballance to whether of them they ſhould moſt direct their ſight. *Muſidorus* was in ſtature ſo much higher than *Pyrocles*, as commonly is gotten by one yeeres growth. His face now beginning to have ſome tokens of a beard, was compoſed to a kinde of a manlike beauty. His colour was of a well pleaſing browneneſſe, and the features of it ſuch, as they carried both delight and Majeſty: his countenance ſevere, and promiſing a minde much given to thinking. *Pyrocles* of a pure complexion, and of ſuch a chearefull favour, as might ſeeme either a womans face in a boy, or an excellent boyes face in a woman.

a woman. His looke gentle and baſhfull, which bred the more admiration, having ſhewed ſuch notable proofes of courage. Laſtly, though both had both, if there were any oddes, *Muſidorus* was the more goodly, and *Pyrocles* the more lovely. But aſſoone as *Muſidorus* ſaw himſelfe ſo farre forth led among the people, that he knew to a great number of them his voice ſhould be heard, miſ-doubting their intention to the Princeſſe *Pamela*, (of whom hee was more carefull than of his owne life) even as hee went (though his Leader ſought to interrupt him) hee thus with a loud voice ſpake unto them. And is it poſſible, O *Arcadians*, ſaid hee, that you can forget the naturall duty you owe to your Princeſſe *Pamela*? hath this ſoile beene ſo little beholding to her noble Anceſtors? hath ſo long a time rooted no ſurer love in your hearts to that line? Where is that faith to your Princes blood, which hath not onely preſerved you from all dangers heretofore, but hath ſpread your fame to all the Nations in the world? Where is that juſtice the *Arcadians* were wont to flouriſh in, whoſe nature is to render to every one his owne? Will you now keepe the right from your Prince, who is the onely giver of judgement, the key of juſtice, and life of your lawes? Doe you hope in a few yeares to ſet up ſuch another race, which nothing but length of time can eſtabliſh? Will you reward *Baſilius* children with ungratefulneſſe, the very poyſon of manhood? Will you betray your long ſetled reputation with the foule name of traytours? Is this your mourning for your Kings death, to encreaſe his loſſe with his daughters miſery? Imagine your Prince doth looke out of the heavens unto you, what doe you thinke he could wiſh more at your hands than that you doe well by his children? And what more honour I pray you can you doe to his obſequies, than to ſatisfie his ſoule with a loving memory, as you doe his body with an unfelt ſolemnity? What have you done with the Princeſſe *Pamela*? *Pamela* the juſt inheritrix of this Countrey, *Pamela* whom this earth may bee happy, that it ſhall be hereafter ſaid, ſhe was borne in *Arcadia*; *Pamela* in her ſelfe your ornament, in her education your foſter childe, and every way your onely Princeſſe, what account can you render to your ſelves of her? Truely I doe not thinke that you all know what is become of her: ſo ſoone may a Diamond bee loſt, ſo ſoone may the faireſt light in the world be put out. But looke, looke unto it, O *Arcadians*, bee not ſo wilfully robbed of your greateſt treaſure, make not your ſelves miniſters to private ambitions, who doe but uſe your ſelves to put on your owne yokes. Whatſoever you determine of us (who I muſt confeſſe are but ſtrangers) yet let not *Baſilius* daughters bee ſtrangers unto you. Laſtly, howſoever you barre her from her publike ſoveraignty (which if you doe, little may we hope of equity where rebellion reignes) yet deny not that childes right unto her, that ſhe may come and doe the laſt duties to her fathers body. Deny not that happineſſe (if in ſuch a caſe there be any happineſſe) to your late King, that his body may have his laſt touch of his deareſt child. With ſuch like broken manner of queſtions and ſpeeches, was *Muſidorus* deſirous, as much as in paſſing by them he could, to move the people to tender *Pamela's* fortune. But at length, by that they came to the judgement place, both *Simpathus* and his guider had greatly ſatisfied him, with the aſſurance they gave him, this aſſembly of people had neither meaning nor power to doe any hurt to the Princeſſe, whom they all acknowledged as their ſoveraigne Ladie. But that the cuſtome of *Arcadia* was ſuch, till ſhee had more yeares, the ſtate of the countrey to be guided by a Protector, under whom he and his fellow were to receive their judgement. That eaſed *Muſidorus* heart of his moſt vehement care, when he found his beloved Lady to bee out of danger. But *Pyrocles*, aſſoone as the

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Queene of the one ſide, hee and *Muſidorus* of the other, were ſtayed before the face of their Judge (having onely for their Barre the Table on the which the Kings body lay) being nothing leſſe vexed with the doubt of *Philoclea*, than *Muſidorus* was for *Pamela*; in this ſort with a lowly behaviour, and onely then like a ſuppliant, he ſpake to the Protector. Pardon me, moſt honoured Judge (ſaith he) that uncommanded I begin my ſpeech unto you, ſince both to you and mee, theſe words of mine ſhall be moſt neceſſary. To you, having the ſacred exerciſe of juſtice in your hand, nothing appertaines more properly, than truth nakedly and freely ſet downe: To mee, being environed round about with many dangerous calamities, what can be more convenient, than at leaſt to bee at peace with my ſelfe, in having diſcharged my conſcience, in a moſt behoofefull veritie? Underſtand therefore, and truly underſtand, that the Lady *Philoclea* (to whoſe unſtained vertue it hath beene my unſpeakeable miſery, that my name ſhould become a blot) if ſhee be accuſed, is moſt unjuſtly accuſed of any diſhonourable fact, which by my meanes ſhee may be thought to have yeelded unto. Whatſoever hath been done, hath been my onely attempt, which notwithſtanding was never intended againſt her chaſtitie. But whatſoever hath beene informed, was my fault. And I atteſt the heavens, to blaſpheme which I am not now in fit tune, that ſo much as my comming into her chamber, was wholly unwitting unto her. This your wiſedome may withall conſider, if I would lye, I would lye for mine owne behoofe: I am not ſo old, as to be wearie of my ſelfe; but the very ſting of my inward knowledge, joyned with the conſideration I muſt needs have, what an infinite loſſe it ſhould bee to all thoſe who love goodneſſe in good folkes, if ſo pure a child of vertue ſhould wrongfully be deſtroyed, compells me to uſe my tongue againſt my ſelfe, and receive the burden of what evill was, upon mine owne doing. Looke therefore with pitifull eyes upon ſo faire beames, and that misfortune which by mee hath fallen upon her, helpe to repaire it with your publike judgement; ſince whoſoever deales cruelly with ſuch a creature, ſhewes himſelfe a hater of mankinde, and an envier of the worlds bliſſe. And this petition I make, even in the name of juſtice, that before you proceed further againſt us, I may know how you conceive of her noble, though unfortunate action, and what judgement you will make of it. Hee had not ſpoken his laſt word, when all the whole people both of great and low eſtate, confirmed with an united murmur *Pyrocles* demand, longing (for the love generally was borne *Philoclea*) to know what they might hope of her. *Euarchus*, though neither regarding a priſoners paſſionate prayer, nor bearing over plauſible eares to a many-headed motion, yet well enough content to winne their liking with things in themſelves indifferent, hee was content, firſt, to ſeeke as much as might bee of *Philoclea's* behaviour in this matter: which being cleared by *Pyrocles*, and but weakly gainſaid by *Philanax* (who had framed both his owne and *Dametas* evidence moſt for her favour, and in truth could have gone no further than conjecture) yet finding by his wiſedome, that ſhee was not altogether faultleſſe, he pronounced, ſhee ſhould all her life long bee kept priſoner among certaine women of Religion, like the *Veſtall* Nunnes, ſo to repay the touched honour of her houſe, with well obſerving a ſtrict profeſſion of chaſtity. Although this were a great prejudicating of *Pyrocles* caſe, yet was he exceedingly joyous of it, being aſſured of his Ladies life, and in the depth of his minde not ſorry, that what end ſoever hee had, none ſhould obtain the after enjoying that jewell, whereon he had ſet his lives happineſſe. After it was by publike ſentence delivered what ſhould bee done with the ſweet *Philoclea*, the lawes of *Arcadia* bearing, that what was appointed by the Magiſtrates

in the nonage of the Prince, could not afterwards be repealed; *Euarchus* ſtill uſing to himſelfe no other name but Protector of *Arcadia*, commanded thoſe that had to ſay againſt the Queene *Gynecia*, to proceed, becauſe both her eſtate required ſhee ſhould bee firſt heard, and alſo for that ſhee was taken to bee the principall in the greater matter they were to judge of. *Philanax* incontinently ſtepped forth, and ſhewing in his greedy eyes, that he did thirſt for her blood, began a well thought on diſcourſe of her (in his judgement) execrable wickedneſſe. But *Gynecia* ſtanding up before the Judge, caſting abroad her armes, with her eyes hidden under the breadth of her unſeemly hat, laying open in all her geſtures the deſpairefull affliction, to which all the might of her reaſon was converted, with ſuch like words ſtopped *Philanax*, as he was entring into his invective Oration. Stay, ſtay *Philanax*, ſaid ſhee, doe not defile thy honeſt mouth with thoſe diſhonourable ſpeeches thou art about to utter againſt a woman, now moſt wretched, lately thy Miſtreſſe. Let either the remembrance how great ſhe was, move thy heart to ſome reverence; or the ſeeing how low ſhe is, ſtirre in thee ſome pity. It may be truth doth make thee deale untruely, and love of juſtice frames injuſtice in thee; doe not therefore (neither ſhalt thou need) tread upon my deſolate ruines. Thou ſhalt have what thou ſeekeſt, and yet ſhalt not be oppreſſour of her, who cannot chooſe but love thee for thy ſingular faith to thy Maſter. I doe not ſpeake this to procure mercy, or to prolong my life; no, no, I ſay unto you I will not live, but I am onely loth my death ſhould be engrieved with any wrong thou ſhouldeſt doe unto mee. I have beene too painfull a Judge over my ſelfe, to deſire pardon in others judgement. I have been too cruell an executioner of mine owne ſoule, to deſire that execution of juſtice ſhould bee ſtaied for me. Alas, they that know how ſorrow can rent the ſpirits, they that know what fiery hels are contained in a ſelf-condemning mind, need not fear that fear can keepe ſuch a one from deſiring to be ſeparated from that which nothing but death can ſeparate. I therefore ſay to thee (O juſt Judge) that I, and only I, was the worker of *Baſilius* death. They were theſe hands that gave unto him the poyſonous potion, that hath brought death to him, and loſſe to *Arcadia*; it was I, and none but I, that haſtned his aged yeares to an unnaturall end, and that have made all his people orphans of their royall father. I am the ſubject that have killed my Prince, I am the wife that have murdered my husband, I am a degenerate woman, an undoer of this countrey, a ſhame of my children. What wouldſt thou have ſaid more, Oh *Philanax?* and all this I grant. There reſteth then nothing elſe to ſay, but that I deſire you, you will appoint quickly ſome to rid mee of my life, rather than theſe hands, which elſe are deſtined unto it; and that indeed it may bee done with ſuch ſpeed, as I may not long dye in this life, which I have in ſo great horrour: with that ſhee croſſed her armes, and ſate downe upon the ground, attending the Judges anſwer. But a great while it was before any body could bee heard ſpeake, the whole people concurring in a lamentable cry: ſo much had *Gynecia's* words and behaviour ſtirred their hearts to a dolefull compaſſion; neither in troth could moſt of them in their judgements tell, whether they ſhould be more ſorrie for her fault or her miſery; for the loſſe of her eſtate, or loſſe of her vertue. But moſt were moſt moved with that which was under their eyes, the ſenſe moſt ſubject to pitie. But at length the reverent awe they ſtood in of *Euarchus*, brought them to a ſilent waiting his determination; who having well conſidered the abomination of the fact, attending more the manifeſt proofe of ſo horrible a treſpaſſe, confeſſed by her ſelfe, and proved by others, than any thing relenting to thoſe tragicall phraſes of hers (apter to ſtirre a vulgar pitie, than his minde, which hated evill,

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in what colours ſoever hee found it) having conſidered a while with the principall men of the countrey, and demanded their allowance, hee definitively gave this ſentence: That whereas both in private and publike reſpects, this woman had moſt hainouſly offended (in private, becauſe marriage being the moſt holy conjunction that falls to mankinde, out of which all families, and ſo conſequently all ſocieties do proceed, which not onely by community of goods, but community of children, is to knit the mindes in a moſt perfect union, which who ſo breakes, diſſolves all humanity, no man living free from the danger of ſo neare a neighbour, ſhe had not onely broken it, but broken it with death, and the moſt pretended death that might bee: In publike reſpect, the Princes perſons, being in all Monarchall governments the very knot of the peoples welfare, and light of all their doings, to which they are not only in conſcience, but in neceſſity bound to be loyall, ſhee had trayterouſly empoyſoned him, neither regarding her countries profit, her owne duty, nor the rigour of the lawes:) That therefore, as well for the due ſatisfaction to eternall Juſtice, and accompliſhment of the *Arcadian* ſtatutes, as for the everlaſting example to all wives and ſubjects, ſhee ſhould preſently be conveyed to cloſe priſon, and there kept with ſuch food as might ſerve to ſuſtaine her alive, untill the day of her husbands buriall, at which time ſhe ſhould be buried quicke, in the ſame tombe with him: that ſo his murder might be a murder to her ſelfe, and ſhee forced to keepe company with the body, from which ſhe had made ſo deteſtable a ſeverance: and laſtly, death might redreſſe their diſ-joyned conjunction of marriage. His judgement was received of the whole aſſembly, as not with diſliking, ſo with great aſtoniſhment, the greatneſſe of the matter and perſon as it were overpreſſing the might of their conceits. But when they did ſet it to the beame, with the monſtrouſneſſe of her ugly miſdeed, they could not but yeeld in their hearts, there was no overballancing. As for *Gynecia*, who had already ſettled her thoughts, not onely to looke but long for this event, having in this time of her vexati on found a ſweetneſſe in the reſt ſhe hoped by death (with a countenance witneſſing ſhee had beforehand ſo paſſed through all the degrees of ſorrow, that ſhee had no new looke to figure forth any more) roſe up, and offered forth her faire hands to bee bound or led as they would, being indeed troubled with no part of this judgement, but that her death was as ſhe thought long delayed. They that were appointed for it, conveyed her to the place ſhe was in before, where the guard was releeved, and the number encreaſed, to keepe her more ſure for the time of her execution: none of them all that led her, though moſt of them were ſuch, whoſe hearts had been long hardened with the often exerciſing ſuch offices, being able to bar teares from their eyes, and other manifeſt tokens of compaſſionate ſorrow: So goodly a vertue is a reſolute conſtancy, that even in evill deſervers, it ſeemes that party might have beene notably well deſerving. Thus the excellent Lady *Gynecia*, having paſſed five and thirty yeeres of her age, even to the admiration of a beautifull minde and body, and having not in her owne knowledge, ever ſpotted her ſoule with any wilfull vice, but her immoderate love of *Zelmane*, was brought firſt by the violence of that ill-anſwered paſſion, and then by the deſpairing conceit ſhe took of the judgment of God in her husbands death and her owne fortune, purpoſely to overthrow her ſelfe, and confirme by a wrong confeſſion, that abominable ſhame, which with her wiſedome joyned with the truth, perhaps ſhe might have refelled. Then did *Euarchus* aske *Philanax*, whether it were he that would charge the two young priſoners, or that ſome other ſhould doe it, and hee fit, according to his eſtate, as an aſſiſtant in the judgement. *Philanax* told him as before hee had done, that hee thought no

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man could lay manifeſt the naughtineſſe of thoſe two young men, with ſo much either truth or zeale as himſelfe; and therefore he deſired he might doe this laſt ſervice to his faithfully beloved Maſter, as to proſecute the trayterous cauſers of his death and diſhonour; which being done, for his part hee meant to give up all dealing in publike affaires, ſince that man was gone who had made him love them. *Philanax* thus being ready to ſpeake, the two Princes were commanded to tell their names, who anſwered according to their agreements, that they were *Daiphantus* of *Lycia*, and *Palladius* Prince of *Iberia*. Which when they had ſaid, they demanded to know by what authority they could judge of them, ſince they were not onely forreiners, and ſo not borne under their lawes, but abſolute Princes, and therefore not to bee touched by lawes. But anſwer was preſently made them, that *Arcadian* Lawes were to have their force upon any were found in *Arcadia*: ſince ſtrangers have ſcope to know the cuſtomes of a country, before they put themſelves in it: and when they once are entred, they muſt know, that what by many was made, muſt not for one be broken: and ſo much leſſe for a ſtranger, as hee is to look for no priviledge in that place, to which in time of need his ſervice is not to be expected. As for their being Princes, whether they were ſo or no, the beliefe ſtood in their owne words, which they had ſo diverſly falſified, as they did not deſerve beliefe. But whatſoever they were, *Arcadia* was to acknowledge them but as private men, ſince they were neither by Magiſtracy nor alliance to the princely bloud, to claime any thing in that region. Therefore if they had offended (which now by the Plaintiffe and their defence was to be judged) againſt the lawes of Nations, by the lawes of Nations they were to be chaſtiſed: if againſt the peculiar ordinances of the Province, thoſe peculiar ordinances were to lay hold of them. The Princes ſtood awhile upon that, demanding leaſure to give perfect knowledge of their greatneſſe; but when they were anſwered, that in a caſe of a Princes death, the Law of that countrey had ever been, that immediate triall ſhould be had, they were forced to yeeld, reſolved that in thoſe names they would, as much as they could, cover the ſhame of their royall parentage, and keepe as long as might bee (if evill were determined againſt them) the evill newes from their carefull Kinsfolke; wherein the chiefe man they conſidered was *Euarchus*: whom the ſtrange and ſecret working of juſtice had brought to be the Judge over them. In ſuch a ſhadow, or rather pit of darkeneſſe, the wormiſh mankinde lives, that neither they know how to foreſee, nor what to feare: and are like tennis-balls, toſſed by the racket of the higher powers. Thus both ſides ready, it was determined, becauſe their caſes were ſeparated, firſt *Philanax* ſhould be heard againſt *Pyrocles*, whom they termed *Daiphantus*, and that heard, the others cauſe ſhould follow, and ſo receive together ſuch judgement, as they ſhould be found to have deſerved. But *Philanax* that was even ſhort breathed at the firſt, with the extreme vehemencie hee had to ſpeake againſt them, ſtroking once or twice his forehead, and wiping his eyes (which either wept, or he would at that time have them ſeeme to weepe) looking firſt upon *Pyrocles*, as if he had proclaimed all hatefulneſſe againſt him, humbly turning to *Euarchus* (who with quiet gravity, ſhewed great attention) he thus began his Oration. That which all men, who take upon them to accuſe another, are wont to deſire (moſt worthy Protector) to have many proofes of faults in them they ſeeke to have condemned, that is to me in this preſent action, my greateſt cumber and annoyance. For the number is ſo great, and the qualitie ſo monſtrous, of the enormities this wretched young man hath committed, that neither I in my ſelfe can tell where to begin (my thoughts being confuſed with the horrible multitude of them) neither doe I thinke

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your vertuous eares will bee able to endure the report: but will rather imagine, you hear ſome Tragedy invented of the extremity of wickedneſſe, than a juſt recitall of wickedneſſe indeed committed: for ſuch is the diſpoſition of the moſt ſincere judgements, that as they can beleeve meane faults, and ſuch as mans nature may ſlide into, ſo when they paſſe to a certaine degree, nay when they paſſe all degrees of unſpeakeable naughtineſſe, then finde they in themſelves a hardneſſe to give credit, that humane creatures can ſo from all humanity be transformed. But in my ſelfe, the ſtrength of my faith to my dead Maſter will helpe the weakneſſe of my memorie; in you, your excellent love of juſtice will force you to vouchſafe attention: and as for the matter, it is ſo manifeſt, ſo pitifull evidences lye before your eyes of it, that I ſhall need to be but a briefe recounter, and no rhetoricall enlarger of this moſt harmfull miſchiefe. I will therefore, in as few words as ſo huge a treſpaſſe can be contained, deliver unto you the ſum of this miſerable fact, leaving out a great number of particular tokens of his naughtineſſe, and onely touching the eſſentiall points of this dolefull caſe. This man, whom to begin withall I know not how to name, ſince being come into this countrey, unaccompanied like a loſt Pilgrim, from a man grew a woman, from a woman a raviſher of women, thence a Priſoner, and now a Prince: But this *Zelmane*, this *Daiphantus*, this what you will (for any ſhape or title he can take upon him, that hath no reſtraint of ſhame) having underſtood the ſolitary life my late Maſter lived, and conſidering how open he had laid himſelfe to any trayterous attempt, for the firſt maske of his falſhood, diſguiſed himſelfe like a woman: which being the more ſimple and hurtleſſe ſexe, might eaſier hide his ſubtle harmfulneſſe. And preſenting himſelfe to my maſter, the moſt curteous Prince that lived, was received of him with ſo great graciouſneſſe, as might have bound not only any gratefull minde, but might have mollified any enemies rancour. But this venemous ſerpent admitted thus into his boſome, as contagion will eaſily find a fit body for it, ſo had he quickly fallen into ſo neat acquaintance with this naughty woman, whom even now you have moſt juſtly condemned, that this was her right hand; ſhe ſaw with no eyes but his, nor ſeemed to have any life but in him, ſo glad ſhee was to find one more cunning than her ſelfe, in covering wickedneſſe with a modeſt veile. What is to be thought paſſed betwixt two ſuch vertuous creatures, wherof the one hath confeſſed murder, & the other rape, I leave to your wiſe conſideration. For my heart haſtens to the miſerable point of *Baſilius* murder, for the executing of wch with more facility, this young nymph of *Diana's* bringing up, fained certain rites ſhe had to performe: ſo furious an impiety had carried him from all remembrance of goodnes, that he did not onely not feare the gods, as the beholders and puniſhers of ſo ungodly a villany, but did blaſphemouſly uſe their ſacred holy name, as a miniſter unto it. And forſooth a cave here by was choſen for the temple of his devotions, a cave of ſuch darkneſſe, as did prognoſticate he meant to pleaſe the infernall powers; for there this accurſed caitife, upon the Altar of falſhood, ſacrificed the life of the vertuous *Baſilius*. By what meanes he trayned him thither, alas I know not; for if I might have knowne it, either my life had accompanied my Maſter, or this fellowes death had preſerved him. But this may ſuffice, that in the mouth of this cave, where this traytor had his lodging and Chappell, when already Maſter Shepheard his companion had conveyed away the undoubted inheritrix of this countrey, was *Gynecia* found by the dead corps of her husband newly empoyſoned, apparelled in the garments of the young Lady, and ready no queſtion to have fled to ſome place, according to their conſort, but that ſhee was by certaine honeſt ſhepheards arreſted: while in the meane time, becauſe there ſhould bee left no revenger of this bloudy miſchiefe,

chiefe, this noble *Amazon* was violently gotten into the chamber of the Lady *Philoclea*, where by the mingling (as much as in him lay) of her ſhame with his miſdeed, he might enforce her to be acceſſary to her fathers death, and under the countenance of her and her ſiſter (againſt whom they knew we would not rebell) ſeiſe, as it were with one gripe, into their treacherous hands the regiment of this mighty Province. But the almighty eye prevented him of the end of his miſchief, by uſing a villain *Dametas* his hand to incloſe him in there, where, with as much fortification as in a houſe could be made, he thought himſelfe in moſt ſecurity. Thus ſee you, moſt juſt Judge, a ſhort and ſimple ſtory of the infamous miſery fallen upon this countrey; indeed infamous, ſince by an effeminate man we ſhould ſuffer a greater overthrow, than our mightieſt enemies have been ever able to lay upon us. And that all this which I have ſaid is moſt manifeſt, as well of the murdering of *Baſilius*, as the raviſhing of *Philoclea* (for thoſe two parts I eſtabliſh of my accuſation) who is of ſo incredulous a minde, or rather who will ſo ſtop his eyes from ſeeing a thing clearer than the light, as not to hold for aſſured ſo palpable a matter? For to begin with his moſt cruell miſdeed, Is it to be imagined that *Gynecia* (a woman though wicked, yet witty) would have attempted and atchieved an enterpriſe, no leſſe hazzardous than horrible, without having ſome counſellor in the beginning, and ſome comforter in the performing? Had ſhee, who ſhewed her thoughts were ſo over-ruled with ſome ſtrange deſire, as in deſpite of God, nature, and womanhood, to execute that in deeds, which in words we cannot heare without trembling? had ſhe (I ſay) no practice to lead her unto it? Or had ſhe a practice without conſpiracy? Or could ſhee conſpire without ſome body to conſpire with? And if one were, who ſo likely as this, to whom ſhee communicated I am ſure her minde, the world thinkes her bodie? Neither let her words, taking the whole fault upon her ſelfe, bee herein any thing availeable. For to thoſe perſons who have vomited out of their ſoules all remnants of goodneſſe, there reſts a certaine pride in evill, and having elſe no ſhadow of glory left them, they glory to be conſtant in iniquity, and that God knowes muſt bee held out to the laſt gaſpe, without revealing their accomplices; as thinking great courage is declared in being neither affraid of the heavens, nor aſhamed of the world. But let *Gynecia's* action dye with her ſelfe: What can all the earth anſwer for his comming hither? Why alone if hee be a Prince? How ſo richly jewelled if he be not a Prince? Why then a woman if now a man? Why now *Daiphantus* if then *Zelmane*? Was all this play for nothing? or if it had an end, what end but the end of my deare Maſter? Shall wee doubt ſo many ſecret conferences with *Gynecia*; ſuch fained favour to the over-ſoone beguiled *Baſilius*, a cave made a lodging, and the ſame lodging made a Temple of his Religion; laſtly, ſuch changes and treacheries, as a quiet Poet could ſcarce fill a Poeme withall, were directed to any leſſe ſcope than to this monſtrous murder? Oh ſnaky ambition, which can winde thy ſelfe to ſo many figures, to ſlide thither thou deſireſt to come! O corrupted reaſon of mankinde, that can yeeld to deforme thy ſelfe with ſo filthy deſires! And O hopeleſſe be thoſe meanes, whom ſo unnaturall deſires doe not with their owne uglineſſe ſufficiently terrifie! But yet even of favour let us grant him thus much more, as to fancie that in theſe foretold things, fortune might be a great Actor, perchance to an evill end, yet to a leſſe evill end all theſe entangled devices were entended. But I beſeech your Ladiſhip, my Lady *Daiphantus*, tell mee what excuſe you can finde for the changing your lodging with the Queene, that very inſtant ſhee was to finiſh her execrable practice: How can you cloak the lending of your cloak unto her? was all that by chance too? Had

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the ſtarres ſent ſuch an influence unto you, as you ſhould bee juſt weary of your lodging and garments, when our Prince was deſtined to the ſlaughter? What ſay you to this, O ſhamefull and ſhameleſſe creature? fit indeed to bee the diſhonour of both ſexes. But alas, I ſpend too many words in ſo manifeſt and ſo miſerable a matter. They muſt be foure wild horſes (which according to our lawes are the executioners of men which murder our Prince) which muſt decide this queſtion with you. Yet ſee, ſo farre had my zeale to my beloved Prince tranſported me, that I had almoſt forgotten my ſecond part, and his ſecond abomination, I meane, his violence offered to the Lady *Philoclea*, wherwith, as if it had wel become his womanhood, he came braving to the judgement ſeat: indeed our lawes appoint not ſo cruell a death (although death too) for this fact as for the other. But whoſoever well weighes it, ſhall finde it ſprung out of the ſame fountaine of miſchievous naughtineſſe, the killing of the father, diſhonouring the mother, and raviſhing the childe. Alas, could not ſo many benefits received of my Prince, the juſtice of nature, the right of hoſpitality, be a bridle to thy luſt, if not to thy cruelty? Or if thou hadſt (as ſurely thou haſt) a heart recompencing goodneſſe with hatred, could not his death, which is the laſt of revenges, ſatisfie thy malice, but thou muſt heape upon it the ſhame of his daughter? Were thy eyes ſo ſtony, thy breaſt ſo tygriſh, as the ſweet and beautifull ſhewes of *Philoclea's* vertue did not aſtoniſh thee? O wofull *Arcadia*, to whom the name of this mankinde curtiſan ſhall ever be remembred as a procurer of thy greateſt loſſe! But too farre I finde my paſſion, yet honeſt paſſion, hath guided me; the cauſe is every way too too much unanſwerable. It reſteth in you, O excellent Protector, to pronounce judgement, which if there bee hope that ſuch a young man may prove profitable to the world, who in the firſt exerciſe of his owne determination farre paſſed the arranteſt ſtrumpet in luxurioufneſſe, the cunningeſt forger in falſhood, a Player in diſguiſing, a Tyger in cruelty, a Dragon in ingratefulneſſe, let him be preſerved like a jewell, to do greater miſchiefe. If his youth be not more defiled with treachery than the eldeſt mans age, let I ſay his youth be ſome cauſe of compaſſion. If he have not every way ſought the overthrow of humane ſociety, if hee have done any thing like a Prince, let his naming himſelfe a Prince, breed a reverence of his baſe wickedneſſe. If he have not broken all the lawes of hoſpitality, and broken them in the moſt deteſtable degree that can be, let his being a gueſt be a ſacred protection of his more than ſalvage doings: or if his whoriſh beauty have not been as the high way of his wickedneſſe, let the picture drawn upon ſo poyſonous a wood, be reſerved to ſhew how greatly colours can pleaſe us. But if it is, as it is (what ſhould I ſay more?) a very ſpirit of helliſh naughtineſſe; if his act be to be puniſhed, and his defiled perſon not to be pitied; then reſtore unto us our Prince, by duely puniſhing his murderers: for then we ſhall think him and his name to live, when we ſhall ſee his killers to dye. Reſtore to the excellent *Philoclea* her honour, by taking out of the world her diſhonour, and thinke that at this day, in this matter are the eyes of the world upon you, whether any thing can ſway your minde from a true adminiſtration of juſtice. Alas, though I have much more to ſay, I can ſay no more, for my teares and ſighs interrupt my ſpeech, & force me to give my ſelfe over to my private ſorrow. Thus when *Philanax* had uttered the uttermoſt of his malice, he made ſorrow the cauſe of his concluſion. But while *Philanax* was in the courſe of his ſpeech, and did with ſuch bitter reproaches defame the Princely *Pyrocles*, it was well to be ſeene his heart was unuſed to beare ſuch injuries, and his thoughts ſuch, as could arme themſelves better againſt any thing than ſhame. For ſometimes bluſhing, his blood with diverſe motions

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comming and going, ſometimes cloſing his eyes; and laying his hand over them, ſometimes giving ſuch a looke to *Philanax*, as might ſhew hee aſſured himſelfe he durſt not ſo have ſpoken if they had beene in indifferent place; with ſome impatiencie hee bare the length of his oration: which being ended, with as much modeſt humbleneſſe to the Judge; as deſpitefull ſcorne to the accuſer, with words to this purpoſe he defended his honour.

My accuſers tale may well beare witneſſe with mee, moſt rightfull Judge, in how hard a caſe, and environed with how many troubles, I may eſteeme my ſelfe. For if he, who ſhewes his tongue is not unacquainted with railing, was in an agony in the beginning of his ſpeech, with the multitude of matters he had to lay unto me, wherein notwithſtanding the moſt evill could fall unto him, was, that hee ſhould not do ſo much evill as he would; how cumbred do you think may I acknowledge my ſelfe, who in things no leſſe importing than my life, muſt be mine owne advocate, without leiſure to anſwer, or fore-knowledge what ſhould bee objected? In things I ſay promoted with ſo cunning confuſion, as having mingled truths with falſhoods, ſurmiſes with certainties, cauſes of no moment with matters capitall, ſcolding with complaining, I can abſolutely neither grant nor deny, neither can I tell, whether I come hither to be judged, or before judgment to be puniſhed, being compelled to heare ſuch unworthy words, farre more grievous than any death unto me. But ſince the forme of this government allowes ſuch tongue-liberty unto him, I will picke as well as I can out of his invective, thoſe few points which may ſeeme of ſome purpoſe in the touching of me, hoping that by your eaſie hearing of me, you will ſhew, that though you hate evill, yet you wiſh men may prove themſelves not evill; ſo in that he hath ſaid, you will not weigh ſo much what he hath ſaid, as what he hath proved, remembring that truth is ſimple and naked, and that if hee had guided himſelfe under that banner, he needed not out of the way have ſought ſo vile and falſe diſgracing of mee, enough to make the untrueſt accuſation beleeved. I will therefore, uſing truth as my beſt eloquence, repeat unto you as much as I know in this matter, and then by the onely cleareneſſe of the diſcourſe, your wiſdome I know will finde the difference betwixt cavilling ſuppoſition, and direct declaration. This Prince *Palladius* and I, being enflamed with love (a paſſion farre more eaſily reprehended than refrained) to the two peereleſſe daughters of *Baſilius*, and underſtanding how he had ſecluded himſelfe from the world, that like Princes there was no acceſſe unto him, we diſguiſed our ſelves in ſuch formes, as might ſooneſt bring us to the revealing of our affections. The Prince *Palladius* had ſuch event of his doings, that with *Pamela*'s conſent hee was to convey her out of the thraldome ſhe lived in, to receive the ſubjection of a greater people than her owne, untill her fathers conſent might be obtained. My fortune was more hard, for I bare no more love to the chaſte *Philoclea*, than *Baſilius*, deceived in my ſexe, ſhewed to me; in ſo much that by his importunacy, I could have no time to obtaine the like favour of the pure *Philoclea*, till this policie I found, taking, under colour of ſome devotions, my lodging, to draw *Baſilius* thither, with hope to enjoy mee: which likewiſe I revealed to the Queene, that ſhe might keepe my place, and ſo make her husband ſee his errour. While I in the meane time, being delivered of them both, and having lockt ſo the doores, as I hoped, if the immaculate *Philoclea* would condeſcend to goe with me, there ſhould be none to hinder our going, I was made priſoner there, I know not by what meanes, when being repelled by her divine vertue, I would faineſt have eſcaped. Here have you the thread to guide you in the Labyrinth this man of his tongue had made ſo monſtrous. Here you ſee the true

diſcourſe

diſcourſe, which he mountebanke-faſhion doth make ſo wide a mouth over. Here may you conceive the reaſon why the Queene had my garment, becauſe in her going to the cave in the Moone-ſhine night, ſhee might be taken for mee, which hee uſeth as the knot of all his wiſe aſſertions: ſo that as this double minded fellowes accuſation was double, double likewiſe my anſwer muſt perforce be; to the murther of *Baſilius*, and violence offered to the inviolate *Philoclea*. For the firſt, O heavenly gods, who would have thought any mouth could have beene found ſo mercenary, as to have opened ſo ſleight proofes of ſo horrible matters! His firſt argument is a queſtion; who would imagine that *Gynecia* would accompliſh ſuch an Act, without ſome acceſſaries? and if any, who but I? Truely I am ſo farre from imagining any thing, that till I ſaw theſe mourning tokens, and heard *Gynecia's* confeſſion, I never imagined the King was dead. And for my part, ſo vehemently, and more like the manner of paſſionate than guilty folkes, I ſee the Queene perſecute her ſelfe, that I thinke condemnation may goe too haſtily over her, conſidering the unlikelihood, if not impoſſibility, her wiſedome and vertue ſo long nouriſhed, ſhould in one moment throw downe it ſelfe to the uttermoſt end of wickedneſſe. But whatſoever ſhe hath done (which as I ſay, I never beleeved) yet how unjuſtly ſhould that aggravate my fault? Shee found abroad, I within doores (for as for the wearing my garment I have told you the cauſe) ſhee ſeeking as you ſay to eſcape, I locking my ſelfe in a houſe: without perchance the conſpiracie of one poore ſtranger, might greatly enable her attempt, or the fortification of the Lodge (as the trimme man alledged) might make mee hope to reſiſt all *Arcadia*. And ſee how treacherouſly hee ſeekes to draw from me my chiefeſt clearing, by preventing the credit of her words, wherewith ſhee had wholly taken the fault upon her ſelfe. An honeſt and impartiall examiner! her words may condemne her, but may not abſolve mee. Thus voide of all probable allegation, the craven crowes upon my affliction, not leaving out any evill that ever he hath felt in his owne ſoule to charge my youth withall. But who can looke for a ſweet breath out of ſuch a ſtomacke; or for honey from ſo filthy a Spider? What ſhould I ſay more? if, in ſo inhumane a matter (which hee himſelfe confeſſeth, ſincereſt judgements are loatheſt to beleeve, and in the ſevereſt lawes proofes clearer than the Sunne are required, his reaſons are onely the ſcumme of a baſe malice, my anſweres moſt manifeſt, ſhining in their owne truth) there remaine any doubt of it, becauſe it ſtands betwixt his affirming and my deniall, I offer, nay I deſire, and humbly deſire I may be granted the triall by combate, wherein let him be armed and me in my ſhirt, I doubt not juſtice will be my ſhield, and his heart will ſhew it ſelfe as faint as it is falſe.

Now come I to the ſecond part of my offence towards the young Lady, which howſoever you terme it, ſo farre forth as I have told you, I confeſſe, and for her ſake heartily lament. But if herein I offered force to her, love offered more force to mee. Let her beauty bee compared to my yeares, and ſuch effects will bee found no miracles. But ſince it is thus as it is, and that juſtice teacheth us not to love puniſhment, but to flye to it for neceſſity: the ſalve of her honour (I meane as the world will take it, for elſe in truth it is moſt untouched) muſt be my marriage, and not my death, ſince the one ſtoppes all mouths, the other becomes a doubtfull fable. This matter requires no more words, and your experience I hope in theſe caſes ſhall need no more; for my ſelfe, me thinks I have ſhewed already too much love of my life to beſtow ſo many. But certainly it hath beene love of truth, which could not beare ſo unworthy falſhood, and love of juſtice, that would

brooke no wrong to my ſelfe nor other, and makes me now, even in that reſpect to deſire you, to bee moved rather with pity at a juſt cauſe of teares, than with the bloody teares this Crocodile ſpends, who weeps to procure death, and not to lament death. It will bee no honour to *Baſilius* tombe, to have guiltleſſe blood ſprinkled upon it, and much more may a Judge over-weigh himſelfe in cruelty than in clemency. It is hard, but it is excellent where it is found, a right knowledge when correction is neceſſary, when grace doth more availe. For mine own reſpect, if I thought in wiſedome I had deſerved death, I would not deſire life: For I know nature will condemne me to dye, though you doe not; and longer I would not wiſh to draw this breath, than I may keepe my ſelfe unſpotted of any horrible crime; onely I cannot, nor ever will deny the love of *Philoclea*, whoſe violence wrought violent effects in me. With that hee finiſhed his ſpeech, caſting up his eyes to the Judge, and croſſing his hands, which hee held in their length before him, declaring a reſolute patience in whatſoever ſhould be done with him. *Philanax* like a watchful adverſary curiouſly marked all that hee ſaid, ſaving that in the beginning he was interrupted by two Letters were brought him from the Princeſſe *Pamela*, and the Lady *Philoclea*: who having all that night conſidered and bewayled their eſtate, carefull for their mother likewiſe, of whom they could never thinke ſo much evill; but conſidering with themſelves that ſhee aſſuredly ſhould have ſo due tryall by the lawes, as either ſhe ſhould not need their helpe, or ſhould be paſt their help; they looked to that which neerlieſt touched them, and each wrote in this ſort for him, in whom their lives joy conſiſted.

The humble hearted Philoclea *wrote much after this manner.*

MY Lords, what you will determine of me, it is to me uncertaine, but what I have determined of my ſelfe I am moſt certain; which is, no longer to enjoy my life, than I may enjoy him for my husband, whom the heavens for my higheſt glory have beſtowed upon me. Thoſe that judge him, let them execute mee. Let my throat ſatisfie their hunger of murder. For alas, what hath hee done that had not its originall in me? Looke upon him I beſeech you with indifferency, and ſee whether in thoſe eyes all vertue ſhines not. See whether that face could hide a murder. Take leiſure to know him, and then your ſelves will ſay, it hath beene too great an inhumanity to ſuſpect ſuch excellency. Are the gods, thinke you, deceived in their workemanſhip? Artificers will not uſe Marble but to noble uſes. Should thoſe powers bee ſo overſhot, as to frame ſo pretious an image of their owne, but to honourable purpoſes? O ſpeak with him, O heare him, O know him, and become not the putters out of the worlds light. Hope you to joy my fathers ſoule, with hurting him hee loved above all the world? Shall a wrong ſuſpition make you forget the certaine knowledge of thoſe benefits this houſe hath received by him? Alas, alas, let not *Arcadia* for his loſſe bee accurſed of the whole earth and of all poſterity. Hee is a great Prince; I ſpeake unto you that which I know, for I have ſeene moſt evident teſtimonies. Why ſhould you hinder my advancement? who if I have paſt my childhood hurtleſſe to any of you, if I have refuſed no body to doe what good I could, if I have often mitigated my fathers anger, ever ſought to maintaine his favour towards you, nay if I have held you all as fathers and brothers unto me, rob me not of more than my life comes unto. Teare not that which is inſeparably joyned to my ſoule; but if hee reſt miſliked of you, (which O God how can it bee:) yet give him to me, let me have him; you know I

pretend

pretend no right to your ſtate. Therefore it is but a private petition I make unto you. Or if you be hard heartedly bent, to appoint otherwiſe (which oh ſooner let me dye than know) then, to end as I began, let me by you bee ordered to the ſame end; without, for more cruelty, you meane to force *Philoclea* to uſe her owne hands to kill one of your Kings children.]

Pamela's *Letter, which ſhe meant to ſend to the generall aſſembly of the Arcadian Nobility (for ſo cloſely they were kept, that they were utterly ignorant of the new taken orders) was thus framed.*

[IN ſuch a ſtate my Lords you have placed me, as I can neither write nor be ſilent; for how can I be ſilent, ſince you have left me nothing but my ſolitary words to teſtifie my miſery? and how ſhould I write (for as for ſpeech I have none but my Jaylor that can heare mee) who neither can reſolve what to write, nor to whom to write? What to write is as hard for me to ſay, as what I may not write; ſo little hope have I of any ſucceſſe, and ſo much hath no injury beene left undone to mewards. To whom to write, where may I learne, ſince yet I wot not how to entitle you? Shall I call you my Soveraignes? ſet downe your lawes that I may doe you homage. Shall I fall lower, and name you my fellowes? ſhew me I beſeech you the Lord and Maſter over us. But ſhall *Baſilius* heire name her ſelfe your Princeſſe? Alas I am your priſoner. But whatſoever I bee, or whatſoever you bee, O all you beholders of theſe dolefull lines, this doe I ſignifie unto you, and ſignifie it with a heart that ever ſhall remaine in that opinion: The good or evill you doe to the excellent Prince was taken with me, and after by force from mee, I will ever impute it as either way done to mine owne perſon. Hee is a Prince, and worthy to be my husband, and ſo is hee my husband by me worthily choſen. Beleeve it, beleeve it, either you ſhall be traytors for murdering of me, or if you let me live, the murderers of him ſhall ſmart as traytors. For what doe you thinke I can thinke? Am I ſo childiſh, as not to ſee, wherein you touch him you condemne mee? Can his ſhame bee without my reproach? no nor ſhall be, ſince nothing he hath done that I will not avow. Is this the comfort you bring mee in my fathers death, to make me fuller of ſhame than ſorrow? Would you doe this, if it were not with full intention to prevent my power with ſlaughter? And ſo doe, I pray you; it is high time for mee to be weary of my life too long led, ſince you are weary of me, before you have me. I ſay againe, I ſay it indefinitely unto you, I will not live without him, if it be not to revenge him: either doe juſtly in ſaving both, or wiſely in killing both. If I be your Princeſſe, I command his preſervation; if but a private perſon, then are wee both to ſuffer. I take all truth to witneſſe, he hath done no fault but in going with me. Therefore to conclude, in judging him you judge mee; neither conceive with your ſelves, the matter you treat of is the life of a ſtranger, though even in that name he deſerved pitie; nor of a ſhepheard, to which eſtate love of me made ſuch a Prince deſcend; but determine moſt aſſuredly, the life that is in queſtion, is of *Pamela*, *Baſilius* daughter.]

Many blots had the teares of theſe ſweet Ladies made in their letters, which many times they had altered, many times torne and written anew, ever thinking ſomething either wanted, or was too much, or would offend, or, which was worſt, would breed deniall: but at laſt, the day warned them to diſpatch, which they accordingly did, and calling one of their guard (for no body elſe was ſuffered to come neere them) with great entreaty, they requeſted him, that hee would preſent them

to the principall Noblemen and Gentlemen together. For they had more confidence in the numbers favour, than in any one, upon whom they would not lay the lives they held ſo precious. But the fellow truſty to *Philanax*, who had placed him there, delivered them both to him (what time *Pyrocles* began to ſpeake) which hee ſuddenly opened, and ſeeing to what they tended by the firſt words, was ſo farre from publiſhing them (whereby hee feared in *Euarchus* juſt minde, either the Princeſſes might be endangered, or the priſoners preſerved, of which choice hee knew not which to thinke the worſt) that hee would not himſelfe read them over, doubting his owne heart might be mollified, ſo bent upon revenge. Therefore utterly ſuppreſſing them, hee ſent a ſpitefull eare to *Pyrocles*, and as ſoone as he had ended, with a very willing heart deſired *Euarchus* he might accept the combate: although it would have framed but evill with him; *Pyrocles* having never found any match neare him, beſides *Muſidorus*. But *Euarchus* made anſwer, ſince bodily ſtrength is but a ſervant to the minde, it were very barbarous and prepoſterous, that force ſhould be made judge over reaſon. Then would he alſo have replyed in words unto him; but *Euarchus* who knew what they could ſay was already ſaid, taking their arguments into his minde, commanded him to proceed againſt the other priſoner, and that then he would ſentence them both together. *Philanax* nothing the milder for *Pyrocles* purging himſelfe, but rather (according to the nature of arguing, eſpecially when it is bitter) ſo much more vehement, entred thus into his ſpeech againſt *Muſidorus*, being ſo overgone with rage that hee forgate in this oration his preciſe method of oratory. Behold, moſt noble Protector, to what a ſtate *Arcadia* is come, ſince ſuch manner of men may challenge in combate the faithfulleſt of the Nobility, and having merited the ſhamefulleſt of all deaths, dare name in marriage the Princeſſes of this countrey. Certainly, my maſters, I muſt ſay you were much out of taſte, if you had not rather enjoy ſuch Ladies, than be hang'd; but the one you have as much deſerved, as you have diſhonoured the other. But now my ſpeech muſt be directed to you good maſter *Dorus*, who with *Pallas* helpe perdie are lately growne *Palladius*. Too much this ſacred ſeat of juſtice grants unto ſuch a fugitive bond-ſlave, who in ſtead of theſe examinations, ſhould be made confeſſe with a whip that which a halter ſhould puniſh. Are not you hee, Sir, whoſe ſheep-hooke was prepared to be our Scepter; in whom lay the knot of all this Tragedie? or elſe perchance, they that ſhould gaine little by it were dealers in the murder, you onely that had provided the fruits for your ſelfe, knew nothing of it; knew nothing! Hath thy companion here infected thee with ſuch impudency, as even in the face of the world to deny that which all the world perceiveth? The other pleads ignorance, and you I doubt not will alledge abſence: But he was ignorant when he was hard by, and you had framed your abſence juſt againſt the time the act ſhould be committed, ſo fit a Lievtenant hee knew he had left of his wickedneſſe, that for himſelfe his ſafeſt meane was to convey away the Ladie of us all, who once out of the countrey, he knew we would come with Olive branches of interceſſion unto her, and fall at his feet to beſeech him to leave keeping of ſheep, and vouchſafe the tyrannizing over us: for to think they are Princes, as they ſay (although in our lawes it behoveth them nothing) I ſee it no reaſon. Theſe jewels certainly with their diſguiſing ſleights, they have pilfered in their vagabonding race. And think you ſuch Princes ſhould be ſo long without ſome followers after them? Truely if they be Princes, it manifeſtly ſhewes their vertues ſuch, as all their ſubjects are glad to be rid of them. But be they as they are, for we are to conſider the matter, and not the men, *Baſilius* murder hath bin the cauſe of their comming, *Baſilius* murder

der they have moſt treacherouſly brought to paſſe; yet that I doubt not, you will deny as well as your fellow. But how will you deny the ſtealing away the Princeſſe of this Province, which is no leſſe than treaſon? So notably hath the juſtice of the gods provided for the puniſhing of theſe malefactors, as if it were poſſible, men would not beleeve the certaine evidences of their principall miſchiefe, yet have they diſcovered themſelves ſufficiently for their moſt juſt overthrow. I ſay therefore (to omit my chiefe matter of the Kings death) this woolviſh ſhepheard, this counterfeit Prince hath trayterouſly, contrary to his allegeance (having made himſelfe a ſervant and ſubject) attempted the depriving this countrey of our naturall Princeſſe, and therefore by all right muſt receive the puniſhment of Traytors. This matter is ſo aſſured, as he himſelfe will not deny it, being taken and brought back in the fact. This matter is ſo odious in nature, ſo ſhamefull to the world, ſo contrary to all laws, ſo hurtfull to us, ſo falſe in him, as if I ſhould ſtand further in declaring or defacing it, I ſhould either ſhew great doubts in your wiſedome, or in your juſtice. Therefore I will transferre my care upon you, and attend (to my learning and comfort) the eternall example you will leave to all mankinde, of diſguiſers, falſifiers, adulterers, raviſhers, murderers, and traytors. *Muſidorus*, while *Philanax* was ſpeaking againſt his couſin and him, had looked round about him, to ſee whether by any meanes he might come to have caught him in his armes, and have killed him; ſo much had his diſgracing words filled his breaſt with rage. But perceiving himſelfe ſo guarded, as he ſhould rather ſhew a paſſionate act than performe his revenge, his hand trembling with deſire to ſtrike, and all the veines in his face ſwelling, caſting his eyes over the judgement ſeat: O gods, ſaid hee, and have you ſpared my life to beare theſe injuries of ſuch a drivell? Is this the Juſtice of this place, to have ſuch men as we are, ſubmitted not onely to apparent falſhood, but moſt ſhamefull reviling? But marke I pray you the ungratefulneſſe of the wretch, how utterly he hath forgotten the benefits both he and all this countrey hath received of us. For if ever men may remember their owne noble deeds, it is then when their juſt defence, and others unjuſt unkindneſſe doth require it. I omit our ſervices done to *Baſilius* in the late warre with *Amphialus*, importing no leſſe than his daughters lives, and his ſtates preſervation: were not we the men that killed the wild beaſts, which otherwiſe had killed the Princeſſes, if we had not ſuccoured them? Conſider, if it pleaſe you, where had beene *Daiphantus* rape, or my treaſon, if the ſweet beauties of the earth had then bin devoured? Either think them now dead, or remember they live by us. And yet full often this tell-tale can acknowledge the loſſe they ſhould have by their taking away, while maliciouſly he overpaſſeth who were their preſervers: neither let this be ſpoken of me, as if I meant to ballance this evill with that good, for I muſt confeſſe that ſaving of ſuch creatures was rewarded in the act it ſelfe, but onely to manifeſt the partiall jangling of this vile pick-thanke. But if we be traytors, where was your fidelity, O onely tongue-valiant Gentleman, when not onely the young Princeſſe, but the King himſelfe was defended from uttermoſt perill, partly by me, but principally by this excellent young mans both wiſedome and valour? Were we, that made our ſelves againſt hundreds of armed men, openly the ſhields of his life, like ſecretly to be his impoyſoners? Did we then ſhew his life to bee dearer to us than our owne, becauſe we might after robbe him of his life, to dye ſhamefully? Truely, truely, Maſter Orator, whoſoever hath hired you to be ſo buſie in their matters, who keepe honeſter ſervants than your ſelfe, hee ſhould have bid you in ſo many raylings, bring ſome excuſe for your ſelfe, why in the greateſt need of your Prince, to whom you pretend a miraculous good will, you were not then

as forward to doe like a man your ſelfe, or at leaſt to accuſe them that were ſlacke in that ſervice: but commonly they uſe their feet for their defence, whoſe tongue is their weapon. Certainely a very ſimple ſubtlety it had beene in us, to repoſe our lives in the daughters, when wee had killed the father. But as this Gentleman thinkes to winne the reputation of a copious talker, by leaving nothing unſaid which a filthy minde can imagine, ſo thinke I (or elſe all words are vaine) that to wiſe mens judgement, our cleareneſſe in the Kings death is ſufficiently notorious. But at length, when the merchant hath ſet out his gilded baggage, at laſt he comes to ſome ſtuffe of importance, and ſaith, I conveyed away the Princeſſe of this countrey. And is ſhe indeed your Princeſſe? I pray you then whom ſhould I wait on elſe, but her that was my miſtreſſe by my profeſſed vow, and Princeſs over me while I lived in this ſoile? Aske her why ſhe went, aske not me why I ſerved her. Since accounting me as a Prince you have not to do with me; taking me as her ſervant, then take withall, that I muſt obey her. But you will ſay, I perſwaded her to flye away. Certainely I will for no death deny it, knowing to what honour I ſhould bring her, from the thraldome, by ſuch fellowes counſell as you, ſhe was kept in. Shall perſwaſion to a Prince grow treaſon to a Prince? It might be errour in me, but falſhood it could not be, ſince I made my ſelfe partaker of whatſoever I wiſhed her unto. Who will ever counſell his king, if his counſell be judged by the event, & if it be not found wiſe, ſhall therefore be thought wicked? But if I be a traytor, I hope you will grant me a correlative, to whom I ſhall be the traitor. For the Princeſſe againſt whom the treaſons are conſidered, I am ſure will avow my faithfulneſſe, without you will ſay that I am a traytor to her, becauſe I left the countrey; and a traytor to the countrey, becauſe I went with her. Here do I leave out my juſt excuſes of loves force, which as thy narrow heart hath never had noble roome enough in it to receive, ſo yet thoſe manlike courages, that by experience know how ſubject the vertuous mindes are to love a moſt vertuous creature (witneſſed to bee ſuch by the moſt excellent gifts of nature) will deeme it a veniall treſpaſſe, to ſeeke the ſatisfaction of honourable deſires. Honourable even in the curioſeſt points of honour, whereout there can no diſgrace nor diſparagement come unto her. Therefore O Judge, who I hope doſt know what it is to be a Judge, that your end is to preſerve and not to deſtroy mankinde, that lawes are not made like lime-twigges or nets, to catch every thing that toucheth them, but rather like ſea-markes, to avoid the ſhipwracke of ignorant paſſengers, ſince that our doing in the extremeſt interpretation is but a humane error, and that of it you may make a profitable event (we being of ſuch eſtate, as their parents would not have miſliked the affinity) you will not I truſt at the perſwaſion of this brabler, burne your houſe to make it cleane, but like a wiſe father turne even the fault of your children to any good that may come of it: ſince that is the fruit of wiſedome and end of all judgements. While this matter was thus handling, a ſilent and as it were aſtoniſhed attention poſſeſt all the people: a kindly compaſſion moved the noble Gentleman *Simpathus*: but as for *Kalander*, every thing was ſpoken either by or for his owne deare gueſts, moved an effect in him; ſometimes teares, ſometimes hopefull lookes, ſometimes whiſpering perſwaſions in their eares that ſtood by him, to ſeek the ſaving the two young Princes. But the generall multitude waited the judgement of *Euarchus*, who ſhewed in his face no motions, either at the ones or others ſpeech, letting paſſe the flowers of rhetorike, and onely marking whither their reaſons tended; having made the queſtion to be asked of *Gynecia*, who continued to take the whole fault upon her ſelfe, and having called *Dametas*, with *Miſo* and *Mopſa* (who by *Philanax* order had beene held in moſt cruell priſon) to

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make a full declaration, how much they knew of theſe paſſed matters, and then gathering as aſſured ſatisfaction to his owne minde as in that caſe he could, not needing to take leiſure for that, whereof a long practice had bred a well grounded habite in him, with a voice and geſture directed to the univerſall aſſembly, in this form pronounced ſentence. This weighty matter, whereof we are preſently to determine, doth at the firſt conſideration yeeld two important doubts. The firſt, whether theſe men be to be judged: the ſecond, how they are to be judged. The firſt doubt ariſeth, becauſe they give themſelves out for Princes abſolute: a ſacred name, and to which any violence ſeemes to be an impiety. For how can any lawes, which are the bonds of all humane ſociety, bee obſerved, if the law-givers and law-rulers be not held in an untouched admiration? But hereto although already they have been ſufficiently anſwered, yet thus much againe will I repeat unto you: That whatſoever they be or be not, here they be no Princes, ſince betwixt Prince and ſubject there is as neceſſary relation as betweene father and ſonne; and as there is no man a father but to his childe, ſo is not a Prince a Prince but to his owne ſubjects. Therefore is not this place to acknowledge in them any principality, without it ſhould at the ſame time by a ſecret conſent confeſſe ſubjection. Yet heerto may be objected, that the univerſall civility, the law of nations (all mankind being as it were co-inhabiters or world-citizens together) hath ever required publike perſons ſhould be of all parties eſpecially regarded, ſince not onely in peace but in warre, not onely Princes, but heralds and trumpeters, are with great reaſon exempted from injuries. This point is true, but yet ſo true, as they that will receive the benefit of a cuſtome, muſt not be the firſt to breake it; for then can they not complaine, if they bee not helpt by that which they themſelves hurt. If a Prince doe acts of hoſtility, without denouncing warre, if he breake his oath of amity, or innumerable ſuch other things contrarie to the law of armes, he muſt take heed how he fall into their hands whom he ſo wrongeth, for then is courteſie the beſt cuſtome he can claime; much more theſe men, who have not onely left to doe like Princes, but to be like Princes; not onely entred into *Arcadia*, and ſo into the *Arcadian* orders, but into domeſticall ſervices, and ſo by making themſelves private, deprived themſelves of reſpect due to their publike calling. For no proportion it were of juſtice, that a man might make himſelfe no Prince when he would doe evill, and might anew create himſelfe a Prince when he would not ſuffer evill. Thus therefore by all lawes of nature and nations, and eſpecially by their owne putting themſelves out of the ſanctuary of them, theſe young men cannot in juſtice avoide the judgement; but like private men muſt have their doings either cleared, excuſed, or condemned. There reſteth then the ſecond point, how to judge well. And that muſt undoubtedly be done, not by a free diſcourſe of reaſon and skill of Philoſophy: but muſt be tyed to the lawes of Greece, and municipall ſtatutes of this kingdome. For although out of them theſe came, & to them muſt indeed referre their off-ſpring, yet becauſe philoſophicall diſcourſes ſtand in the generall conſideration of things, they leave to every man a ſcope of his owne interpretation: where the lawes applying themſelves to the neceſſary uſe, fold us within aſſured bounds: which once broken, mans nature infinitely rangeth. Judged therefore they muſt be, and by your lawes judged. Now the action offereth it ſelfe to due ballance, betwixt the accuſers twofold accuſation, and their anſwer accordingly applyed. The queſtions being, the one of a fact ſimply, the other of the quality of a fact. To the firſt they uſe direct deniall; to the ſecond, qualification and excuſe. They deny the murther of the King; and againſt mighty preſumptions bring forth ſome probable anſwers, which they do principally

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fortifie with the Queenes acknowledging her ſelfe onely culpable. Certainly, as in equalitie of conjectures, wee are not to take hold of the worſe, but rather to be glad we may find any hope that mankind is not growne monſtrous (being undoubtedly leſſe evill a guiltie man ſhould eſcape, than a guiltleſſe periſh) ſo if in the reſt they be ſpotleſſe, then is this no further to be remembred. But if they have aggravated theſe ſuſpicions with new evils, then are thoſe ſuſpicions ſo farre to ſhew themſelves, as to cauſe the other points to be thorowly examined, and with leſſe favour weighed; ſince this no man can deny, they have beene accidentall, if not principall cauſes of the Kings death. Now then we are to determine of the other matters which are laid to them, wherein they doe not deny the fact, but deny, or at leaſt diminiſh the fault: but firſt I may remember (though it were not firſt alledged by them) the ſervices they had before done, truly honourable, and worthy of great reward, but not worthy to countervaile a following wickednesſe. Reward is proper to well doing, puniſhment to evill doing, which muſt not be confounded, no more than good and evill are to be mingled. Therefore hath it beene determined in all wiſdomes, that no man becauſe he hath done well before, ſhould have his preſent evils ſpared: but rather ſo much the more puniſhed, as having ſhewed hee knew how to be good, yet would againſt his knowledge be naught. The fact then is nakedly without paſſion or partialitie to be viewed: wherin without all queſtion they are equally culpable. For though he that terms himſelfe *Daiphantus*, were ſooner diſappointed of his purpoſe of conveying away the Lady *Philoclea*, than he that perſwaded the Princeſſe *Pamela* to flie her countrey, and accompanied her in it: yet ſeeing in cauſes of this nature, the will by the rules of juſtice ſtandeth for the deed, they are both alike to be found guiltie, and guiltie of hainous raviſhment. For though they raviſhed them not from themſelves, yet they raviſhed them from him that owed them, which was their father: An act puniſhed by all the Grecian lawes, by the loſſe of the head, as a moſt execrable theft. For if they muſt dye, who ſteale from us our goods, how much more they, who ſteale from us that, for which we gather our goods? and if our lawes have it ſo in the private perſons, much more forcible are they to be in Princes children, where one ſteales as it were the whole ſtate & well being of that people, being tyed by the ſecret of a long uſe, to be governed by none but the next of that blood. Neither let any man marvell, our anceſtors have beene ſo ſevere in theſe caſes, ſince the example of the *Phœnician Europa*, but eſpecially of Grecian *Helene*, hath taught them what deſtroying fires have growne of ſuch ſparkles. And although *Helene* was a wife, and this but a child, that booteth not, ſince the principall cauſe of marrying wives, is, that we may have children of our owne. But now let us ſee how theſe young men (truely for their perſons worthy of pity, if they had rightly pitied themſelves) doe goe about to mitigate the vehemency of their errours. Some of their excuſes are common to both, ſome peculiar onely to him that was the ſhepheard. Both remember the force of love, and as it were the mending up of the matter by their marriage. If that unbrideled deſire, which is entituled love, might purge ſuch a ſickneſſe as this, ſurely we ſhould have many loving excuſes of hatefull miſchiefe. Nay rather, no miſchiefe ſhould be committed, that ſhould not be vailed under the name of love. For as well he that ſteals might alledge the love of mony; he that murders, the love of revenge; he that rebels the love of greatneſſe, as the adulterer the love of a woman; ſince they doe in all ſpeeches affirme they love that, which an ill governed paſſion maketh them to follow: but love may have no ſuch priviledge. That ſweet and heavenly uniting of the mindes, which properly is called love, hath no other knot but vertue, and therefore if it bee a right love, it can never

never ſlide into any action that is not vertuous. The other, & indeed more effectuall, reaſon is, that they may be married unto them, & ſo honorably redreſſe the diſhonor of them, whom this matter ſeemeth moſt to touch. Surely if the queſtion were, what were convenient for the parties, and not what is juſt in the never changing juſtice, there might be much ſaid in it. But herein we muſt conſider, that the lawes looke how to prevent by due examples, that ſuch things be not done: & not how to ſave ſuch things when they are done. For if the Governours of juſtice ſhall take ſuch a ſcope, as to meaſure the foot of the law by a ſhew of conveniency, and meaſure that conveniency not by the publike ſocietie, but by that which is fitteſt for them which offend, young men, ſtrong men, and rich men, ſhall ever finde private conveniences how to palliate ſuch committed diſorders, as to the publike ſhall not onely be inconvenient, but peſtilent. The marriage perchance might be fit for them, but very unfit were it to the State, to allow a patterne of ſuch procurations of marriage. And thus much doe they both alledge. Further goes he that went with the Princeſſe *Pamela*, and requireth the benefit of a Counſellor, who hath place of free perſwaſion; and the reaſonable excuſe of a ſervant, that did but wait of his Miſtreſſe. Without all queſtion, as Counſellors have great cauſe to take heed how they adviſe any thing, directly oppoſite to the forme of that preſent government, eſpecially when they do it ſingly without publike allowance: yet ſo is the caſe much more apparent, ſince neither ſhee was an effectuall Princeſſe, her father being then alive, and though hee had beene dead, ſhe not come to the yeares of authority, nor he her ſervant in ſuch maner to obey her; but by his own preferment firſt belonging to *Dametas*, and then to the King; and therfore if not by *Arcadian* lawes, yet by houſhold orders, bound to have done nothing without his agreement. Thus therefore ſince the deeds accompliſhed by theſe two, are both abominable and inexcuſable, I doe in the behalfe of juſtice, and by the force of *Arcadian* lawes pronounce, that *Daiphantus* ſhall be throwne out of a high tower, to receive his death by his fall. *Palladius* ſhall be beheaded; the time, before the Sun ſet; the place in *Mantinea*; the executioner *Dametas*; which office hee ſhall execute all the dayes of his life, for his beaſtly forgetting the carefull duty hee owed to his charge. This ſayd, hee turned himſelfe to *Philanax*, and two of the other Noblemen, commanding them to ſee the judgement preſently performed. *Philanax* more greedy than any hunter of his prey, went ſtraight to lay hold of the excellent priſoners; who caſting a farewell looke one upon the other, repreſented in their faces as much unappalled conſtancy, as the moſt excellent courage can deliver in outward graces. Yet if at all there were any ſhew of change in them, it was that *Pyrocles* was ſomewhat nearer to baſhfulneſſe, and *Muſidorus* to anger, both over-ruled by reaſon and reſolution. But as with great number of armed men *Philanax* was deſcending unto them, and that *Muſidorus* was beginning to ſay ſomething in *Pyrocles* behalfe, behold *Kalander*, that with armes caſt abroad, and open mouth came crying to *Euarchus*, holding a ſtranger in his hand that cryed much more than he, deſiring they might be heard ſpeak before the priſoners were removed; even the noble Gentleman *Simpathus* aided them in it, and taking ſuch as hee could command, ſtopped *Philanax* betwixt entreatie and force from carrying away the Princes, untill it were heard what new matters theſe men did bring. So againe mounting to the Tribunall, they harkened to the ſtrangers vehement ſpeech, or rather appaſſionate exclaiming. It was indeed *Kalodulus*, the faithfull friend of *Muſidorus*, to whom his Maſter, when in deſpite of his beſt grounded determinations hee firſt became a ſlave to affection, had ſent the ſhepheard *Menalcas* to be arreſted: by the helpe of whoſe rayment in the meane time he

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advanced himſelfe to that eſtate, which he accounted moſt high, becauſe it might be ſerviceable to that fancy, which he had placed moſt high in his minde. For *Menalcas* having faithfully performed his errand, was as faithfully impriſoned by *Kalodulus*. But as *Kalodulus* performed the firſt part of his duty in doing the commandement of his Prince: ſo was hee with abundance of ſincere loyaltie extremely perplexed, when hee underſtood of *Menalcas* the ſtrange diſguiſing of his beloved Maſter. For as the acts hee and his couſin *Pyrocles* had done in *Aſia* had filled all the eares of the *Theſſalians* and *Macedonians* with no leſſe joy than admiration: ſo was the feare of their loſſe no leſſe grievous unto them, when by the noiſe of report they underſtood of their lonely committing themſelves to the Sea, the iſſue of which they had no way learned. But now that by *Menalcas* hee perceived where he was, gheſſing the like of *Pyrocles*, comparing the unuſedneſſe of this act with the unripeneſſe of their age, ſeeing in generall conjecture they could doe it for nothing that might not fall out dangerous, he was ſomewhile troubled with himſelfe what to doe, betwixt doubt of their hurt, and doubt of their diſpleaſure. Often hee was minded (as his ſafeſt and honeſteſt way) to reveale it to King *Euarchus*: that both his authority might prevent any damage unto them, and under his wings he himſelfe might remaine ſafe. But conſidering a journey to *Byzantium* (whereas yet he ſuppoſed *Euarchus* lay) would require more time, than he was willing to remaine doubtfull of his Princes eſtate, hee reſolved at length to write the matter to *Euarchus*, and himſelfe the while to goe into *Arcadia*: uncertaine what to doe when hee came thither, but determined to doe his beſt ſervice to his deare Maſter, if by any good fortune hee might finde him. And ſo it happened, that being even this day come to *Mantinea*, and as warily and attentively as hee could, giving eare to all reports, in hope to heare ſomething of them he ſought, hee ſtraight received a ſtrange rumour of theſe things; but ſo uncertainly, as popular reports carry ſo rare accidents. But this by all men he was willed, to ſeek out *Kalander*, a great Gentleman of that Countrey, who would ſooneſt ſatisfie him of all occurrents. Thus inſtructed, he came even about the middeſt of *Euarchus* judgement to the deſart: where ſeeing great multitudes, and hearing unknowne names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*, and not able to preſſe to the place where *Euarchus* ſate, he enquired for *Kalander*, and was ſoone brought unto him, partly becauſe he was generally known unto all men, and partly becauſe hee had withdrawne himſelfe from the preaſe, when he perceived by *Euarchus* words whither they tended, being not able to endure his gueſts condemnation. Hee enquired forthwith of *Kalander* the cauſe of the aſſembly; and whether the fame were true of *Euarchus* preſence: who with many teares made a dolefull recitall unto him, both of the *Amazon* and Shepheard, ſetting forth their naturall graces, and lamenting their pitifull undoing. But this deſcription made *Kalodulus* immediately know the ſhepheard was his Duke, and ſo judging the other to bee *Pyrocles*, and ſpeedily communicating it to *Kalander*, who hee ſaw did favour their caſe, they brake the preaſe with aſtoniſhing every man with their cryes. And being come to *Euarchus*, *Kalodulus* fell at his feet, telling him thoſe he had judged were his owne Sonne and Nephew, the one the comfort of *Macedon*, the other the onely ſtay of *Theſſalia*. With many ſuch like words, but as from a man that aſſured himſelfe in that matter hee ſhould need ſmall ſpeech, while *Kalander* made it knowne to all men what the priſoners were: to whom hee cried they ſhould ſalute their father, and joy in the good hap the gods had ſent them; who were no leſſe glad, than all the people amazed at the ſtrange event of theſe matters. Even *Philanax* owne revengefull heart was mollified, when hee ſaw from

from divers parts of the world ſo neare kinſmen ſhould meet in ſuch a neceſſitie. And withall, the fame of *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* greatly drew him to a compaſſionate conceit, and had already uncloathed his face of all ſhew of malice. But *Euarchus* ſtaid a good while upon himſelfe, like a valiant man that ſhould receive a notable encounter, being vehemently ſtricken with the fatherly love of ſo excellent children, and ſtudying with his beſt reaſon, what his office required: at length, with ſuch a kind of gravity as was neare to ſorrow, he thus uttered his mind: I take witneſſe of the immortall gods (ſaid hee) O *Arcadians*, that what this day I have ſaid, hath beene out of my aſſured perſwaſion, what juſtice it ſelfe and your juſt lawes require. Though ſtrangers then to me, I had no deſire to hurt them, but leaving aſide all conſiderations of the perſons, I weighed the matter which you committed into my hands, with my moſt impartiall and fartheſt reach of reaſon. And thereout have condemned them to loſe their lives, contaminated with ſo many foule breaches of hoſpitality, civility, and vertue. Now, contrary to all expectations, I find them to be my onely ſonne and nephew, ſuch upon whom you ſee what gifts nature hath beſtowed: ſuch who have ſo to the wonder of the world heretofore behaved themſelves, as might give juſt cauſe to the greateſt hopes, that in an excellent youth may be conceived. Laſtly, in few words, ſuch in whom I placed all my mortall joyes, and thought my ſelfe, now neare my grave, to recover a new life. But alas, ſhall Juſtice halt? Or ſhall ſhee winke in ones cauſe, which had *Lynces* eyes in anothers? Or rather ſhall all private reſpects give place to that holy name? Be it ſo, be it ſo, let my gray haires be layd in the duſt with ſorrow, let the ſmall remnant of my life be to mee an inward and outward deſolation, and to the world a gazing ſtocke of wretched miſery; but never, never let ſacred rightfulneſſe fall: it is immortall, and immortally ought to bee preſerved. If rightly I have judged, then rightly I have judged mine owne children: unleſſe the name of a child ſhould have force to change the never changing Juſtice. No, no, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, I preferre you much before my life, but I preferre Juſtice as farre before you: while you did like your ſelves, my body ſhould willingly have been your ſhield, but I cannot keep you from the effects of your own doing: nay I cannot in this caſe acknowledge you for mine; for never had I ſhepheard to my nephew, nor ever had woman to my ſon; your vices have degraded you from being Princes, & have diſanull'd your birthright. Therefore if there be any thing left in you of Princely vertue, ſhew it in conſtant ſuffering that your unprincely dealing hath purchaſed unto you. For my part I muſt tell you, you have forced a father to rob himſelfe of his children. Doe you therefore, O *Philanax*, and you my other Lords of this countrey, ſee the judgement be rightly performed, in time, place, and manner, as before appointed. With that, though hee would have refrained them, a man might perceive the teares drop downe his long white beard. Which moved not onely *Kalodulus* and *Kalander* to roaring lamentations, but all the aſſembly dolefully to record that pitifull ſpectacle. *Philanax* himſelfe could not abſtaine from great ſhewes of pitying ſorrow, and manifeſt withdrawing from performing the Kings commandement. But *Muſidorus* having the hope of his ſafetie, and recovering of the Princeſſe *Pamela*, which made him moſt deſirous to live, ſo ſodainly daſhed; but eſpecially moved for his deare *Pyrocles*, for whom he was ever reſolved his laſt ſpeech ſhould be, and ſtirred up with rage of unkindneſſe, he thus ſpake: Enjoy thy bloody conqueſt, tyrannicall *Euarchus*, ſaid he; for neither is convenient the title of a King to a murderer, nor the remembrance of kindred to a deſtroyer of his kindred. Goe home and glory, that it hath beene in thy power ſhamefully to kill *Muſidorus*. Let thy flattering Orators

dedicate

dedicate Crownes of Laurell unto thee, that the firſt of thy race thou haſt overthrown a Prince of *Theſſalia*. But for me, I hope the *Theſſalians* are not ſo degenerate from their anceſtors, but that they will revenge my injury, & their loſſe upon thee. I hope my death is no more unjuſt to me, than it ſhalbe bitter to thee: howſoever it be, my death ſhall triumph over thy cruelty; neither as now would I live, to make my life beholding unto thee: But if thy cruelty hath not ſo blinded thine eies, that thou canſt not ſee thine own hurt, if thy heart bee not ſo divelliſh, as thou haſt no power but to torment thy ſelf, then look upon this yong *Pyrocles* with a manly eie, if not with a pitifull: Give not occaſion to the whole earth to ſay, ſee how the gods have made the tyrant tear his own bowels! Examine the eies & voices of all this people, & what all men ſee, be not blind in thine own cauſe. Look, I ſay, look upon him, in whom the moſt curious ſearcher is able to finde no fault, but that he is thy ſonne. Beleeve it, thy owne ſubjects will deteſt thee, for robbing them of ſuch a Prince, in whom they have right as well as thy ſelfe. Some more words to that purpoſe he would have ſpoken: but *Pyrocles*, who often had called to him, did now fully interrupt him, deſiring him not to doe him the wrong to give his father ill words before him, willing him to conſider it was their own fault, & not his injuſtice; & withall, to remember their reſolution of well ſuffering all accidents, which this impatiency did ſeeme to vary from: and then kneeling down with all humbleneſs, he took the ſpeech in this order to *Euarchus*: If my daily prayers to the almighty gods, had ſo farre prevailed, as to have granted me the end whereto I have directed my actions, I ſhould rather have beene now a comfort to your minde, than an example of your juſtice; rather a preſerver of your memory by my life, than a monument of your judgment by my death. But ſince it hath pleaſed their unſearchable wiſedomes to overthrow all the deſires I had to ſerve you, and make me become a ſhame unto you; ſince the laſt obedience I can ſhew you is to dye: vouchſafe yet O father (if my fault have not made me altogether unworthy ſo to terme you) vouchſafe I ſay to let the few and laſt words your ſonne ſhall ever ſpeak, not to be tedious unto you. And if the remembrance of my vertuous mother, who once was deare unto you, may beare any ſway with you; if the name of *Pyrocles* have at any time beene pleaſant, let one requeſt of mine, which ſhall not be for mine owne life, be graciouſly accepted of you. What you owe to juſtice is performed in my death: a father to have executed his onely ſonne, will leave a ſufficient example for a greater crime than this. My blood will ſatisfie the higheſt point of equitie, my blood will ſatisfie the hardeſt hearted in this countrey. O ſave the life of this Prince, that is the onely all I will with my laſt breath demand of you. With what face will you looke upon your ſiſter, when in reward of nouriſhing mee in your greateſt need, you take away, and in ſuch ſort take away that which is more deare to her than all the world, and is the onely comfort wherewith ſhe nouriſheth her old age? O give not ſuch an occaſion to the noble *Theſſalians*, for ever to curſe the match that their Prince did make with the *Macedon* blood. By my loſſe there followes no publike loſſe, for you are to hold the ſeat, and to provide your ſelfe perchance of a worthier ſucceſſour. But how can you or all the earth recompence that damage that poore *Theſſalia* ſhall ſuſtaine? who ſending out (whom otherwiſe they would no more have ſpared than their owne eyes) their Prince to you, and you requeſting to have him, by you hee ſhould thus diſhonourably be extinguiſhed. Set before you, I beſeech you, the face of that miſerable people, when no ſooner ſhall the newes come that you have met your Nephew, but withall they ſhall heare that you have beheaded him. How many teares they ſhall ſpend, how many complaints they ſhall make, ſo many juſt execrations will light

light upon you. And take heed O father (for ſince my death anſwers my fault, while I live I will call upon that deare name) leſt ſeeking too preciſe a courſe of juſtice, you bee not thought moſt unjuſt in weakening your neighbours mighty eſtate, by taking away their only pillar. In me, in me this matter began, in me let it receive his ending. Aſſure your ſelfe no man will doubt your ſevere obſerving the lawes, when it ſhall be knowne *Euarchus* hath killed *Pyrocles*. But the time of my ever farewell approacheth: if you doe thinke my death ſufficient for my fault, and doe not deſire to make my death more miſerable than death, let theſe dying words of him, that was once your ſonne, pierce your eares: Let *Muſidorus* live, and *Pyrocles* ſhall live in him, and you ſhall not want a childe. A child, cryed out *Muſidorus*, to him that kills *Pyrocles*? with that he fell againe to entreat for *Pyrocles*, and *Pyrocles* as faſt for *Muſidorus*, each employing his wit how to ſhew himſelfe moſt worthy to dye, to ſuch an admiration of all the beholders, that moſt of them examining the matter by their owne paſſions, thought *Euarchus* (as often extraordinary excellencies, not being rightly conceived, doe rather offend than pleaſe) an obſtinate hearted man, and ſuch an one, who being pitileſſe, his dominion muſt needs be inſupportable. But *Euarchus* that felt his owne miſery more than they, and yet loved goodneſſe more than himſelfe, with ſuch a ſad aſſured behaviour as *Cato* killed himſelfe withall, when he had heard the uttermoſt of that their ſpeech tended unto, hee commanded againe they ſhould be carried away, riſing up from the ſeat, which hee would much rather have wiſhed ſhould have bin his grave, and looking who would take the charge, whereto every one was exceeding backward. But as this pitifull matter was entring into, thoſe that were next the Dukes body might heare from under the Velvet, wherewith hee was covered, a great voice of groaning. Whereat every man aſtoniſhed (and their ſpirits appalled with theſe former miſeries, apt to take any ſtrange conceit) when they might perfectly perceive the body ſtir; then ſome began to feare ſpirits, ſome to looke for a miracle, moſt to imagine they knew not what. But *Philanax* and *Kalandar*, whoſe eyes honeſt love (though to divers parties) held moſt attentive, leapt to the table, and putting off the Velvet cover, might plainly diſcerne, with as much wonder as gladneſſe, that the Duke lived. For ſo it was, that the drinke hee received was neither as *Gynecia* firſt imagined, a love potion, nor as it was after thought, a deadly poyſon, but a drinke made by notable art, and as it was thought not without naturall magicke, to procure for thirty houres ſuch a deadly ſleep, as ſhould oppreſſe all ſhew of life. The cauſe of the making of this drink had firſt been, that a Princeſſe of *Cyprus*, grandmother to *Gynecia*, being notably learned (and yet not able with all her learning to anſwer the objections of *Cupid*) did furiouſly love a young Nobleman of her fathers Court: Who fearing the Kings rage, and not once daring either to attempt or accept ſo high a place, ſhe made that ſleeping drink, and found meanes by a truſtie ſervant of hers (who of purpoſe invited him to his chamber) to procure him, that ſuſpected no ſuch thing, to receive it. Which done, he no way able to reſiſt was ſecretly carried by him into a pleaſant chamber, in the midſt of a garden ſhe had of purpoſe provided for this enterpriſe, where that ſpace of time pleaſing her ſelfe with ſeeing and cheriſhing of him, when the time came of the drinkes end of working, and hee more aſtoniſhed than if hee had fallen from the clouds, ſhee bad him chooſe either then to marry her, and to promiſe to flye away with her in a barke ſhe had made ready, or elſe ſhe would preſently cry out, and ſhew in what place he was, with oath he was come thither to raviſh her. The Nobleman in theſe ſtraights, her beautie prevailed, he married her, and eſcaped the realme with her: And after many ſtrange adventures, were reconciled to the King her father, after whoſe death they

reigned. But ſhe gratefully remembring the ſervice that drinke had done her, preſerved in a bottle (made by ſingular art long to keep it without periſhing) great quantity of it, with the foretold inſcription, which wrongly interpreted by her daughter-in-law the Queen of *Cyprus*, was given by her to *Gynecia* at the time of her marriage; and the drinke finding an old body of *Baſilius*, had kept him ſome houres longer in the trance, than it would have done a younger. But a while it was before the good *Baſilius* could come againe to himſelfe: in which time *Euarchus* more glad than of the whole worlds Monarchie, to be rid of his miſerable magiſtracie, which even in juſtice he was now to ſurrender to the lawfull Prince of that Countrey, came from the throne unto him, and there with much adoe made him underſtand how theſe intricate matters had fallen out. Many garboiles paſſed through his fancy, before he could be perſwaded *Zelmane* was other than a woman. At length remembring the Oracle, which now indeed was accompliſhed (not as before he had imagined) conſidering all had fallen out by the higheſt providence, and withall weighing in all theſe matters his owne fault had beene the greateſt; the firſt thing hee did, was with all honourable pompe to ſend for *Gynecia*, who (poore Lady) thought ſhee was leading forth to her living buriall: and when ſhee came, to recount before all the people the excellent vertue was in her, which ſhe had not onely maintained all her life moſt unſpotted, but now was content ſo miſerably to dye, to follow her husband. He told them how ſhe had warned him to take heed of that drink; and ſo with all the exaltings of her that might be, publikely deſired her pardon for thoſe errours he had committed: and ſo kiſſing her, left her to receive the moſt honourable fame of any Princeſſe throughout the world, all men thinking (ſaving onely *Pyrocles* and *Philoclea*, who never betrayed her) that ſhee was the perfect mirrour of all wifely love. Which though in that point undeſerved, ſhe did in the remnant of her life duly purchaſe, with obſerving all duty and faith, to the example and glory of *Greece*. So uncertaine are mortall judgements, the ſame perſon moſt infamous and moſt famous, and neither juſtly. Then with Princely entertainment to *Euarchus*, and many kinde words to *Pyrocles*, whom ſtill he dearely loved, though in a more vertuous kind, the marriage was concluded, to the ineſtimable joy of *Euarchus* (towards whom now *Muſidorus* acknowledged his fault) betwixt the peereleſſe Princes and Princeſſes. *Philanax* for his ſingular faith ever held deare of *Baſilius* while he lived, and no leſſe of *Muſidorus*, who was to inherit that kingdome, and therein confirmed to him and his the ſecond place in that Province, with great encreaſe of his living to maintaine it. Which like proportion hee uſed to *Kalodulus* in *Theſſalia*, highly honouring *Kalandar* while hee lived; and after his death continuing in the ſame meaſure to love and advance his ſonne *Clitophon*. But as for *Simpathus*, *Pyrocles* (to whom his father in his owne time gave the whole kingdome of *Thrace*) held him alwayes about him, giving him in pure gift the great City of *Abdera*. But the ſolemnities of theſe marriages, with the *Arcadian* paſtorals, full of many comicall adventures hapning to thoſe rurall lovers, the ſtrange ſtories of *Artaxia* and *Plexirtus*, *Erona* and *Plangus*, *Helen* and *Amphialus*, with the wonderfull chances that befell them; the ſhepheardiſh loves of *Menalcas* with *Kalodulus* daughter; the poore hopes of the poore *Philiſides* in the purſuit of his affections; the ſtrange continuance of *Klaius* and *Strephons* deſire: Laſtly, the ſonne of *Pyrocles*, named *Pyrophilus*; and *Melidora*, the faire daughter of *Pamela* by *Muſidorus*, who even at their birth entred into admirable fortunes, may awake ſome other ſpirit to exerciſe his pen in that, wherewith mine is already dulled.

The end of the fifi Booke of Arcadia.

A

A SIXTH BOOKE TO THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

VVritten by R.B. of Lincolnes Inne Esquire.

Sat si benè, si malè nimium.



LONDON,
Printed for *T.D.* and *R.Y.* 1638.

To The Reader.

To strive to lessen the greatnesse of the attempt, were to take away the glory of the Action. To adde to Sir Philip Sidney *I know is rashnesse; a fault pardonable in mee, if custome might as well excuse the offence, as youth may prescribe in offending in this kind. That he should undergo that burden, whose mother-tongue differs as much from this language, as* Irish *from* English, *augments the danger of the enterprise, and gives your expectation, perhaps an assurance what the event must be. Yet let no man judge wrongfully of my endevours: I have added a limbe to* Apelles *picture, but my minde never entertained such vaine hopes, to thinke it of perfection sufficient to delude the eyes of the most vulgar, with the likenesse in the workmanship. No, no, I do not follow* Pythagoras *his opinion of transmigrations; I am well assured divine* Sidneys *soule is not infused into me, whose judgment was onely able to finish, what his Invention was only worthy to undertake. For this, courteous Reader, let it suffice, I place Sir* Philip Sidneys *desert (even in mine own esteem) as far beyond my endevours, as the most fault-finding Censor can imagine this assay of mine to come short of his* Arcadia. Vale.

R. B.

A SIXTH BOOK TO THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

WHat changes in Fortune the Princes of *Macedon* and *Theſſaly* have paſt, together with what event the uncertaine actions of ſo blinde a goddeſſe have beene crowned, they may remember, whoſe eares have been fed with the eloquent Story, written by the never enough renowned Sir *Philip Sidney*.

Baſilius therefore having beheld with the eye of ſucceſſe, the accompliſhment of his miſ-interpreted Oracle, haſtened (together with *Euarchus*) to his Court of *Mantinea*; where the infinite aſſembly, and the publike ſacrifices of his Subjects, did well witneſſe what joy did poſſeſſe their hearts, whoſe eyes were reſtored to the ſight of long-eclipſed Soveraignty. Fame alſo, proud to bee the meſſenger of ſuch royall newes, had ſoone (with ſpeedy flight) paſt the limits of *Arcadia*: ſo as in few dayes the Court was filled with forraigne Princes, whom either the tye of a long obſerved league of amitie, or a neareneſſe in blood to *Baſilius*, at ſuch a time brought thither, to congratulate with him; or were ſuch whoſe honour-thirſtie mindes hunted after occaſions to make knowne their skill in acts of Chivalrie.

And now was the marriage day come, when *Pamela* (attired in the ſtately ornament of beauteous Majeſtie, led by the conſtant forwardneſſe of a vertuous minde, waited on by the many thoughts of the forepaſſed croſſes in her love, which now made up a perfect harmony in the pleaſing diſcord of indeered affection) was brought to Church: whom ſoone after her ſiſter *Philoclea* (being in the ſame degree of happineſſe, clad in the baſhfull innocence of an unſpotted ſoule, guided by the ſhamefac't deſire of her *Pyrocles* ſatisfaction, attended on by many graces of a milde chearfulneſſe) followed; both equally admired, both equally lookt on.

The Temple (whereto in triumph Beauty and Majeſty were led priſoners by the famous ſiſters) was a fit dwelling place for the *Arcadian* Deities; fenced from the Sunne and Windes too free acceſſe by many ranks of even-growne, even-ſet trees: neare which, in divided branches, ran two cleare ſtreames, whoſe ſweet murmure (as they tumbled over their bed of pebbles) did much adorne the religious ſolitarineſſe of that place. And, that nothing ſhould bee wanting that might ſet forth the carefull judgement of the builder, it was ſeated in ſuch a neare diſtance from the Palace, as might not preſently burie the glorioſneſſe of the ſhow, nor cloy the beholders

beholders with the tediouſneſſe of the ſite. In the way, on both hands were many altars, on which the crowned intrals of the much-promiſing ſacrifices were laid. At the doore the two ſiſters were received by as many Virgins, attired in a white Lawne liverie, with Garlands on their heads of Lillies and Roſes intermixt, holding in their left hands a paire of Pigeons, the gratefull offering to the Queene of Love. Soone after, the accuſtomed rites in the *Arcadian* nnptials being ended, the King and *Euarchus* (with the reſt of the Princes) returned unto a ſtately palace, ſumptuouſly furniſhed; where both Art and Nature ſeemed to be at variance whether ſhould beſtow moſt ornaments to enrich ſo rare a worke: ſeated where the earth did riſe a little (as proud to be the ſupporter of ſo curious a building) by meane whereof, the ſight had freedome to overlooke a large territory; where the greene levell of the *Arcadian* Plaines, beautified by the intercourſe of many Forreſts, repreſented the delightfull mixture of a civill Wilderneſſe. The building of Marble, where, whether the Art in carving into many formes the in-vaine-reſiſting hardneſſe of the ſtone, the cunning in knitting theſe diſ-joynted members, or the invention in contriving their ſeverall roomes, did excell, was hard to be judged of.

The inſide alſo might well bee the inner part of ſo glorious an outſide: for beſides the well-matcht largeneſſe of the roomes, and lightſome pleaſantneſſe of the windowes, it was all hung with the choice rareneſſe of far-fetcht Arras, in which the ingenious workman, with the curious pencill of his little needle, had limmed the dumbe records of reviv'd Antiquity. Here did he preſent the memorable ſiege of *Thebes*, where the ruines of her walls ſeemed yet to hang, and make the beholders feare the downefall of the lively ſtones. There you might ſee how cunningly hee had expreſſed the conſtrained flight of the *Trojan* Prince, and the cruell ſacrifice of enraged *Dido's* love: Nor was the ſtory of *Silla* forgotten, who there ſtood before *Minos* with the preſent of her fathers fatall haire; while you might perceive, by his bent browes and diſdainefull countenance, the juſt reward of her unnaturall attempt. With theſe and others, wherein coſt and invention ſtrove for the maſterie, were the hangings adorned: yet theſe many Stories did ſo ſtealingly ſucceed each other, that the moſt curious obſervers eye (though his admiration might dwell on each peece) could finde no cauſe of ſtay, untill he had overlookt them all. But neither theſe, nor what Art or Nature could have added, did ſet forth ſo much the Palace, as the gracefull preſence of the *Arcadian* ſiſters, whoſe beauties till now, of long time had borne a part with their troubled mindes, in a ſweet pilgrimage to a happy event: And therefore at this preſent ſo farre disburdened of thoſe thoughts, as it was to be ſettled in the moſt deſired enjoying of unſpeakable bliſſe, the imagination would needs perſwade, if it were poſſible, were bettered.

Dinner being ſet and ended, while the Knights (who, to honour that day with Tilting, and to ſhew what they dared and could effect in the ſervice, as they thought, of unreſiſtable beauties) were putting on their armour, there entred the Hall a Page, who with ſubmiſſive humbleneſſe told the King, hee was ſent from his Maſter the naked Knight, who deſired there to be received as a Challenger, to eternize, as the juſtneſſe of his cauſe required, the famous memorie of his deceaſed Miſtris *Hellen* the Queene of *Corinth*. *Baſilius* much pitying the before unheard of death of ſo excellent a Queene, willed the Page to relate the circumſtance; which being ſtrange in it ſelfe, and of ſo great a ſubject, wrought a paſſionate willingneſſe in the hearers to be attentive.

After that fortune (ſaid he) had beſtowed by the conqueſt of *Amphialus*, at *Cecropia's* Caſtle, the victory on his adverſary the blacke Knight, this Queene (having long

long time, by the command of Love, her inward tyrant, made all *Greece* a Stage for her wandring paſſions) at length went thither; where the end of her ſearch was the beginnings of her ſorrowes. Finding the curtaines of eternall night ready to cloſe up his eyes, who (in the voiage her affection made) had alway beene the Port ſhee ſteered to: yet hoping ſhee knew not what, that if perhaps *Proſerpine* ſhould meet in *Elizium* his departed ſoule, ſhe would in meere compaſſion of her ſorrow ſend it backe to re-inhabite her ancient ſeat; ſhee carried the life-little-deſiring body to *Corinth*, where at that time lived an aged man, by name *Artelio*, one whoſe fortunate experience in deſperate cures had made famous. Him, by the powerfull command of his Queene, and the humble teares of a ſtill-miſtruſting lover, ſhe conjures to employ the uttermoſt of his skill, in preſerving him in whom ſhee lived. Some time there was ere his vitall ſpirits, almoſt now proved ſtrangers to their wonted manſion, would accept the tye of hoſpitality: but when the hand of Art had taught them courteſie, and that each ſenſe, though faintly, did exerciſe his charge, *Amphialus* returning to himſelfe, from that ſweet ignorance of cares wherein hee lived, began to queſtion in what eſtate the Caſtle was againſt the beſiegers, thinking he had alway beene there, when *Hellen* entred the roome, with a countenance where beauty appeared thorow the clouds of care and feare of his danger: Her the double and deeply wounded patient (bearing ſtill about him the inward picture of *Philoclea*, whom long, I have heard, in vaine he loved) thought to bee the ſame Saint, the remembrance of whom returned, together with his wandring ſoule, from which it was inſeparable. Now therefore with a languiſhing looke (the true Herald of what he ſuffered) Lady, ſaid he, though the welcome harbinger of a neare-following death hath provided this body (while it was mine, alway devoted to your ſervice) as a lodging for his Maſter an ever certaine gueſt, yet when I paſſe to the *Elizian* Plaines (if any memory there remaine of this world of comfort you now vouchſafe, heaven knowes, your faithfull though unfortunate ſervant) I ſhall never ceaſe to pay the eternall tribute of thanks to well-deſerving death, who (with his preſence) brings the happineſſe in life denied me.

The Queene, with a penſive ſilence, ſorrowing ſhee ſtood to act the counterfeit of her rivall, and ſtill deſirous to enjoy the ſweet ſpeech of her revived *Amphialus*, was like a paſſenger, whom the loud command of the rough windes had forced to wander through the unevenneſſe of the deepe furrowed Seas, now in ſight of land, equally diſtracted betweene the deſire to leave this his unnaturall habitation, where each wave ſeemes to be the proud meſſenger to deſtruction, and feare to approach it, being jealous of his hard entertainment on the rockie ſhore. Thus did ſhee continue (fixt in a doubtfull imagination) loth to interrupt his pleaſing ſpeech, and more than grieved hee meant not her whom he ſpake to; untill *Amphialus* (ſtrengthening his newly recovered ſenſes with the conceited preſence of *Philoclea*) found his errour, and then with a looke on his miſtaken object (which hee could not make diſdainfull, becauſe his happy thoughts had once adored it for *Philoclea*) hee ſuddenly fell into a deadly trance: whereat *Hellen* (feelingly ſuffering in his danger) ran to him, and bedewing his even then lovely face with the loving oblation of her many teares, ſhe together powred forth the moſt paſſionate plaints that love could invent, or griefe utter: ſo as a while this accident, overthrowing the fabricke of her halfe-built comfort with the ſuddenneſſe of ſo unlookt for an aſſault, conſtrained her (with bemoaning his caſe) to forget the care of his ſafety: but being withdrawn by her ſervants, the indiſpoſition of her body cauſed her a while to entertain in bed the feaver of her affectionate ſorrow.

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In the meane time *Amphialus*, by the skilfull care of *Artelio*, was againe brought to enjoy that, whose losse hee would accompt his chiefest happinesse; and faintly withdrawing the cover that obscured his weake sight, and settling his looke upon *Artelio*; Father, said hee, if you felt the inward agonies of my tormented soule, as you see the desperate state of my low-brought body, I assure my selfe you would not be so inhumane, there to imploy your indevours, where, when they have wrought their effect, they serve onely to confirme the memory of forepassed calamity, with the growing apprehension of future misfortune: but since my destinies have so set downe, that the whole course of my life should bee inevitably disastrous, I must thinke my Tragedy is not yet acted, though what worse than hath befalne me cannot bee imagined, or what may be kept in store (more than I have passed) far exceeds my apprehension, though not my expectation.

Here he began to runne over his unfortunate love to *Philoclea*, the killing of *Parthenia*, his overthrow in the encounter with the blacke Knight; inserting many more disgraces, which the most envious of his glory, would not have cast as aspersions on his well knowne fame. Thus with the thought that fate (whose working he could not limit) had reserved him for more mischiefe, he suffered his wounds to be cured: and soone after, walking one evening, as his manner was, in the Garden, he chose a time, as he thought, unespied by any, to convey his selfe through a backe doore; and there finding his horse (which his Page had brought by his appointment) he rid away, whither he knew not, and much cared not, so he might leave her whose affection deserved a more courteous farewell. But alas! when shee heard of his going, what tongue is able to expresse her sorrow, in whom the equally tormenting passions of griefe and despaire were lifted to their uttermost height.

Two daies since the departure of *Amphialus* posted away, striving in vaine to overtake their irrecoverable fellowes; and now the third was come, to bee a Prologue to the following Tragedy, when *Hellen* (slaking the violent course of her incessant plaints) gave occasion to her servants to bee the lesse mistrustfull of her actions, thinking that time began to weare away her sorrowes. But she (as by the event was gathered) using this as a policie to rid her selfe of the cumber of carefull attendance, when (now her truce in shew with sorrow, and the restraint of her plaints had wrought the effect she desired) taking her trusty servant *Mylama* with her, and leaving a letter with *Lada* (whom besides *Mylama* she onely trusted with this secret) which upon the first knowledge of her flight should bee given to *Drenus* the chiefe of her counsell; wherein she excused her secret stealing away, by a vow passed to *Apollo*, in such manner to goe a pilgrimage to *Delphos*. Shee put her selfe on her journey, having an army of Passions for her convoy, led by Love, and waited on by Desire, in hope of what shee knew was hopelesse, yet often checking her despairing foresight, with such unlikely possibilities, as affection (upon these occasions) is wont to supply.

Many daies shee had not wandred (changing places, to renew her companions in sorrow) when comming into a pleasant valley, where of each side many trees, in the greene leaved mantle of their summer liverie, did apparell two neighbour mountaines, where some Sun-burnt sapplesse pines, by the advantage of the ground (like little in themselves deserving, birth only ennobled men) over-topped the strait up-raised Cedar, the stocke of selfe-begun honour. Through this flourie plaine ranne a many-headed crystall current, that did indent the earth as it smoothly glided by, to make the obligation of friendship betweene them more firme: and where it fame-like encreased by travell, there (as it was the naturall) so it seemed to have beene

beene the politicke body of the State of Springs; ſuch was the conſtant care of the fountain Magiſtrates, and ſuch the well-agreeing union of the watry Commons. Here ſhe ſtaid (invited by ſolitarineſſe, the beſt repoſe for wearied ſorrow) yet giving no reſpit to her minde, ſhe ſpake nothing but *Amphialus*, or of *Amphialus*: O *Amphialus*, did ſhe ſay, and to this invocation the flattering Nimph (that alwaies ſeconds what is ſpoken) did joyne the like of her owne; and *Hellen*, delighted to heare the ſound of ſo ſweet a name beaten back upon her, for a time ſealed up her lips, liſtening with attentive ſilence what Eccho would have further ſaid: but ſhe (who of all the powers of a reaſonable ſoule, only had a memorie and a tongue, only ſerviceable to that uſe) together gave over to reflect her borrowed language, expecting with like ſtilneſſe her further ſpeech. But *Hellen*, not able longer to reſtraine the overflow of her panting heart, began to cry out, Unkind *Amphialus*: This alſo did the Eccho repeat. But ſhe hearing by the rebound of the words *Amphialus* accuſed, Diſcourteous Nimph, ſaid ſhe, and how is *Amphialus* unkinde? can the harmony of ſuch excellence admit ſo foule a fault to beare a part with his vertues? Yet wo is me, he is unkind; could his hard heart elſe ſuffer this love of his (which I only name, becauſe it is the only part worth naming in me) thus long unregarded? Could not my Crown, crowned in being a foot-ſtoole to *Amphialus*, have purchaſed ſome reſpect? Alas no: how could unhappy *Hellen* expect the Fates reſerved ſo great a bleſſing in ſtore for her?

Shee had not long debated the reaſons of her misfortune, when *Rinatus* (the only brother to *Timotheus*, but younger by many yeares) chanced to paſſe that way: a man on whom fame had beſtowed, and deſervingly, the name of Valiant; yet of diſpoſition ſo miſchievouſly cruell, and ambitiouſly proud, that where his deeds might well have claimed ſo great an honour, there his conditions as well weighed, brought a reproachfull burthen to the ballance of his reputation. He (his father dying young, and unwilling to diſmember his eſtate, and unable otherwiſe to ſatisfie the hopes of his ſonnes ambition) hearing of the warres of *Laconia*, went thither; where ſoone he purchaſed the opinion of a man reſolute to undertake, and fortunate to execute what hee had undertaken: and ſerving under *Eborbas* (chiefe Commander for the King) becauſe of the ſimpathy of humours betweene them (whereby Nature did inſinuate for *Rinatus*, and taught him flattery without diſſimulation) he grew great in his favour. Soone after, this *Eborbas* in a conflict betweene him and the *Helots*, being mortally wounded, yet in death carefull of the welfare of his countrey, recommended this *Rinatus* (partly for his good liking of him, but principally for his experience in warres, and well-ſeconded judgement) to the King: who, though with ſome oppoſition, the countrey-men repining at his (a ſtrangers) advancement, after his truſtie *Eborba's* death, preferred him to the ſame place: his diſcharge of which out-went ſo farre the envie of the jealous Noblemen, that well might their King and they, in the death of the valiant *Eborbas*, deplore the loſſe of a private man, but muſt confeſſe that his watchfull care, and undaunted well-ordered courage did ſurvive in this their Generall.

In this eſteem he had ſcarce lived a year, when hearing of his brother and nephews death, together with his undoubted right to the large territory which his brother in his life time had enjoyed, hee notwithſtanding continued in the charge to which he was lately advanced; framing, in his conceit, his new-acquired greatneſſe but as a ſtep to climb the ſoveraignty of *Laconia*; which being elective, he thought the eaſier to be compaſſed, having by his bounteous affability gained the hearts of the ſouldiers, and being already poſſeſt of the chiefe Forts (the beſt ſtrength of the country) wherein hee had plac't ſuch, who had their devotions linkt to his will, becauſe they ought

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him the benefit of their creation. But finding the accomplishment of these practices to depend upon the death of the King, which his youth promised was unlikely soone to happen, and fearefull to draw on the discovery of his practices, by seeking any secret meanes to make him away, whom the watchfull eye of dutifull observance did warrant secure from any traiterous plots; hee solicites the King to dispence with his presence, who (seeing the ground of his journey to bee the just cause of his long deferred revenge, for *Timotheus* his brother, and *Philoxenus* his nephewes death. Now a peace was lately concluded with the *Helots*, and therefore his absence the more excusable) upon condition of a speedy returne, though unwilling, yet for his satisfaction grants his request: who now on his journey, and having in his way to crosse this valley, met the unfortunate Queen; whom though her habit might disguise, her words over-heard did assure *Rinatus* his willingnesse to beleeve, that shee was the same she so often spake her selfe to be, the unfortunate *Hellen*.

A while he stood doubtful of the person, a while amazed at so fortunate an encounter, and a long time perplexed what punishment his revenge would judge fit for the conceited heinousnesse of his brother and nephewes death. At length the Queene (now first withdrawing her thoughts from that object, whereto affection in sweetest contemplation had bound them, and suffering her mind, before retired within it selfe, now to be informed by her servants senses) seeing this stranger near her, began as her manner was, to find by enquiry what he knew of *Amphialus*. Wicked woman, replied *Rinatus*, the all-seeing Justice hath now delivered thee to receive fit punishment for *Philoxenus* and *Timotheus* death: and using no more words, presently caused her to be mounted on horse-backe, prolonging her life to make her death more miserable. Thus farre hath *Mylama* discovered, who (poore Lady) was there left, most cruelly beaten, to be the reporter of *Rinatus* revenge, and her Mistris hard hap.

The last Act of this Tragedy, my Master had the fortune to know by one of trust and great esteeme in the Court of *Laconia*, to which *Rinatus* had conveyed *Hellen*; where for a time shee was honourably entertained, finding no want, but of command and liberty; the King belike fearing the power of the wronged *Corinthians*, preserving her as a sure Card for a dead lift. But when hee understood that one *Tenarus* (a man apt to practise innovations, and at this time able, when the many-headed multitude wanted the awfull presence of their Soveraigne) tooke upon him the government, pretending a title to the Crowne, as descended from those, from whom *Hellens* Ancesters (as hee alledged) had traiterously forced it. Then did the Tyrant of *Laconia*, finding the way secure for his mischievous practice, vehemently importuned by *Rinatus*, and urged forward by the politike wickednesse of his owne desire to pleasure the new King, secretly cause *Hellen* to be poysoned. Such was the end of this great Queene, justly beloved of all who heard the fame of her vertues, and therefore justly to be deplored of all, who heare the unredeemable losse of so many perfections.

Basilius and the rest of the Princes were much moved with so tragicall a story, especially *Musidorus*, who in search of *Pyrocles* having the fortune to see her, could witnesse, that though fame had borrowed all mens mouthes to proclaime her many excellencies, yet it was far from doing right to her desert. But this was no fit lodging for pitie to dwell in, where joy had so great a command: The messenger therefore being permitted to part, with free leave for his Master to enter the lists, Judges were appointed, and the Challenge proclaimed.

The Challenger understanding of the Kings liking of his demaund, came forth of his Pavillion with Armour so lively representing nakednesse, wounded

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in many places (where the ſtanchleſſe bloud, in the courſe the workman had allotted it, ſeemed to drop deſtruction) that many thought a madneſſe had poſſeſt him, ſo unarmed, ſo wounded, to preſent himſelfe in ſuch a triall, where a ſurer defence, and a ſounder body were more needfull. Before him went ſixe, as Savages, bearing the Lances for his firſt courſes; who comming within diſtance to be heard, did ſing theſe following Verſes.

Too ſoone you fled from hence to that faire place,
The happy period of a well-run race:
Too late I ſtay in griefes eternall night,
To doe this pennance for my over-ſight.
Once let me dye, let not my dying life
Prolong my woes, and keep my thoughts at ſtrife:
Let him that doth offend your heav'nly eyes,
Now pleaſe your anger with ſelfe-ſacrifice.

Then one of them reaching him a lance, he began his courſe againſt *Tyro* Prince of *Andria*, famous for his conſtant love to the faire *Lydia*, now married, and Queen of *Epire*, and ever fortunate in the courſe of his adventures: but here his fortune gave place to vertue, or rather joyned with her to aſſiſt the naked Knight; for at the third encounter he was put beſide his Saddle, much bruiſed in body, and no leſſe afflicted in minde.

The next that ſupplyed his place was *Pauſanias* a *Macedonian*, one who in his late wars had done *Euarchus* faithfull ſervice; and now, thinking to bee as ſucceſſefull in this enterpriſe, had put on armour to doe honour to his Miſtreſſe: but his firſt courſe compelled him to acknowledge he was deceived, ſeeing himſelfe fall ſo farre ſhort of his expectation.

To him ſucceeded *Nicanor*, a *Corinthian* Knight, advanced by the new King: one extremely confident of himſelf, becauſe never tryed, and now very forward, fearing to be prevented of the honour, for which already in conceit hee had triumphed at *Corinth*, with the great applauſe of the people, and the good liking of the King. But the naked Knight, at ſecond courſe, cut off both his life and imagined Trophee: for couching his Lance, and allotting it in his courſe a juſt deſcent, rightly levelled by his well-judging experience, it met with *Nicanors* ſight, and paſſing through that weak reſiſtance, it pierced his right eye, and with it his braine; ſo as *Nicanor* fell downe forgetfull both of his forethought fame, and following reproach. With this adventure the Tilting that day ended, the Sun with looſe rayes poſting to his Weſterne home, and the naked Knight retired himſelfe to his Pavilion, whence he ſent his Page, who humbly for his Maſter intreated that his unwillingneſſe to be knowne, ſhould excuſe the omiſſion of his duty to the King.

Thus that night drew on, which to them who enjoyed delight, ſeemed to have put on all her ſailes, to be the ſpeedier in paſſing over. But farre other was the naked Knights apprehenſion: he (who made her ugly darkeneſſe a patterne of the ſorrow his afflicted ſoule endured) thought ſhee was becalmed in the Sea of his misfortune. At length *Phœbus* weary of his importunity, made haſte to diſtribute his gratefull light to his care-tired ſenſes; and he as ſoon imbracing the ſmalleſt ſhew of comfort, put on his armour. About two houres after the Judges being ſet, and *Baſilius* and *Euarchus* with the reſt of the Court preſent, *Leonatus* the young King of *Pontus* (who had been there to acknowledge his beholdingneſſe to them, whom hee was deſervingly

vingly bound to) took the field. His armour was of a dark colour, through which many flames ſeemed to break out, as when the clouds, great in labour with exhalations, at length give way to their more violent power: His three firſt courſes promiſed a more happy event, than Fortune meant he ſhould enjoy; for (having perform'd them with a well ordered firmneſſe in his ſeat, and a moving conſtancie in the carriage of his launce, to the great delight of the beholders) the fourth time he was diſmounted: whoſe diſgrace *Pyrocles* was ready to revenge, but he was, by a ſecret look from *Philoclea*, commanded the contrarie. Then *Telamon*, *Phelauceas* and *Diremus* felt, with little advantage in Fortune, the like ſucceſſe.

Thus moſt part of that morning the naked Knight, with little reſiſtancē, had the beſt againſt all commers, which moſt of the lookers on, with publick acclamation, did teſtifie: but he having given over the uſe of himſelfe to ſorrow, ſometimes by the careleſſe ſhaking of his head, did let them know, they burdened his deſert with the unpleaſing weight of his praiſe; and ſtaying a while on horſeback, expecting the next Adventurer, with ſuch a demeanour of himſelfe, as (though it did accuſe him of much griefe) could not conceale the grace of his ſtately preſence. But when he ſaw none ready to take the field, with an humble bend taking his leave of the King, hee ſoftly trotted towards his Tent, not ſo much to repoſe his body, as to give a quiet way to the aſſaults of his mind. At length, when all the beholders expectation were almoſt wearied, there entred the Liſts a Lady, attended onely by one Page, who having lighted, preſently went towards the place where *Baſilius* ſate; where firſt kneeling, then taking away a black ſcarffe (which griefe had hired to joyne with her ſelfe, in eclipſing the excellent feature of a moſt faire face) ſhe began to ſpeak: but *Baſilius* & *Gynecia* haſtily ran to imbrace *Hellen* Queen of *Corinth*, for this was ſhe. Great was the joy for her revived preſence, and great the deſire to know the meanes of her ſafetie: But ſhe (accounting theſe gratulations cumberſome, and the relation of her adventures tedious) fixing her watrie eyes on *Baſilius*: Great King, I am (ſaid ſhee) that unfortunate *Hellen*, ſometime Queen of *Corinth*, now both deprived of crowne and kingdome by *Tenarus*. Yet why ſhould I mention this, as fit to be inſerted among my greateſt misfortunes? The cauſe why now I come, is my care of *Amphialus* his ſafetie, in whom I live, to whoſe diſdaine I have vowed the tribute of my conſtant love: Hee (alas, why ſhould I live to ſpeak it?) not long ſince following the courſe of his adventures, came to *Amaſia*, where he was made priſoner, and carried to *Dunalbus* Prince of that countrey, whoſe brother it was *Amphialus* his fortune to kill in reſcue of a Lady, to whom he would have offered diſhonourable violence. Theſe newes came to mine eares (to adde more to many miſeries) at that time when I chanced to be at *Delphos*, powring forth my heartieſt devotions for my moſt beloved, my moſt unkind *Amphialus*: but the pitying god, either to ſtay my hands from the execution they intended (but to what end might that be, that god knowes; no time can unbend my affection) or (as heaven grant it may be) in commiſeration of my caſe, thus comforted me;

Hellen returne, a naked Knight ſhall find
Reſt for thy hopes, and quiet to thy mind.

Thus farre have I wandred, led by that divine promiſe, in purſuit of ſuch an one, but no where can I find a happie event to confirme that Oracle: yet dare I not deſpaire, having ſo high a warrant; nor hope, having ſo bad ſucceſſe.

You are fortunately come, ſaid the King. This Knight, whoſe skill in Armes hath made your well-deſerving vertues famous, may be that man, pointed out by

the finger of heaven, to releaſe *Amphialus*, who both in name and armour repreſents a naked Knight. O no, ſaid the Queen, it cannot be expected that *Apollo* would leave ſo plain a way for us to track out the footſteps of his obſcure myſteries. Madam, replyed *Baſilius*, (having firſt placed her in a chair by him) the all-ſeeing providence, with whom the ends of all things are preſent, is ſometimes pleaſed to caſt forth the Embleme of our deſtinies, ſo ſtrangely hidden in the covert of ambiguous words, that doubtleſſe it ſerves to beget nothing but matters of diſtruſt, and labyrinths of errors, where the imagination a thouſand waies may be led aſtray. Of this you have a preſent proofe, confirmed by my experience: and ſometimes the ſame Juſtice unfolds the ſecret of our fate, and plainly lets us know the myſterie of our fortune: yet even that plainneſſe, to the curious ſearch of our ſtill-miſtruſting braine, becomes a reaſon ſufficient to enforce us to a contrarie beliefe. This laſt, I think (if in the interpretation of an Oracle my opinion may be received) is that meane, whereby *Apollo* both reveals & hides the author of *Amphialus* freedom. This ſaid, he ſends preſently for the naked Knight, who, as ſoon obeying the Kings command (as he was completely armed) came before him; to whom *Baſilius* cheerfully told (as glad to be the reporter of ſo good news to him, whoſe proweſs in arms deſervingly gain'd much of his good opinion) of *Hellens* being there, together with her deſire to employ him in an action the heavens had alſo intereſſed him. What is it, replyed the naked Kn. that without ſuch a command I would not endevour to accompliſh for my moſt deare *Hellen*? & then with exceſſe of comfort & aſtoniſhment his weak limbs were ready to give over the ſupport of his joy-burdened body; but, being upheld by *Muſidorus*, who ſtood next him, his overcharged ſpirits had time to recollect themſelves.

The Queene gathering comfort from his promiſe, and ſeeing faire likelihood of the Oracles accompliſhment; with the oratorie of love, who thinks no words but his owne able to expreſſe his mind, began in this manner. Sir, ill fortune my awfull governeſſe, as in the moſt of my actions ſhe is pleaſed to keep a hard hand over mee, ſo in this (diſtruſtfull belike of my willingneſſe) ſhe forces me to repeat my wonted leſſon of receiving courteſies without power of requitall; making one undeſerved favor from you become a cauſe of further beholdingneſs to you: but the glorie that followes your good ſucceſs in this adventure (the beſt ſpur to ſet forward brave ſpirits to noble actions) hath almoſt aſſured me, that the love you profeſs, and a diſtreſſed Ladies cauſe, need not joyne petitioners in a requeſt your vertue muſt be willing to grant. The reward of your victorie, is the releaſing of *Amphialus*; of whom I may ſpeake, and the world with me, all praiſe-worthy things. Madam, replied the naked Knight, I thought the gods could not have favoured me more, than in giving you reſpite of life, and me power to be ſerviceable to you: but when I conſider the end I muſt employ my endevours to, it buries my conceited happineſſe in the grave of a certaine misfortune. Shall I labour to preſerve that monſter of men, whoſe ſtorie (if the world will needs read) containes nothing but a volum of diſaſters, and a vaine diſcourſe of a few adventures, caſt upon him by the blindneſſe of chance? Shall I hazzard my life for him, againſt whom, had I lives innumerable, I would venture them all? Shall I live to make another happie in your favour, and croſſe mine owne deſires? No Madam, I will ſooner leave my bloud here before you, as a teſtimony that feare hath no intereſt in my diſobedience to your command, than I will make my after-life truly miſerable in the burden of a hopeleſſe affection. To this the Queene a while in teares, as if her eyes ſtrove to ſpeak for her, made a ſilent anſwer: but when her ſighs had breathed forth the overcharge of her breaſt, firſt ſhe kneeled, then faintly ſaid; O eternall preſident of this Court of cares, when will

thy

thy juſt pitie commiſerate my diſtreſſe! Alas Sir, what new way have the gods found to vent their malice on me! have I made diſdaine my only miſhap and muſt now affection to me-wards bee another undeſerved misfortune? Behold Sir, and if you can, with pitie, a Queene, borne to command, a ſuppliant at your feete, begging what goodneſſe ſolicites you to grant; Releaſe *Amphialus*: and if your jealouſie thinkes hee hath too much intereſt in my love, reſtore him to the world that wants him; I will vow a Virgins life. Stay, vertuous Queene, replied the naked Knight, and lifting up his Beaver, Receive, ſaid he, thou beſt of women, thy overjoyed *Amphialus*.

The Queene, as when the Ocean ſwels with the rage of a tempeſt, if on a ſudden theſe blaſts be appeaſed, yet the proud waves, mindfull of their forepaſt injurie, and indiſpos'd to ſo ſpeedy a reconcilement, ſome while retaine the rough remembrance of the windes malice: ſo were her thoughts, before moved by the ſtorme of deſpaire, though now ſhe had cauſe of contented quiet, on a ſudden, incapable of ſo unlooked for a happineſſe; firſt doubt, then amazement, laſtly exceſſe of joy, by ſucceſſion were admitted to the helm of her diſtreſſed heart. But when joy had once got to be the ſteerſ-man, his want of practice (by his long abſence from that imploiмēt) ſoon brought a confuſion: here the warme teares of ſorrow, there the cold drops of a preſent comfort, did ſtrive whether ſhould ſhew it ſelfe moſt officious in drowning her pale bluſhing cheekes. At length they both, no longer able to reſiſt this powerfull invaſion of their mindes (as by mutuall conſent) fell, the one intwined in the others armes, and made the earth happy in bearing ſuch matchleſſe lovers: But their ſenſes being ſoon reſtored to their wonted function, after ſome paſſionate words (to which their eies and touch of their hands gave the life of expreſſion) *Amphialus* divided into many mindes by the turbulent working of his thoughts (turning towards his Uncle) with his eyes fixt on the ground, ſtood with the grace of a man condemned, who, having led a loathſome life in an ugly dungeon, is now brought to a freedome of looking upon the open ayre, yet ſees the day is but a Taper to light him to his execution. Of the one ſide hee was brought from the hell of deſpaire wherein he lived, in the aſſurance of *Hellens* death, to the certainty of her life and preſence: of the other, what was his treaſon to his Uncle to expect, but an infamous death, & a divorce from his new-borne happineſſe? The ſhame alſo of a crime ſo foule as his rebellion, was not the leaſt torment to his minde, unwillingly beaten from a ſetled courſe of vertue by *Cecropia's* practices. At length (when theſe thoughts, that almoſt overcame all the powers of life in him, were themſelves overcome by his reſolution) caſting himſelfe at *Baſilius* his feete, thus ſaid: Great Sir, if treaſon in a ſubject, and unnaturalneſſe in a Nephew bee puniſhable, here you have before you a fit exerciſe for your juſtice: I am that ſubject, whoſe rebellion interrupted the contented quiet of my Kings ſolitary life, and brought him to behold the bloudie tragedie of a civill diſſention in his divided ſtate: I am that nephew, whom a wilfull diſobedience made a traytor to the nearneſſe of his bloud. Hither did I come (*Oreſtes* like tormented by the inward fright of my guiltie conſcience) with my bloud to waſh away (if good fortune in the defence of the cauſe I undertooke, would draw death upon me) the ſtaines of ſuch unpardonable faults: but now that I have found what I leaſt looked for (and then he caſt a ſide-looke on *Hellen*) for her, I confeſſe, I ſhould deſire to live, if your juſt indignation might finde mercie for ſo hainous offences, which I will not ſtrive to mitigate (how ever juſtly I may:) for I would thinke ſuch faults ill excuſed, with which (to eaſe my ſelfe) I muſt have burdened my neareſt friends.

Basilius first graciously lifting him from the ground, Nephew, replyed hee, did I retaine the memory of your youthfull oversights, this your vertuous acknowledgement were sufficient to beare them away; but long since I have buried in oblivion the thought of your rashnesse, because I knew (by what after happened) that the gods had made you an instrument to worke their ends: it were injury therefore to question his actions, whose will was not his owne, being over-ruled by their all-commanding decree. No, Nephew, I doe not onely pardon these transgressions, but freely also doe resigne all such possessions as your father held in *Arcadia*, taken from you in the last warre, and now in the hands of *Philanax*. Live happie in your choice: I shall be proud of our alliance with the Crowne of *Corinth*, and shall rejoyce to see the succession continue in our bloud. This said, he led him to *Gynecia*, then to *Evarchus*: but when hee came to *Musidorus*, This, Nephew, is that blacke Knight (said hee) who, at your last meeting, gave such evident proofe of his unconquerable valour: This is *Musidorus*, the Prince of *Thessaly*, whom the gods have bestowed as a blessing on my daughter *Pamela*. *Amphialus* now assured by the Kings speech, unto whose hand the honour of his conquest had fallen (for doubt had long tormented him, that some baser hand had reapt the glory of his victorie;) Prince *Musidorus*, said hee, my hard successe in our last encounter much perplex't mee, not that my confidence of my selfe was lifted to such an arrogant presumption, to thinke my strength and skill in Armes matchlesse; but that it grieved mee, an unknowne Knight (one whom the world might thinke had concealed his name, lest together with him, his bad fortune in tryals of that kinde, might bee discovered) should have the better of mee. But now that I know to whose lot my victory hath fallen, I doe not onely bring an excuse, but an honour from the worthinesse of the Conquerour.

Courteous *Amphialus*, replyed the Prince, whose side the advantage of Fortune did then incline to, if it may bee determined; with greater reason, and more desert should the honour bee given you, than bestowed on mee: but however, such tryall I then made of your manhood, that hereafter I shall desire to bee of your part. Worthy Prince, said *Amphialus*, your vertue will alway chuse to bee of the weaker side: and so turning to *Philoclea*, Divine Ladie, said hee, in your excellent choyce of the famous *Pyrocles*, you have (besides the happinesse gained to your selfe, for which the world may envie you) shewed mee the way to my best hopes, by graffing my affection in the stocke of my *Hellens* constancie. Deare Cousin, replyed *Philoclea*, I am glad it was in my power, and your good fortune, so much to better your choyce in so excellent a remove. And so casting a bashfull looke towards *Pyrocles*; Sir, said shee, we may joyne in thanks-giving: This is my Cousin, whose vertuous disposition during our imprisonment, was our safest defence against my Aunt *Cecropia's* cruelty. I doe acknowledge it, said *Pyrocles*, and besides this favour (in which wee have a common interest) Sir, I must crave pardon for a wound given you at such a time, when belike you made Patience your onely defence. *Amphialus* stood with his eyes fixed on *Pyrocles*: for his memory supplyed him with a confused remembrance of such a face. *Zelmane* hee could not take him to bee; her sexe and this change, at their first birth destroyed these apprehensions. *Pyrocles*, his heart swore he was not, whose youth and beauty God wot were no fit livery for such atchievements as the world famed him for. Thus a while hee continued, troubled with the uncertainety of conjectures, untill *Pyrocles* (happily conceiving the cause of his amazement) stopt his further admiration, by letting him know, that the then *Zelmane* was the now

Pyrocles,

Pyrocles. Whereat *Amphialus*, as one newly waked out of a dreame, cryed out, *Anaxius*, *Anaxius*, said hee, it was the Prince of *Macedon* (not a woman) overcame thee. Whereſoever thy ſoule bee, let it keep this time feſtivall, as the birth day of thy glory. And ſo after mutuall embraces, together with the reſt of the Princes, they entred the Palace: where, when they were ſeated, the eyes of all the company were ſet on the Queene of *Corinth*, longing to know the ſtory of her ſtrange fortune, now a Queene, then a priſoner, now alive, then dead: which ſhee at *Baſilius* intreaty, with a Majeſty (which her fortune could not change, becauſe it was innate) thus declared.

Great Sir, that I was made priſoner by *Rinatus*, and by him carried to *Laconia*, Fame (together with the news of my ſuppoſed death) belike hath brought you: the reſt, ſince you eſteeme worthy your hearing, I ſhall eſteeme worthy my relation.

There yet governs (and then did) among the Nobility of *Laconia*, one *Creton*, a man elected to the Crowne, rather to recompence the deſert of his Anceſtors than for his own vertues, beloved & borne with for the ſame reaſon: ſuch an everlaſting monument of it ſelf, can goodnes leave to poſterity. To him when I was brought, my guilt and my guilty ſelfe with the beſt oratory *Rinatus* had, was made known; who with vehement importunity deſired, that my ſpeedy puniſhment (as my fault) ſhould be terrible. The King anſwered, Though he found his demands reaſonable, & ſuch to which he was ſure there could be no oppoſition made, yet hee thought it fit the Nobility ſhould be acquainted with ſo weighty a cauſe, before he proceeded further in it; and ſo for this time (being committed to the charge of *Partinax*, Chamberlain to the king) I was diſmiſt. The next day the Counſel being ſent for, my cauſe ran the hazzard of many opinions: ſome thought it fit I ſhould dye, and though Juſtice, ſaid they, might not diſpence with ſuch ſeverity, yet it was fit to pleaſe *Rinatus*, one who had deſerved wel, and had the power (if otherwiſe he were dealt with) to revenge his injury. Others (the more in number, and eſteemed the wiſer, becauſe the king held with them) oppoſed this ſentence, alledging ſo inconſiderate an act might call the ſafety of *Laconia* in queſtion: for, ſaid they, ſhall we think the *Corinthians* ſo degenerate, that being juſtly incenſed againſt us, they will not endeavour to revenge the death of their Prince, in the ſhade of whoſe reigne they enjoy that peace and plenty their neighbours envie them for? & if they ſtir in it, what people is ſo barbarous, whom the juſtneſs of their cauſe will not procure into the ſociety of this war? See then if a private mans ſatisfaction be to be compared to theſe enſuing dangers: no, let her live, and when the gods doe otherwiſe diſpoſe of her, let her death come without the ruine of *Laconia*. This determined, a new doubt aroſe how I ſhould be diſpoſed of: They that before thought it expedient I ſhould dye (now that opinion was put by) concluded that it was beſt to ſend me to *Corinth* with an honourable convoy ſo to tye them, by a perpetuall bond of gratitude, to be their friends, whom they ſo much feared to be their enemies: the reſt, to gratifie the king, whoſe affection they perceived to leane that way (and well aſſured it was an advice too profitable to be rejected that gained a kingdome) though his promiſe after the Queens death (who not long before left him a widower) had been paſſed to *Lemnia*, a faire and vertuous Lady, daughter to my keeper *Partinax*, yet they wiſhed, if ſo he pleaſed, my Crowne might winne mee to his bed, little doubting but I had thought it an egregious felicity to be ſo graced. The King after many protractions, at length, as if he were wrought to it (by a deſire to ſatisfie the Nobility rather than ſelfe-will) declares his mind to be directed by them: which once knowne, behold the flattery of Court beganne to fawne upon me; who

more obſerved, who more admired only *Kinatus*, much impatient of this my greatneſſe in Court, uttered ſome words in choller, which made known (by further enquirie) a conſpiracie of his againſt the King; ſo as ſoon after (the rather to give me, whom they ſtudied to pleaſe, ſatisfaction) he was beheaded.

But long it was not before Fortune, neither conſtant to my happy adverſitie, nor adverſe felicitie, had brought thither (ſent by the uſurper *Tenarus*) a wiſe, but a wicked inſtrument, whom he called his Ambaſſadour, who laboured by the policie of his high-reaching braine, and the ſecret practices of his undermining gold, ſo farre for his Maſters ends, that now in an inſtant the ſtill-changing face of Court-reſpect began to frowne upon me; my death was decreed, and (untill the time were appointed for it) my ſelf made a cloſe priſoner in my accuſtomed gaole. But the King, chiefly moved with the hope of my Crowne, and drawn by a ſelf-conceit of liking to my ſorrow, (which perhaps had a ſympathy with his melancholy) would needs continue the ſuit of his affection to me, though he durſt not interpoſe his over-ruled authoritie for my libertie. Thus for a time did I live, accompanied by ſome few whom the King might truſt with his intents; he in ſhew courting his firſt love *Lemnia*, & making that a pretence to come private to her fathers houſe neere adjoyning to Court. But indeed (as at that time he could have no reaſon to diſſemble with me) this kindneſſe came another way: which *Lemnia* ſuſpecting, and being as far gone in affection to this double-dealing King, as hee was in the profeſſion of a little-regarded love to me, her watchfull eye ſoone found the advantage of a happie opportunitie, to heare himſelfe ſpeake his owne deceit, with ſuch a heart-burning vehemencie, that *Lemnia* (who had placed her ſelfe unknown to either of us behind the hangings) ſcarce could ſuppreſſe her entrie, to play a part in our Comedy of affection. But to his demands truth anſwered for me plainely, that death, in whoſe expectation I lived, would be far more pleaſing than the marriage he thought ſo reaſonable: adding withall to my ſpeech much of *Lemnia's* praiſe, which ſhe deſerved, to inſtruct his eyes, that indeed were blinde in his choice.

But when he parted, vowing to bee ſevere in my puniſhment, unleſſe I reſolved better at his next comming, behold *Lemnia* (with teares in her eyes) fell at my feet: and when ſhee ſaw amazement in my lookes, with a kind baſhfulneſſe taking my hand, and riſing with that helpe; Vertuous Ladie, ſaid ſhee, if ever you have been acquainted with the tyrannie of all-commanding affection, to that Judge I appeale, who (though courteſie and good manners oppoſe him) wil find my fault excuſable: This man, who in your preſence hath beene the trumpet of his owne inconſtancie, firſt with the vehement proteſtation of his ſincere affection, wonne me in gratefulneſſe to meete him, in recompence of his unknowne diſſimulation, if ſuch then it were; and now, with the good liking of the State, were the ſolemnities appointed for our marriage, when your arrivall croſt thoſe hopes, and drew his thoughts to their naturall temper of unſtaydneſſe. But ſince I have found by this fortunate unmannerlineſſe, your anſwers ſo reſolutely oppoſed to his demands, henceforth I vow to worke your freedome, or bring my ſelfe to periſh with you. Her fault found an eaſie pardon at the tribunall ſhee appealed to. I thanked her (as there was good cauſe) for her deſire of my good; onely I wiſhed, if my freedome could not be procured without danger to her, ſhe ſhould not heap miſeries upon me, by joyning her ſelfe a companion in my diſaſters. Shee comforts mee with the hope of a better event: and to bring her intention to a wiſhed ſucceſſe, ſhee winnes my unwillingneſſe to ſhew ſome favour to the King; which next day I did, having placed *Lemnia* where ſhe had placed her ſelfe the day before, to be a witneſſe to our conference:

for

for otherwiſe perhaps her love this ſecond time might have egged her ſuſpition, alreadie prone that way, to the diſtruſt of a pactice betwixt us. And happie was this forced diſſimulation: for the King not long before his comming to me, had received advertiſement that the uſurper of *Corinth* had levied an Army, and ſet forth many ſhips to invade *Laconia*, making the delay of my promiſed execution the pretence of this warre: which being alſo knowne, they (who together with this forreine enemie feared the Rebellion of the *Helots*, who alway lay in wait for an opportunity of ſuch advantage) now, more than ever, began to ſolicite the King to ſatisfie ſo potent an enemie in ſo juſt a demand. The King wel weighing the imminent dangers that were to be prevented by my death, & ſeeing the little comfort he did enjoy by the prolonging of my life, (likely every day to encreaſe my obſtinacy, being none of thoſe lovers that would die for his diſdaining Miſtreſſe) was readie to deliver me over as a Sacrifice for the State and Countrie; when behold, his ſailes were filled with a ſelf-opinion of my favour. Borne up therefore with the wings of hope, he returnes to Court, where Love (or ſome indulgent Fate) inſpired this project into his head: Hee cals the Nobilitie, and after a long narration of the miſchiefes that hung over *Laconia*, he deſires their advice for prevention. They glad that the only oppoſer, as they thought, of their deſignes, would have recourſe to their directions, in that cauſe wherein they were jealous of his partaking, after a flattering inſinuation (the common *exordium* to men of his place) they concluded that it was fit *Hellen* ſhould die. I doubt it not, ſaid hee; nor was it to that end I ſought your counſaile, that the neceſſitie of the times, the welfare of our perſon, and the preſervation of our ſtate required her death: but it much perplexed mee, that our fame ſhould bleed with her, or that the world ſhould ſay, the threats of the King of *Corinth* had inforced us to behead her, whom lately wee were to take to wife. It was this, my Lords, that cauſed my miſinterpreted reſolution hang in ſuſpence: for this I have turned my invention into all formes, and now behold I have found an even way to lead mee betweene the perils of a threatned war, and the ill-bought quiet of an ignominious peace. My will is ſhee bee brought to Court (for *Partinax* his houſe I think not convenient for this project) and placed there, with ſuch about her as I know moſt truſtie in ſuch a ſecret: then, that her keepers at fartheſt within two daies poyſon her; which done, wee will give it out ſhe died of a diſeaſe: and to confirme this opinion in the vulgar, wee will honour her death with ſuch funerall pompe as the ſtate of her life required. Thus ſhall our cauſe of diſſention with *Corinth* be taken away, and wee freed from that imputation the world might juſtly lay upon us. The Nobility with ſilent admiration began to applaud what hee had determined, chiefly *Partinax*, who (making the common cauſe his pretence) laboured by all meanes to confirme a reſolution ſo neceſſarie for his daughter *Lemnia's* happineſſe.

The King having diſmiſt the Counſell, acquaints me with theſe his proceedings, ſetting forth with no meane pride the pregnancie of his owne wit, who had found a way to over-reach ſuch gray-bearded dotards: for, ſaid hee, you ſhall that night when you are thought to be poyſoned, be conveied hence (by two of chiefeſt truſt about me) unto my Caſtle of *Nicos*: then I will cauſe a ſtatue, formed to your proportion, to be coffined up, on which (forſooth) my grave Counſell ſhall ſolemnly waite, and performe the obſequies in that ceremonie requiſite; meane time you ſhall live, and live beloved of him who hath undergone this dangerous enterpriſe, and will doe many more to indeare his affection to you. And when the limbes of this diſ-jointed State bee ſet againe, you ſhall be reſtored to bee your ſelfe, and to enjoy this Crowne of *Laconia* ſo much envied you:

till

till when, I locke theſe projects in the cloſet of your ſecrecy,

The good King was ſcarce gone from mee, when I made *Lemnia* of counſaile with me; who ſeeing the fitneſſe of the time, being my journey to *Nicos* was to be performed in the night, and the eaſie execution of ſo dangerleſſe an enterpriſe, my guard being only two of the Kings ſervants, ſhe gives in charge to a ſufficient number of ſuch whom ſhee knew faithfull to her, to meet them midway, and after they had well beaten my convoy (to diſcharge them of the ſuſpition of their conſenting to the fact) to carry mee to the next ſea port, where there ſtayed a ſhip bound for *Delphos*; to which I needes would bend my courſe. This being reſolved upon, the Lady (equally troubled with the care of my ſafety, and the loſſe of my preſence) wept many teares, which I confeſſe had beene ingratitude in me not to ſecond; ſo as a while ſorrow ſeemed to have flowne thither to bathe her ſelfe in our eyes: but love at length, in both of one anothers good, had well neare claimed this paſſion, when the guard, appointed by the King, was come, and ready to carry mee to Court. But why ſhould I, great Sir, any longer ſtay you in a ſtory, whoſe tediouſneſſe I am well aſſured hath tyred you? Know therefore that this means of my ſafety was as fortunately executed as happily contrived, the King not once daring to ſend to ſeek me, leſt he ſhould by that diſcover his own craft, uſed in this dangerous deluding of the *Laconian* Noblemen,

But I was ſcarce a moneth abſent, when he whoſe eies held the raines of his conſtancie, the object being removed, married (as it was before determined) the beauteous *Lemnia*; who now in poſſeſſion of his love, ſticked not to make knowne to him this whole matter, which otherwiſe in her behalfe I was bound to keep ſecret. Thus ſir, if my deſire to obey your commands hath made the ſtory of my misfortunes tedious, you may excuſe me, ſince all is done for your ſatisfaction.

Faire Queene, replied *Baſilius*, the ſweetly delivered ſtrangeneſſe of the ſtorie, would ſtill raviſh the hearers with a deſire of a further cauſe of attentiveneſſe, did not a greater deſire in us who know your vertues, haſten to heare the end of your much pitied diſtreſſe: and ſo calling *Amphialus* to him, having agreed on the day of marriage betweene the Queene and him, they all aroſe; for now their appetites (growing jealous of the ſatisfaction their minds received by the former diſcourſe) began to ſolicite them in the behalfe of their ſtomackes.

After dinner, when moſt of the company began to impe the wings of time with the feathers of ſeverall recreations, *Amphialus* and *Hellen* privately went together into an arbor in the garden, where firſt with teares (the common apology of over-joyed affection) they ſpake their mindes in ſilence, their panting hearts (as they embraced) with mutuall deſire beating their envious garments, that gave them not leave to meet. At length *Hellen* gracefully ſhaking her head, as if ſhe would ſhake away the drops that (like the morning dew on full-ripe Cherries) hung on her roſie cheekes: O *Amphialus*, ſaid ſhe, and then kiſt him, as loth to leave ſo perfect a ſentence without a comma; I will not ſay you were unkind, but, and there with his lips (loth belike to accuſe him) ſhee cloſed up her ſpeech. My ſole happineſſe, replyed *Amphialus*, (ſoftly wringing her hand) though the foulneſſe of my fault bee no fit ſubject for her to ſpeake of, who breathes nothing but goodneſſe, yet I want not an accuſer, my ſoule ſets forth my ingratitude; nor can I yet conceive how mercy can be ſo far removed from juſtice, as to finde a pardon for my offence: but you have given it, and (if it be any requitall) it ſhall be my after lives ſtudie to love and honour your vertues, as it was hitherto to offend you. It is fit therefore (ſayd *Hellen*, with the counterfet ſettledneſſe of Majeſty) we impoſe a penance upon you

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for your overſight; and this it ſhall bee, that henceforth you neither ſpeake nor thinke of that you account your fault: and to helpe you in obeying my commands, I muſt intreate you to keepe your minde and tongue for a time buſied in telling mee what befell you in your travell ſince our being at *Corinth*, and doe it not ſo niggardly, as if you meant to conceale what Fame hath ſo largely blowne abroad: yet if you were expoſed at any time to much danger, dwell not there too long, leſt I forget I have you here.

Moſt deare Ladie, ſaid *Amphialus*, to conforme my ſpeech to your laſt requeſt, would make mee diſobedient to your firſt command. Shall I begin with my departure from you? alas, at what time ſhould I more employ my memorie and ſpeech in diſcoverie of my faultie ſelfe than now? But I ſee your eyes begin to take anger into them; I will no longer inſiſt on mine owne accuſation.

Know therefore, moſt conſtant Ladie, that accompanied onely with *Fidutio* my Page, when I had paſt the limits of your dominion, at that time of day when the high-mounted Sunne makes leaſt ſhadowes, wearied with travell, and deſirous of ſome ſhelter from the Suns violent rayes; I layed my ſelfe under the protection of an Olive tree, thinking to ſet my mutinous thoughts at peace, but it would not bee: theſe outward ſignes could not appeaſe the fury of an inward enemie. Thus I lay, dearely purchaſing the little eaſe of my body with the affliction of minde, untill mine eares, like faithfull ſervants, deſirous to end this diſſention betweene their Maſter and himſelfe, cauſed all the powers of my minde to joyne in attentiveneſſe: and mine eyes, loth to be out-gone in ſuch good offices, did looke that way from whence the noiſe came; where I might diſcerne ſixe men armed, (on horſebacke) carry a faire Ladie with them, whoſe teares and out-cries well ſhewed her indiſpoſition to that journey. This ſight moved compaſſion in mee, and pitie brought a deſire to helpe her diſtreſſe. But my horſe (divining belike my intent, and unwilling to leave his food) could by no meanes bee taken; ſo that madde with anger, I began to repeate over all the misfortunes that ever had befallen mee, (to let this know it wanted no fellowes) when there came poſting that way, one whom (by his haſte) I gueſt to have beene of the company gone before. Of him I intreated to know what fault could be ſo heinous, that might take away the name of injury from ſo unmanly a violence as they offered to ſo beauteous a Lady. But hee with a ſcornefull ſilence ſmiled, and would bee gone: and ſo perhaps hee might, had not the narrowneſſe of the way, and his courteous horſe, that would not tread upon me, compelled him to ſtay. Whereat his anger burſt forth into theſe threats: Villaine, thy want of armour ſhall not excuſe thee from a death wilfully drawne upon thee; and though there bee no glorie, there will be ſatisfaction in thy overthrow. Then drawing his horſe a little backe, hee lighted, and without further complement runnes towards me: but his fury brought him too haſtily to his death; for thinking belike his threatning mouth was able to defend it ſelfe, hee forgot to put by my ſword, that by good fortune was laid in his way, and ſo juſtly his death entred at his mouth, whoſe life I thinke was in his tongue. At his fall *Fidutio* came in, who helping to fit on the armour, of which wee had diſfurniſht this unſerviceable Knight, I mounted on his horſe, that ſeemed to have regarded my haſte more then mine owne: and riding on the ſpurre, I overtooke my companie; for ſo they would needs make themſelves, ſaluting me by the name of my friend *Satibarſis*. But their better obſervance ſoone put them out of that opinion: ſo as gueſſing (indeed rightly) that I had killed *Satibarſis*, and by that meanes got his armour; without deſire to bee further than by their owne conjecture ſatisfied, they joyned all hands in his revenge. But the Ladies

cauſe

cauſe was juſt whoſe reſcue I came to, and the all-ſeeing Providence (that would not ſee juſtice overlaied) fought for me. And now five of them had either received their wel-deſerved payment of death, or were kept by their wounds from further oppoſition, when the ſixt (who all this while had held the Lady, and looked on) ſeeing my hand, whoſe weakneſſe had left ſuch preſidents of the effects of a good cauſe, now ſet againſt him alone, tooke his priſoner by the haire, and with his ſword gave her a deepe wound in the necke. That inhumane act would have given deſire to the moſt barbarous, and power of revenge to the moſt cowardly: but hee (as if he meant to ſave me a labour) making haſte that their warme bloud ſhould meete, with the ſame ſword runs himſelfe through, dying as juſt a Judge as hee was a trayterous offendor. Amazement would haue fixt mine eyes upon him, but the Ladies wound brought them to her ſuccour. Experience on my ſelfe made mee skilfull, and my faire patient officious: ſo that tying up the wound, for ſome time I ſtanched the bloud. Shee in the meane time, with her watry eyes bent to heaven-ward, heartily praying for my good fortune, and many times thanking her deſtiny, that (with her death) had ended the miſeries of her ever-dying life. When I had done comforting her (as I thought) with my opinion of her ſafety, I entreated to know her name, and the cauſe of this injury done to her. No, no, replied ſhe, Courteous ſtranger, the comfort of my neare-comming death (in ſpite of the torment the memory of my moſt wretched life puts mee to) brings this chearefulneſſe I now preſent in my lookes: and though the leaſt delay of my end is accompanied with a world of ſorrowes, yet I am glad for ſatisfaction of your demand, my breath is a while preſerved.

My name is *Leucade*, the onely daughter to Count *Brunio*, a man of large poſſeſſions in this Countrie; whom (you may well thinke, becauſe in expectation of his lands) many ſued for, and thoſe not of the meaneſt eſteeme: but my careleſneſſe of love had taught me ſuch a carriage, that further than of the favour of my courteſie (of which they did all indifferently partake) none could boaſt. And this, till about a yeare ſince, was my daily practice, diſdaining (as moſt that have not knowne it doe) ſo ridiculous a paſſion as I then eſteemed love. At which time this *Fluento*, whoſe happy hand hath done us both right, came to my fathers court: a neighbour Prince, with whom (for incroaching upon the bounds of his territory) my father hath had much diſſention. But a reconcilement being made betweene them, and both alike thinking the beſt meanes to perſevere in amitie, were to have us two joyned in marriage; without my knowledge (as if it were fit I ſhould be a ſtranger to their proceedings) determine of the match. But alas Sir, at this time I was ſo far from being at their diſpoſe, that I was not at mine owne: for love (I thinke keeping miſchiefe untill it were ripe for mee) had preſented a Gentleman to mine eies, by birth noble, whoſe Anceſtors, all to his father (being men of knowne vertue in the countrie) were admitted to the prime offices of the Kingdome: but hee, taking a pride to be unthrifty, and little eſteeming theſe publike emploiments, laviſhed exceedingly both his fame and patrimonie; yet it ſeemed he only made away his eſtate to purchaſe goodneſſe for his childe: ſuch a ſonne he was father to, ſo rare, ſo excellent. His name was *Perſidas*; and at that word the teares guſh't forth in ſuch abundance, that it ſeemed her bloud had changed his courſe and colour, to run forth at the ſluces of her eies: Alas ſir, what ſhall I ſay of him, or who from *Leucade* will beleeue the deſert of *Perſidas*: But alas, if they deſerve no credite that love him, in this countrie you muſt heare nothing of him; the knowledge of his perſon, and the love of his vertues being things inſeparable. In him begun this tragedie, in mee it ends: for when my father and *Fluento* had drawne their agreements to a head, then,

and

and not before, he thought it time (hee ſaid) to let me know my happineſſe. And thus, finding me alone, he breakes the matter to me: Deare childe, I have ever ſince the death of your vertuous mother (though much importuned by many) reſerved you to theſe yeares unmarried, becauſe your content ſhould bee of counſaile with me in your choyce: and happy was this delay for the honour of our houſe; for behold *Fluenio* makes his fortunes ſerviceable to your will: Prince *Fluenio*, daughter, whoſe powerfull greatneſſe the neighbour Potentates ſtand in awe of, Him I have won for you; and ſo forward we be, that this day fortnight he is to take you to wife. Father, ſaid I, that your wiſedome hath deferred my marriage hitherto, to give me the comfort of election, my obedience (my onely requitall) ſhall bee the ſame it ever was to you: and yet I wonder, that having attained to theſe yeares, when my judgement in my choyce may be received, you will exclude mee from the end for which I was ſo long reſerved. Juſt like a Phyſitian, that telleth his patient he hath brought a potion to cure him, yet ſayes he muſt by no means take it. I muſt be married to Prince *Fluenio*, and yet your meaning is, I ſhould have libertie to chuſe; as if this enforcement deſtroyed not my freedome of election. That hee is a man beyond all reſpects (as you praiſe him) fit for your eſtate, I may well grant you: but that he is unfit for your daughter, I am privileged to ſay. At this his ſevere look, before he ſpoke, began to lay before me my obedience: and when hee had walked two or three turnes in the roome, Daughter, daughter, ſaid he, I never thought you were ſo wilfull; Where I pray you is there a match fit for your birth, if not *Fluenio*? Beware, beware you do not give your poſteritie juſt cauſe to curſe you, that denied them ſo great, ſo good a father. I anſwered, that I thought it were too tender a reſpect of children, whom perhaps I might not have, or ſhould not enjoy, to chuſe for them, and not a husband for my ſelfe; and too inſenſible a feeling of the honour of my houſe, to wrong my ſelfe to doe my birth right. Then kneeling on my knees, Sir, ſaid I, ſolicite me no more, I have not power to grant. Hee haſtily, when it was ſcarce delivered, ſnatcht this word: And why not power to grant, ſaid hee? Becauſe *Perſidas* is the anchor-hold of my life and love. *Perſidas*, cried out my father! now all misfortune fall thicke upon me: ſhall my meanes help to make up a Bankrout in his eſtate? Accurſed be my fate, that gave me life to heare it. *Perſidas!* why ſure it cannot be. Sir, ſaid I, if my love were not far paſſed, my deſperate preſumption would not bring a truth, much leſſe an untruth, to move your anger. And if thoſe after-hopes have not clean compelled you to forget you are my father, have pitie on me; if ſo, I crave the triall of the Law. This laſt requeſt (after conference with *Fluenio*) finding my obſtinacie, he condeſcended to. But becauſe I perceive Sir, you are a ſtranger here, and that the knowledge of this Law doth much concerne the ſtorie of my preſent miſhap, I will make it knowne to you.

This Kingdome of *Argos*, wherein you are, was governed not long ſince by *Pheniſſa*, a woman worthy to have come to that place by election, if nature had not beſtowed it upon her by deſcent from her famous Anceſtors. This Queen (that you may ſee wee want not the preſident of greatneſſe to excuſe affection) in her fathers life time, though by him ſhe was promiſed to *Deoxippus*, the Tyrant of *Syracuſa*, was enamoured of one *Eumenes*, Governour (for the *Lacedemonians*) of the Iſland and Citie of *Delphos*. And when it well might be thought the Kings death and her ſucceſſion had taken away the reſtraint of her will, yet ſhe growing leſſe willing when ſhee was moſt powerfull; like a horſe that finding the raines hang looſe upon him, begins to ſtay his furie: ſo ſhee, though by this change ſhee had not received any ſlackneſſe into her affection, began to tender the cauſe of her Countrey that lay open

to

to the invaſion of her proud enemie *Deoxippus*, if ſo ſhee would have made him. Preferring therefore now this common reſpect, before her private ſatisfaction, as ſhe had done her obedience in her fathers life time before her love, ſhee buries her ſelfe in the grave of *Deoxippus* loathſome bed.

When the unexpected newes of *Pheniſſa's* marriage came to the eares of her faithfull lover *Eumenes*, his paſſion (as *Agamemnons* at the death of *Iphigenia*) can beſt be expreſt in ſilence: all the wild furies that diſtracted griefe could gather, being ſummoned to the ſiege of his ſoone overthrowne heart: haſtily thereupon to the Temple his mad paſſion beares him; where caſting himſelfe at the feet of *Apollo*, Unjuſt god (ſaid he) have I for this given up thy ungratefulneſſe, the offerings of my daily prayers? but if I wrong thy name, ſhew thy juſtice in revenging my death: whereat, tranſported with violence of ſorrow, running his head againſt the Altar, his bloudy braines flew forth of their battered lodging. Soone after, the contagion of a moſt peſtilent aire brought ſuch a plague among the *Argians*, that many daily felt the furie of the gods revenging indignation; amongſt whom, the King and Queene (reſerved belike the more to be puniſhed in their ſubjects calamitie) after the deſolation of their well-peopled countrey, both in one day, by the ſame infection, ended their lives and government; wherewith this mortalitie ceaſed, as hitting now at length the marke it aimed at.

The few remnant of the Nobilitie ſent to *Delphos*, to know what fault of theirs had brought theſe miſeries upon their countrey; where being informed of what was paſt, *Apollo* adviſed them to provide that no ſuch miſchiefe ſhould after happen. They well weighing whence it aroſe, being fully ſatisfied by the Oracle, enact this law: That neither private nor publike reſpect ſhall detaine a virgin from revealing her love: and if her friends or parents thinke another than ſhee hath choſen more fit for her, the combate between them two ſhall determine the gods pleaſure. How unwilling I was to hazzard my *Perſidas* in this triall, love, that bleeds in the thought of a danger, can beſt aſſure you: but his earneſtneſſe that it might be ſo, and the hard conſtraint, that it could not be otherwiſe, won me to it.

The day therefore being appointed, *Fluento* (upon whom Fame, the flatterer of greatneſſe, had pinn'd the opinion of valour) entred the Liſts, mounted on a bay Courſer, whoſe armour all over repreſented a greene Plaine, thorow which ran little rivelets of bloud that ſprung from the wounds of many Centaures, diſperſed over all the field: in his ſhield hee bore the counterfeit of *Hercules* and *Dejanira*, with this word, *Indeer'd by conqueſt*. From him my *Perſidas* drew the eies & hearts of all the company: his horſe was a fierie ſorrell, his armour like the azure skie, curiouſly ſpotted with many ſtars, (whoſe glimpſe the well ſet Diamonds, by reflection of the Sun, repreſented) ſhewed as if night had flowne thither, to end in that aſſembly ſome controverſie betweene her and her brother. In his ſhield he cauſed *Andromeda* & *Perſeus* to be ingraven, with this word, *Never too dearely bought*. But I muſt haſten to the event, ſaid ſhe; for long I find you may not enjoy your Hiſtorian: Know therefore that my *Perſidas*, contenting himſelfe only with the victorie, when he might have taken (woe is mee that he was ſo mercifull) *Fluento's* life, was accepted by my father for his ſonne in law; good fortune, as I then thought, changing my husband, and not my day of marriage. In meane time *Fluento* repining at this diſgrace, and deſirous even now upon the baſeſt tearmes to be revenged, plotted a treacherie unheard of againſt him. This morning, having before heard wee were to hunt in this forreſt, *Fluento* (with that company your valour hath brought to their deſerved ends) lay in wait for us: and when my ſelfe and my *Perſidas*

ſidas (Count *Brunio* my father and the reſt having followed the chaſe) were left alone, behold theſe bloody villaines, comming unawares upon him, with many wounds ſent his ſoule to that place, whither mine (hoping to finde a more laſting union in that life, than our loves hath done in this) doth alſo haſten: and with this word, her dull languiſhing eyes began to roll, as if they ſtrove to reſerve motion in ſpite of death; yet raiſing her ſelfe a little, her love found breath to ſay this, Let me be buried by my *Perſidas*: and ſo graſping my hand, as it were to put me in minde of her laſt words, alas ſhe dies.

But many teares I could not have beſtowed as obſequies upon her, when ſome of her fathers traine, who by chance croſſing that way where *Perſidas* lay dead, guided by *Fidutio* (who with their helps had now taken my horſe) came to this place; to whom when I had related all what I learned from *Leaucade* of *Perſidas* his death, together with her laſt will, we all joyned hands in carrying her to the next village: whither alſo certaine of their fellowes (whom they had left behind to that end) conveyed the body of *Perſidas*; from whence ſoone after Count *Brunio* (having begg'd of griefe a little reſpite of life to fulfill his daughters teſtament) brought them both, with all funerall pompe, to his chiefe City *Coniga*, where he cauſed a ſtately tomb to be built for them, on which this Epitaph was engraven.

Love, beauty, valour, when their death drew nye,
Conſulted long, where they ſhould buried lye:
At length with one conſent they haſtned hither,
And choſe this place to be intomb'd together.

Leaving the wofull kingdome of *Argos*, no better accompanied than with *Fidutio*, yet better guarded by *Satibarſis* armour, my ſorrow I think, that bore infection with it, made all places where I came fit ſtages for tragedies: for deſcending into a green valley, where of each ſide the rockie mountains threatned the humble earth with the frowns of their down-caſt browes, I might ſee a young man leaning with both hands on his ſword, breathing as over-toild with labour; and round about him foure or five caſt proſtrate at his feet, who were dead, or thought their counterfeiting ſo to bee would prove their beſt defence againſt this young mans fury. But the claſhing of my armour had no ſooner made knowne my approach, than he came running towards me, uttering words wherby I might gather his quarrell to me, brought the excuſe of miſtake with it. Not to draw on therefore his miſ-conceived opinion, that his breathleſſe companions did witneſſe would be dangerous for me: Sir, replyed I, I am ſo far from maintaining their cauſe, whoſe revenge upon a lone man, being ſo many, mine owne eyes doe perſwade me was injurious, that had I come at the beginning of your fight (though this event ſhewes I ſhould but have rob'd you of part of the honour of this action) I would have joyned my ſelfe to you.

Alas ſir, ſaid he, to oppoſe your ſelfe againſt me (though it were the more unjuſt) would be the more ſecure way: for what you ſee, is but a fore-runner of a certain deſtruction ſoon at hand. Leave me therefore, courteous ſir, and ſeek for ſafety; death to me is ſo gratefull, that I envie you ſhould be a partner in ſo great a gaine. But it were a fault unpardonable, to have abandoned the moſt accompliſht man that ever mine eyes, before that time beheld: my reſolution therefore, though hard againſt his will, muſt have prevailed with him; ſo that intreating to know the cauſe of his former fight, and further doubt, I found his courteſie as forward in the relation of his owne danger, as it was obſtinate in the care of my ſafety.

Sir (ſaid hee) ſeeing my ſtory will bee but a heape of misfortunes, I ſhall doe well to lay the foundation my ſelfe, than whom the Sunne lookes not upon a more miſerable creature: My name is *Cariclio*, Nephew (by his brother *Caſtor*) to the King of *Natolia*, brought up in my youth in the good opinion of my Uncle, and the great expectation of many; Fortune then belike proroguing my miſeries, untill a more ſerious age ſhould make mee more ſenſible of them: which time had no ſooner brought on, but that my ill fate, to traine me up for the burden of the miſchiefe that was prepared for mee, began by little and little to make mee acquainted with the courſe I was to runne; firſt taking away my father, whoſe vertuous age deſerved (if that may bee thought a recompence for deſert) a longer time in this life: when hee was dead, and that the ſlippery ſteppes of my raſh youth wanted the ſtay of his fatherly advice, preſently (not knowing what one mans hands I ſhould put the reynes of my then unbrideled youth into, and yet well ſeeing I might not truſt my ſelfe with mine owne government) I choſe many friends; and being by nature given to hate pride, to eſchew a vice ſo loathſome (thinking it might not bee done otherwiſe) I beganne to affect popularity. But I had ſcarce lived thus a twelve-moneth, when my Couſin the Kings ſonne, a young man, who (beſides the hope of ſucceſſion, for which the Courtiers did adore him) had nothing more than ordinary in him, grew ſuſpicious of my practices, as hee termed them: to which humour (beſides the miſtruſt of his owne little deſert) his Sycophants, the bellowes of this fire, did daily adde further cauſes to encreaſe his jealouſie. But ſeeing the diſcovery of his ſuſpicion would little pleaſe the King, who ever ſince the death of my father had doubled his care upon mee, hee was compelled to diſſemble a good liking towards mee. In meane time a Truce made for ſome few yeares with the Duke of *Amaſia* being expired, the warre grew hot on both ſides: at length, after the tryall of many changes in fortune, neceſſitie mediating a peace betweene them, my ſelfe being given as an hoſtage for performance of certaine conditions of my Uncles part, a perpetuall league was concluded on: 'twas now, and not before, miſchiefe began to unmaske her ſelfe, and take a pride to grow terrible. There was at Court during my abode there, attending upon the Dutcheſſe, a Lady by name *Alcida*, whoſe many excellencies wonne as many hearts as ſhe had beholders, nature making her beauty and ſhape but the moſt faire Cabinet of a farre fairer minde. To her mine eyes at firſt ſight gave up my heart, with ſo unfortunate an encounter in affection, that this ſurrender was but a mutuall exchange; ſhee having in a mercifull gratefulneſſe fixt her love on mine. But her parentage, though not baſe, was ſo meane in reſpect of my birth, that thence whole armies of afflictions did invade my minde; equally diſtracted betweene my deſire to enjoy this my beſt of happineſſe, and feare of my Uncles diſpleaſure, on whom this match (for his care and love of mee) I was ſure would draw on an untimely death. But before I could determine a doubt of ſo great conſequence, the conditions of the league being faithfully performed, I was ſafely at a day prefixt, ſent backe to *Natolia*, deſirous (even in my ſoule deſirous, I am ſure) rather by their breach of covenant to have hazzarded my life, than thus cruelly to bee taken away from her preſence, who (farre beyond my life) was moſt deare to mee. Soone after my returne, the King (as if the gods had ſtayed him to ſee the quiet of his ſtate, now that was brought to paſſe, worne with age, and much broken with travaile and care in his laſt wars) left his kingdome to his degenerate ſonne and ſucceſſor, who had no ſooner ſeized upon the government, but meaning to begin his reigne with an admirable act of policie, now his power was unreſtrained, limits me

mee to the abſence from my Countrey, declaring my bloud for ever uncapable of ſucceſſion: and not content with this, to ſuch a height his undeſerved malice to me was raiſed, that he dealt with ſome bad miniſters of his wickednesſe, ſecretly to make me away. To prevent therefore what was plotted againſt me (diſguiſing my ſelfe) I haſtily fled away, and making uſe of neceſsity to further my affection, I put my ſelf into the ſervice of a Nobleman here in the Court of *Amaſia*; eaſily remaining undiſcovered among them, who would ſooner fall out with their eyes, than beleeve that the greatneſſe wherein they lately had ſeene mee, could admit ſo great a change: By meane whereof, I enjoyed the preſence of my *Alcida*, whoſe conſtancie neither time nor abſence (the mothers of affection) nor what is more, this my change in fortune, could alter.

Thus while I lived in this happineſs of ſervitude, *Mermidon* (brother to the Duke) having commanded with fortunate ſucceſſe againſt the *Dazians*, returned to Court; where ſeeing this Lady, he became enamoured of her, to no other end than to ſatisfie his luſt: and thinking at firſt (becauſe he was in good eſteeme with himſelfe) ſhee would have ſtrained her modeſty to ſue for the acceptance of a preſent ſo gratefull to him, a while he was ſilent; but when he perceived the vanity of his fruitleſſe expectation, and found that this delay encreaſed the fury of his paſſion, diſpenſing with the majeſty he had taken on, hee began to make knowne his love to her (for ſuch a title did he give to ſo baſe a deſire;) forgetting not withall to tell her, that to excuſe her modeſtie, hee had firſt ſpoken her wiſhes. But the vertuous *Alcida*, loathing as much the thought of ſuch a ſinne, as ſhee loved the memory of mee (together with a reſolute denyall) let him know how baſe his minde was that made ſo injurious a requeſt. Whereat *Mermidon*, becauſe this anſwer came unexpected, was ſo much the more amazed. But bringing arguments from his late practice in the war, he began to thinke his honour would be the greater, if after long reſiſtance, hee did ſurpriſe a well defended Fort: and therefore daily both by rich gifts, the baſe enamall of affection, and many promiſes (which to winne the more upon her, were ſent by one of her owne ſex, who, if example might move her, could tell of ſuch a preſident in her ſelfe) did he ſeek to undermine her reſolution. Meane time my conſtant *Alcida* ſeeing the intemperance of *Mermidons* luſt to bring the threats of force with it, not daring to ſpeake with mee, becauſe our conference began to bee ſuſpected, ſent me a letter to haſten her carrying away, appointing this the fatall place of our meeting.

I much rejoyced to bee ſo neare my happineſſe, the rather, that ſince our laſt conference I received intelligence, that my young Couſin of *Natolia* being made away by one whom hee had raiſed to an undeſerved height in his favour, the Countrey was in great diſtreſſe by the factious ambition of the Nobilitie, and that the beſt affected to the State much deſired my preſence. But theſe meanes, how well ſoever, as I thought, conducing to my happineſſe, by the unmercifulneſſe of my hard deſtinie were prevented, as one of thoſe, whom it was my fortune to kill, at his death revealed: for *Mermidon* having intercepted the meſſenger, madde with rage to finde his hopes croſt by ſo meane a man as hee tooke mee to bee; having againe ſealed up the letter, hee cauſed it to bee delivered, and determining to bee revenged, ſent theſe men to apprehend mee, himſelfe intending to follow preſently, leading with him my deareſt *Alcida*, whom in my preſence (to adde a glorie to the execrableneſſe of the offence) hee meanes to raviſh. And now Sir, you have heard (ſaid hee) all what my ſelfe knowes of my birth and fortune, ever till this time

(when I am well aſſured my end is neare at hand) kept ſecret.

He ſcarce had cloſed up this lamentably ſtory with a hearty ſigh, the compendious abridgement of his ſufferings, when we might diſcerne *Mermidon* with twenty more (ſo diſtruſtfull is treachery, though there be no cauſe to fear) make towards us: but that ſight, together with the thought of *Alcida's* diſtreſſe, was a ſignall ſufficient for *Cariclio* to begin his unequal encounter; ſo as like a ſhe Tygre, who at her return to her cave finds her little ones to be ſtolne, with a wilde furie, breathing nothing but deſtruction, he runs amongſt them, making way for my willingneſſe to ſecond his attempt. A while the juſtneſſe of the cauſe and *Cariclio's* valour (to which the glory is onely due) with the death of many, did hold the victory in an equall ballance: at length the multitude of our aſſailants made injury the ſtronger, bringing to a death much to be pitied ſo incomparable a man at Arms as was *Cariclio*; yet not before he had (in the ſight of *Alcida*) ſent *Mermidon* to be his harbinger at *Carons* Ferrie. And when by his death, the only ſtay & ſupport of the ſight was removed, if ſometimes my deſire of revenge made good the ground *Cariclio* had bequeathed me, alas how could I long reſiſt without him? Know therefore, excellent Lady, that here I was made priſoner, and together with *Alcida* carried back to Court, though (I call *Cariclio's* ghoſt to witneſſe) I ſought all meanes to joyn my ſelfe, even in death, a companion to his vertues. The ſolemnity intended for our execution, and the preparation of new formes of torment for us that had beene parties in the murther of the Dukes brother, won ſome lingring daies of life, to the inward torture of our expectation: in meane time the everlaſting providence (that by changing the intentions and doomes of men, will let them know there is a power beyond theirs) ſent an unexpected meane to helpe our diſtreſſe.

Plangus the famous Prince of *Iberia*, at this time making haſte with a few ſuch as vertue had joyned partners in his cauſe, and taking into his Army ſuch of *Euarchus* ſouldiers as in a tempeſt at Sea were driven to *Byzantium*, to the ſuccour of *Erona*, (whoſe ſtory you cannot be ignorant of) & being to paſs through *Amaſia*, ſent to the Duke to demand a through-fare for his ſouldiers. But he who of long time had obſerved an unviolable league with the *Armenians*, knowing the pretence of this war, and deſpiſing the weakneſſe of thoſe few *Plangus* led with him, not onely denied his requeſt, but gathering a great power of ſouldiers (whom ſince his laſt warres he had kept in garriſon in his frontier towns) meant, with the overthrow of her ungratefull nephew, to gratifie *Artaxia* and her ill choſen husband *Plexirtus*. But the excellent *Plangus* (than whom this age ſhewes not, for conduct in warre, a better Generall) with the well ordering thoſe few reſolute Troupes, and skilfull induſtry in choice of advantages, in two ſet battels put him to the worſt: After which, the Duke not able to re-inforce his weakned power, put himſelfe (with the relicks of his late overthrow) into his chiefe City, wherein we were priſoners; to which *Plangus*, finding no other reſiſtance, with wondrous celerity followed him. And though the Towne by Nature and Art for ſite and fortification were thought impregnable, yet being defended but by ſuch who by their owne loſſe held a too ſuperſtitious opinion of the enemies, it was ſoon forced by *Plangus* his victorious Troups; who beleeved the ſucceſſe of nothing impoſsible, to which their ever-fortunate Captaine would lead them. With the ſacke of this City (wherein hee tooke the Duke, with his ſonne, priſoners) *Plangus* having enriched his ſouldiers with the booty, and his own fame by the ſpeedineſſe of the conqueſt, not able to aſſure the Countrey to his devotion, otherwiſe than by diſmembring his Armie, and delaying his chiefe ends; moved with a neceſſary clemency, having firſt received ſixe moneths pay for his ſouldiers,

ers, and the Dukes ſon a hoſtage, to barre his deſire of revenge (making *Alcida* and my ſelfe, to ſecure our freedomes, companions in his travell) he leaves the *Amaſians* to their former government.

Many daies journy we had not bin in our way to *Armenia*, when the good *Alcida*, by the inward working of her thoughts, began to finde the burthen of her griefe too heavie for her; which when the dulneſs of her ever-watry eies, & the paleneſs of her cheeks had bewray'd to us, we carried her to a Monaſtery near adjoyning dedicated to *Diana*, and much famed for the ſtrictneſſe of Virgins orders that bee attendants on the goddeſſe her ceremonies: where having recommended her to the governeſſe of the houſe, alas I left her, bound even by the greateſt tye of gratefulneſſe to follow him whom I ought my life to.

Theſe former accidents, moſt dear Lady, together with the excellent *Plangus* his company, in whom ſorrow was drawne to the life, made mee reflect upon my ungrateful ſelf, & conſider how cruell I had bin to you, whoſe deſert paſſed my beſt endeavours of requital: ſo that (far ingaged to the memory of your vertues) thenceforth the thought of my moſt dear *Hellen* won my heart to a moſt paſſionate affection. The Queen at this interrupted his ſpeech, with this anſwer: My *Amphialus*, they who follow examples in their actions, are to match rightly what they are to do, & what they ſee done: *Leucade*, *Alcida*, & *Erona* might juſtly claim the reward of love, but *Hellen* (whoſe deſert was far ſhort) could expect but diſdain. Diſdain, ſaid *Amphialus*! you renew a puniſhment your mercy did once forgive. And here, with teares in his eyes, he would have kneeled to beg a further pardon: but *Hellen*, kiſſing away the burthen his eyes went with, made as much haſte to prevent his ſuit with the like of her owne; ſo that a friendly compoſition being made (as it well might be where both were parties, & both Judges in one cauſe) the Queen got the continuance of the ſtory (which *Amphialus* would put off to another time) to boot. And then, willing to diſcharge himſelfe of the debt he ought for ſo good a bargaine, he thus began.

Madam, though my memory be a continued record of much ſorrow, yet among the many ſtories griefe hath ingraven in mee, there is none compared with the diſaſter of *Plangus* and *Erona*, that deſerves compaſſion. Know therefore, my only happineſs, that *Plangus* having received advertiſement how the Nobleman, unto whoſe faithfull cuſtody *Erona* (upon the accord between him and *Artaxia*) was delivered, being hardly beſieged by *Plexirtus*, and brought to an extremity by famine, had yeelded to a compoſition; that if within five dayes he were not ſuccoured, he muſt deliver the Caſtle. *Plangus* therefore over-running the fame of his comming with his preſence, the fift night was neare *Plexirtus* Campe, where (by one of the enemies whom his Scouts had taken) he was informed, that late that evening the keyes of the Citie and Fort were given up to *Plexirtus*; but that he deferred his entry till morning, leaving the next gate to the Campe open, that all night his officers might prepare a magnificent triumph for him: as for *Erona*, hee would determine nothing of her, untill he had received the honour due to his victory. At theſe newes *Plangus*, cauſing the reporter to bee ſafely kept, and giving to his wearied ſouldiers ſome time to refreſh themſelves, after the toyle endured in their laſt daies travell, an houre before day (rightly imagining the ayre was then apt to diſperſe a dull ſleepineſſe among *Plexirtus* careleſſe ſouldiers) hee calls his Troupes together: and ſetting before them the eaſineſſe of the victory, the riches of the Campe, and the neceſsity of the time, hee did incourage them with the repetition of their former conqueſt in *Amaſia*, the juſtneſſe of their cauſe, and the fame of their enterpriſe: and then preſently diſpoſing of

them for his moſt advantage, he ſets upon his enemy, who dreamed of nothing but ſecurity. But what ſhould I fright you, moſt deare Lady, with the particulars of this fight? It will ſuffice you know, that *Plangus* (doing things in his owne perſon paſt the power of expreſſion) made a bloudy ſlaughter among them. Some few there were that eſcaped, among whom *Plexirtus* (fortune being alway indulgent to miſchiefe) found, in the ſpeed of his horſe, a diſhonourable ſafeguard for his wretched life. This tumult being ſoone perceived by the Citizens (whom ſorrow made watchfull, and the well knowne treacheries of *Plexirtus*, ſuſpicious) they as ſoone imagined this was a practice of his, contrary to his faith given, to ſacke the towne. This once conceived, it ſeemed by the hideous cries, and confuſed lamentations, that, as ſorrow had put on the vizzard of night to make griefe ugly, ſo blacke night had borrowed the mouth of ſorrow, to implore compaſſion. The people leaving their walls and houſes, ran to their Temples and Altars, offering up (as they thought) their laſt devotions to their gods. Nor did this miſtake bring forth the effect of miſtruſt only in the City: the Campe had likewiſe this feare added to their preſent miſ-fortune: for *Plexirtus* ſouldiers (like Satyrs, frighted with the ſound of the horne themſelves blow) thinking the Vantguard of the enemy had entred the towne, and cauſed this confuſion, durſt not venture to make themſelves maſters of it. But between both, unable to determine of a meane of ſafety, ſtood fixt in a ſtupid irreſolution.

Meane time *Aurora*, weary of aged *Titans* bed, began to warne *Phebe* of her brothers approach, when *Erona* who had ſet downe in her ſettled judgement a death worthy the greatneſſe of her birth, now firſt givig eare to the cries of the Citizens, and miſdoubting the ſame falſe meaſure they expected: and not long after hearing a man armed comming up the ſtaires to her lodging, ſhe tooke a poyſoned cup (long before for that end prepared) and making haſte leſt ſhe ſhould be made a preſent to the proud Conqueror, the wicked *Plexirtus*, ſhe dranke more than halfe when her eyes met with the eyes of *Plangus*, who (unfortunate Gentleman) deſirous to be the meſſenger to *Erona* of *Erona's* freedome, had made this haſte. The ſight of *Plangus* ſtay'd her full draught a while; but unable to ſatisfie her ſelfe how hee might come thither, ſhe began to imagine that it was the force of the poyſon which dimmed her eyes, and placed the character of *Plangus* (ever preſent to her minde) upon each object. With this thought ſhe was ready to begin againe, when *Plangus*, falling at her feet, let her know the event of ſo many dangers undergone for her: Whereat *Erona*, being much aſtoniſhed, lifting him up from the ground, thus ſaid; Prince *Plangus*, you come in a fit time to receive a hearty welcome, and as hearty a farewell. What I meane by this leave-taking, alas you will too ſoone know: now ſuffer mee, onely at ſuch a time, when the end will aſſure you I did not flatter, ſpeake a few words. I would have you beleeve, yet I am ſorry for your ſake I have practiſed ſuch a meane to worke a beleefe in you: True it is, moſt excellent *Plangus* (nor let that truth accuſe me of inconſtancie) that ſince the death of *Antiphilus*, whoſe memory even at this time is deare to mee, though at firſt the exceſſe of ſorrow had cloſed up my minde from the thought of a ſecond choice, yet inforced by your deſert, and to reward mine owne love in rewarding your deſires, I was reſolved to ſatisfie you, and make my ſelfe happy; but my envious Fate finding the times fit to cauſe me to deſpaire, hath made your ſelfe the inſtrument to barre our hopes for ever. Deare *Erona*, replyed the Prince, what may there now be that the moſt partiall judgement can equall to the exceſſe of content *Plangus* enjoyes in the welfare of his free and loving *Erona*? For this I have paid the mercifull heavens the tribute of my

vowes

vowes and teares: to this harbour, through the Sea of griefe (having imbarked my carefull love in the ſhip of my deſire) I have alway bent my courſe; and ſhall I now, when my wiſhes be at anchor in ſo ſecure a haven, feare fortune? No, no, moſt deare Lady, you are the life and being of what I onely eſteem happy. Alas *Plangus*, ſaid the ſweet *Erona*, the teſtimonies of your love have beene ſo many, that I feare (and only feare) they who have heard your undeſerved affection, and are not preſent at this my dying proteſtation, will for ever record (together with my want of judgement) my injury to your vertues. Your dying proteſtation, ſaid *Plangus*! affright not my ſoule with ſuch heavie news. Long may you live: the Fates muſt be indulgent to your youth & beauty. And perhaps, ſaid ſhe, ſo they might, had not my ſelf haſtened *Clotho* to cut in two the halfe-ſpun threed of my life. And then ſhee let him know how (to prevent the tortures and diſgraces *Artaxia's* indignation had prepared for her, ſeeing the City brought to that deſperate ſtate in which he found it, and thinking himſelf to have bin an officer ſent by *Plexirtus* to bring her before him (ſhe had poyſoned her ſelf. *Plangus* at theſe laſt words (with a fixt look upon *Erona*, as if his eyes would for ever dwell there) indenting his hands, & ſuffering them to fall down, or rather not able to ſtay them, ſinks to the ground; & was a while happy in this exceſſe of ſorrow, that made him ſenſleſſe of all ſorrow. *Erona* would have forced her ſelf to help him, but this ſight (joyned with the inward working of the poyſon) conſtrained her to beare him company in his happy forgetfulneſſe of his misfortunes. But when, by the help of her women, her ſenſes were reſtored, & that my endeavours wrought the ſame effect on *Plangus*: as if this had bin but griefs dumb ſhow; Alas, excellent Prince, ſaid ſhee, what unexpected effects hath the ſpeech of my death brought forth! and yet though I were ſilent, I beleeve the deadly ſignes in mine eyes, this trembling in my full ſwolne veines, and the often ſet and riſe of the bloud in my cheeks, would expreſſe it. But my *Plangus*, ſhould you, whom the world is proud of, take it ſo to heart? *Erona* loves you: why ſo may a more deſerving Lady; yet *Plangus* remember me, and it will be the beſt part of my ſoules life to live in your memory. Then taking his hand, & placing it on her heart, that now proudly began to beat the loud alarum of death, Feele here, ſaid ſhe, the battery is begun, and this Fort is abandoned of all the powers of life: onely my deſire to be with you, deſperately a while keeps the breach. But O my *Plangus*: and at that word death cloſed up (in eternall ſilence) her tongue that yet ſtill moved, as loth to leave her ſpeech imperfect.

It was a deſperate griefe, and wilde paſſion, that ſeized upon the heart of the poor *Plangus*. Accurſed earth, did hee ſay, how dareſt thou ſupport the burthen of theſe many miſchiefes, caſt by the ſpitefull heavens into this ſink of miſery? It was I, *Erona*, brought an untimely ſet to thy ſun-ſhine of goodneſſe: and do the heavens mean I ſhould breathe, that have ſo much wronged them? What doe they doe? will they hear me ſpeak that killed *Erona*? But they would have me live, to torture me with the memory of my guilt. No, no; I will prevent their project: that were a puniſhment fit for an ill-meant offence, not an unfortunate. And with theſe words, drawing his ſword, and lifting up his Baſes, he would have run himſelfe through the belly: but I ſtaied his hand from ſo unmanly (as I then alledged it) a violence, forcing (with the remembrance of our friendſhip, and my much prevailing teares) the ſword, but not his reſolution from him. Then did I beginne to alledge all that I thought in reaſon might remove him from this purpoſe: for well I might ſee, in the unappalled ſtaiedneſſe of his countenance, the greatneſſe of ſome determination. To all my objections, for a time his eies gave a more heedfull attention than did his eares: But when I came to call his valour in queſtion, whoſe unſpotted memory hitherto, I ſaid, this

laſt

laſt inconſiderate act would accuſe of a little firme conſtancie, in bearing the changes of Fortune; Alas, ſaid he, & will you my friend be cruell to me? Is it certain *Amphialus*, that it well becomes that courage you would have in your friend, to beare an equall temper both in the frownes and ſmiles of Fortune? and is it not as certaine, that when the malice of heaven hath joyned with Fortune in producing a monſtrous effect, there cannot be left in man ſo infinite a power of ſuffering, which he dare oppoſe to ſuch unlimited workes? No, I will not gyant-like bandy againſt the gods: ſuch is their will; I muſt die. Then leading me ſoftly over to *Erona*, as if he would perſwade me the violence of paſſion had not been his guide to this reſolution; See *Amphialus*. ſaid he, this is ſhe whom you would have me to live after: what can mine eyes, now ſhe is gone, deſire to looke on? *Erona* a woman could die for *Plangus*; and would you have me wrong mankind with a greater feare of death, or my love with a leſſe deſire to die? This ſaid (but with a countenance that promiſed no ſuddenneſſe in the execution, eſpecially to me who was Maſter of his ſword, his only offenſive weapon) behold with a downe caſt looke (which ſorrow excuſed, though deceit had then, I am ſure, put it on for further miſchiefe) and ſuch a pace as uſed ſlowneſſe to the ſame end, he approached the window; where the remaine of *Erona's* intercepted draught, appointed by the deſtinies to bee fatall to them both, ſtood in a gilt cup: this he haſtily takes, and as haſtily drinks off. I, all confuſed, pale, and trembling (as if the poyſon had wrought its effect in mee) made alas too ſlow ſpeed to him. But *Plangus* (now firſt preſenting an unfained chearefulneſſe in his lookes, as if this draught had given him life) keeling neare *Erona*; Divine ſoule, ſaid he, if confidence in thy *Plangus* conſtancie makes thee hover near this ſacred manſion of thine, to ſee the end of his ſufferings, O ſtay a while and bear me with thee: thy preſence, when I appear before *Radamanth*, will be a countenance to my cauſe. Then turning himſelfe to me; *Amphialus*, Revenge, *Amphialus*, *Erona's* death upon the wicked *Plexirtus*: his bloud will be the beſt ſacrifice to my ghoſt. Lead the Army to *Byzantium*, and reſtore the *Amaſian* hoſtage. Then putting his trembling lips to the pale lips of *Erona*, he coldly kiſſed away his life.

What my ſorrow was to be a looker on theſe tragedies, theſe teares, even at the remembrance of that time, may teſtifie: yet leaving the bodies to be imbalmed (with the Nobleman, who in her life time had beene faithfull to *Erona*) diſſembling the death of *Plangus*, leſt it ſhould worke an innovation among the ſouldiers; with ſome choice Troupes of light horſemen I followed *Plexirtus*, who poſting to Court, had received advertiſement from thence, how *Arguto* (the admirable engine by whom he wrought much miſchiefe) being lately falne from the faith vowed to his practices, had revealed to *Artaxia* the purpoſe his Maſter had to diſpatch her out of his way, ſince now he had a ſonne by her to whom he might be guardian; eſteeming it more content to be great alone, than to ſhare the royalties of her owne kingdome with *Artaxia*. Theſe newes made his flight as dangerous as would be his ſtay: but when he underſtood (for the heavens had made this the rendevow where his misfortunes ſhould meet) that the Princes of *Theſſaly* and *Macedon* (of whom his treacheries were to expect their juſt reward) did live, and ſhould be happy in the addition of *Arcadia* to their greatneſſe: that *Leonatus* had ſeized upon his ſeigniores in *Trebiſond*, for his treaſon to *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, of which not long before he had glorioufly boaſted: that there was no new forme of diſſimulation left, to which in this extremity hee might have recourſe; O then the uglineſſe of his guilty conſcience, that untill this time had made peace with his wickedneſſe, preſented before him the progreſſe of his ill-ſpent daies, drawne to life in the colours of deſpaire:

now

now his father, now his friends, *Tideus* and *Telenor* were ſummoned by his ſoule to make partie againſt him. In this affright he continued all that day, which ſcarce was time ſufficient for him to reade over his miſdeeds: and when the ſilent night, drawn in her Ebon Chariot, had ſpread her curtains to hide her brothers face, *Plexirtus* (glad to ſee her flatter his minde in this likneſſe of darkeneſſe, reſolved, by deſpaire, that the gods wanted mercy for his faults, and well aſſured men had leſſe, he ſecretly went into a Garden, to which a backe doore from his chamber led him: where, loathing as much to die, as wiſhing he were dead, he ſpent ſome time in execrations on himſelfe. At length, tying a cord (newly taken out of his bed) to the ſtump of an Elder tree (that ſtood with ſuch convenience as if it would invite him to that exerciſe) he ſlipt into his death, eaſing the earth untill morning of the burthen of ſo deteſtable a wretch.

But when the day appeared, and made knowne his death, the Magiſtrates of the towne (ſtriving who could be beſt ſighted in the diſcoverie of the murther, hoping to have the reward of their diligence from the Queen *Artaxia*) ſoone found out, as a man to be moſt ſuſpected, the meſſenger come from Court, whom *Plexirtus* had (till late in the night) kept in his chamber, to know of him the particulars of *Arguto's* revolt. This fellow, becauſe none more likely, in the wild forme of their popular juſtice, was to die a thouſand manner of deaths: But he, making juſt proteſtations of his innocencie, being queſtioned what occaſion he had ſo long to ſtay the laſt night with the King, if not for that end; he plainely let them know, what *Arguto* diſcovered; which he then reported to *Plexirtus*. The many-headed multitude called not the truth much in queſtion of what they heard, but with the ſame violence as before (every one in this alſo thinking to gratifie the Queene) ranne to as uncertaine a forme of execution on the dead, as they did before to a judgement of the living: firſt they ſtript the body naked, then dragged it through the ſtreets; now they open his belly and ſuffer his guts to marke forth his progreſſe, doing many mo indignities to him who had deſerved many more. I much rejoyced to heare *Plexirtus* had been ſo juſt to himſelfe: yet I determined to joyne *Erona's* revenge on *Artaxia* to *Plexirtus* his judgement on himſelfe: but her an untimely death had freed from my revenge: for taking to the heart *Plexirtus* his treacheries, and her brother *Tyridates* unrevenged death, ſhe calmly gave her ſelfe over to a life oppreſſing griefe, leaving her kingdome and young ſon to the care of *Salindor*, whom ſhe appointed Protector during the minoritie.

Returning therefore ſomewhat grieved that both *Plangus* & *Erona's* death without my helpe had been revenged, I conveyed the bodies to *Lycia*, where the ſumptuouſneſſe of their Tombes ſhewes their eſtates, and their everlaſting fame their ever-living vertues. From hence I would have parted private; but remembring *Plangus* his laſt will, I paſſed thorow *Amaſia*, reſtoring his ſon to the Duke: and comming to *Byzantium*, I gave up my charge into the hands of *Liſantus* a *Macedonian*, leaving the ſouldiers full of hearty ſorrow for the death of *Plangus* their Generall.

Soon after, hearing of your death, and reſolved to ſacrifice my bloud to your memory, to diſ-ingage my ſelf of ſome part of my faultineſſe, leaving *Fidutio* in *Thrace* (left by him I ſhould bee diſcovered) diſguiſing my ſelfe in an armour, fitly (as I thought) preſenting the maſſacre of my naked heart: paſſing the Courts of *Elis*, and *Argos*, & laſtly comming hither, I met (what ſhould I more ſay?) with thee my *Hellen*, reſerv'd to be a bleſsing beyond what moſt I could deſire. And ſo with a fincere fervency kiſsing her hand, they both walked towards the Palace: where having ended Supper, while *Baſilius* and *Euarchus* (with the reſt) expected a Maske prepared

for

for them; the Queen of *Corinth* let them know what ſhe had heard of *Plangus* & *Erona*, together with *Plexirtus* deſerved end, and the death of *Artaxia*. The audience greatly pitied their fortunes, eſpecially *Pyrocles*, who much griev'd to hear of *Plangus* his death, for the love he bore his vertues; and was no leſſe troubled at *Plexirtus* his miſchance, for his deare ſervant *Zelmanes* ſake. But the entry of the Maskers cauſed him to put over thoſe thoughts to more ſolitarines, his eie being fed with dainty variety of repreſentations, & his eares with moſt harmonious well-agreeing muſick: to which the footing kept ſo good time, that doubtfull it was whether the muſick conform'd it ſelfe to the life of their motion, or the Maskers their motion to the muſicks livelineſſe. But night (mask't in theſe ſports) crept on undiſcover'd: & though *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* at other times would diſpence with the length of the ſports, yet now (in reſpect of the armfuls of joy they were to expect in bed) they thought them tedious; which once perceiv'd, their dances were ſooner at an end than was intended.

Thus daies and nights paſt over, as if they had no other Spheare than delight to move in; and the appointed time for *Amphialus* his marriage was at hand: to which *Baſilius* invited the Shepheards, both to change their daily pleaſures, as alſo to ſhew *Euarchus*, that though a greater cauſe had moved him to the ſolitary courſe of life by him embrac't, yet the wits of *Arcadia*, and the pleaſantneſſe of their harmleſſe life, might have drawne him to that retiredneſſe.

THE ECLOGUES.

Klaidolus now minded to marry his daughter, and uncertain whether he ſhould beſtow her on the contented young *Arcadian Menalcas*, or the much-having, much-wanting *Theſſalian Coridon*, who both were then preſent, hearing of this ſummons; puts over their cauſe to be determined by *Baſilius*: And *Strephon* and *Klaius*, no leſſe deſirous to bring *Urania's* name to Court, joyned themſelves to the reſt. Nor was *Agelaſtus* wanting, who not for a Miſtris, but *Heraclitus*-like, thinking man was made to mourne, and repining at the vanity of greatneſſe, had maintained a religious ſorrow. No ſooner was the company ſet, and that their ſilence began to proclaime their expectation, but *Strephon*, who before his comming had prepared an *Epithalamium*, began thus to ſing.

Strephon. *Sweet linke of hearts, joyes ſureſt anchor-hold,*
Loves peacefull Crowne, the harbour of deſires.
Hyen *approach, but thinke not* Pan *too bold,*
If to invoke thy name our love aſpires.
Dwell here for ever, that this couple may
Renew the bleſsings of their marriage day.

Firme be their roote of love, and cauſe a bliſſe
From forth this royall happy ſtocke to ſpring;
That all the world may juſtly ſay he is
Worthy to be, and to ſucceed a King.
But ſhorten not their daies; for 'tis decreed,
The beſt can be but worthy to ſucceed.

Amphialus thankt *Strephon* for his hearty wiſhes: but he had ſcarce ended, when *Klaius*, looking upon him with as ſowre a countenance as their friendſhip could allow, thus ſaid:

Klaius. *I pray thee* Strephon, *if theſe glorious ſhewes,*
Of Courts admired greatneſſe doe not cloſe

Thy

Thy minde, from former thoughts where can thy laies,
Finde other subject than Urania's *praise?*
Or doest thou fondly thinke thou wert too blame,
To breathe among these Lords Urania's *name?*
Or is it certaine that her flames in thee
Are quench'd, that lately doubled were in me?

Strephon. *Nor so, nor thus; that Verse I last day made,*
As with my flocke I sate in Hestars shade,
I studied it; yet all my study was,
I vow, to strive to let Urania *passe.*
For 'twas the onely name my pen would write,
My thoughts imagine, or my lips indite.
Am I not bold, when nights vaste stage is set,
And all the starres and heavenly audience met,
To speak my mind, while their bright twinkling flame
Seemes to rejoice to heare Urania's *name?*
And shall I feare that what the heav'ns approv'd,
By men (though great men) should be disallow'd?
But where you think that I have checkt mine eye,
And freed your Strephon *from their treachery:*
O no, mine is the Gyant Tithius *maw,*
That doth increase to feele a Vultures paw.
No day runnes over, but my loves deepe sore
Renewes his paine, and festers more and more.

Klaius. *No day runnes over, but our loves deepe sore*
Renewes his paine, and festers more and more!
Alas, where's pitie then? belike it flyes
The place we come to, frighted with our cryes.

Strephon. *Pitie: why friend 'tis certaine that their eyes,*
Who know they can orecome, learne to despise.
Yet Klaius, *why should we repine? Our Saint*
Is pleas'd sometime to heare our loves complaint.
And if mine eyes, to case my inward paine,
Become not flatt'rers, she doth not disdaine.

Klaius. *Disdaine! that were a blisse, so great a weight*
Might lift our sorrowes to their utmost height:
And then perhaps our owne despaire would mend
Our lingring hopes, that must or breake or bend.
O no, ours is a worse calamity,
A heedlesse care, and careless courtesie.

Then *Klaius* pawsing a while, with crost armes, and a downe-cast looke, began againe these following Verses to *Strephon*, whom hee spake to as representing the person of sorrow.

Klaius. *Foule sorrow, wilt thou alway build thy nest*
In the wild mountains of thy care-swolne breast?

Strephon.

Strephon. *O yes, I finde it happy for my breed,*
And neare your heart, whereon you uſe to feed.

Klaius. *But gentle griefe, if not for pitie, ſpare*
Me for Urania's ſake: ſhe hath a ſhare
In theſe my wounds, and ſhe muſt feele the ſmart,
Whoſe image's carv'd ſo lively in my heart.

Strephon. *O no, ſhe ſhares no paine, from whoſe faire eyes*
The wound did firſt, and now the cure muſt riſe.

Klaius. *Why gentle griefe, thou'rt witneſſe of my love,*
Then alway ſigh my plaints untill you move.

Strephon. *O no, there's too much rigour in ſuch lawes,*
They binde a man to ſpeake againſt his cauſe.
Suppoſe I move, this is my recompence,
Joy muſt ſucceed, and I am baniſht hence.

Klaius. *Then muſt I dye unpittied, no help found,*
Since you my ſpokeſman doe conceale my wound.

Strephon. *O no, let not that make us to deſpaire:*
She knowes we love her, but ſhe knowes ſhe's faire.

When they ended, *Muſidorus* (in whoſe memory their courteſie to him had ingraven a beholdingneſſe) forgot not to approve what they had ſaid. But the audience had little time to determine whether they deſerved what the Prince thought them worthy of; when *Coridon*, who long'd to heare the debate betweene him and *Menalcas* (for *Kalydolus* daughter) ended, clapping him on the ſhoulder, thus ſaid.

Coridon. *Fond beardleſſe boy, now ſhall the chaſtiſement,*
(Fit for thy raſh youths unweighed attempt)
Fall heavie on thee: but you may relent,
Ile not be cruell if you doe repent.
O no, ye will not, you'll be alway blinde:
That graceleſſe ſmile bewrayes thy ſcornfull mind.
Sing then, and ſhew thoſe goodly dotes in thee,
With which thy brainleſſe youth can equall me.

Menalcas. *Gray bearded frenzie, what canſt thou alledge*
To ſhun my blowes, but thy ages priviledge?
Thy tongue may ſafely ſnarle, while his offence
Is ſtill protected by that reverence.
The dotes, old Dotard, I can bring to prove
My ſelfe deſerves that choice are only love.
A prizeleſſe treaſure, not to be expreſt,
A gueſt too great for thy cough-breeding breaſt.

Coridon.

Coridon. *Young man, thou ſpeak'ſt as if thy braines were wood:*
Who can determine of that inward good?
I ſay I love, and will Menalcas *grieve*
That all the world ſhould Coridon *beleeve?*
But that's not it; theſe flames will ſoone decay
If they be not maintain'd ſome other way.
A thouſand ſheepe I have, whoſe ſnow-white fleece
Doe adde a luſtre to theſe parts of Greece:
On whom as many lambes doe wait hard by,
That weare their dams white curled livery.
O what a joy will't be to her I love,
Each morne and even to ſee her ſheepe remove
From field to fold, while ſhe may freely ſay
That Lambe is fat, that Lambe I'll eat to day?

Menalcas. *Blind fortune, I'll confeſſe hath given you more:*
Yet I am richer; my content's my ſtore.
A thouſand ſheep thou haſt, 'tis very like,
But thy diſeaſes want Arithmeticke.
Nature betweene our yeares a marriage made,
We bloome together, and at once may fade.
But your old age is gone too farre before,
Times beats you on, and you'll returne no more.

Coridon. *Haſty young man, doe not deſpiſe the end*
To which your ſelfe as to a Center bend.
What if I want your bodies actives toyes,
My ſettled minde a greater good enjoyes.

Menalcas. *Old man, thou ſpeakſt as if thy braines were wood,*
Who can determine of that inward good?
Think'ſt thou will that ſweet beauty take delight
To heare thee cough a Proverbe in the night?
O no, there are ſome other joyes in bed
They muſt partake whom you deſire to wed.

Coridon inwardly out of countenance to heare his owne words bite ſo ſore upon him, would have ſhrunke away; but hoping he had found a Judge whom the cauſe concerned, ſtood a while to attend what *Baſilius* would have ſaid. But the King put it over to *Muſidorus*, who (glad to finde an occaſion to pleaſure *Menalcas*, his firſt Maſter in the practice of a ſhepheards life) thus ended it.

Coridon, ſaid he, could I as well lop away ſome of your over-grown years, to make your match with *Kalydolus* daughter equall, as I can adde to *Menalcas* ſtate, I would for a time ſuſpend my judgement; for readily I know not whether of you two deſerves beſt: but in the one my power ſeconds my will, as in the other my will overgoes my power. *Kalydolus* daughter I therfore adjudge to *Menalcas*, and I will make him worthy of her; the rather, that I know his raſh youth would impatiently beare a repulſe, where your experience (when it reflects upon it ſelfe) with more diſcretion may conſider ſhee was but a woman. Glad was *Menalcas* to ſpeed ſo well: nor

was *Coridon* diſpleaſed, becauſe the Prince (as he conceived) had entertained a good opinion of his wiſedome. Thus when they ended, *Pyrocles*, who marked *Agelaſtus* his ſilent penſiveneſſe, deſired to heare him diſburthen his minde of the thoughts that brought him to ſo deepe a ſtudy; thinking that *Agelaſtus* ſtood fixt with the eye of his minde caſt upon the beauty of ſome faire Miſtris: but he, who thought of nothing leſſe, thus anſwered his expectation.

Agelaſtus. *Nor fate, nor fortune, whoſe enforcing power,*
Man ſtill complaines, upon his ſtate to lower;
Doe worke theſe changes: man himſelfe's the cauſe;
They be but wheeles that keepe their movers lawes:
Yet alway when he ſees his faults too late,
He turnes it over upon chance or fate.
Each man is borne a King, his paſsions be
The practice of his Soveraignty:
Who, though they ſtill their Soveraigns good pretend,
Conſpire his ruine for their private end.
The love of skin-thicke beauty drawes his eye
To yeeld to love, his reaſons Majeſty.
His feare throwes bug-beares in his way, his ſtate
Is ſtill infeſted by revengefull hate.
His idle griefe, for what he might prevent,
Or might not, doth uſurpe his government.
Thus he whom God ordain'd a King to be,
Obeyes his ſubjects, and is never free.
Beſides, whoſe ſtate's ſo firme, into whoſe way
The world flings not his joyes injurious ſtay?
The ſurges of the deepe, whoſe jawes devoure
The Merchants far-fetcht hopes, the skies that poure
A ſecond deluge on the plow-mans corne,
When now his fields are ready to be ſhorne;
The ſouldiers long remote, the doubtfull chance
Of bloody warre, the new found ordinance,
The City hornes, the Courts brave flattery,
Doe force content to dwell with povertie.

Then looking round upon the Princes, as if by their ſurvey he were againe enabled to ſpeake, he thus ſaid.

Honour, thou ſpongie Idoll of mans minde,
That ſak'ſt content away, thou haſt confin'd
Ambitious man, and not his deſtiny,
Within the bounds of forme and ceremony.
Oh happy life of ſhepheards, whoſe content
Reſts in a ſoule that's free and innocent:
They ſtay their lodging, and remeue their roofe,
Not for their owne, but for their flockes behoofe;
While ſome (to fill the blankes of their meane ſtory)
Doe travell in their cares, to gaine vaine-glory.
They never leave the plaines, unleſſe ſometime
To looke about them, they the mountaines clime,

But dwell not there; for even this change doth ſhew
What choiſer ſweets they doe enjoy below.
Here the rough windes doe buzze about their eares,
The rockie ſteepneſſe addes unto their feares:
Here they are ready to be torne aſunder,
By malice's hateſull blaſts, and envie's thunder.
From hence they may deſcend; but greatneſſe ſtay,
If you come downe, it muſt be th'other way:
For 'tis a bliſſe, on which your honour ſhares,
That though you would you cannot leave your cares.

When *Agelaſtus* ended, the company might ſee a man, who ſeemed to be misfortunes Herald, with a rope about his necke, make towards the Queene of *Corinth*, and caſt himſelfe at her feet. They thinking it had beene ſome ſhepheardiſh invention, expected a while the conceit of it: but approaching after a time neerer to him, they might diſcerne that it was *Tenarus* the Uſurper of *Corinth*; who hearing of the Queenes welfare, and her happy marriage to *Amphialus* (finding in his owne practice for the Crowne the *Corinthians* aptneſſe to embrace change, and conſidering the powerfulneſſe of his enemies) had come thither in the baſeſt forme of humbleneſſe, to ſet a beliefe upon his ſubmiſſion. Him the Queene (becauſe he was a ſutor on her marriage day) pardoned, and reſtored to his poſſeſſions, forfeited by his treaſon to the Crowne; onely ſhe cauſed his liberty to be reſtrained, untill her going to *Corinth*: whither, after ſhe had taken leave of *Baſilius*, and the reſt of the royall company, ſhee tooke her journey; making *Amphialus*, within a yeare after her departure, a happy father of a much-promiſing ſonne, whom they named *Heleamphilus*. *Euarchus* alſo ſoone after, with his ſonne *Pyrocles*, and *Philoclea*; and his nephew *Muſidorus*, together with *Pamela* (who was deſirous both to accompany her ſiſter, and to ſee her mother of *Theſſaly*) parted from *Mantinea*, leaving *Baſilius* and *Gynecia*, when they had accompanied them to the frontiers of *Arcadia*, to the happy quiet of their after life.

STAT. THÆB.

Tu longè ſequere, & veſtigia ſemper adora
Sidnei.———

FINIS.

CERTAINE SONNETS WRITTEN BY SIR *PHILIP SIDNEY*: Never before Printed.

SInce ſhunning paine, I eaſe can never finde:
Since baſhfull dread ſeekes where he knowes me harmed:
Since will is won, and ſtopped eares are charmed:
Since force doth faint, and ſight doth make me blinde.

Since looſing long, the faſter ſtill I binde,
Since naked ſenſe can conquer reaſon armed,
Since heart in chilling feare with ice is warmed,
In fine, ſince ſtrife of thought but marres the minde,

I yeeld, O Love, unto thy loathed yoke,
Yet craving law of armes, whoſe rule doth teach,
That hardly us'd, who ever priſon broke,
In juſtice quit, of honour made no breach:
Whereas if I a gratefull guardian have,
Thou art my Lord, and I thy vowed ſlave.

WHen Love puſt up with hope of high diſdaine,
Reſolv'd to make me patterne of his might,
Like foe, whoſe wits inclin'd to deadly ſpite,
Would often kill to breed more feeling paine.

He would not, arm'd with beauty, onely raigne
On thoſe affects which eas'ly yeeld to ſight:
But vertue ſets ſo high, that reaſons light,
For all his ſtrife can onely bondage gaine.

So that I live to pay a mortall fee,
Dead palſie ſicke of all my chiefeſt parts:
Like thoſe whom dreames make ugly monſters ſee,
And can cry helpe with nought but grones and ſtarts:
Longing to have, having no wit to wiſh,
To ſtarving mindes ſuch is god Cupids *diſh.*

To

To the ſame Tune.

THe Nightingale as ſoone as April bringeth
Unto her reſted ſenſe a perfect waking,
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing ſpringeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorne her ſong-booke making:
And mournfully bewailing,
Her throat in tunes expreſſeth
What griefe her breaſt oppreſſeth,
For Tereus force on her chaſte will prevailing.
O Philomela faire, O take ſome gladneſſe,
That here is juſter cauſe of plaintfull ſadneſſe:
Thine earth now ſprings, mine fadeth;
Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart invadeth.

Alas ſhe hath no other cauſe of anguiſh
But Tereus love, on her by ſtrong hand wroken,
Wherein ſhe ſuffering, all her ſpirits languiſh,
Full womanlike complaines her will was broken.

But I who daily craving,
Cannot have to content me,
Have more cauſe to lament me,
Since wanting is more woe than too much having.
O Philomela faire, O take ſome gladneſſe,
That here is juſter cauſe of plaintfull ſadneſſe:
Thine earth now ſprings, mine fadeth;
Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart invadeth.

To the Tune of *Baſciami vita mia.*

SLeep Baby mine, Deſires nurſe Beauty ſingeth:
Thy cryes, O Baby, ſet my head on aking:
The Babe cryes way, thy love doth keepe me waking.

Lully, lully, my babe, hope cradle bringeth
Unto my children alway good reſt taking:
The babe cryes way, thy love doth keepe me waking.

Since baby mine, from me thy watching ſpringeth,
Sleep then a little, pap content is making:
The Babe cryes nay, for that abide I waking.

To the Tune of the Spaniſh Song, Se tu ſennora no dueles de mi.

OFaire, O ſweet, when I doe looke on thee,
In whom all joyes ſo well agree,

Heart and ſoule doe dwell in me,
This you heare is not my tongue,
Which once ſaid what I conceived,
For it was of uſe bereaved,
With a cruell anſwer ſtrong.
No, though tongue to roofe be cleaved,
Fearing leſt he chaſtis'd be,
Heart and ſoule doe ſing in me.

O faire, O ſweet, &c.
Juſt accord all muſicke makes;
In thee juſt accord excelleth,
Where each part in ſuch peace dwelleth,
One of other beautie takes.
Since then truth to all mindes telleth,
That in thee lives harmony,
Heart and ſoule doe ſing in me.

O faire, O ſweet, &c.
They that heav'n have knowne, doe ſay
That who ſo that grace obtaineth,
To ſee what faire ſight there raigneth,
Forced are to ſing alway;
So then ſince that heav'n remaineth,
In thy face I plainly ſee,
Heart and ſoule doe ſing in me.

O faire, O ſweet, &c.
Sweet thinke not I am at eaſe,
For becauſe my chiefe part ſingeth,
This ſong from deaths ſorrow ſpringeth:
As to Swanne in laſt diſeaſe:
For no dulnesse nor death bringeth
Stay to true loves melody;
Heart and ſoule doe ſing in me.

Theſe foure following Sonnets were made when his Lady had paine in her face.

THe ſcourge of life, and deaths extreme diſgrace,
The ſmoke of hell, the monſter called Paine,
Long ſham'd to be accurſt in every place,
By them who of his rude reſort complaine,
Like craftie wretch by time and travell taught,
His ugly evill in others goods to hide,
Late harbours in her face whom nature wrought,
As treaſure-houſe where her beſt gifts doe bide:
And ſo by priviledge of ſacred ſeat,

A ſeat

A ſeat where beauty ſhines and vertue raignes,
He hopes for ſome ſmall praiſe, ſince ſhe hath great,
Within her beames wrapping his cruell ſtaines.
Ah ſawcie paine, let not thy errour laſt,
More loving eyes ſhe drawes, more hate thou haſt.

Woe, woe to me, on me returne the ſmart,
My burning tongue hath bred my miſtreſſe paine,
For oft in paine to paine my painfull heart,
With her due praiſe did of my ſtate complaine.
I prais'd her eyes whom never chance doth move,
Her breath which makes a ſower anſwer ſweet,
Her milken breaſts the nurſe of child-like love,
Her legs (O legs) her aye well-ſtepping feet,
Paine heard her praiſe, and full of inward fire,
(Firſt ſealing up my heart as prey of his)
He flyes to her, and boldned with deſire,
Her face (this ages praiſe) the thiefe doth kiſſe:
O paine, I now recant the praiſe I gave,
And ſweare ſhe is not worthy thee to have.

Thou paine, the onely gueſt of loath'd conſtraint,
The childe of curſe, mans weakneſſe foſter-child,
Brother to woe, and father of complaint:
Thou paine, thou hated paine, from heaven exil'd,
How holdſt thou her, whoſe eyes conſtraint doth feare,
Whom curſt doe bleſſe, whoſe weakneſſe vertues arme,
Who others woes and plaints can chaſtely beare:
In whoſe ſweet heav'n Angels of high thoughts ſwarme?
What courage ſtrange hath caught thy caitife heart?
Fear'ſt not a face that oft whole hearts devoures?
Or art thou from above bid play this part,
And ſo no helpe 'gainſt envie of thoſe powers?
If thus, alas, yet while thoſe parts have woe,
So ſtay her tongue, that ſhe no more ſay no.

And have I heard her ſay; O cruell paine!
And doth ſhe know what mould her beauty beares?
Mournes ſhe in truth, and thinks what others faine?
Feares ſhe to feele, and feeles not others feares?
Or doth ſhe thinke all paine the minde forbeares?
That heavie earth, not fiery ſprites may plaine?
That eyes weepe worſe than heart in bloody teares?
That ſenſe feeles more than what doe ſenſe containe?
No, no, ſhe is too wiſe, ſhe knowes her face
Hath not ſuch paine as it makes others have:
She knowes the ſickneſſe of that perfect place
Hath yet ſuch health as it my life can ſave.
But thus ſhe thinkes, Our paine hye cauſe excuſeth,
Where her who ſhould rule paine, falſe paine abuſeth.

Translated out of *Horace*, which begins *Rectius vives.*

You better sure shall live, not evermore
Trying high Seas, nor while Seas rage you flee,
Pressing too much upon ill harbour'd shore.

The golden meane who loves, lives safely free
From filth of foreworne house, and quiet lives,
Releast from Court, where envie needs must be.

The winde most oft the hugest Pine-tree grieves:
The stately towers come downe with greater fall:
The highest hills the bolt of thunder cleeves:

Evill haps doe fill with hope, good haps appall
With feare of change, the courage well prepar'd:
Foule winters as they come, away they shall.

Though present times and past with evils be snar'd,
They shall not last: with Citherne silent Muse,
Apollo wakes, and Bow hath sometimes spar'd.

In hard estate with stout shew valour use,
The same man still in whom wisdome prevailes,
In too full winde draw in thy swelling sailes.

Ex Catullo.

NUlli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle
Quam mihi, non si se Jupiter ipse petat:
Dicit, sed mulier cupido quæ dicit amanti,
In vento aut rapida scribere oportet aqua.

Unto nobody my woman saith she had rather a wife be,
Than to my selfe, not though Jove *grew a suter of hers.*
These be her words, but a womans words to a love that is eager,
In winde or waters streame doe require to be writ.

Qui sceptra sævus duro imperio regit,
Timet timentes, metus in Authorem redit.

Faire seek not to be fear'd, most lovely be lov'd by thy servants,
For true it is, that they feare many whom many feare.

Like as the Dove, which seeled up doth flye,
Is neither freed, nor yet to service bound,
But hopes to gaine some helpe by mounting hie,
Till want of force doe force her fall to ground.

Right

Right ſo my minde caught by his guiding eye,
And thence caſt off, where his ſweet hurt he found,
Hath never leave to live, nor doome to dye,
Nor held in evill, nor ſuffered to be ſound.

But with his wings of fancies up he goes,
To high conceits whoſe fruits are oft but ſmall,
Till wounded, blinde, and wearied ſpirit, loſe
Both force to flye, and knowledge where to fall.
O happy Dove, if ſhe no bondage tryed:
More happy I, might I in bondage bide.

E. D.

PRometheus *when firſt from heaven hie,*
He brought down fire, ere then on earth not ſeen,
Fond of delight, a Satyr ſtanding by,
Gave it a kiſſe, as it like ſweet had beene.

Feeling forthwith the other burning power,
Wood with the ſmart, with ſhouts & ſhriking ſhrill,
He ſought his eaſe in river, field, and bower,
But for the time his griefe went with him ſtill.

So ſilly I with that unwonted ſight,
In humane ſhape an Angel from above,
Feeding mine eyes, th' impreſſion there did light,
That ſince I run and reſt as pleaſeth love.
The difference is, the Satyrs lips, my heart,
He for a while, I evermore have ſmart.

A Satyr once did run away for dread,
With ſound of horne which he himſelfe did blow;
Fearing and fear'd thus from himſelfe he fled,
Deeming ſtrange evill in that he did not know.

Such cauſleſſe feares when coward mindes doe take,
It makes them fly that which they fain would have:
As this poore beaſt who did his reſt forſake,
Thinking not why, but how himſelfe to ſave.

Even thus might I for doubts which I conceive
Of mine owne words, mine own good hap betray,
And thus might I for feare of may-be, leave
The ſweet purſuit of my deſired prey.
Better like I thy Satyr deereſt Dyre,
Who burnt his lips to kiſſe faire ſhining fire.

My

MY Miſtreſſe lowers and ſaith I doe not love:
I doe proteſt and ſeeke with ſervice due,
In humble minde a conſtant faith to prove;
But for all this I cannot her remove
From deep vaine thought that I may not be true.

If oathes might ſerve, even by the Stygian lake,
Which Poets ſay the gods themſelves doe feare,
I never did my vowed word forſake:
For why ſhould I, whom free choice ſlave doth make,
Elſewhat in face, than in my fancie beare?

My Muſe therefore, for onely thou canſt tell,
Tell me the cauſe of this my cauſleſſe woe,
Tell how ill thought diſgrac'd my doing well:
Tell how my joyes and hopes thus foully fell
To ſo low ebbe, that wonted were to flow.

O this it is; the knotted ſtraw is found:
In tender hearts, ſmall things engender hate:
A horſes worth laid waſte the Trojan ground:
A three foot ſtoole in Greece made Trumpets ſound:
An Aſſes ſhade ere now hath bred debate.

If Greeks themſelves were mov'd with ſo ſmall cauſe,
To twiſt thoſe broiles, which haraly would untwine:
Should Ladies faire be ty'd to ſuch hard lawes,
As in their moods to take a lingring pawſe?
I would it not, their metall is too fine.

My hand doth not beare witneſſe with my heart,
She ſaith, becauſe I make no wofull layes,
To paint my living death and endleſſe ſmart:
And ſo for one that felt God Cupids dart,
She thinkes I lead and live too merry dayes.

Are Poets then the onely lovers true?
Whoſe hearts are ſet on meaſuring a Verſe:
Who thinke themſelves well bleſt, if they renew
Some good old dumpe that Chaucers miſtreſſe knew,
And uſe but you for matters to rehearſe.

Then good Apollo doe away thy bow:
Take harpe and ſing in this our verſing time:
And in my braine ſome ſacred humour flow:
That all the earth my woes, ſighes, teares may know,
And ſee you not that I fall now to rime.

At

As for my mirth, how could I but be glad,
Whilſt that me thought I juſtly made my boaſt
That onely I the onely Miſtreſſe had?
But now if ere my face with joy be clad:
Thinke Hannibal did laugh when Carthage loſt.

Sweet Lady, as for thoſe whoſe ſullen cheare,
Compar'd to me, made me in lightneſſe found:
Who Stoick-like in cloudy hue appeare:
Who ſilence force to make their words more deare:
Whoſe eyes ſeeme chaſt, becauſe they looke on ground:
Beleeve them not, for Phyſicke true doth finde,
Choler aduſt is joy'd in woman-kinde.

IN wonted walkes, ſince wonted fancies change,
Some cauſe there is, which of ſtrange cauſe doth riſe:
For in each thing whereto mine eye doth range,
Part of my paine me ſeemes engraved lyes.

The Rockes which were of conſtant minde, the marke
In climbing ſteepe, now hard refuſall ſhow:
The ſhading woods ſeeme now my Sunne to darke,
And ſtately hills diſdaine to looke ſo low.

The reſtleſſe caves now reſtleſſe viſions give,
In Dales I ſee each way an hard aſcent:
Like late mowne meads, late cut from joy I live.
Alas ſweet brookes doe in my teares augment:
Rocks, woods, hils, caves, dales, meads, brooks anſwer me.
Infected mindes infect each thing they ſee.

IF I could thinke how theſe my thoughts to leave,
Or thinking ſtill my thoughts might have good end:
If rebell ſenſe would reaſons law receive;
Or reaſon foyld would not in vaine contend:
Then might I thinke what thoughts were beſt to thinke:
Then might I wiſely ſwimme or gladly ſinke.

If either you would change your cruell heart,
Or cruell (ſtill) time did your beauty ſtaine:
If from my ſoule this love would once depart,
Or for my love ſome love I might obtaine,
Then might I hope a change or ceſſe of winde,
By your good helpe, or in my ſelfe to finde.

But ſince my thoughts in thinking ſtill are ſpent,

With

With reaſons ſtrife, by ſenſes overthrowne,
You fairer ſtill, and ſtill more cruell bent,
I loving ſtill a love that loveth none.
I yeeld and ſtrive, I kiſſe and curſe the paine,
Thought, reaſon, ſenſe, time, you and I maintaine.

A Farewell.

OFt have I mus'd, but now at length I finde,
Why thoſe that dye, men ſay they doe depart:
Depart, a word ſo gentle to my minde,
Weakly did ſeeme to paint deaths ugly dart.

But now the ſtarres with their ſtrange courſe do binde,
Me one to leave, with whom I leave my heart,
I heare a cry of ſpirits faint and blinde,
That parting thus my chiefeſt part I part.
Part of my life, the loathed part of me,
Lives to impart my weary clay-ſome breath.
But that good part, wherein all comforts be,
Now dead doth ſhew departure is a death,
Yea worſe than death, death parts both wo and joy,
From joy I part, ſtill living in annoy.

FInding thoſe beames, which I muſt ever love,
To marre my minde, and with my heart to pleaſe,
I deem'd it beſt ſome abſence for to prove,
If further place might further me to eaſe.

My eyes thence drawne, where lived all their light,
Blinded forthwith in darke deſpaire did lye.
Like to the Mole with want of guiding ſight,
Deep plung'd in earth, deprived of the skie.

In abſence blinde, and wearied with that woe,
To greater woes by preſence I returne,
Even as the Flye, which to the light doth goe,
Pleas'd with the light that his ſmall corſe doth burne:
Faire choice I have, either to live or dye
A blinded Mole, or elſe a burned Flye.

The ſeven Wonders of ENGLAND.

NEere Wilton ſweet, huge heaps of ſtones are found,
But ſo confus'd, that neither any eye

Can

Can count them juſt, nor reaſon reaſon try,
What force brought them to ſo unlikely ground.

To ſtranger weights my mindes waſte ſoyle is bound,
Of paſſion hils reaching to reaſons skie,
From fancies earth paſſing all numbers bound,
Paſſing all gheſſe, whence into me ſhould flye
So maz'd a maſſe, or if in me it growes,
A ſimple ſoule ſhould bring ſo mixed woes.

The Bruetons *have a Lake, which when the Sunne*
Approaching warmes (not elſe) dead logs up ſends
From hideous depth, which tribute when it ends,
Sore ſigne it is the Lords laſt threed is ſpun.

My lake is ſenſe, whoſe ſtill ſtreames never run,
But when my Sunne her ſhining twins there bends,
Then from his depth with force in her begun,
Long drowned hopes to watry eyes it lends:
But when that failes, my dead hopes up to take,
Their maſter is fairewarn'd his Will to make.

We have a fiſh, by ſtrangers much admir'd,
Which caught, to cruell ſearch yeelds his chiefe part;
(With gall cut out) clos'dup againe by art,
Yet lives untill his life be new requir'd.

A ſtrange fiſh, my ſelfe not yet expir'd,
Though rapt with beauties hooke, I did impart
My ſelfe unto th' Anatomy deſir'd,
In ſtead of gall, leaving to her my heart:
Yet live with thoughts clos'd up, till that ſhe will
By conqueſts right in ſtead of ſearching kill.

Peake *hath a cave, whoſe narrow entries finde*
Large roomes within, where drops diſtill amaine:
Till knit with cold, though there unknown remaine,
Deck that poore place with Alabaſter lin'd.

Mine eyes the ſtreight, the roomie cave my minde,
Whoſe cloudy thoughts let fall an inward raine
Of ſorrowes drops, till colder reaſon binde
Their running fall into a conſtant veine
Of truth, far more than Alabaſter pure,
Which though deſpis'd, yet ſtill doth truth endure.

A field there is, where if a ſtake be preſt
Deepe in the earth, what hath in earth receipt
Is chang'd to ſtone in hardneſſe, cold, and weight.

The wood above, doth ſoone conſuming reſt.

The earth her eares: the ſtake is my requeſt:
Of which how much may pierce to that ſweet ſeat,
To honour turn'd, doth dwell in honours neſt,
Keeping that forme, though void of wonted heat:
But all the reſt, which feare durſt not apply,
Failing themſelves, with withered conſcience dye,

Of ſhips by ſhipwracke caſt on Albion *coaſt,*
Which rotting on the rockes their death doe dye:
From woodden bones, and blood of pitch doth flye,
A bird which gets more life than ſhip hath loſt.

My ſhip, deſire, with winde of luſt long toſt,
Brake on faire cleeves of conſtant chaſtitie:
Where plagu'd for raſh attempt, gives up his ghoſt,
So deepe in Seas of vertue beauties lye.
But of this death flyes up a pureſt love,
Which ſeeming leſſe, yet nobler life doth move.

Theſe wonders England breeds; the laſt remaines,
A Lady in deſpite of nature chaſte.
On whom all love, in whom no love is' plac't,
Where faireneſſe yeelds to wiſedomes ſhorteſt raines.

An humble pride, a ſcorne that favour ſtaines:
A womans mould, but like an Angell grac't.
An Angels minde, but in a woman caſt:
An heav'n on earth, or earth that heav'n containes:
Now thus this wonder to my ſelfe I frame,
She is the cauſe that all the reſt I am.

A Dialogue betweene two Shepheards, uttered in a Paſtorall ſhew at WILTON.

Will. DIck, *ſince we cannot dance, come let a cheerfull voice*
Shew that we doe not grudge at all when others doe rejoice.
Dick. *Ah* Will, *though I grudge not, I count it feeble glee*
With ſight made dimme with daily teares anothers ſhort to ſee.
Who ever Lambkins ſaw (yet Lambkins love to play)
To play when that their loved dammes are ſtolne, or gone aſtray?
If this in them be true, as true in men I finde,
A luſtleſſe ſong forſooth thinkes he that hath more luſt to cry.
Will. *A time there is for all, my mother often ſayes,*
When ſhe with skirts tucket very high with girles at ſtool-ball playes.
When thou haſt minde to weepe, ſeeke out ſome ſmirkie roome:
Now let thoſe lightſome ſights we ſee thy darkeneſſe overcome.

Dick.

Dick. *What joy the joyfull ſunne gives unto bleare d eyes,*
That comfort in theſe ſports you like, my minde his comfort tryes.
Will. *What? is thy Bag-pipe broke, or are thy lambes miſwent?*
Thy wallet or thy Tarbox loſt, or thy new rayment rent?
Dick. *I would it were but thus, for thus it were too well.*
Will. *Thou ſeeſt my eares doe itch at it, good* Dick *thy ſorrow tell.*
Dick. *Heare then and learne to ſigh: a Miſtreſſe I doe ſerve,*
Whoſe wages makes me begge the more, who feeds me till I ſterve,
Whoſe liverie is ſuch, as moſt I freeze apparelled moſt,
And lookes ſo neere unto my cure that I muſt needs be loſt.
Will. *What? theſe are riddles ſure, art thou then bound to her?*
Dick. *Bound, as I neither power have, nor would have power to ſtirre.*
Will. *Who bound thee?* D. *Love my Lord.* W. *What witneſſes thereto?*
Dick. *Faith in my ſelfe, and worth in her, which no proofe can undoe.*
Will. *What ſeale?* D. *My heart deep graven.* W. *Who made the band ſo faſt?*
Dick. *Wonder, that by two ſo blacke eyes the glittering ſtarres be paſt.*
Will. *What keepeth ſafe thy band?* D. *Remembrance is the cheſt.*
Lockt faſt with knowing that ſhe is of worldly things the beſt.
Will. *Thou late of wages plain'dſt, what wages maiſt thou have?*
Dick. *Her heavenly lookes, which more and more doe give me cauſe to crave.*
Will. *If wages make you want, what food is that ſhe gives?*
Dick. *Teares drink, ſorrowes meat, wherewith not I, but in me my death lives.*
Will. *What living get you then?* D. *Diſdaine; but juſt diſdaine:*
So have I cauſe my ſelfe to plaine, but no cauſe to complaine.
Will. *What care takes ſhe for thee?* D. *Her care is to prevent*
My freedome with ſhew of her beames, with vertue my content.
Will. *God ſhield us from ſuch Dames. If ſo our Downes be ſped,*
The Shepheards will grow leane I trow, their ſheep will be ill fed.
But Dick *my counſell marke: run from the place of woe;*
The arrow being ſhot from far doth give the ſmaller blow.
Dick *Good* Will, *I cannot take thy good advice, before*
That foxes leave to ſteale, becauſe they finde they dye therefore.
Will. *Then* Dick *let us goe hence, leſt we great folkes annoy,*
For nothing can more tedious be than plaint in time of joy.
Dick. *Oh hence! O cruell word! which even dogges doe hate:*
But hence, even hence I muſt needs goe, ſuch is my dogged fate.

TO THE TUNE OF *Willhelmus van Nassaw.*

WHo hath his fancy pleased,
With fruits of happy sight,
Let here his sight be raised
On natures sweetest light.
A light which doth dissever,
And yet unites the eyes:
A light which dying never,
Is cause the looker dyes.

She never dyes but lasteth,
In life of lovers heart.
He never dyes that wasteth
In love his chiefest part.
Thus is her life still guarded,
In never dying faith:
Thus is his death rewarded,
Since she lives in his death.

Looke then and dye; the pleasure
Doth answer well the paine:
Small losse of mortall treasure,
Who may immortall gaine.
Immortall be her graces,
Immortall is her minde:
They fit for heav'nly places,
Thus heav'n in it doth binde.

But eyes these beauties see not,
Nor sense that grace discries:
Yet eyes deprived be not
From sight of her faire eyes:
Which as of inward glory
They are the outward seale;
So may they live still sorry
Which dye not in that weale.

But who hath fancies pleased,
With fruits of happy sight,

Let

Let here his eyes be raiſed
On natures ſweeteſt light.

The ſmoakes of Melancholy.

WHo hath ever felt the change of love,
And knowne thoſe pangs that the loſers prove,
May paint my face, without ſeeing me,
And write the ſtate how my fancies be,
The loathſome buds growne on ſorrowes tree.

But who by heare-ſay ſpeakes, and hath not fully felt
What kinde of fires they be, in which thoſe ſpirits melt,
Shall gheſſe, and faile, what doth diſpleaſe,
Feeling my pulſe, miſſe my diſeaſe.

O no, O no, triall onely ſhewes
The bitter juice of forſaken woes,
Where former bliſſe preſent evils doe ſtaine,
Nay former bliſſe addes to preſent paine,
While remembrance doth both ſtates containe.

Come learners then to me, the modell of miſhap,
Engulfed in deſpaire, ſlid downe from fortunes lap:
And as you like my double lot,
Tread in my ſteps, or follow not.

For me alas I am full reſolv'd,
Thoſe bands alas ſhall not be diſſolv'd,
Nor breake my word though reward come late,
Nor faile my faith in my failing fate,
Nor change in change, though change change my ſtate.

But alwayes on my ſelfe with eagle eyde truth to flye,
Up to the ſunne, although the ſunne my wings doe frie:
For if thoſe flames burne my deſire,
Yet ſhall I dye in Phœnix *fire.*

WHen to my deadly pleaſure,
Whereto my lively torment,
Lady mine eyes remained,
Joyned alas to your beames,

With violence of heavenly
Beautie tyed to vertue,

Reaſon abaſht retyred,
Gladly my ſenſes yeelded.

Gladly my ſenſes yeelding,
Thus to betray my hearts fort,
Left me devoid of all life.

They to the beamie Sunnes went,
Where by the death of all deaths,
Find to what harme they haſtened.

Like to the ſilly Silvan,
Burn'd by the light he beſt lik'd,
When with a fire he firſt met.

Yet, yet, a life to their death,
Ladie you have reſerved,
Ladie the life of all love.

For though my ſenſe be from me,
And I be dead who want ſenſe,
Yet doe we both live in you.

Turned anew by your meanes,
Unto the flower that aye turnes,
As you, alas, my Sun bends.

Thus doe I fall to riſe thus,
Thus doe I dye to live thus,
Chang'd to a change I change not.

Thus may I not be from you:
Thus be my ſenſes on you:
Thus what I think is of you:
Thus what I ſeeke is in you:
All what I am it is you.

To the tune of a Neapolitan Song, which beginneth, *No, no, no, no.*

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although with cruell fire,
Firſt throwne on my deſire,
She ſackes my rendred ſprite.
For ſo faire a flame embraces
All the places,

Where that heat of all heats ſpringeth,
That it bringeth
To my dying heart ſome pleaſure,
Since his treaſure
Burneth bright in faireſt light. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although, &c.
Since our lives be not immortall,
But to mortall
Fetters tyed, doe wait the hower
Of deaths power,
They have no cauſe to be ſorie,
Who with glory
End the way where all men ſtay. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although, &c.
No man doubts, whom beauty killeth,
Faire death feeleth.
And in whom faire death proceedeth,
Glorie breedeth:
So that I in her beames dying,
Glory trying,
Though in paine, cannot complaine. No, no, no, no.

To the tune of a *Neapolitan Villanell.*

ALl my ſenſe my ſweetneſſe gained,
Thy faire haire my heart enchained,
My faire reaſon thy words moved,
So that thee like heaven I loved.

Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan:
Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei:
While to my minde the outſide ſtood,
For meſſenger of inward good.

Now thy ſweetneſſe ſowre is deemed,
Thy haire not worth a haire eſteemed:
Reaſon hath thy words removed,
Finding that but words they proved.

Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan,
Dan dan dan deridan, deridan dei,
For no faire ſigne can credit win,
If that the ſubſtance faile within.

No

No more is thy ſweetneſſe glorie,
For thy knitting haire be ſorie:
Uſe thy words but to bewaile thee,
That no more thy beames avayle thee.
Dan,dan,
Dan,dan,
Lay not thy colours more to view,
Without the picture be found true.

Woe to me, alas ſhe weepeth!
Foole, in me what folly creepeth.
Was I to blaſpheme enraged,
Where my ſoule I have engaged?
Dan,dan,
Dan,dan,
And wretched I muſt yeeld to this,
The fault I blame her chaſtneſſe is.

Sweetneſſe ſweetly pardon folly,
Tye me haire your captive wholly.
Words, O words of heavenly knowledge,
Know my words their faults acknowledge.
Dan,dan,
Dan,dan,
And all my life I will confeſſe,
The leſſe I love, I live the leſſe.

Tranſlated out of the *Diana* of Montemajor in Spaniſh. Where *Sireno* a ſhepheard pulling out a little of his miſtreſſe *Diana's* haire, wrapt about with greene ſilke, who now had utterly forſaken him, to the haire he thus bewayled himſelfe.

WHat changes here, O haire,
I ſee ſince I ſaw you:
How ill fits you this greene to weare,
For hope the colour due.
Indeed I well did hope,
Though hope were mixt with feare,
No other ſhepheard ſhould have ſcope,
Once to approach this haire.

Ah haire, how many dayes
My Diana *made me ſhew,*
With thouſand pretty childiſh playes,
If I were you or no.
Alas how oft with teares,
O teares of guilefull breaſt,

She

She ſeemed full of jealous feares,
Whereat I did but jeſt.

Tell me O haire of gold,
If I then faulty be,
That truſt thoſe killing eyes I would
Since they did warrant me.
Have you not ſeene her mood,
What ſtreames of teares ſhe ſpent,
Till that I ſware my faith ſo ſtood,
As her words had it bent?

Who hath ſuch beauty ſeene
In one that changeth ſo?
Or where ones love ſo conſtant been,
Who ever ſaw ſuch woe?
Ah haire are you not griev'd,
To come from whence you be,
Seeing how once you ſaw I liv'd,
To ſee me as you ſee?

On ſandy banke of late,
I ſaw this woman ſit,
Where ſooner dye than change my ſtate,
She with her finger writ;
Thus my beliefe was ſtaid
(Behold love's mighty hand)
On things were by a woman ſaid,
And written in the ſand.

The ſame *Sirion* in Montemajor holding his miſtreſſe glaſſe before her, looking upon her while ſhe viewed her ſelfe, thus ſang.

OF this high grace with bliſſe conjoyn'd
No further debt on me is laid,
Since that in ſelfe ſame metall coin'd,
Sweet Lady you remaine well paid.
For if my place give me great pleaſure,
Having before me Nature's treaſure,
In face and eyes unmatched being,
You have the ſame in my hands ſeeing,
What in your face mine eyes do meaſure.

Nor thinke the match unev'nly made,
That of thoſe beames in you doe tarry:
The glaſſe to you but graces ſhade,
To me mine eyes the true ſhape carry.

For

For ſuch a thought moſt highly prized,
Which ever hath loves yoke deſpiſed;
Better than one captiv'd perceiveth,
Though he the lively forme receiveth,
The other ſees it but diſguiſed.

RIng out your bels, let mourning ſhews be ſpred,
For love is dead:
All love is dead, infected
With plague of deep diſdaine:
Worth as nought worth rejected,
And faith faire ſcorne doth gaine.
From ſo ungratefull fancie,
From ſuch a female franzie,
From them that uſe men thus,
Good Lord deliver us.

Weepe neighbours, weepe, doe you not heare it ſaid,
That love is dead:
His death-bed peacockes folly,
His winding ſheet is ſhame,
His will falſe-ſeeming holy,
His ſole exectour blame.
From ſo ungratefull, &c.

Let Dirge be ſung, and Trentals rightly read,
For love is dead:
Sir wrong his tombe ordaineth;
My Miſtreſſe marble-heart,
Which Epitaph containeth,
Her eyes were once his dart.
From ſo ungratefull, &c.

Alas, I lye, rage hath this errour bred,
Love is not dead:
Love is not dead, but ſleepeth
In her unmatched minde;
Where ſhe his counſell keepeth,
Till due deſert ſhe finde.
Therefore from ſo vile fancie,
To call ſuch wit a franzie,
Who love can temper thus,
Good Lord deliver us.

THou blinde mans marke, thou fooles ſelfe-choſen ſnare,
Fond fancies ſcum, and dregs of ſcattered thought,

Band

Band of all evils, cradle of causeleſſe care,
Thou web of will, whoſe end is never wrought.

Deſire, deſire I have too dearly bought,
With price of mangled minde thy worthleſſe ware:
Too long, too long a ſleepe thou haſt me brought,
Who ſhould my minde to higher things prepare.

But yet in vaine thou haſt my ruine ſought,
In vaine thou mad'ſt me to vaine things aſpire,
In vaine thou kindleſt all thy ſmoakie fire.
For vertue hath this better leſſon taught,
Within my ſelfe to ſeeke my onely hire:
Deſiring nought but how to kill deſire.

LEave me O Love, which reacheſt but to duſt,
And thou my minde aſpire to higher things:
Grow rich in that which never taketh ruſt:
What ever fades but fading pleaſure brings.

Draw in thy beames, and humble all thy might,
To that ſweet yoke where laſting freedomes be:
Which breakes the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both ſhine and give us ſight to ſee.

O take faſt hold, let that light be thy guide,
In this ſmall courſe which birth drawes out to death.
And thinke how evill becommeth him to ſlide,
Who ſeeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.
Then farewell world, thy uttermoſt I ſee,
Eternall Love maintaine thy life in me.

Splendidis longum valedico nugis.

THE

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His will falſe-ſeeming holy,
His ſole exectour blame.
From ſo ungratefull, &c.

Let Dirge be ſung, and Trentals rightly read,
For love is dead:
Sir wrong his tombe ordaineth;
My Miſtreſſe marble-heart,
Which Epitaph containeth,
Her eyes were once his dart.
From ſo ungratefull, &c.

Alas, I lye, rage hath this errour bred,
Love is not dead:
Love is not dead, but ſleepeth
In her unmatched minde;
Where ſhe his counſell keepeth,
Till due deſert ſhe finde.
Therefore from ſo vile fancie,
To call ſuch wit a franzie,
Who love can temper thus,
Good Lord deliver us.

THou blinde mans marke, thou fooles ſelfe-choſen ſnare,
Fond fancies ſcum, and dregs of ſcattered thought,

Band

Band of all evils, cradle of causeleſſe care,
Thou web of will, whoſe end is never wrought.

Deſire, deſire I have too dearly bought,
With price of mangled minde thy worthleſſe ware:
Too long, too long a ſleepe thou haſt me brought,
Who ſhould my minde to higher things prepare.

But yet in vaine thou haſt my ruine ſought,
In vaine thou mad'ſt me to vaine things aſpire,
In vaine thou kindleſt all thy ſmoakie fire.
For vertue hath this better leſſon taught,
Within my ſelfe to ſeeke my onely hire:
Deſiring nought but how to kill deſire.

LEave me O Love, which reacheſt but to duſt,
And thou my minde aſpire to higher things:
Grow rich in that which never taketh ruſt:
What ever fades but fading pleaſure brings.

Draw in thy beames, and humble all thy might,
To that ſweet yoke where laſting freedomes be:
Which breakes the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both ſhine and give us ſight to ſee.

O take faſt hold, let that light be thy guide,
In this ſmall courſe which birth drawes out to death.
And thinke how evill becommeth him to ſlide,
Who ſeeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.
Then farewell world, thy uttermoſt I ſee,
Eternall Love maintaine thy life in me.

Splendidis longum valedico nugis.

THE

THE DEFENCE OF POESIE. BY SIR *PHILIP SIDNEY* KNIGHT.

WHen the right vertuous *E.W.* and I were at the Emperors Court together, we gave our ſelves to learn horſemanſhip of *John Pietro Pugliano*, one that with great commendation had the place of an Eſquire in his Stable: and he, according to the fertileneſs of the Italian wit, did not only affoord us the demonſtration of his practice, but ſought to enrich our mindes with the contemplation therin, which he thought moſt precious. But with none I remember mine eares were at any time more loaden, than when (either angred with ſlow payment, or moved with our learner-like admiration) hee exerciſed his ſpeech in the praiſe of his faculty. He ſaid ſouldiers were the nobleſt eſtate of mankind, & horſmen the nobleſt of ſouldiers. He ſaid they were the Maſters of war, and ornaments of peace, ſpeedy goers, and ſtrong abiders, triumphers both in camps and Courts: nay, to ſo unbeleeved a point he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred ſuch wonder to a Prince, as to be a good horſeman. Skill of government was but a *Pedanteria* in compariſon. Then would he adde certaine praiſes, by telling what a peerleſs beaſt the horſe was, the only ſerviceable Courtier without flattery, the beaſt of moſt beauty, faithfulneſſe, courage, & ſuch more, that if I had not bin a peece of a *Logician* before I came to him, I think he would have perſwaded me to have wiſhed my ſelf a horſe. But thus much at leaſt with his no few words he drave into me, that ſelf love is better than any gilding, to make that ſeeme gorgeous wherein our ſelves be parties. Wherein if *Pugliano's* ſtrong affection and weak arguments will not ſatiſfie you, I give you a neerer example of my ſelf, who, I know not by what miſchance, in theſe my not old yeares and idleſt times, having ſlipt into the title of a Poet, am provoked to ſay ſomething unto you in defence of that my unelected vocation: which if I handle with more good will than good reaſons, beare with mee, ſince the ſcholler is to bee pardoned that followeth the ſteps of his Maſter. And yet I muſt ſay, that as I have a more juſt cauſe to make a pitifull defence of poore Poetry, which from almoſt the higheſt eſtimation of learning, is fallen to be the laughing ſtocke of children; ſo have I need to bring ſome more availeable proofes, ſince the former is by no man barred of his deſerved credit, the ſilly latter hath even the names of Philoſophers uſed to the defacing of it, with great danger of civill warre among the Muſes. And firſt truely to all them that profeſſing learning inveigh againſt Poetry, may juſtly be objected, that they goe very neare to ungratefulneſſe, to ſeeke to deface that which in the nobleſt nations and languages that are knowne, hath bin the firſt light giver to ignorance, and firſt nurſe, whoſe milk little and little

enabled

enabled them to feed afterwards of tougher knowledges. And will you play the Hedgehogge, that being received into the den, drave out his hoſte? or rather the Vipers, that with their birth kill their parents? Let learned *Greece* in any of her manifold Sciences, be able to ſhew me one book before *Muſæus*, *Homer*, and *Heſiod*; all three nothing elſe but *Poets*. Nay, let any Hiſtorie bee brought, that can ſay any Writers were there before them, if they were not men of the ſame skill: as *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and ſome other are named; who having been the firſt of that countrey that made pens deliverers of their knowledge to the poſterity, may juſtly challenge to be called their fathers in learning. For not onely in time they had this priority, (although in it ſelfe antiquity be venerable) but went before them, as cauſes to draw with their charming ſweetneſſe the wilde untamed wits to an admiration of knowledge. So as *Amphion* was ſaid to move ſtones with his Poetry to build *Thebes*: and *Orpheus* to be liſtned to by beaſts, indeed ſtony and beaſtly people. So among the *Romanes* were *Livius*, *Andronicus*, and *Ennius*. So in the *Italian* language, the firſt that made it to aſpire to be a treaſure-houſe of Science, were the Poets *Dante*, *Bocace* and *Petrarch*. So in our *Engliſh* were *Gower* and *Chaucer*; after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others have followed to beautifie our mother tongue, as well in the ſame kinde as other arts. This did ſo notably ſhew it ſelfe, that the Philoſophers of *Greece* durſt not a long time appeare to the world, but under the maſk of Poets. So *Thales*, *Empedocles*, and *Parmenides*, ſang their naturall Philoſophy in verſes. So did *Pythagoras* and *Phocyllides* their morall counſels. So did *Tyrtæus* in warre matters, and *Solon* in matters of policie: or rather they being Poets, did exerciſe their delightfull veine in thoſe points of higheſt knowledge, which before them lay hidden to the world. For, that wiſe *Solon* was directly a Poet, it is manifeſt, having written in Verſe the notable Fable of the *Atlanticke* Iſland, which was continued by *Plato*. And truely even *Plato*, whoſoever well conſidereth, ſhall find that in the body of his work, though the inſide and ſtrength were Philoſophy, the skinne as it were and beauty dependeth moſt of Poetry. For all ſtands upon Dialogues, wherein he feigns many honeſt Burgeſſes of *Athens* to ſpeak of ſuch matters, that if they had beene ſet on the racke they would never have confeſſed them: beſides his Poeticall deſcribing the circumſtance of their meeting, as the well ordering of a Banquet, the delicacie of a Walke, with enterlacing meere Tales, as *Gyges ring* and others, which who knowes not to be flowers of Poetry, did never walke into *Apollo's* garden. And even Hiſtoriographers, although their lippes ſound of things done, and verity be written in their foreheads, have bin glad to borrow both faſhion, and perchance weight of the Poets. So *Herodotus* entituled his Hiſtory by the name of the nine Muſes: and both he and all the reſt that followed him, either ſtale, or uſurped of Poetry, their paſſionate deſcribing of paſſions, the many particularities of battels, which no man could affirme; or if that be denied me, long Orations put in the mouths of great Kings and Captaines, which it is certaine they never pronounced. So that truely neither *Philoſopher*, nor *Hiſtoriographer* could at the firſt have entred into the gates of popular judgements, if they had not taken a great paſport of Poetry, which in all Nations at this day, where learning flouriſheth not, is plaine to be ſeene: in all which they have ſome feeling of Poetry. In *Turkie*, beſides their Law-giving Divines, they have no other writers but Poets. In our neighbour Countrey *Ireland*, where truely learning goes very bare, yet are their Poets held in a devout reverence. Even among the moſt barbarous and ſimple *Indians*, where no writing is, yet have they their Poets, who make and ſing ſongs, which they call *Arento's*, both of their Anceſtors deeds, and praiſes of their gods. A ſufficient probability, that if ever learning come among them, it muſt be by having

ving their hard dull wits ſoftned & ſharpned with the ſweet delights of *Poetrie* for untill they find a pleaſure in the exerciſe of the mind, great promiſes of much knowledge will little perſwade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In *Wales* the true remnant of the ancient *Brittons*, as there are good authorities to ſhew, they long time had Poets which they called *Bardes*: ſo through all the conqueſts of *Romanes*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Normans*, ſome of whom did ſeeke to ruine all memory of learning from among them, yet doe their Poets even to this day laſt: ſo as it is not more notable in the ſoone beginning, than in the long continuing. But ſince the Authors of moſt of our Sciences were the *Romanes*, and before them the *Greekes*, let us a little ſtand upon their authorities, but even ſo farre as to ſee what names they have given unto this now ſcorned skill. Among the *Romanes* a Poet was called *Vates*, which is as much as a Diviner, Foreſeer, or Prophet, as by his conjoyned words, *Vaticinium* and *Vaticinari* is manifeſt; ſo heavenly a title did that excellent people beſtow upon this heart-raviſhing knowledge; and ſo farre were they carried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the chanceable hitting upon of any ſuch verſes, great foretokens of their following fortunes were placed. Whereupon grew the word of *Sortes Virgilianæ*, when by ſodaine opening *Virgils* booke, they lighted upon ſome verſe of his, as it is reported by many, whereof the Hiſtories of the *Emperours* lives are full. As of *Albinus* the Governour of our Iſland, who in his childhood met with this Verſe:

Arma amens capio, nec ſat rationis in armis.

And in his age performed it, although it were a very vaine and godleſſe ſuperſtition; as alſo it was to think ſpirits were commanded by ſuch verſes, whereupon this word *Charmes*, derived of *Carmina*, commeth: ſo yet ſerveth it to ſhew the great reverence thoſe wits were held in; and altogether not without ground, ſince both the Oracles of *Delphos*, and *Sybilla's* propheſies, were wholly delivered in Verſes: for that ſame exquiſite obſerving of number and meaſure in the words, and that high flying libertie of conceit proper to the Poet, did ſeeme to have ſome divine force in it. And may not I preſume a little further, to ſhew the reaſonableneſſe of this word *Vates*, and ſay that the holy *David's* Pſalmes are a divine *Poeme*? If I doe, I ſhall not doe it without the teſtimonie of great learned men, both ancient and moderne. But even the name of Pſalmes will ſpeake for me, which being interpreted, is nothing but Songs: then, that it is fully written in meeter, as all learned *Hebritians* agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Laſtly, and principally, his handling his Prophecy, which is meerly Poeticall. For what elſe is the awaking his muſicall inſtruments, the often and free changing of Perſons, his notable *Proſopopeia's*; when hee maketh you as it were ſee God comming in his majeſtie; his telling of the beaſts joyfulneſſe, and hilles leaping, but a heavenly Poeſie, wherein almoſt hee ſhewed himſelfe a paſſionate lover of that unſpeakable and everlaſting beauty to bee ſeene by the eyes of the minde, onely cleared by faith? But truely now having named him, I feare I ſeeme to profane that holy name, applying it to Poetry, which is among us throwne downe to ſo ridiculous an eſtimation. But they that with quiet judgements will looke a little deeper into it, ſhall finde the end and working of it ſuch, as being rightly applyed, deſerveth not to bee ſcourged out of the Church of God. But now let us ſee how the Greekes have named it, and how they deemed of it. The Greekes named him ποιητὴν which name hath, as the moſt excellent, gone through other languages: it commeth of this word ποιεῖν which is to make: wherein I know not whether by hucke or wiſedome, wee Engliſhmen have met with the Greekes, in calling him a Maker. Which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had

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rather were knowne by marking the scope of other Sciences, than by any partiall allegation. There is no Art delivered unto mankind, that hath not the workes of nature for his principall object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become Actors and Players, as it were, of what Nature will have set forth. So doth the *Astronomer* looke upon the starres, and by that hee seeth set downe what order Nature hath taken therein. So doth the *Geometrician* and *Arithmetician* in their divers sorts of quantities. So doth the *Musician* in tunes tell you, which by Nature agree, which not. The naturall *Philosopher* therefore hath his name, and the morall *Philosopher* standeth upon the naturall vertues, vices, or passions of man: and follow nature, saith hee, therein, and thou shalt not erre. The *Lawyer* saith what men have determined. The *Historian*, what men have done. The *Grammarian* speaketh onely of the rules of speech, and the *Rhetorician* and *Logician*, considering what in nature will soonest prove, and perswade, thereon give artificiall rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The *Physitian* weigheth the nature of mans body, and the nature of things helpfull or hurtfull unto it. And the *Metaphysicke*, though it be in the second and abstract motions, and therefore bee counted supernaturall, yet doth hee indeed build upon the depth of Nature. Onely the Poet, disdaining to bee tyed to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his owne invention, doth grow in effect into another nature: in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or quite a new forme, of such as never were in nature: as the *Heroes*, *Demi-gods*, *Cyclops*, *Chymera's*, *Furies*, and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with Nature, not inclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the Zodiacke of his owne wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich Tapistry, as divers Poets have done, neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitfull trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely: her world is brasen, the Poets onely deliver a golden. But let those things alone, and goe to man, for whom as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her uttermost cunning is imployed: and know whether shee have brought forth so true a lover as *Theagenes*, so constant a friend as *Pylades*, so valiant a man as *Orlando*, so right a Prince as *Xenophons Cyrus*, and so excellent a man every way as *Virgils Aeneas*. Neither let this be jestingly conceived, because the workes of the one be essentiall, the other in imitation or fiction: every understanding knoweth the skill of each Artificer standeth in that *Idea*, or foreconceit of the work, and not in the worke it selfe. And that the Poet hath that *Idea*, is manifest by the delivering them forth in such excellencie as hee had imagined them: which delivering them forth also is not wholly imaginative, as wee are wont to say by them that build Castles in the aire: but so farre substantially it worketh, not onely to make a *Cyrus*, which had been but a particular excellency, as nature might have done, but to bestow a *Cyrus* upon the world to make many *Cyrusses*, if they will learne aright, why, and how that maker made him. Neither let it bee deemed too sawcie a comparison, to ballance the highest point of mans wit with the efficacie of nature: but rather give right honour to the heavenly maker of that maker, who having made man to his owne likenesse, set him beyond, and over all the workes of that second nature: which in nothing hee sheweth so much as in Poetry, when with the force of a divine breath, hee bringeth things forth surpassing her doings: with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of *Adam*, since our erected wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth us from reaching unto it. But these arguments will by few bee understood, and by fewer granted:

thus much I hope will be given mee, that the Greekes, with some probability of reason, gave him the name above all names of learning. Now let us goe to a more ordinary opening of him, that the truth may bee the more palpable: and so I hope, though wee get not so unmatched a praise as the *Etymologie* of his names will grant, yet his very description, which no man will deny, shall not justly bee barred from a principall commendation. *Poesie* therefore is an Art of *Imitation*: for so *Aristotle* tearmeth it in the word μίμησις, that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth: to speake metaphorically, A speaking *Picture*, with this end, to teach and delight. Of this have beene three generall kindes: the chiefe both in antiquitie and excellency, were they that did imitate the unconceivable excellencies of God; such were *David* in his Psalmes, *Salomon* in his Song of Songs, in his *Ecclesiastes* and *Proverbs*, *Moses* and *Deborah* in their Hymnes, and the writer of *Job*. Which, beside other, the learned *Emanuel Tremelius*, and *Fr. Junius* doe entitle the Poeticall part of the Scripture: against these none will speake that hath the Holy Ghost in due holy reverence. In this kinde, though in a wrong Divinity, were *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, *Homer* in his Hymnes, and many other both Greeks and Romanes. And this *Poesie* must be used by whosoever will follow Saint *Pauls* counsaile, in singing Psalmes when they are merry, and I know is used with the fruit of comfort by some, when in sorrowfull pangs of their death-bringing sinnes, they finde the consolation of the never-leaving goodnesse. The second kinde is of them that deale with matter Philosophicall, either Morall, as *Tirteus*, *Phocillides*, *Cato*; or Naturall, as *Lucretius*, and *Virgils Georgickes*; or Astronomicall, as *Manilius* and *Pontanus*; or Historicall, as *Lucan*: which who mislike, the fault is in their judgement, quite out of taste, not in the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge. But because this second sort is wrapped within the folde of the proposed subject, and takes not the free course of his owne invention, whether they properly be Poets or no, let *Grammarians* dispute; and goe to the third, indeed right Poets, of whom chiefly this question ariseth: betwixt whom and these second, is such a kinde of difference, as betwixt the meaner sort of Painters, who counterfeite onely such faces as are set before them, and the more excellent, who having no law but wit, bestow that in colours upon you, which is fittest for the eye to see; as the constant, though lamenting looke of *Lucretia*, when shee punished in her selfe anothers fault: wherein hee painteth not *Lucretia* whom hee never saw, but painteth the outward beauty of such a vertue. For these third bee they, which most properly doe imitate to teach and delight: and to imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath beene, or shall bee; but range onely, reined with learned discretion, into the divine consideration of what may bee and should bee. These be they, that as the first and most noble sort, may justly bee tearmed *Vates*; so these are wayted on in the excellentest languages and best understanding, with the fore-described name of *Poets*. For these indeed doe meerely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to move men to take that goodnesse in hand, which without delight they would flye as from a stranger; and teach to make them know that goodnesse whereunto they are moved: which being the noblest scope to which ever any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to barke at them. These be subdivided into sundry more speciall denominations. The most notable be the *Heroicke*, *Lyricke*, *Tragicke*, *Comicke*, *Satyricke*, *Iambicke*, *Elegiacke*, *Pastorall*, and certaine others: some of these being tearmed according to the matter they deale with, some by the sort of verse they liked best to write in: for indeed the greatest part of Poets, have apparelled their Poeticall inventions, in that

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numbrous kind of writing, which is called *Verſe*. Indeed but apparelled Verſe, being but an ornament, and no cauſe to Poetrie, ſince there have beene many moſt excellent Poets that never verſified, and now ſwarme many verſifiers that need never anſwere to the name of Poets. For *Xenophon*, who did imitate ſo excellently as to give us *Effigiem juſti imperii*, the portraiture of a juſt Empire, under the name of *Cyrus*, as *Cicero* ſaith of him, made therein an abſolute heroicall Poeme. So did *Heliodorus* in his ſugred invention of that picture of love in *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, and yet both theſe wrote in proſe: which I ſpeake to ſhew, that it is not riming and verſing that maketh a Poet (no more than a long gowne maketh an Advocate, who though hee pleaded in armour ſhould bee an Advocate and no Souldier:) but is that fayning notable images of vertues, vices, or what elſe, with that delightfull teaching, which muſt bee the right deſcribing note to know a Poet by. Although indeed the Senate of Poets have choſen verſe as their fitteſt rayment; meaning as in matter they paſſed all in all, ſo in manner to goe beyond them: not ſpeaking table-talke faſhion, or like men in a dreame, words as they chanceable fall from the mouth, but peaſing each ſyllable of each word by juſt proportion, according to the dignity of the ſubject. Now therefore it ſhall not bee amiſſe, firſt to weigh this latter ſort of Poetry by his workes, and then by his parts; and if in neither of theſe Anatomies hee bee condemnable, I hope we ſhall receive a more favourable ſentence. This purifying of wit, this enriching of memorie, enabling of judgement, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly wee call learning, under what name ſoever it come forth, or to what immediate end ſoever it bee directed, the finall end is to lead and draw us to as high a perfection, as our degenerate ſoules, made worſe by their clay lodgings, can be capable of. This, according to the inclination of man, bred many formed impreſſions: for ſome that thought this felicity principally to bee gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to bee ſo high or heavenly, as acquaintance with the ſtarres, gave themſelves to *Aſtronomy*: others perſwading themſelves to bee *Demi-gods*, if they knew the cauſes of things, became naturall and ſupernaturall *Philoſophers*. Some an admirable delight drew to *Muſicke*: and ſome the certainetie of demonſtration to the *Mathematickes*: but all, one and other, having this ſcope to know, and by knowledge to lift up the minde from the dungeon of the body, to the enjoying his owne divine eſſence. But when by the ballance of experience it was found, that the *Aſtronomer* looking to the ſtarres might fall in a ditch: that the enquiring *Philoſopher* might be blinde in himſelfe; and the *Mathematician* might draw forth a ſtreight line with a crooked heart: Then loe did Proofe, the over-ruler of opinions, make manifeſt, that all theſe are but ſerving ſciences, which as they have a private end in themſelves, ſo yet are they all directed to the higheſt end of the miſtreſſe knowledge; by the Greekes ἀρχιτεκτονική, which ſtandeth, as I thinke, in the knowledge of a mans ſelfe, in the Ethicke and Politicke conſideration, with the end of well-doing, and not of well-knowing onely. Even as the Sadlers next end is to make a good Saddle, but his further end to ſerve a nobler faculty, which is Horſemanſhip: ſo the Horſemans to Souldierie: and the Souldier not onely to have the skill, but to performe the practice of a Souldier. So that the ending end of all earthly learning being vertuous action, thoſe skills that moſt ſerve to bring forth that, have a moſt juſt title to be Princes over all the reſt: wherein eaſily wee can ſhew, the Poet is worthy to have it before any other competitors. Among whom principally to challenge it, ſtep forth the Morall *Philoſophers*: whom, mee thinkes I ſee comming towards mee with a ſullen gravitie, (as though they could not abide vice by day-light) rudely cloathed, for to witneſſe outwardly

wardly their contempt of outward things, with bookes in their hands againſt glorie, whereto they ſet their name: ſophiſtically ſpeaking againſt ſubtletie, and angrie with any man in whom they ſee the foule fault of anger. Theſe men, caſting larges as they goe of definitions, diviſions, and diſtinctions, with a ſcornefull interrogative doe ſoberly aske, whether it bee poſſible to finde any path ſo ready to leade a man to vertue, as that which teacheth what vertue is, and teacheth it not onely by delivering forth his very being, his cauſes and effects, but alſo by making knowne his enemy vice, which muſt bee deſtroyed, and his cumberſome ſervant Paſſion, which muſt bee maſtered: by ſhewing the generalities that containe it, and by the ſpecialities that are derived from it. Laſtly, by plaine ſetting downe how it extends it ſelfe out of the limits of a mans owne little world, to government of families, and maintaining of publike ſocieties. The *Hiſtorian* ſcarcely gives leiſure to the *Moraliſt* to ſay ſo much, but that hee, loaden with old mouſe-eaten Records, authoriſing himſelfe for the moſt part upon other Hiſtories, whoſe greateſt authorities are built upon the notable foundation of *Heare-ſay*, having much adoe to accord differing writers, and to picke truth out of partiality; better acquainted with a thouſand yeeres agoe than with the preſent age, and yet better knowing how this world goes, than how his owne wit runnes; curious for Antiquities, and inquiſitive of Novelties, a wonder to young folkes, and a Tyrant in table-talke; denieth in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of vertue and vertuous actions is comparable to him. I am *Teſtis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magiſtra vitæ, nuntia vetuſtatis.* The *Philoſopher*, ſaith hee, teacheth a diſputative vertue, but I doe an active. His vertue is excellent in the dangerleſſe *Academie* of *Plato*; but mine ſheweth forth her honourable face in the battels of *Marathon*, *Pharſalia*, *Poitiers*, and *Agincourt*. Hee teacheth vertue by certaine abſtract conſiderations: but I onely bid you follow the footing of them that have gone before you. Old aged experience goeth beyond the fine witted *Philoſopher*: but I give the experience of many ages. Laſtly, if he make the ſong-booke, I put the learners hand to the Lute, and if hee be the guide, I am the light. Then would he alledge you innumerable examples, confirming ſtorie by ſtories, how much the wiſeſt Senators and Princes have beene directed by the credit of Hiſtorie; as *Brutus*, *Alphonſus* of *Aragon* (and who not if need be?) At length, the long line of their diſputation makes a point in this, that the one giveth the precept, and the other the example. Now whom ſhall we find, ſince the queſtion ſtandeth for the higheſt forme in the ſchoole of learning, to be Moderator? Truely, as mee ſeemeth, the Poet; and if not a Moderator, even the man that ought to carry the title from them both; and much more from all other ſerving ſciences. Therfore compare wee the *Poet* with the *Hiſtorian*, and with the morall *Philoſopher*: and if hee goe beyond them both, no other humane skill can match him. For as for the *Diuine*, with all reverence he is ever to be excepted, not onely for having his ſcope as farre beyond any of theſe, as Eternitie exceedeth a moment: but even for paſſing each of theſe in themſelves. And for the *Lawyer*, though *Jus* be the daughter of *Juſtice*, the chiefe of vertues, yet becauſe he ſeekes to make men good, rather *formidine pœnæ*, than *virtutis amore*; or, to ſay right, doth not endevour to make men good, but that their evill hurt not others, having no care ſo he be a good citizen, how bad a man he be: Therefore as our wickednesſe maketh him neceſſary, and neceſſitie maketh him honourable, ſo is hee not in the deepeſt truth to ſtand in ranke with theſe, who all endevour to take naughtineſſe away, and plant goodneſſe even in the ſecreteſt cabinet of our ſoules: and theſe foure are all that any way deale in the conſideration of mens manners, which being the ſupreame knowledge, they that beſt

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breed it, deserve the best commendation. The *Philosopher* therefore, and the *Historian* are they which would win the goale, the one by precept, the other by example: but both, not having both, doe both halt. For the *Philosopher*, setting downe with thornie arguments the bare rule, is so hard of utterance, and so mistie to bee conceived, that one that hath no other guide but him, shall wade in him till hee bee old before hee shall finde sufficient cause to be honest. For his knowledge standeth so upon the abstract and generall, that happy is that man who may understand him, and more happy that can apply what hee doth understand. On the other side, the *Historian* wanting the precept, is so tyed, not to what should be, but to what is, to the particular truth of things, and not to the generall reason of things, that his example draweth no necessary consequence, and therefore a lesse fruitfull doctrine. Now doth the peerlesse Poet performe both: for whatsoever the Philosopher saith should be done, hee gives a perfect picture of it by some one, by whom he presupposeth it was done, so as he coupleth the generall notion with the particular example. A perfect picture (I say) for hee yeeldeth to the powers of the minde an image of that whereof the Philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possesse the sight of the soule so much as that other doth. For as in outward things, to a man that had never seene an *Elephant*, or a *Rhinoceros*, who should tell him most exquisitely all their shape, colour, bignesse, and particular markes; or of a gorgeous palace in *Architecture*, who declaring the full beauties, might well make the hearer able to repeat as it were by roat all he heard, yet should never satisfie his inward conceit, with being witnesse to it selfe of a true living knowledge: but the same man, assoone as hee might see those beasts well painted, or that house well in modell, should straightwaies grow without need of any description to a judiciall comprehending of them: so (no doubt) the *Philosopher* with his learned definitions, bee it of vertues or vices, matters of publike policie or private governement, replenisheth the memorie with many infallible grounds of wisedome, which notwithstanding lye darke before the imaginative and judging power, if they bee not illuminated or figured forth by the speaking picture of *Poesie*. *Tully* taketh much paines, and many times not without Poeticall helpes, to make us know the force love of our countrey hath in us. Let us but heare old *Anchises* speaking in the middest of *Troyes* flames, or see *Ulysses* in the fulnesse of all *Calipsoes* delights, bewayle his absence from barraine and beggerly *Ithaca*. Anger (the *Stoicks* said) was a short madnesse: let but *Sophocles* bring you *Ajax* on a stage, killing or whipping sheepe and oxen, thinking them the Army of Greekes, with their chieftaines *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*; and tell me if you have not a more familiar insight into Anger, than finding in the schoolemen his *Genus* and *Difference*. See whether wisdome and temperance in *Ulysses* and *Diomedes*, valour in *Achilles*, friendship in *Nisus* and *Eurialus*, even to an ignorant man, carry not an apparent shining: and contrarily, the remorse of conscience in *Oedipus*; the soone repenting pride in *Agamemnon*; the selfe devouring cruelty in his father *Atreus*; the violence of ambition in the two *Theban* brothers; the sowre sweetnesse of revenge in *Medea*; and, to fall lower, the *Terentian Gnatho*, and our *Chaucers Pandar*, so expresst, that we now use their names, to signifie their trades: And finally, all vertues, vices, and passions, so in their owne naturall states, laid to view, that wee seeme not to heare of them, but clearely to see through them. But even in the most excellent determination of goodnesse, what *Philosophers* counsell can so readily direct a Prince, as the feigned *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*? or a vertuous man in all fortunes, as *Aeneas* in *Virgil*? or a whole Commonwealth, as the Way of Sir *Thomas Moores Eutopia*? I say the Way, because where

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Sir *Thomas Moore* erred, it was the fault of the man, and not of the Poet: for that Way of patterning a Commonwealth was moſt abſolute, though hee perchance hath not ſo abſolutely performed it. For the queſtion is, whether the fained image of Poetry, or the regular inſtruction of Philoſophy, hath the more force in teaching. Whereinſ if the *Philoſophers* have more rightly ſhewed themſelves *Philoſophers*, than the *Poets* have attained to the high toppe of their profeſſion (as in truth *Mediocribus eſſe Poetis, Non Dii, non homines, non concеſsère columnæ*) it is (I ſay againe) not the fault of the Art, but that by few men that Art can bee accompliſhed. Certainely, even our Saviour Chriſt could as well have given the morall common places of uncharitableneſſe, and humbleneſſe, as the divine narration of *Dives* and *Lazarus*; or of diſobedience and mercy, as that heavenly diſcourſe of the loſt childe and the gracious father, but that his through-ſearching wiſedome, knew the eſtate of *Dives* burning in hell, and of *Lazarus* in *Abrahams* boſome, would more conſtantly as it were inhabit both the memory and judgement. Truly for my ſelfe (me ſeemes) I ſee before mine eyes, the loſt childes diſdainefull prodigality turned to envie a Swines dinner: which by the learned *Divines* are thought not hiſtoricall Acts, but inſtructing Parables. For concluſion, ſay the *Philoſopher* teacheth, but hee teacheth obſcurely, ſo as the learned onely can underſtand him, that is to ſay, hee teacheth them that are already taught. But the Poet is the food for the tendereſt ſtomacks, the Poet is indeed the right popular *Philoſopher*. Whereof *Eſops* tales give good proofe, whoſe pretty allegories ſtealing under the formal tales of beaſts, make many more beaſtly than beaſts, beginne to heare the ſound of vertue from thoſe dumbe ſpeakers. But now may it be alledged, that if this imagining of matters be ſo fit for the imagination, then muſt the *Hiſtorian* needs ſurpaſſe, who brings you images of true matters, ſuch as indeed were done, not ſuch as fantaſtically or falſly may be ſuggeſted to have bin done. Truly *Ariſtotle* himſelf in his diſcourſe of *Poeſie* plainly determines this queſtion, ſaying that *Poetry* is φιλοσοφώτερον and σπουδαιότερον, that is to ſay, it is more Philoſophicall, and more ingenious than hiſtory. His reaſon is, becauſe *Poeſie* dealeth with καθόλου, that is to ſay, with the univerſall conſideration, & the hiſtory with καθ' ἕκαστον, the particular. Now, ſaith he, the univerſall waies what is fit to be ſaid or done, either is likelihood or neceſſity, which the *Poeſie* conſidereth in his impoſed names: and the particular only marks whether *Alcibiades* did or ſuffered this or that. Thus far *Ariſtotle*. Which reaſon of his, as all his, is moſt full of reaſon. For indeed if the queſtion were, whether it were better to have a particular act truly or falſly ſet down, there is no doubt which is to be choſen, no more than whether you had rather have *Veſpaſians* picture right as he was, or at the painters pleaſure nothing reſembling. But if the queſtion be for your own uſe & learning, whether it be better to have it ſet downe as it ſhould be, or as it was; then certainly is more doctrinable the fained *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*, than the true *Cyrus* in *Juſtin*; and the fained *Aeneas* in *Virgil*, than the right *Aeneas* in *Dares Phrygius*: as to a Lady that deſired to faſhion her countenance to the beſt grace, a Painter ſhould more benefit her to portrait a moſt ſweet face, writing *Canidia* upon it, than to paint *Canidia* as ſhee was, who *Horace* ſweareth was full ill favoured. If the *Poet* doe his part aright, he will ſhew you in *Tantalus*, *Atreus*, and ſuch like, nothing that is not bee ſhunned; in *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*, *Ulyſſes*, each thing to bee followed: were the *Hiſtorian* bound to tell things as things were, he cannot bee liberall, without hee will be Poeticall of a perfect patterne, but as in *Alexander* or *Scipio* himſelfe, ſhew doings ſome to bee liked, ſome to bee miſliked; and then how will you diſcerne what to follow, but by your owne diſcretion, which you had without reading *Quintus Curtius*? And whereas a man may ſay, though in univerſall

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consideration of doctrine, the *Poet* prevaileth, yet that the Historie in his saying such a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that hee shall follow. The answere is manifest, that if hee stand upon that was, as if hee should argue, Because it rained yesterday, therefore it should raine to day, then indeed hath it some advantage to a grosse conceit. But if hee know an example onely informes a conjectured likelihood, and so goe by reason, the *Poet* doth so farre exceed him, as hee is to frame his example to that which is most reasonable, bee it in warrelike, politick, or private matters; where the *Historian* in his bare Was, hath many times that which we call fortune, to over-rule the best wisedome. Many times hee must tell events, whereof hee can yeeld no cause; or if he doe, it must bee poetically. For that a fained example hath as much force to teach, as a true example (for as for to move, it is cleare, since the fained may bee tuned to the highest key of passion) let us take one example wherein an *Historian* and a *Poet* did concurre. *Herodotus* and *Justine* doe both testifie, that *Zopyrus*, King *Darius* faithfull servant, seeing his Master long resisted by the rebellious *Babylonians*, fained himselfe in extreame disgrace of his King; for verifying of which, hee caused his owne nose and eares to bee cut off, and so flying to the *Babylonians* was received, and for his knowne valour so farre credited, that hee did finde meanes to deliver them over to *Darius*. Much like matter doth *Livie* record of *Tarquinius* and his sonne. *Xenophon* excellently fained such another stratagem, performed by *Abradates* in *Cyrus* behalfe. Now would I faine know, if occasion bee presented unto you, to serve your Prince by such an honest dissimulation, why you doe not as well learne it of *Xenophons* fictions as of the others veritie: and truely so much the better, as you shall save your nose by the bargaine; for *Abradates* did not counterfeit so farre. So then the best of the *Historian* is subject to the *Poet*: for whatsoever action or faction, whatsoever counsell, policie, or warre stratagem the *Historian* is bound to recite, that may the *Poet* if hee list with his imitation make his owne: beautifying it both for further teaching, and more delighting, as it please him: having all from *Dante* his heaven to his hell, under the authoritie of his pen. Which if I bee asked what *Poets* have done so? as I might well name some, so yet say I, and say againe, I speake of the Art and not of the Artificer. Now to that which commonly is attributed to the praise of Historie, in respect of the notable learning is got by marking the successe, as though therein a man should see vertue exalted and vice punished: truely that commendation is peculiar to Poetry, and farre off from Historie; for indeed Poetry ever sets vertue so out in her best colours, making fortune her well-waiting handmaid, that one must needs be enamoured of her. Well may you see *Ulysses* in a storme and in other hard plights, but they are but exercises of patience and magnanimity, to make them shine the more in the neare following prosperity. And of the contrary part, if evill men come to the stage, they ever goe out (as the Tragedie writer answered to one that misliked the shew of such persons) so manacled, as they little animate folkes to follow them. But the History being captived to the truth of a foolish world, is many times a terrour from well-doing, and an encouragement to unbrideled wickednesse. For see we not valiant *Milciades* rot in his fetters? The just *Phocion* and the accomplished *Socrates* put to death like traitors? The cruell *Severus* live prosperously? The excellent *Severus* miserably murthered? *Sylla* & *Marius* dying in their beds? *Pompey* & *Cicero* slaine then when they would have thought exile an happinesse? See we not vertuous *Cato* driven to kill himselfe, and rebell *Cæsar* so advanced, that his name, yet after a thousand fixe hundred yeeres, lasteth in the highest honour? And mark but even *Cæsars* owne words of the forenamed *Sylla*, (who in that onely did honestly, to

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put downe his dishonest tyranny) *Literas nescivit*: as if want of learning caused him to doe well. Hee meant it not by Poetry, which, not content with earthly plagues, deviseth new punishments in hell for Tyrants: nor yet by Philosophy, which teacheth *Occidentes esse*; but no doubt by skill in Historie, for that indeed can afoord you *Cipselus*, *Periander*, *Phalaris*, *Dionysius*, and I know not how many more of the same kennell, that sped well enough in their abominable injustice of usurpation. I conclude therefore, that he excelleth historie, not onely in furnishing the minde with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserves to bee called and accounted good: which setting forward and moving to well-doing, indeed setteth the Lawrell Crowne upon the *Poets* as victorious, not onely of the *Historian*, but over the *Philosopher*, howsoever in teaching it may bee questionable. For suppose it bee granted, that which I suppose with great reason may be denied, that the *Philosopher* in respect of his methodicall proceeding, teach more perfectly than the *Poet*, yet doe I thinke that no man is so much φιλοπόνηρος, as to compare the *Philosopher* in moving with the *Poet*. And, that moving is of a higher degree than teaching, it may by this appeare, that it is well nigh both the cause and effect of teaching. For who will be taught, if he be not moved with desire to be taught? And what so much good doth that teaching bring forth (I speak still of morall doctrine) as that it moveth one to doe that which it doth teach? For, as *Aristotle* saith, it is not γνῶσις but πρᾶξις must be the fruit: and how πρᾶξις can be without being moved to practice, it is no hard matter to consider. The *Philosopher* sheweth you the way, hee informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousnesse of the way, and of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may divert you from your way. But this is to no man but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive studious painfulnesse, which constant desire whosoever hath in him, hath already past halfe the hardnesse of the way: and therefore is beholding to the *Philosopher* but for the other halfe. Nay truly learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much over-mastered passion, as that the minde hath a free desire to doe well, the inward light each minde hath in it selfe, is as good as a *Philosophers* booke, since in Nature we know it is well to doe well, and what is well and what is evill, although not in the words of Art which *Philosophers* bestow upon us: for out of naturall conceit the *Philosophers* drew it; but to bee moved to doe that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, *Hoc opus, Hic labor est*. Now therein of all Sciences (I speake still of humane, and according to the humane conceit) is our *Poet* the *Monarch*. For he doth not onely shew the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it: Nay hee doth, as if your journey should lye through a faire vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste, you may long to passe further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blurre the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulnesse: but he commeth to you with words set in delightfull proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well enchaunting skill of *Musicke*, and with a tale forsooth hee commeth unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the Chimney corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the minde from wickednesse to vertue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholsome things by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste: which if one should begin to tell them the nature of the *Aloes* or *Rhubarbarum* they should receive, would sooner take their physicke at their eares than at their mouth: so is it in men (most of which are childish in the best things, till they be cradeled in their graves) glad they will

will be to heare the tales of *Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Aeneas*; and hearing them, muſt needs heare the right deſcription of wiſedome, valour, and juſtice; which if they had beene barely (that is to ſay, Philoſophically) ſet out, they would ſweare they be brought to ſchoole againe; that imitation whereof *Poetry* is, hath the moſt conveniency to Nature of all other: inſomuch that, as *Ariſtotle* ſaith, thoſe things which in themſelves are horrible, as cruell battels, unnaturall monſters, are made in poeticall imitation delightfull. Truely I have knowne men, that even with reading *Amadis de Gaule*, which God knowes wanteth much of a perfect *Poeſie*, have found their hearts moved to the exerciſe of courteſie, liberality, and eſpecially courage. Who readeth *Aeneas* carrying old *Anchiſes* on his backe, that wiſheth not it were his fortune to performe ſo excellent an Act? Whom doe not thoſe words of *Turnus* move (the tale of *Turnus* having planted his image in the imagination) *Fugientem hæc terra videbit? Uſq; adeone mori miſerum eſt?* Where the *Philoſophers* (as they thinke) ſcorne to delight, ſo much they be content little to move; ſaving wrangling whether *Virtus* be the chiefe or the onely good; whether the contemplative or the active life doe excell; which *Plato* & *Boetius* well knew: and therfore made miſtreſſe *Philoſophy* very often borrow the masking rayment of *Poeſie*. For even thoſe hard-hearted evill men, who think vertue a ſchoole-name, and know no other good but *indulgere genio*, and therefore deſpiſe the auſtere admonitions of the *Philoſopher*, and feele not the inward reaſon they ſtand upon, yet will bee content to be delighted, which is all the good fellow Poet ſeemes to promiſe; and ſo ſteale to ſee the forme of goodneſſe (which ſeene they cannot but love) ere themſelves be aware, as if they tooke a medicine of Cherries. Infinite proofes of the ſtrange effects of this Poeticall invention might bee alledged: onely two will ſerve, which are ſo often remembred, as I thinke all men know them. The one of *Menenius Agrippa*, who when the whole people of *Rome* had reſolutely divided themſelves from the *Senate*, with apparent ſhew of utter ruine, though hee were for that time an excellent Orator, came not among them upon truſt either of figurative ſpeeches, or cunning inſinuations, and much leſſe with farre fet *Maximes* of *Philoſophy*, which eſpecially if they were *Platonicke*, they muſt have learned *Geometrie* before they could well have conceived: but forſooth, he behaveth himſelfe like a homely and familiar *Poet*. Hee telleth them a tale, that there was a time, when all the parts of the body made a mutinous conſpiracie againſt the belly, which they thought devoured the fruits of each others labour: they concluded, they would let ſo unprofitable a ſpender ſtarve. In the end, to bee ſhort, for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale, with puniſhing the belly they plagued themſelves; this applyed by him, wrought ſuch effect in the people, as I never read that onely words brought forth, but then, ſo ſudden and ſo good an alteration: for upon reaſonable conditions a perfect reconcilement enſued. The other is of *Nathan* the Prophet, who when the holy *David* had ſo farre forſaken God, as to confirm adultery with murther, when he was to doe the tendereſt office of a friend, in laying his owne ſhame before his eyes; ſent by God to call againe ſo choſen a ſervant, how doth he it, but by telling of a man whoſe beloved lambe was ungratefully taken from his boſome? The application moſt divinely true, but the diſcourſe it ſelfe fained; which made *David* (I ſpeake of the ſecond & inſtrumentall cauſe) as in a glaſſe ſee his owne filthineſſe, as that heavenly Pſalme of mercy well teſtifieth. By theſe therefore examples and reaſons, I thinke it may bee manifeſt, that the *Poet* with that ſame hand of delight, doth draw the minde more effectually than any other Art doth. And ſo a concluſion not unfitly enſue, That as vertue is the moſt excellent reſting place for all worldly learning to make his end of, ſo *Poetry* being the

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moſt familiar to teach it,& moſt Princely to move towards it, in the moſt excellent worke, is the moſt excellent workeman. But I am content not onely to decipher him by his workes (although workes in commendation and diſpraiſe muſt ever hold a high authoritie) but more narrowly will examine his parts, ſo that (as in a man)though altogether may carry a preſence full of majeſty and beauty, perchance in ſome one defectuous peece we may finde blemiſh: Now in his parts, kindes or *ſpecies*, as you liſt to terme them, it is to bee noted, that ſome *Poeſies* have coupled together two or three kindes, as the *Tragicall* and *Comicall*, whereupon is riſen the *Tragi-comicall*; ſome in the manner have mingled Proſe and Verſe,as *Sanazara* and *Boetius*; ſome have mingled matters *Heroicall* and *Paſtorall*. But that commeth all to one in this queſtion, for if ſevered they be good, the conjunction cannot be hurtfull: therefore perchance forgetting ſome, and leaving ſome as needleſſe to bee remembred; it ſhall not be amiſſe in a word to cite the ſpeciall kindes, to ſee what faults may be found in the right uſe of them. Is it then the Paſtorall *Poeme* which is miſliked? (for perchance where the hedge Is loweſt they will ſooneſt leape over) is the poore pipe diſdained, which ſometimes out of *Melibœus* mouth, can ſhew the miſerie of people, under hard Lords and ravening Souldiers? And againe by *Tityrus*, what bleſſedneſſe is derived to them that lye loweſt, from the goodneſſe of them that ſit higheſt? Sometimes under the pretty tales of Wolves and Sheep, can include the whole conſiderations of wrong doing & patience; ſometimes ſhew that contentions for trifles can get but a trifling victory, where perchance a man may ſee, that even *Alexander* and *Darius*, when they ſtrove who ſhould be cocke of this worlds dunghill, the benefit they got was, that the after livers may ſay, *Hæc memini, & victum fruſtra contendere Thirſim. Ex illo Coridon, Coridon eſt tempore nobis.* Or is it the lamenting *Elegiacke*, which in a kinde heart would move rather pitie than blame, who bewayleth with the great Philoſopher *Heraclitus*, the weakneſſe of mankinde,and the wretchedneſſe of the world: who ſurely is to be praiſed either for compaſſionate accompanying juſt cauſes of lamentations, or for rightly painting out how weake bee the paſſions of wofulneſſe: Is it the bitter but wholeſome *Iambicke*, who rubbes the galled minde, making ſhame the Trumpet of villanie, with bold and open crying out againſt naughtineſſe? Or the *Satyricke*, who *Omne vafer vitium ridenti tangit amico*, who ſportingly never leaveth, till he make a man laugh at folly; and at length aſhamed, to laugh at himſelfe; which he cannot avoid, without avoiding the folly? who while *Circum præcordia ludit*, giveth us to feele how many head-aches a paſſionate life bringeth us to. Who when all is done, *Eſt Ulubris, animus ſi nos non deficit æquus.* No, perchance it is the *Comicke*, whom naughty play-makers and ſtage-keepers have juſtly made odious. To the arguments of abuſe, I will after anſwer; onely thus much now is to be ſaid, That the *Comedy* is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which hee repreſenteth in the moſt ridiculous and ſcornefull ſort that may bee: ſo as it is impoſſible that any beholder can bee content to be ſuch a one. Now as in *Geometry*, the oblique muſt be known as well as the right, and in *Arithmetick*, the odde as well as the even,ſo in the actions of our life,who ſeeth not the filthineſſe of evill, wanteth a great foile to perceive the beauty of vertue. This doth the Comedy handle ſo in our private and domeſticall matters, as with hearing it, wee get as it were an experience what is to be looked for of a niggardly *Demea*, of a craftie *Davus*, of a flattering *Gnatho*, of a vaine-glorious *Thraſo*; and not onely to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be ſuch, by the ſignifying badge given them by the *Comedian*. And little reaſon hath any man to ſay, that men learne the evill by ſeeing it ſo ſet out; ſince, as I ſaid before, there is no man living, but by the force truth hath in nature

ture, no ſooner ſeeth theſe men play their parts, but wiſheth them in *Piſtrinum*, although perchance the ſacke of his owne faults lie ſo behind his backe, that he ſeeth not himſelfe to dance the ſame meaſure: whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes, than to ſee his owne actions contemptibly ſet forth. So that the right uſe of *Comedie*, will, I thinke, by no body to be blamed; and much leſſe of the high and excellent *Tragedie*, that openeth the greateſt wounds, and ſheweth forth the *Vlcers* that are covered with *Tiſſue*; that maketh Kings feare to bee Tyrants, and Tyrants manifeſt their tyrannicall humors; that with ſtirring the effects of *Admiration* and *Commiſeration*, teacheth the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weake foundations gilded roofes are builded; that maketh us know, *Qui ſceptra ſævus duro imperio regit, Timet timentes, metus in authorem redit.* But how much it can move, *Plutarch* yeeldeth a notable teſtimony of the abhominable Tyrant *Alexander Pheræus*, from whoſe eyes a *Tragedie* well made and repreſented drew abundance of teares, who without all pity had murthered infinite numbers, and ſome of his own blood: ſo as hee that was not aſhamed to make matters for *Tragedies*, yet could not reſiſt the ſweet violence of a *Tragedie*. And if it wrought no further good in him, it was, that hee in deſpite of himſelfe withdrew himſelfe from hearkening to that, which might mollifie his hardened heart. But it is not the *Tragedie* they doe miſlike: for it were too abſurd to caſt out ſo excellent a repreſentation of whatſoever is moſt worthy to bee learned. Is it the *Lyricke* that moſt diſpleaſeth, who with his tuned *Lyre*, and well accorded voice, giveth praiſe, the reward of vertue, to vertuous acts? who giveth morall precepts and naturall Problemes, who ſometime raiſeth up his voice to the height of the heavens, in finging the laudes of the immortall God? Certainely I muſt confeſſe mine owne barbarouſneſſe, I never heard the old Song of *Percie* and *Douglas*, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet: and yet is ſung but by ſome blinde Crowder, with no rougher voyce, than rude ſtile; which being ſo evill apparelled in the duſt and Cobwebbe of that uncivill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of *Pindare*? In *Hungarie* I have ſeene in the manner of all feaſts, and other ſuch like meetings, to have ſongs of their anceſtors valour, which that right ſouldier-like nation thinke one of the chiefeſt kindlers of brave courage. The incomparable *Lacedæmonians* did not onely carrie that kinde of *Muſicke* ever with them to the field; but even at home, as ſuch ſongs were made, ſo were they all content to bee ſingers of them: when the luſtie men were to tell what they did, the old men what they have done, and the young what they would doe. And where a man may ſay, that *Pindare* many times praiſeth highly victories of ſmall moment, rather matters of ſport than vertue; as it may be anſwered, it was the fault of the *Poet*, and not of the *Poetry*, ſo indeed the chief fault was in the time & cuſtome of the *Greeks*, who ſet thoſe toyes at ſo high a price, that *Philip* of *Macedon* reckoned a horſe race won at *Olympus* among his three fearfull felicities. But as the unimitable *Pindare* often did, ſo is that kinde moſt capable and moſt fit to awake the thoughts from the ſleepe of idleneſſe, to embrace honourable enterpriſes. There reſts the *Heroicall*, whoſe very name I think ſhould daunt all backbiters. For by what conceit can a tongue bee directed to ſpeake evill of that which draweth with him no leſſe champions than *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Æneas*, *Turnus*, *Tydeus*, *Rinaldo*, who doth not onely teach and move a truth, but teacheth and moveth to the moſt high and excellent truth: who maketh magnanimity and juſtice ſhine through all miſtie fearefulneſſe and foggie deſires. Who, if the ſaying of *Plato* and *Tully* be true, that who could ſee vertue, would be wonderfully raviſhed with the love of her beauty; this man ſetteth her out to make her more lovely in her holiday apparell, to the eye of any that will daigne, not to diſdaine untill they

underſtand. But if any thing be already ſaid in the defence of ſweet *Poetry*, all concurre to the maintaining the *Heroicall*, which is not onely a kinde, but the beſt and moſt accompliſhed kinde of *Poetry*. For as the image of each action ſtirreth and inſtructeth the minde, ſo the loftie image of ſuch worthies moſt enflameth the mind with deſire to be worthy: and enformes with counſaile how to bee worthy. Onely let *Æneas* be worne in the Tablet of your memory, how he governeth himſelfe in the ruine of his Country, in the preſerving his old Father, and carrying away his religious Ceremonies; in obeying Gods commandement to leave *Dido*, though not onely all paſſionate kindneſſe, but even the humane conſideration of vertuous gratefulneſſe would have craved other of him: how in ſtormes, how in ſports, how in warre, how in peace, how a fugitive, how victorious, how beſieged, how beſieging, how to ſtrangers, how to allies, how to enemies, how to his owne. Laſtly, how in his inward ſelfe, and how in his outward governement, and I thinke in a minde moſt prejudiced with a prejudicating humour, hee will bee found in excellencie fruitfull. Yea, as *Horace* ſaith, *Melius Chriſippo & Crantore:* but truly I imagine it falleth out with theſe Poet-whippers, as with ſome good women, who often are ſicke, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of *Poetrie* is odious to them, but neither his cauſe nor effects, neither the ſumme that containes him, nor the particularities deſcending from him, give any faſt handle to their carping diſpraiſe. Since then *Poetrie* is of all humane learnings the moſt ancient, and of moſt fatherly antiquitie, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings. Since it is ſo univerſall, that no learned Nation doth deſpiſe it, nor barbarous Nation is without it. Since both *Romane* and *Greeke* gave ſuch divine names unto it, the one of propheſying, the other of making; and that indeede that name of making is fit for him, conſidering, that where all other Arts retaine themſelves within their ſubject, and receive as it were their being from it; the Poet onely, onely bringeth his owne ſtuffe, and doth not learne a Conceit out of a matter, but maketh matter for a Conceit. Since neither his deſcription, nor end containeth any evill, the thing deſcribed cannot bee evill; ſince his effects bee ſo good as to teach goodneſſe, and delight the learners of it; ſince therein (namely in morall doctrine, the chiefe of all knowledges) hee doth not onely farre paſſe the *Hiſtorian*, but for inſtructing is well nigh comparable to the *Philoſopher*, for moving, leaveth him behinde him. Since the holy ſcripture (wherein there is no uncleanneſſe) hath whole parts in it Poeticall, and that even our Saviour Chriſt vouchſafed to uſe the flowers of it: ſince all his kindneſſes are not onely in their united formes, but in their ſevered diſſections fully commendable, I thinke, (and thinke I thinke rightly) the Laurell Crowne appointed for triumphant Captaines, doth worthily, of all other learnings, honour the *Poets* triumph. But becauſe wee have eares as well tongues, and that the lighteſt reaſons that may bee, will ſeeme to waigh greatly, if nothing bee put in the counterballance, let us heare, and as well as wee can, ponder what objections bee made againſt this Art, which may bee worthie eyther of yeelding or anſwering. Firſt, truly I note not onely in theſe μισόμουσοι, Poet-haters, but in all that kinde of people who ſeeke a praiſe by diſpraiſing others, that they doe prodigally ſpend a great many wandring words in quips and ſcoffes, carping and taunting at each thing, which by ſtirring the ſpleene, may ſtay the braine from a through beholding the worthineſſe of the ſubject. Thoſe kinde of objections, as they are full of a very idle eaſineſſe, ſince there is nothing of ſo ſacred a majeſtie, but that an itching tongue may rub it ſelfe upon it, ſo deſerve they no other anſwer, but in ſtead of laughing at the jeſt, to laugh at the jeſter. Wee know a playing wit can praiſe the diſcretion

of

of an Asse, the comfortablenesse of being in debt, and the jolly commodities of being sicke of the plague. So of the contrarie side, if we will turne *Ovid's* verse, *Ut lateat virtus proximitate mali*, *that good lyes hid in neerenesse of the evill*, *Agrippa* will bee as merry in the shewing the vanity of Science, as *Erasmus* was in the commending of Folly: neither shall any man or matter, escape some touch of these smiling Raylers. But for *Erasmus* and *Agrippa*, they had another foundation than the superficiall part would promise. Marry these other pleasant fault finders, who will correct the *Verbe* before they understand the *Noune*, and confute others knowledge before they confirme their owne, I would have them onely remember, that scoffing commeth not of wisedome; so as the best title in true English they get with their merriments, is to bee called good fooles: for so have our grave fore-fathers ever tearmed that humorous kinde of jesters. But that which giveth greatest scope to their scorning humour, is ryming and versing. It is already said, (and as I thinke truly said) it is not ryming and versing that maketh *Poesie*: One may bee a *Poet* without versing, and a versifier without *Poetrie*. But yet presuppose it were inseparable, as indeed it seemeth *Scaliger* judgeth truly, it were an inseparable commendation. For if *Oratio*, next to *Ratio*, Speech next to Reason, bee the greatest gift bestowed upon *Mortalitie*, that cannot bee praiseless which doth most polish that blessing of speech, which considereth each word, not onely as a man may say by his forcible qualitie, but by his best measured quantitie, carrying even in themselves a *Harmonie*; without perchance number, measure, order, proportion bee in our time growne odious. But lay aside the just praise it hath by being the onely fit speech for *Musicke* (*Musicke* I say, the most divine striker of the senses,) thus much is undoubtedly true, that if reading bee foolish without remembring, memory being the onely treasure of knowledge, those words which are fittest for memory, are likewise most convenient for knowledge. Now that Verse farre exceedeth Prose, in the knitting up of the memory, the reason is manifest, the words (besides their delight, which hath a great affinitie to memory) being so set as one cannot be lost, but the whole worke failes: which accusing it selfe, calleth the remembrance back to it selfe, and so most strongly confirmeth it. Besides, one word, so as it were begetting another, as be it in rime or measured verse, by the former a man shall have a neere gheesse to the follower. Lastly, even they that have taught the Art of memory, have shewed nothing so apt for it, as a certaine roome divided into many places, well and throughly knowne: Now that hath the verse in effect perfectly, every word having his naturall seat, which seat must needs make the word remembred. But what needs more in a thing so knowne to all men? Who is it that ever was scholler, that doth not carry away some verses of *Virgill*, *Horace*, or *Cato*, which in his youth hee learned, and even to his old age serve him for hourely lessons? as, *Percontatorem fugito*, *nam garrulus idem est*. *Dum sibi quisque placet credula turba sumus*. But the fitnesse it hath for memorie, is notably proved by all deliverie of Arts, wherein for the most part, from *Grammer* to *Logicke*, *Mathematickes*, *Physicke*, and the rest, the Rules chiefly necessary to bee borne away, are compiled in verses. So that verse, being in it selfe sweet and orderly, and being best for memory, the onely handle of knowledge, it must bee in jest that any man can speake against it. Now then goe wee to the most important imputations laid to the poore *Poets*; for ought I can yet learne, they are these: First, that there being many other more fruitfull knowledges, a man might better spend his time in them, than in this. Secondly, that it is the mother of lies. Thirdly, that is the nurse of abuse, infecting us with many pestilent de-

ſires, with a *Syrene* ſweetneſſe, drawing the minde to the Serpents taile of ſinfull fancies; and herein eſpecially *Comedies* give the largeſt field to eare, as *Chaucer* ſaith, how both in other nations and ours, before *Poets* did ſoften us, wee were full of courage, given to martiall exerciſes, the pillars of manlike libertie, and not lulled aſleepe in ſhadie idleneſſe with *Poets* paſtimes. And laſtly and chiefly, they cry out with open mouth, as if they had over-ſhot *Robinhood*, that *Plato* baniſhed them out of his Common-wealth. Truly, this is much, if there bee much truth in it. Firſt to the firſt. That a man might better ſpend his time, is a reaſon indeed: but it doth as they ſay, but *Petere principium*. For if it bee, as I affirme, that no learning is ſo good, as that which teacheth and moveth to vertue, and that none can both teach and move thereto ſo much as *Poeſie*, then is the concluſion manifeſt; that inke and paper cannot bee to a more profitable purpoſe imployed. And certainely though a man ſhould grant their firſt aſſumption, it ſhould follow (mee thinks) very unwillingly, that good is not good, becauſe better is better. But I ſtill and utterly deny, that there is ſprung out of earth a more fruitfull knowledge. To the ſecond therefore, that they ſhould bee the principall lyars, I anſwer *Paradoxically*, but truely, I thinke truely: that of all writers under the Sunne, the *Poet* is the leaſt lyar: and though he would, as a *Poet*, can ſcarcely be a lyar. The *Aſtronomer*, with his couſin the *Geomitrician*, can hardly eſcape, when they take upon them to meaſure the height of the ſtarres. How often thinke you doe the *Phyſicians* lye, when they averre things good for ſickneſſes, which afterwards ſend *Charon* a great number of ſoules drowned in a potion, before they come to his Ferrie? And no leſſe of the reſt, which take upon them to affirme. Now for the *Poet*, hee nothing affirmeth, and therefore never lyeth: for as I take it, to lye, is to affirme that to be true, which is falſe. So as the other *Artiſts*, and eſpecially the *Hiſtorian*, affirming many things, can in the cloudie knowledge of mankind hardly eſcape from many lyes. But the *Poet*, as I ſaid before, never affirmeth, the *Poet* never maketh any Circles about our imagination, to conjure you to beleeve for true what he writeth: hee citeth not authorities of other hiſtories, but even for his entrie, calleth the ſweet *Muſes* to inſpire into him a good invention; in troth not labouring to tell you what is, or is not, but what ſhould or ſhould not bee. And therefore though hee recount things not true, yet becauſe he telleth them not for true, he lyeth not: without we will ſay that *Nathan* lyed in his ſpeech before alledged to *David*, which as a wicked man durſt ſcarce ſay, ſo thinke I none ſo ſimple, would ſay, that *Eſope* lyed in the tales of his beaſtes: for who thinketh that *Eſope* wrote it for actually true, were well worthy to have his name Chronicled among the beaſts he writeth of. What child is there, that comming to a play, and ſeeing *Thebes* written in great letters upon an old doore, doth beleeve that it is *Thebes*? If then a man can arrive to the childes age, to know that the *Poets* perſons and doings are but pictures what ſhould bee, and not ſtories what have bin, they will never give the lye to things not affirmatively, but allegorically and figuratively written; and therefore as in hiſtorie looking for truth, they may goe away full fraught with falſhood: So in *Poeſie*, looking but for fiction, they ſhall uſe the narration but as an imaginative ground-plot of a profitable invention. But hereto is replied, that the *Poets* give names to men they write of, which argueth a conceit of an actuall truth, and ſo not being true, proveth falſehood. And doth the *Lawyer* lye then, when under the name of *John* of the *Stile*, and *John* of the *Nokes*, he putteth his caſe? But that is eaſily anſwered, their naming of men, is but to make their picture the more lively, and not to build any Hiſtorie. Painting men, they cannot leave men nameleſſe. We ſee we cannot play at Cheſſe, but

but that we must give names to our Chessemen, and yet me thinkes he were a very partiall Champion of truth, that would say wee lyed, for giving a piece of wood the reverend title of a Bishop. The Poet nameth *Cyrus* and *Æneas*, no other way, than to shew what men of their fames, fortunes, and estates, should doe. Their third is, how much it abuseth mens wits, training it to wanton sinfulnesse, and lustfull love. For indeed that is the principall, if not the onely abuse I can heare alledged. They say, the *Comedies* rather teach than reprehend amorous conceits; They say the *Lyricke* is larded with passionate *Sonnets*, the *Elegiacke* weepes the want of his Mistresse, and that even to the *Heroicall Cupid* hath ambitiously climbed. Alas Love, I would thou couldest as well defend thy selfe, as thou canst offend others: I would those on whom thou dost attend, could eyther put thee away, or yeeld good reason why they keepe thee. But grant love of beauty to bee a beastly fault, although it bee very hard, since onely man and no beast hath that gift to discerne beautie; grant that lovely name of Love to deserve all hatefull reproches, although even some of my masters, the *Philosophers*, spent a good deale of their Lampe-oyle in setting forth the excellencie of it; grant I say, what they will have granted, that not onely love, but lust, but vanity; but if they list, scurrilitie possesse many leaves of the *Poets* bookes: yet thinke I, when this is granted, they will finde their sentence may with good manners put the last words formost; and not say, that *Poetry* abuseth mans wit, but that mans wit abuseth *Poetrie*. For I will not deny, but that mans wit may make *Poesie*, which should bee ἐιχασικὴ, which some learned have defined figuring forth good things, to bee φαντασικὴ, which doth contrariwise infect the fancie with unworthy objects, as the Painter should give to the eye either some excellent perspective, or some fine picture fit for building or fortification; or containing in it some notable example, as *Abraham* sacrificing his sonne *Isaac*, *Judith* killing *Holofernes*, *David* fighting with *Goliah*, may leave those, and please an ill pleased eye with wanton shews of better hidden matters. But what? shall the abuse of a thing make the right use odious? Nay truly: though I yeeld that *Poesie* may not onely be abused, but that being abused, by the reason of his sweet charming force, it can do more hurt than any other armie of words, yet shall it be so farre from concluding, that the abuse should give reproach to the abused, that contrariwise, it is a good reason, that whatsoever being abused doth much harme; being rightly used (and upon the right use, each thing receives his title) doth most good. Doe wee not see skill of Physicke, the best rampire to our often assaulted bodies, being abused, teach poyson, the most violent destroyer? Doth not knowledge of Law, whose end is to even and right all things, being abused, grow the crooked fosterer of horrible injuries? Doth not (to goe in the highest) Gods Word abused, breed Heresie; and his Name abused, become blasphemie? Truely, a Needle cannot doe much hurt, and as truely (with leave of Ladies bee it spoken) it cannot doe much good. With a sword thou mayest kill thy Father, and with a sword thou mayest defend thy Prince and Country: so that, as in their calling *Poets*, fathers of lyes, they sayd nothing, so in this their argument of abuse, they prove the commendation. They alledge herewith, that before *Poets* began to bee in price, our Nation had set their hearts delight upon action, and not imagination; rather doing things worthy to bee written, than writing things fit to bee done. What that before time was, I thinke scarcely *Sphinx* can tell: since no memorie is so ancient, that hath not the precedence of *Poetry*. And certaine it is, that in our plainest homelinesse, yet never was the *Albion* Nation without *Poetrie*. Mary, this argument, though it be levelled against *Poetrie*, yet is it indeed a chain-shot against all learning or bookishnesse, as they commonly terme it.

Of ſuch minde were certaine *Gothes*;of whom it is written, that having in the ſpoile of a famous Citie,taken a faire Library,one hangman, belike fit to execute the fruits of their wits,who had murthered a great number of bodies,would have ſet fire in it. No ſaid another very gravely,take heed what you do,for while they are buſie about thoſe toyes,we ſhall with more leiſure conquer their Countries. This indeed is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many words ſometimes I have heard ſpent in it: but becauſe this reaſon is generally againſt all learning,as well as *Poetry*,or rather all learning but *Poetry*, becauſe it were too large a digreſſion to handle it, or at leaſt too ſuperfluous, ſince it is manifeſt, that all government of action is to be gotten by knowledge, and knowledge beſt, by gathering many knowledges, which is reading; I onely with *Horace*, to him that is of that opinion, *Jubeo ſtultum eſſe libenter*: for as for *Poetrie* it ſelfe, it is the freeſt from this objection: for *Poetry* is the Companion of Camps.I dare undertake,that *Orlando furioſo*,or honeſt King *Arthur*,will never diſpleaſe a ſouldier: but the quidditie of *Ens* and *prima materia*, will hardly agree with a Corſelet. And therefore, as I ſaid in the beginning, even *Turkes* and *Tartars* are delighted with *Poets*. *Homer* a *Greek*,flouriſhed before *Greece* flouriſhed: and if to a ſleight conjecture, a conjecture may bee oppoſed, truely it may ſeeme, that as by him their learned men tooke almoſt their firſt light of knowledge, ſo their active men received their firſt motions of courage. Onely *Alexanders* example may ſerve, who by *Plutarch* is accounted of ſuch vertue, that fortune was not his guide, but his foot-ſtoole, whoſe Acts ſpeake for him, though *Plutarch* did not: indeed the *Phœnix* of war-like Princes. This *Alexander* left his Schoolemaſter,living *Ariſtotle*, behinde him, but tooke dead *Homer* with him. Hee put the Philoſopher *Caliſthenes* to death, for his ſeeming Philoſophicall, indeed mutinous ſtubborneſſe: but the chiefe thing he was ever heard to wiſh for, was,that *Homer* had beene alive. Hee well found he received more bravery of minde by the patterne of *Achilles*, than by hearing the definition of Fortitude. And therefore if *Cato* miſliked *Fulvius* for carrying *Ennius* with him to the field, it may bee anſwered, that if *Cato* miſliked it, the noble *Fulvius* liked it,or elſe he had not done it:for it was not the excellent *Cato Uticenſis*, whoſe authority I would much more have reverenced; but it was the former, in truth a bitter puniſher of faults,but elſe a man that had never ſacrificed to the *Graces*.He miſliked & cryed out againſt all Greek learning, & yet being foureſcore yeares old, began to learne it, belike fearing that *Pluto* underſtood not Latine: Indeed the *Romane* lawes allowed no perſon to be carried to the wars, but he that was in the ſouldiers role; and therfore though *Cato* miſliked his unmuſtred perſon,he miſliked not his work.And if he had,*Scipio Naſica*(judg'd by common conſent the beſt *Romane*) loved him: both the other *Scipio* brothers, who had by their vertues no leſſe ſurnames than of *Aſia* & *Affrick*,ſo loved him,that they cauſed his body to be buried in their ſepulture. So as *Cato's* authority being but againſt his perſon,& that anſwered with ſo far greater than himſelf, is herein of no validity. But now indeed my burthen is great, that *Plato* his name is laid upon mee, whom I muſt confeſſe of all *Philoſophers*, I have ever eſteemed moſt worthy of reverence: & with good reaſon,ſince of all *Philoſophers* he is the moſt *Poeticall*: yet if he will defile the fountaine out of which his flowing ſtreames have proceeded, let us boldly examine with what reaſon hee did it. Firſt, truly a man might maliciouſly object, that *Plato* being a *Philoſopher*,was a naturall enemy of *Poets*. For indeed after the *Philoſophers* had picked out of the ſweet myſteries of *Poetry*, the right diſcerning true points of knowledge, they forthwith putting it in method,& making a Schoole Art of that which the *Poets* did onely teach by a divine delightfulneſſe, beginning to ſpurne at their guides,like ungratefull prentices,were not content to ſet up ſhop for themſelves, but

but sought by all meanes to discredit their masters: which by the force of delight being barred them, the lesse they could overthrow them, the more they hated them. For indeed they found, that *Homers* seven cities strave who should have him for their Citizen, where many cities banished *Philosophers*, as not fit members to live among them. For onely repeating certaine of *Euripides* verses, many *Athenians* had their lives saved of the *Syracusans*, where the *Athenians* themselves thought many *Philosophers* unworthy to live. Certain *Poets*, as *Symonides* and *Pindarus*, had so prevailed with *Hero* the first, that of a tyrant they made him a just King; where *Plato* could doe so little with *Dionysius*, that he himselfe of a *Philosopher* was made a slave. But who should do thus, I confesse should requite the objections made against *Poets*, with like cavillations against *Philosophers*: as likewise one should do that should bid one read *Phædrus* or *Symposium* in *Plato*, or the discourse of love in *Plutarch*, and see whether any *Poet* do authorize abominable filthinesse as they doe. Againe, a man might aske, out of what common-wealth *Plato* doth banish them; in sooth, thence where he himselfe alloweth community of women. So as belike this banishment grew not for effeminate wantonnes, since little should poetical *Sonnets* be hurtful, whē a man might have what woman hee listed. But I honour Philosophicall instructions, & blesse the wits which bred them: so as they be not abused, which is likewise stretched to *Poetrie*. Saint *Paul* himselfe sets a watch-word upon *Philosophy*, indeed upon the abuse. So doth *Plato* upon the abuse, not upon *Poetry*. *Plato* found fault that the *Poets* of his time fild the world with wrong opinions of the gods, making light tales of that unspotted essence; & therfore would not have the youth depraved with such opinions; herein may much be said; let this suffice. The *Poets* did not induce such opinions: but did imitate those opinions already induced. For all the *Greeke* stories can well testifie, that the very religion of that time, stood upon many, & many fashioned gods: not taught so by *Poets*, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who list may reade in *Plutarch*, the discourses of *Isis* and *Osiris*, of the cause why Oracles ceased, of the divine Providence, and see whether the *Theologie* of that Nation stood not upon such dreams which the *Poets* indeed superstitiously observed, & truly since they had not the light of Christ did much better in it than the *Philosophers*, who shaking off superstition brought in *Atheisme*. *Plato* therefore, whose authority I had much rather justly construe than unjustly resist, meant not in generall of *Poets*, in those words of which *Julius Scaliger* saith, *Qua authoritate barbari quidam atque insipidi abuti velint ad Poëtas è Republica exigendos*; but only meant to drive out those wrong opinions of the Deity: whereof now without further law, *Christianitie* hath taken away all the hurtfull beliefe, perchance as he thought, nourished by then esteemed *Poets*. And a man need goe no further than to *Plato* himselfe to know his meaning: who in his Dialogue called *Ion*, giveth high, & rightly divine commendations unto *Poetrie*. So as *Plato*, banishing the abuse, not the thing, not banishing it, but giving due honour to it, shall be our Patron, and not our adversary. For indeed, I had rather, since truely I may doe it, shew their mistaking of *Plato*, under whose Lyons skinne they would make an Asse-like braying against *Poesie*, than goe about to overthrow his authority; whom the wiser a man is, the more just cause hee shall find to have in admiration: especially since he attributeth unto *Poesie*, more than my selfe doe; namely to bee a very inspiring of a divine force, farre above mans wit, as in the forenamed Dialogue is apparent. Of the other side, who would shew the honours have beene by the best sort of judgements granted them, a whole sea of examples would present themselves; *Alexanders*, *Cæsars*, *Scipio's*, all favorers of *Poets*. *Lælius*, called the Romane *Socrates*, himselfe a *Poet*; so as part of *Heautontimoroumenon* in *Terence*, was supposed to bee made by him. And even the *Greeke Socrates*, whom

whom *Apollo* confirmed to be the only wiſe man, is ſaid to have ſpent part of his old time in putting *Eſops* Fables into Verſes. And therefore full evill ſhould it become his ſcholler *Plato*, to put ſuch words in his maſters mouth againſt *Poets*. But what needs more? *Ariſtotle* writes the Art of *Poeſie*: and why, if it ſhould not be written? *Plutarch* teacheth the uſe to be gathered of them; and how, if they ſhould not bee read? And who reades *Plutarchs* either Hiſtorie or *Philoſophie*, ſhall finde hee trimmeth both their garments with guards of *Poeſie*. But I liſt not to defend *Poeſie* with the helpe of his underling *Hiſtoriographie*: let it ſuffice to have ſhewed, it is a fit ſoile for praiſe to dwell upon: and what diſpraiſe may ſet upon it, is either eaſily overcome, or transformed into juſt commendations. So that ſince the excellencies of it may be ſo eaſily and ſo juſtly confirmed, and the low-creeping objections ſo ſoone trodden downe, it not being an Art of lyes, but of true doctrine; not of effeminateneſſe, but of notable ſtirring of courage; not of abuſing mans wit, but of ſtrengthning mans wit; not baniſhed but honoured by *Plato*; let us rather plant more Lawrels for to ingarland the *Poets* heads (which honour of being Laureate, as beſides them, onely triumphant Captaines weare, is a ſufficient authority to ſhew the price they ought to be held in) than ſuffer the ill ſavoured breath of ſuch wrong ſpeakers, once to blow upon the cleare ſprings of *Poeſie*. But ſince I have runne ſo long a Career in this matter, mee thinkes, before I give my pen a full ſtoppe, it ſhall bee but a little more loſt time, to inquire why England, the mother of excellent mindes, ſhould bee growne ſo hard a ſtep-mother to *Poets*, who certainly in wit ought to paſſe all others, ſince all onely proceeds from their wit, being indeed makers of themſelves, not takers of others. How can I but exclaime, *Muſa mihi cauſas memora, quo numine læſo*: Sweet *Poeſie*, that hath anciently had Kings, Emperours, Senators, great Captaines, ſuch as beſides a thouſand others, *David*, *Adrian*, *Sophocles*, *Germanicus*, not onely to favour *Poets*, but to be *Poets*: and of our neareſt times, can preſent for her Patrons, a *Robert* King of *Sicill*, the great King *Francis* of *France*, King *James* of *Scotland*, ſuch Cardinals as *Bembus*, and *Bibiena*; ſuch famous preachers and teachers, as *Beza*, and *Melanchton*; ſo learned *Philoſophers*, as *Fracaſtorius* and *Scaliger*; ſo great Orators, as *Pontanus*, and *Muretus*; ſo piercing wits, as *George Buchanan*; ſo grave Counſellours, as beſides many, but before all, that *Hoſpitall* of *France*; than whom I thinke that Realme never brought forth a more accompliſhed judgement, more firmely builded upon vertue: I ſay, theſe with numbers of others, not onely to reade others *Poeſies*, but to *Poetiſe* for others reading; that *Poeſie* thus embraced in all other places, ſhould onely finde in our time a hard welcome in England, I thinke the very earth laments it, and therefore deckes our ſoyle with fewer Lawrels than it was accuſtomed. For heretofore, *Poets* have in England alſo flouriſhed: and which is to be noted, even in thoſe times when the Trumpet of *Mars* did ſound lowdeſt. And now that an over-faint quietneſſe ſhould ſeeme to ſtrow the houſe for *Poets*, they are almoſt in as good reputation, as the *Mountebanks* at *Venice*. Truely even that, as of the one ſide it giveth great praiſe to *Poeſie*, which like *Venus* (but to better purpoſe) had rather bee troubled in the net with *Mars*, than enjoy the homely quiet *Vulcan*: ſo ſerves it for a peece of a reaſon, why they are leſſe gratefull to idle England, which now can ſcarce endure the paine of a penne. Upon this neceſſarily followeth, that baſe men with ſervile wits undertake it, who thinke it enough if they can bee rewarded of the Printer: and ſo as *Epaminondas* is ſaid with the honour of his vertue to have made an office, by his exerciſing it, which before was contemptible, to become highly reſpected: ſo theſe men no more but ſetting their names to it, by their owne diſgracefulneſſe, diſgrace the moſt gracefull *Poeſie*. For now, as if all the *Muſes* were got with childe,

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to bring forth baſtard Poets: without any commiſſion they doe poaſt over the bankes of *Helicon*, till they make the Readers more weary than poaſt horſes; while in the meane time, they *Queis meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan*, are better content to ſuppreſſe the out-flowings of their wit, than by publiſhing them, to bee accounted Knights of the ſame order. But I, that before ever I durſt aſpire unto the dignity, and admitted into the company of the *Paper-blurrers*, doe finde the very true cauſe of our wanting eſtimation is want of deſert, taking upon us to bee *Poets* in deſpite of *Pallas*. Now wherein wee want deſert, were a thanke-worthy labour to expreſſe. But if I knew, I ſhould have mended my ſelfe: but as I never deſired the title, ſo have I neglected the meanes to come by it; onely over-maſtered by ſome thoughts, I yeelded an inkie tribute unto them. Marry they that delight in *Poeſie* it ſelfe, ſhould ſeeke to know what they doe: and how they doe eſpecially looke themſelves in an unflattering glaſſe of reaſon, if they bee inclinable unto it. For *Poeſie* muſt not bee drawne by the eares, it muſt be gently led, or rather it muſt lead; which was partly the cauſe that made the ancient learned affirme, it was a divine gift, and no humane skill, ſince all other knowledges lye readie for any that have ſtrength of wit: A *Poet* no induſtry can make, if his owne *Genius* bee not carried into it. And therefore it is an olde proverbe, *Orator fit, Poeta naſcitur*. Yet confeſſe alwayes, that as the fertileſt ground muſt bee manured, ſo muſt the higheſt flying wit have a *Dedalus* to guide him. That *Dedalus* they ſay both in this and in other, hath three wings to beare it ſelfe up into the ayre of due commendation: that is, Art, Imitation and Exerciſe. But theſe neither Artificiall Rules, nor Imitative Patternes wee much cumber our ſelves withall. Exerciſe indeed wee doe, but that very fore-backwardly; for where wee ſhould exerciſe to know, wee exerciſe as having knowne: and ſo is our braine delivered of much matter, which never was begotten by knowledge. For there being two principall parts, matter to be expreſſed by words, and words to expreſſe the matter: in neither, wee uſe Art or imitation rightly. Our matter is, *Quodlibet*, indeed although wrongfully performing *Ovids* Verſe:

Quicquid conabor dicere Verſus erit.

Never marſhalling it into any aſſured ranke, that almoſt the Readers cannot tell where to finde themſelves. *Chaucer* undoubtedly did excellently in his *Troilus* and *Creſcid:* of whom truly I know not whether to marvell more, either that he in that myſtie time could ſee ſo clearely, or that wee in this cleare age goe ſo ſtumblingly after him. Yet had hee great wants, fit to be forgiven in ſo reverent an Antiquitie. I account the mirrour of Magiſtrates, meetely furniſhed of beautifull parts. And in the Earle of *Surry's Lyrickes*, many things taſted of a noble birth, and worthie of a noble minde. The Shepheards Kalender hath much *Poetrie* in his Eclogues, indeed worthie the reading, if I bee not deceived. That ſame framing of his ſtile to an old ruſticke language, I dare not allow; ſince neither *Theocritus* in Greeke, *Virgil* in Latine, *Sanazara* in Italian did affect it. Beſides theſe, I doe not remember to have ſeene but few (to ſpeake boldly) printed that have Poeticall ſinewes in them. For proofe whereof, let but moſt of the Verſes be put in proſe, and then aske the meaning, and it will be found, that one Verſe did but beget another, without ordering at the firſt, what ſhould bee at the laſt, which becomes a confuſed maſſe of words, with a tinkling ſound of ryme, barely accompanied with reaſon. Our Tragedies and Comedies, not without cauſe cried out againſt, obſerving rules neither of honeſt civilitie, nor skilfull *Poetrie:* excepting *Gorboduck* (againe I ſay of thoſe that I have ſeene) which notwithſtanding, as it is full of ſtately ſpeeches, and well ſounding phraſes, climing to the height of *Seneca* his ſtile, and as full of no-

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table moralitie, which it doth moſt delightfully teach, and ſo obtaine the very end of *Poeſie*. Yet in truth, it is very defectuous in the circumſtances, which grieves me, becauſe it might not remaine as an exact modell of all Tragedies. For it is faultie both in place and time, the two neceſſarie companions of all corporall actions. For where the ſtage ſhould alway repreſent but one place; and the uttermoſt time preſuppoſed in it ſhould bee, both by *Ariſtotles* precept, and common reaſon, but one day; there are both many dayes and many places inartificially imagined. But if it be ſo in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the reſt? where you ſhall have *Aſia* of the one ſide and *Affricke* of the other, and ſo many other under-kingdomes, that the Player when he comes in, muſt ever begin with telling where hee is, or elſe the tale will not bee conceived. Now ſhall you have three Ladies walke to gather flowers, and then wee muſt beleeve the ſtage to be a garden. By and by we heare newes of ſhipwracke in the ſame place, then we are to blame if wee accept it not for a rocke. Upon the backe of that comes out a hideous monſter with fire and ſmoke, and then the miſerable beholders are bound to take it for a Cave: while in the meane time two armies flie in, repreſented with foure ſwords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field? Now of time they are much more liberall: For ordinarie it is, that two young Princes fall in love, after many traverſes ſhe is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy, hee is loſt, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two houres ſpace: which how abſurd it is in ſenſe, even ſenſe may imagine: and Art hath taught, and all ancient examples juſtified, and at this day the ordinarie Players in *Italy* will not erre in. Yet will ſome bring in an example of *Eunuch* in *Terence*, that containeth matter of two dayes, yet farre ſhort of twentie yeares. True it is, and ſo was it to bee played in two dayes, and ſo fitted to the time it ſet forth. And although *Plautus* have in one place done amiſſe, let us hit it with him, and not miſſe with him. But they will ſay, how then ſhall wee ſet forth a ſtorie, which containes both many places, and many times? And doe they not know that a Tragedie is tyed to the Lawes of Poeſie, and not of Hiſtorie; not bound to follow the ſtorie, but having libertie either to faine a quite new matter, or to frame the Hiſtorie to the moſt tragicall conveniencie? Againe, many things may bee told, which cannot bee ſhewed: if they know the difference betwixt reporting and repreſenting. As for example, I may ſpeake, though I am here, of *Peru*, and in ſpeech digreſſe from that to the deſcription of *Calecut*: but in action I cannot repreſent it without *Pacolets* horſe. And ſo was the manner the Ancients tooke, by ſome *Nuncius* to recount things done in former time or other place. Laſtly, if they will repreſent an Hiſtorie, they muſt not (as *Horace* ſaith) begin *ab ovo*, but they muſt come to the principall point of that one action which they will repreſent. By example this will bee beſt expreſſed. I have a ſtorie of young *Polydorus*, delivered for ſafeties ſake with great riches by his father *Priamus*, to *Polimneſtor* king of *Thrace*, in the *Trojan* warre time. Hee after ſome yeeres, hearing of the overthrow of *Priamus*, for to make the treaſure his owne murthereth the childe; the bodie of the childe is taken up; *Hecuba*, ſhee the ſame day findeth a ſleight to be revenged moſt cruelly of the Tyrant. Where now would one of our Tragedie-writers begin, but with the deliverie of the childe? Then ſhould one ſaile over into *Thrace*, and ſo ſpend I know not how many yeeres, and travaile numbers of places. But where doth *Euripides*? even with the finding of the bodie, the reſt leaving to be told by the ſpirit of *Polydorus*. This needs no further to bee enlarged, the dulleſt wit may conceive it. But beſides theſe groſſe abſurdities, how all their Playes bee neither right Tragedies, nor right Comedies, mingling Kings and Clownes,

not becauſe the matter ſo carrieth it, but thruſt in the Clowne by head and ſhoulders to play a part in Majeſticall matters, with neither decencie nor diſcretion: ſo as neither the admiration and commiſeration, nor the right ſportfulneſſe, is by their mongrell Tragicomedy obtained. I know *Apuleius* did ſomewhat ſo, but that is a thing recounted with ſpace of time; not repreſented in one moment: and I know the Ancients have one or two examples of Tragicomedies, as *Plautus* hath *Amphitrio*. But if we marke them well, we ſhall finde that they never, or very daintily match horne-pipes and funerals. So falleth it out, that having indeed no right Comedie in that Comicall part of our Tragedie, we have nothing but ſcurrilitie, unworthy of any chaſte eares, or ſome extreme ſhew of doltiſhneſſe, indeed fit to lift up a loud laughter and nothing elſe: where the whole Tract of a Comedie ſhould be full of delight, as the Tragedie ſhould be ſtill maintained in a well raiſed admiration. But our Comedients thinke there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong: for though laughter may come with delight, yet commeth it not of delight, as though delight ſhould be the cauſe of laughter: but well may one thing breed both together. Nay, in themſelves they have as it were a kinde of contrarietie: For delight we ſcarcely doe, but in things that have a conveniency to our ſelves, or to the generall nature. Laughter almoſt ever commeth of things moſt diſproportioned to our ſelves and nature. Delight hath a joy in it either permanent or preſent. Laughter hath onely a ſcornefull tickling. For example; wee are raviſhed with delight to ſee a faire woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter. Wee laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainly wee cannot delight. Wee delight in good chances: wee laugh at miſchances. We delight to heare the happineſſe of our friends and Countrey, at which hee were worthy to be laughed at that would laugh: we ſhall contrarily ſometimes laugh to find a matter quite miſtaken, and goe down the hill againſt the byas, in the mouth of ſome ſuch men, as for the reſpect of them, one ſhall be heartily ſorry hee cannot chooſe but laugh, and ſo is rather pained than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not, but that they may goe well together: for as in *Alexanders* picture well ſet out, we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad Antickes we laugh without delight: So in *Hercules* painted with his great beard and furious countenance in a womans attyre, ſpinning at *Omphale*'s commandement, it breeds doth delight and laughter: for the repreſenting of ſo ſtrange a power in Love procures delight, & the ſcornfulneſſe of the action ſtirreth laughter. But I ſpeake to this purpoſe, that all the end of the Comicall part, be not upon ſuch ſcornefull matters as ſtirre laughter only, but mixe with it that delightfull teaching, which is the end of *Poeſie*. And the great fault even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by *Ariſtotle*, is, that they ſtirre laughter in ſinfull things, which are rather execrable than ridiculous: or in miſerable, which are rather to be pitied than ſcorned. For what is it to make folkes gape at a wretched beggar, and a beggarly Clowne: or againſt law of hoſpitalitie, to jeſt at ſtrangers, becauſe they ſpeak not Engliſh ſo well as we do? what do we learn, ſince it is certaine, *Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in ſe, Quàm quod ridiculos homines facit*. But rather a buſie loving Courtier, and a heartleſſe threatning *Thraſo*; a ſelfe-wiſe ſeeming Schoolemaſter, a wrie transformed Traveller: theſe if wee ſaw walke in ſtage names, which wee play naturally, therein were delightfull laughter, and teaching delightfulneſſe, as in the other the Tragedies of *Buchanan* doe juſtly bring forth a divine admiration. But I have laviſhed out too many words of this play-matter; I doe it, becauſe as they are excellent parts of *Poeſie*, ſo is there none ſo much uſed in *England*, and none can be more pitifull abuſed: which like an unmannerly daughter, ſhewing a bad education, cauſeth her mother *Poeſies* honeſty to bee called

called in queſtion. Other ſorts of *Poetry* almoſt have we none, but that *Lyricall* kinde of ſongs and Sonnets, which, Lord, if he gave us ſo good mindes, how well it might be employed, and with how heavenly fruits, both private and publike, in ſinging the praiſes of the immortall beauty, the immortall goodneſſe of that God, who giveth us hands to write, and wits to conceive? of which we might well want words, but never matter: of which wee could turne our eyes to nothing, but wee ſhould ever have new budding occaſions. But truely, many of ſuch writings as come under the banner of unreſiſtable love, if I were a miſtreſſe, would never perſwade mee they were in love; ſo coldly they apply fiery ſpeeches, as men that had often read lovers writings, and ſo caught up certaine ſwelling phraſes, which hang together, like a man that once told me the winde was at Northweſt and by South, becauſe hee would be ſure to name winds enow, than that in truth they feele thoſe paſſions, which eaſily, as I thinke, may be bewrayed by that ſame forcibleneſſe, or *Energia* (as the Greekes call it) of the writer. But let this be a ſufficient, though ſhort note, that we miſſe the right uſe of the materiall point of *Poeſie*. Now for the outſide of it, which in words or (as I may terme it) *Diction*, it is even well worſe: ſo is that hony-flowing matron *Eloquence*, apparrelled, or rather diſguiſed in a curtiſan-like painted affectation. One time with ſo farre-fetched words, that many ſeeme monſters, but moſt ſeem ſtrangers to any poore Engliſhman: another time with courſing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the method of a Dictionarie: another time with figures and flowers, extremely winter-ſtarved. But I would this fault were onely peculiar to Verſifiers, and had not as large poſſeſſion among Proſe-Printers; and which is to be marvelled, among many ſchollers; and which is to be pitied, among ſome Preachers. Truly, I could wiſh, if at leaſt I might be ſo bold to wiſh, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity, the diligent imitators of *Tully* and *Demoſthenes*, moſt worthie to be imitated, did not ſo much keep *Nizolian* paper-books of their figures and phraſes, as by attentive tranſlation, as it were, devour them whole, and make them wholly theirs. For now they caſt ſugar and ſpice upon every diſh that is ſerved at the table, like thoſe *Indians*, not content to weare eare-rings at the fit and naturall place of the eares, but they thruſt jewels through their noſe and lippes, becauſe they will bee ſure to be fine. *Tully* when he was to drive out *Cateline*, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often uſeth the figure of repetition, as *vivit & vincit, imo in ſenatum venit, imo in ſenatum venit, &c.* Indeed inflamed with a well grounded rage, hee would have his words (as it were) double out of his mouth, & ſo do that artificially, which we ſee men in choler do naturally. And we having noted the grace of thoſe words, hale them in ſometimes to a familiar Epiſtle, when it were too much Choler to be cholericke. How well ſtore of *Similiter Cadenſes* doth ſound with the gravitie of the Pulpit, I would not invoke *Demoſthenes* ſoule to tell, who with a rare daintineſſe uſeth them. Truely they have made me thinke of the *Sophiſter*, that with too much ſubtilty would prove two Egges three, and though he might be counted a *Sophiſter*, had none for his labour. So theſe men bringing in ſuch a kind of eloquence, well may they obtaine an opinion of a ſeeming fineneſſe, but perſwade few, which ſhould be the end of their fineneſs. Now for ſimilitudes in certain printed diſcourſes, I think all Herberiſts, all ſtories of beaſts, fowles and fiſhes, are rifled up, that they may come in multitudes to wait upon any of our conceits, which certainly is as abſurd a ſurfet to the eares as is poſſible. For the force of a ſimilitude not being to prove any thing to a contrarie diſputer, but onely to explaine to a willing hearer, when that is done, the reſt is a moſt tedious pratling, rather over-ſwaying the memory from the purpoſe whereto they were applyed, than any whit enforming the judgment, alreadie either ſatisfied, or by ſimilitudes not to be ſatisfied. For my part, I do not doubt,

when

when *Antonius* and *Crassus*, the great forefathers of *Cicero* in eloquence, the one(as *Cicero* testifieth of them)pretended not to know Art,the other not to set by it (because with a plaine sensiblenesse they might win credit of popular eares,which credit is the neerest step to perswasion , which perswasion is the chiefe marke of Oratorie)I doe not doubt, I say, but that they used these knackes very sparingly, which who doth generally use, any man may see,doth daunce to his owne musicke,and so to be noted by the audience, more carefull to speake curiously than truly. Undoubtedly(at least to my opinion undoubtedly)I have found in divers smal learned Courtiers a more sound stile,than in some possessors of learning; of which I can ghesse no other cause, but that the Courtier following that,which by practice hee findeth fittest to nature,therein(though he know it not)doth according to Art,though not by Art : where the other using Art to shew Art,and not hide Art(as in these cases he should doe) flieth from nature , and indeed abuseth Art. But what? me thinkes I deserve to be pounded for straying from *Poetrie* to *Oratorie* : but both have such an affinitie in the wordish consideration,that I think this digression will make my meaning receive the fuller understanding : which is not to take upon me to teach *Poets* how they should doe, but onely,finding my selfe sick among the rest,to shew some one or two spots of the common infection growne among the most part of writers; that acknowledging our selves somewhat awry,wee may bend to the right use both of matter and manner. Whereto our language giveth us great occasion , being indeed capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know some will say, it is a mingled language: and why not so much the better,taking the best of both the other? Another will say,it wanteth Grammer. Nay truly it hath that praise, that it wants not Grammer ; for Grammer it might have, but needs it not,being so easie in it selfe,& so void of those cumbersome differences of *Cases*,*Genders*,*Moods*,& *Tenses*,which I think was a piece of the tower of *Babylons* curse,that a man should be put to schoole to learne his mother tongue. But for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceit of the minde,which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world: and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together,neere the Greeke, far beyond the Latine, which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language. Now of versifying, there are two sorts,the one ancient,the other moderne : the ancient marked the quantitie of each syllable,and according to that framed his verse: the moderne,observing only number,with some regard of the accent,the chiefe life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words,which we call Ryme. Whether of these be the more excellent, would beare many speeches, the ancient no doubt more fit for Musick,both words and time observing quantity,and more fit lively to expresse divers passions, by the low or lofty sound of the well-weighed syllable. The later likewise with his ryme striketh a certaine musick to the eare: and in fine,since it doth delight,though by another way,it obtaineth the same purpose,there being in either sweetnesse,& wanting in neither Majestie. Truly the English before any vulgar language I know,is fit for both sorts: for, for the ancient, the *Italian* is so full of vowels,that it must ever be cumbred with *Elisions*,the *Dutch* so of the other side with consonants,that they cannot yeeld the sweet sliding fit for a Verse. The *French* in his whole language hath not one word that hath his accent in the last syllable saving two,called *Antepenultima* ; and little more hath the *Spanish*, and therfore very gracelesly may they use *Dactiles*. The *English* is subject to none of these defects. Now for Rime, though we do not observe quantitie,yet wee observe the accent very precisely, which other languages either cannot doe,or will not do so absolutely. That *Cæsura*,or breathing place in the midst of the Verse,neither *Ita-*

lian nor *Spanish* have: the *French* and we never almost faile of. Lastly, even the verie Rime it selfe the *Italian* cannot put in the last syllable, by the *French* named the *Masculine* Rime, but still in the next to the last, which the *French* call the *Female*, or the next before that, which the *Italian Sdrucciola*: the example of the former, is *Buono*, *Suono*; of the *Sdrucciola*, is *Femina*, *Semina*. The *French* on the other side hath both the Male, as *Bon*, *Son*; and the Female, as *Plaise*, *Taise*; but the *Sdrucciola* hee hath not; where the *English* hath all three, as *Doe*, *True*, *Father*, *Rather*, *Motion*, *Potion*, with much more which might bee said, but that already I finde the triflings of this discourse is much too much enlarged. So that since the ever-praise-worthy *Poesie* is full of vertue, breeding delightfulnesse, & void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning, since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble, since the cause why it is not esteemed in *England*, is the fault of Poet-apes, not Poets; since lastly our tongue is most fit to honour *Poesie*, and to be honoured by *Poesie*, I conjure you all that have had the evil luck to read this ink-wasting toy of mine, even in the name of the nine Muses, no more to scorne the sacred mysteries of *Poesie*: no more to laugh at the name of *Poets*, as though they were next inheritors to fooles; no more to jest at the reverent title of a Rimer, but to beleeve with *Aristotle*, that they were the ancient Treasurers of the Grecians divinitie; to beleeve with *Bembus*, that they were first bringers in of all civility; to beleeve with *Scaliger*, that no *Philosophers* precepts can sooner make you an honest man, than the reading of *Virgil*; to beleeve with *Clauserus*, the Translator of *Cornutus*, that it pleased the heavenly deity by *Hesiod* & *Homer*, under the vaile of fables to give us all knowledge, *Logicke*, *Rhetorick*, *Phylosophy* naturall and morall, and *Quid non?* To beleeve with me, that there are many mysteries contained in *Poetry*, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused: to beleeve with *Landin*, that they are so beloved of the gods, that whatsoever they write, proceeds out of a divine fury. Lastly, to beleeve themselves when they tell you they will make you immortal by their verses. Thus doing, your names shall flourish in the Printers shops: thus doing, you shall be of kinne to many a Poetical Preface: thus doing, you shal be most fair, most rich, most wise, most all: you shall dwell upon superlatives. thus doing, though you be *Libertino patre natus*, you shall suddenly grow *Herculea proles*, *Si quid mea carmina possunt*. Thus doing, your soule shal be placed with *Dantes Beatrix*, or *Virgils Anchises*. But if (fie of such a But) you be borne so neere the dul-making *Cataract* of *Nilus*, that you cannot heare the Planet-like musick of *Poetry*; if you have so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift it selfe up to look to the skies of *Poetry*, or rather by a certaine rusticall disdain will become such a mome, as to be a *Momus* of *Poetry*: then though I will not wish unto you the Asses eares of *Midas*, nor to be driven by a Poets verses as *Bubonax* was to hang himselfe, nor to be rimed to death, as is said to be done in *Ireland*; yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalf of all *Poets*, that while you live, you live in love, and never get favour, for lacking skill of a Sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an Epitaph.

Astrophel.

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA.

WRITTEN BY THE NOBLE KNIGHT SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

1

LOving in truth, and faine in verſe my love to ſhow,
That ſhe (deare ſhe) might take ſome pleaſure of my paine:
Pleaſure might cauſe her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pitie win, and pity grace obtaine,
I ſought fit words to paint the blackeſt face of woe,
Studying inventions fine her wits to entertaine:
Oft turning others leaves, to ſee if thence would flow
Some freſh & fruitfull ſhowers upon my ſun-burn'd brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting inventions ſtay:
Invention, Natures child, fled Step-dames Studies blowes,
And others feet ſtill ſeem'd but ſtrangers in my way,
Thus great with child to ſpeak, and helpleſſe in my throwes,
Biting my truant pen, beating my ſelfe for ſpite,
Foole, ſaid my Muſe to me, looke in thy heart and write.

2

Not at the firſt ſight, nor yet with a dribbed ſhot
Love gave the wound, which while I breathe will bleed:
But knowne worth did in time of mine proceed,
Till by degrees it had full conqueſt got.
I ſaw and liked, I lik'd but loved not,
I lov'd, but ſtreight did not what *Love* decreed:
At length to *Loves* decrees I forc't agreed,
Yet with repining at ſo partiall lot.
Now even that footſtep of loſt liberty
Is gone, and now like ſlave-borne *Muſcovite*,
I call it praiſe to ſuffer Tyranny;
And now employ the remnant of my wit,
To make my ſelfe beleeve that all is well,
While with a feeling skill I paint my hell.

3

Let dainty wits cry on the Sisters nine,
That bravely maskt, their fancies may be told:
Or *Pindar's* Apes, flaunt they in phrases fine,
Enam'ling with pide flowers their thoughts of gold:
Or else let them in statelier glory shine,
Ennobling new found Tropes with problemes old:
Or with strange similes enrich each line,
Of herbes or beasts, which *Inde* or *Africke* hold.
For me, in sooth, no Muse but one I know:
Phrases and problemes from my reach doe grow,
And strange things cost too deare for my poore sprites.
How then? even thus: in *Stella's* face I reed,
What Love and Beauty be, then all my deed
But copying is, what in her Nature writes.

4

Vertue alas, now let me take some rest,
Thou setst a bate betweene my will and wit,
If vaine love have my simple soule opprest:
Leave what thou likest not, deale thou not with it.
Thy scepter use in some old *Cato's* breast;
Churches and Schooles are for thy seat more fit:
I doe confesse, pardon a fault confest:
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.
But if that needs thou wilt usurping be,
The little reason that is left in me,
And still th'effects of thy perswasions prove:
I sweare, my heart such one shall shew to thee,
That shrines in flesh so true a Deitie,
That *Vertue*, thou thy selfe shalt be in love.

5

It is most true, that eyes are form'd to serve
The inward light: and that the heavenly part
Ought to be King, from whose rules who doe swerve,
Rebels to nature strive for their owne smart.
It is most true, that we call *Cupids* dart
An image is, which for our selves we carve,
And fooles adore in temple of our heart,
Till that good God make Church and Churchman starve.
True, that true beauty Vertue is indeed,
Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,
Which elements with mortall mixture breed:
True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soule up to our countrey move:
True, and yet true that I must *Stella* love.

Some

6

Some Lovers ſpeake when they their Muſes entertaine,
Of hopes begot by feare, of wot not what deſires:
Of force of heav'nly beames, infuſing helliſh paine:
Of living deaths, dear wounds, fair ſtorms, & freezing fires:

Some one his ſong in *Jove*, and *Joves* ſtrange tales attires,
Bordred with buls and ſwans, powdred with golden rain:
Another humbler wit to ſhepheards pipe retires,
Yet hiding royall blood full oft in rurall vaine.

To ſome a ſweeteſt plaint a ſweeteſt ſtile affords,
While tears pour out his ink, & ſighs breath out his words:
His paper pale deſpaire, and pen his paine doth move.

I can ſpeake what I feele, and feele as much as they,
But thinke that all the map of my ſtate I diſplay,
When trembling voice brings forth that I doe *Stella* love.

7

When nature made her chiefe worke, *Stella's* eyes,
In colour blacke why wrapt ſhe beames ſo bright?
Would ſhe in beamie blacke, like painter wiſe,
Frame daintieſt luſtre, mixt of ſhades and light?

Or did ſhe elſe that ſober hew deviſe,
In object beſt to knit and ſtrengthn our ſight,
Leſt if no vaile theſe brave gleames did diſguiſe,
They ſun-like ſhould more dazle than delight?

Or would ſhe her miraculous power ſhow,
That whereas blacke ſeemes beauties contrary,
She even in blacke doth make all beauties flow?

Both ſo and thus, ſhe minding love ſhould be
Plac'd ever where, gave him this mourning weed,
To honour all their deaths, who for her bleed.

8

Love borne in *Greece*, of late fled from his native place,
Forc't by tedious proofe, that Turkiſh hardned heart,
Is no fit marke to pierce with his fine pointed dart:
And pleas'd with our ſoft pace, ſtay'd here his flying race.

But finding theſe North climes doe coldly him embrace,
Not us'd to frozen clips, he ſtrave to finde ſome part,
Where with moſt eaſe & warmth he might employ his art;
At length he perch'd himſelfe in *Stella's* joyfull face;

Whoſe faire skin, beamie eyes like morning ſun or ſnow,
Deceiv'd the waking boy, who thought from ſo pure light,
Effects of lively heat, muſt needs in nature grow.

But ſhe moſt fair, moſt cold, made him thence take his flight,
To my cloſe heart, where while ſome firebrands he did lay,
Burnt unawares his wings, and cannot flye away.

9

Queene *Vertues* court, which ſome call *Stella's* face,
Prepar'd by Natures choiceſt furniture,
Hath his front built of Alabaſter pure;
Gold is the covering of that ſtately place.

The doore, by which ſometimes comes forth her Grace,
Red Porphir is, which locke of pearle makes ſure:
Whoſe porches rich (which name of cheekes endure)
Marble mixt red and white doe enterlace.

The windowes now through which this heav'nly gueſt
Looks o'r the world, and can finde nothing ſuch,
Which dare claime from thoſe lights the name of beſt.

Of touch they are, that without touch doth touch,
Which *Cupids* ſelfe from beauties mind did draw:
Of touch they are, and poore I am their ſtraw.

10

Reaſon, in faith thou art well ſerv'd, that ſtill
Wouldſt brabbling be with ſenſe and love in me:
I rather wiſht thee climbe the Muſes hill,
Or reach the fruit of Natures choiceſt tree,

Or ſeeke heavens courſe, or heav'ns inſide to ſee:
Why ſhouldſt thou toile our thornie ſoile to till?
Leave ſenſe, and thoſe which ſenſes objects be:
Deale thou with powers of thoughts, leave love to will.

But thou wouldſt needs fight both with love and ſenſe,
With ſword of wit, giving wounds of diſpraiſe,
Till downe-right blowes did foile thy cunning fence:

For ſoone as they ſtrake thee with *Stella's* rayes,
Reaſon thou kneeldſt, and offeredſt ſtraight to prove
By reaſon good, good reaſon her to love.

11

In truth, O Love, with what a boyiſh kinde
Thou doſt proceed in thy moſt ſerious wayes?
That when the heav'n to thee his beſt diſplayes,
Yet of that beſt thou leav'ſt the beſt behinde.

For like a childe that ſome faire booke doth finde,
With gilded leaves or coloured Velume playes,
Or at the moſt on ſome fine picture ſtayes,
But never heeds the fruit of writers minde:

So when thou ſaw'ſt in natures cabinet
Stella, thou ſtraight lookſt babies in her eyes,
In her cheekes pit thou didſt thy pit-fold ſet:

And in her breſt bo-peep or couching lyes,
Playing and ſhining in each outward part:
But foole, ſeek'ſt not to get into her heart.

Cupid

12

Cupid, becauſe thou ſhin'ſt in *Stella's* eyes,
That from her lockes, thy dances none ſcapes free,
That thoſe lips ſweld, ſo full of thee they be,
That her ſweet breath makes oft thy flames to riſe:

That in her breaſt thy pap well ſugred lyes,
That her Grace gracious makes thy wrongs, that ſhe
What words ſo ere ſhe ſpeake perſwades for thee,
That her cleare voice lifts thy fame to the skies;

Thou counteſt *Stella* thine, like thoſe whoſe powers
Having got up a breach by fighting well,
Cry victory, this faire day all is ours.

O no, her heart is ſuch a Citadell,
So fortifi'd with wit, ſtor'd with diſdaine,
That to win it, is all the skill and paine.

13

Phœbus was Judge betweene *Jove*, *Mars*, and *Love*,
Of thoſe three gods whoſe armes the faireſt were:
Joves golden ſhield did Eagle ſables beare,
Whoſe talons held young *Ganimed* above:

But in Vert field *Mars* bare a golden ſpeare,
Which through a bleeding heart his point did ſhove.
Each had his creſt, *Mars* carried *Venus* glove,
Jove on his helme the thunder-bolt did reare.

Cupid then ſmiles, for on his creſt there lyes
Stella's faire haire, her face he makes his ſhield,
Where Roſes geules are borne in ſilver field.

Phœbus drew wide the curtaines of the skies,
To blaze theſe laſt, and ſware devoutly then,
The firſt, thus matcht, were ſcantly Gentlemen.

14

Alas, have I not paine enough my friend,
Upon whoſe breaſt a fiercer Gripe doth tire,
Than did on him who firſt ſtole downe the fire,
While *Love* on me doth all his quiver ſpend;

But with your Rubarb words ye muſt contend,
To grieve me worſe, in ſaying that Deſire
Doth plunge my well-form'd ſoule even in the mire
Of ſinfull thoughts, which doe in ruine end?

If that be ſinne which doth the manners frame,
Well ſtaid with truth in word and faith of deed,
Ready of wit, and fearing nought but ſhame:

If that be ſinne which in fixt hearts doth breed
A loathing of all looſe unchaſtity,
Then Love is ſinne, and let me ſinfull be.

You

15

You that doe ſearch for every purling ſpring,
Which from the ribs of old *Parnaſſus* flowes,
And every flower, not ſweet perhaps, which growes
Neare thereabouts, into your Poeſie wring.

You that doe Dictionaries method bring
Into your rimes, running in rattling rowes:
You that poore *Petrarchs* long deceaſed woes,
With new-borne ſighes, and denifend wits doe ſing;

You take wrong waies: thoſe far-fet helpes be ſuch,
As doe bewray a want of inward touch:
And ſure at length ſtolne goods will come to light.

But if (both for your love and skill) your name
You ſeeke to nurſe at fulleſt breaſts of fame,
Stella behold, and then begin t'endite.

16

In nature, apt to like, when I did ſee
Beauties, which were of many Carrets fine,
My boiling ſpirits did thither ſoone incline,
And, Love, I thought that I was full of thee:

But finding not thoſe reſtleſſe flames in me,
Which others ſaid did make their ſoules to pine:
I taught thoſe babes of ſome pins hurt did whine,
By my ſoule judging what Loves paine might be.

But while I (foole) thus with this Lyon play'd,
Mine eyes (ſhall I ſay curſt or bleſt) beheld
Stella, now ſhe is nam'd need more be ſaid?

In her ſight I a leſſon new have ſpell'd,
I now have learn'd Love right, and learn'd even ſo,
As who by being poiſon'd doth poiſon know.

17

His mother deare *Cupid* offended late,
Becauſe that *Mars* growne ſlacker in her love,
With pricking ſhot he did not throughly move,
To keepe the pace of their firſt loving ſtate.

The boy refus'd, for feare of *Mars* his hate,
Who threatned ſtripes if he his wrath did prove:
But ſhe in chafe him from her lap did ſhove,
Brake bow, brake ſhafts, while *Cupid* weeping ſate:

Till that his grandame *Nature* pitying it,
Of *Stella's* browes made him two better bowes,
And in her eyes of arrowes infinite.

O how for joy he leaps, O how he crowes!
And ſtraight therewith, like wags new got to play,
Fals to ſhrewd turnes, and I was in his way.

18

With what ſharpe checkes I in my ſelfe am ſhent,
When into reaſons audite I doe goe:
And by juſt counts my ſelfe a bankrout know,
Of all thoſe goods, which heav'n to me hath lent.

Unable quite to pay even Natures rent,
Which unto it by birth-right I doe owe:
And which is worſe, no good excuſe can ſhow,
But that my wealth I have moſt idly ſpent.

My youth doth waſte, my knowledge brings forth toies,
My wit doth ſtrive thoſe paſſions to defend,
Which for reward ſpoile it with vaine annoyes.

I ſee my courſe to loſe my ſelfe doth bend:
I ſee and yet no greater ſorrow take,
Than that I loſe no more for *Stella's* ſake.

19

On *Cupids* bow how are my heart-ſtrings bent,
That ſee my wracke, and yet embrace the ſame?
When moſt I glory, then I feele moſt ſhame:
I willing run, yet while I run repent.

My beſt wits ſtill their owne diſgrace invent:
My very inke turnes ſtraight to *Stella's* name,
And yet my words, as them my pen doth frame,
Adviſe themſelves that they are vainly ſpent.

For though ſhe paſſe all things, yet what is all
That unto me, who fare like him that both
Lookes to the skies, and in a ditch doth fall:

O let me prop my minde yet in his growth,
And not in Nature, for beſt fruits unfit:
Scholler, ſaith *Love*, bend hitherward your wit.

20

Fly, flie my friends, I have my deaths wound, flie,
See there that boy, that murthering boy I ſay,
Who like a thiefe, hid in darke buſh doth lye,
Till bloudy bullet get him wrongfull prey.

So tyrant he, no fitter place could ſpye,
Nor ſo faire levell in ſo ſecret ſtay,
As that ſweet blacke which vailes the heavenly eye,
There he himſelfe with his ſhot cloſe doth lay.

Poore paſſenger, paſſe now there by I did,
And ſtaid, pleas'd with the proſpect of the place,
While that blacke hue from me the bad gueſt hid:

But ſtreight I ſaw motions of lightning grace,
And then deſcri'd the gliſtering of his dart:
But ere I could flye thence it pierc't my heart.

21

Your words, my friend (right healthfull cauſtickes) blame
My young minde mard, whom *Love* doth windlas ſo,
That mine owne writings like bad ſervants ſhow
My wits, quicke in vaine thoughts, in vertue lame:
That *Plato* I read for naught, but if he tame
Such coltiſh yeares, that to my birth I owe
Nobler deſires, leſt elſe that friendly foe,
Great expectation, weare a traine of ſhame.
For ſince mad March great promiſe made of me,
If now the May of my yeares much decline,
What can be hop't my harveſt time will be?
Sure you ſay well, your wiſdomes golden Mine,
Digge deepe with learnings ſpade, now tell me this,
Hath this world ought ſo faire as *Stella* is?

22

In higheſt way of heav'n the Sun did ride,
Progreſſing then from faire twins golden place:
Having no ſcarfe of clouds before his face,
But ſhining forth of heat in his chiefe pride:
When ſome faire Ladies by hard promiſe ty'd,
On horſe-backe met him in his furious race,
Yet each prepar'd with fannes well-ſhading grace,
From that foes wounds their tender skins to hide.
Stella alone with face unarmed marcht;
Either to doe like him which open ſhone,
Or careleſſe of the wealth becauſe her owne:
Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parcht,
Her daintieſt bare went free; the cauſe was this,
The Sun which others burn'd, did her but kiſſe.

23

The curious wits ſeeing dull penſiveneſſe
Bewray it ſelfe in my long ſettled eyes,
Whence thoſe ſame fumes of melancholy riſe,
With idle paines, and miſſing ayme, doe gheſſe.
Some that know how my ſpring I did addreſſe,
Deeme that my Muſe ſome fruit of knowledge plies:
Others, becauſe the Prince my ſervice tryes,
Thinke that I thinke State errours to redreſſe.
But harder Judges judge ambitions rage,
Scourge of it ſelfe, ſtill climing ſlippery place,
Holds my young braine captiv'd in golden cage.
O fooles, or over-wiſe, alas, the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither ſtop nor ſtart,
But onely *Stella's* eyes and *Stella's* heart.

24

Rich fooles there be, whose base and filthy heart
Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow:
And damning their owne selves to *Tantals* smart,
Wealth breeding want, more blest, more wretched grow.

Yet to those fooles heav'n such wit doth impart,
As what their hands doe hold, their heads doe know,
And knowing love, and loving lay apart,
As sacred things, farre from all dangers show.

But that rich foole who by blinde Fortunes lot,
The richest gemme of Love and life enjoyes,
And can with foule abuse such beauties blot;

Let him, depriv'd of sweet but unfelt joyes,
(Exil'd for aye from those high treasures, which
He knowes not) grow in onely folly rich.

25

The wisest scholler of the wight most wise,
By *Phœbus* doome, with sugred sentence sayes,
That vertue if it once met with our eyes,
Strange flames of *Love* it in our soules would raise

But for that man with paine this truth descries,
While he each thing in senses ballance waighes,
And so nor will, nor can behold those skies,
Which inward Sun to *Heroick* minde displayes.

Vertue of late with vertuous care to stirre
Love, of her selfe tooke *Stella's* shape, that she
To mortall eyes might sweetly shine in her.

It is most true, for since I her did see,
Vertues great beautie in that face I prove,
And finde th'effect, for I doe burne in love.

26

Though dusty wits dare scorne Astrologie,
And fooles can think those Lamps of purest light,
Whose numbers weighes greatnesse eternity,
Promising wonders, wonder doe invite:

To have for no cause birthright in the skie,
But for to spangle the blacke weeds of night:
Or for some brawle, which in the chamber hye,
They should still dance to please a gazers sight.

For me, I doe Nature un-idle know,
And know great causes, great effects procure:
And know those bodies high raine on the low.

And if these rules did faile, proofe makes me sure,
Who oft fore-judge my after following race,
By onely those two starrs in *Stella's* face.

Becatse

27

Because I oft in darke abstracted guise,
Seeme most alone in greatest company:
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry,
To them that would make speech of speech arise;
They deeme, and of their doome the rumour flies,
That poison foule of bubbling pride doth lye
So in my swelling breast, that onely I
Fawne on my selfe, and others doe despise:
Yet pride I thinke doth not my soule possesse,
Which lookes too oft in his unflattering glasse:
But one worse fault *Ambition* I confesse,
That makes me oft my best friends over passe,
Unseene, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto *Stella's* grace.

28

You that with allegories curious frame,
Of others children changelings use to make,
With me those pains for Gods sake do not take:
I list not dig so deepe for brasen fame.
When I say *Stella*, I doe meane the same
Princesse of beauty, for whose onely sake,
The raines of *Love* I love, though never slake,
And joy therein though Nations count it shame.
I begge no subject to use eloquence,
Nor in hid wayes doe guide Philosophy:
Looke at my hands for no such quintessence;
But know that I in pure simplicity,
Breath out the flames which burn within my heart;
Love onely reading unto me this Art.

29

Like some weak Lords, neighbourd by mighty Kings,
To keep themselves and their chiefe Cities free,
Doe eas'ly yeeld, that all their coasts may be
Ready to store their campes of needfull things:
So *Stella's* heart finding what power *Love* brings,
To keepe it selfe in life and libertie,
Doth willing grant, that in the frontiers he
Use all to helpe his other conquerings:
And thus her heart escapes, but thus her eyes
Serve him with shot, her lips his heralds are,
Her breasts his tents, legs his triumphall carre:
Her flesh his food, her skin his armour brave,
And I, but for because my prospect lyes
Upon that coast, am giv'n up for a slave.

Whether

30

Whether the Turkish new-moone minded be
To fill his hornes this yeare on Christian coast?
How *Poles* right King meanes without leave of hoast
To warme with ill-made fire cold *Moscovie*?

If French can yet three parts in one agree?
What now the Dutch in their full diets boast,
How *Holland* hearts, now so good townes be lost,
Trust in the shade of pleasing *Orange* tree?

How *Ulster* likes of that same golden bit,
Wherewith my father once made it halfe tame?
If in the *Scotch* Court be no weltring yet?

These questions busie wits to me doe frame;
I cumbred with good manners, answer doe,
But know not how, for still I thinke of you.

31

With how sad steps, O moone, thou climbst the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face?
What, may it be that even in heavenly place
That busie archer his sharpe arrowes tries?

Sure if that long with *Love* acquainted eyes
Can judge of *Love*, thou feel'st a Lovers case,
I read it in thy lookes, thy languisht grace,
To me that feele the like, thy state descries.

Then ev'n of fellowship, O moone, tell me
Is constant *Love* deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?

Doe they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those Lovers scorne whom that *Love* doth possesse?
Doe they call *Vertue* there ungratefulnesse?

32

Morpheus the lively sonne of deadly sleepe,
Witnesse of life to them that living dye:
A Prophet oft, and oft an historie,
A Poet eke, as humours flye or creepe.

Since thou in me so sure a power dost keepe,
That never I with close up sense doe lye,
But by thy worke (my *Stella*) I descry,
Teaching blinde eyes both how to smile and weepe.

Vouchsafe of all acquaintance this to tell,
Whence hast thou Ivorie, Rubies, Pearle, and Gold,
To shew her skin, lips, teeth, and head so well?

Foole, answers he, no *Indes* such treasures hold,
But from thy heart, while my fire charmeth thee,
Sweet *Stella's* image I doe steale to me.

33

I might, unhappy word, O me, I might,
And then would not, or could not see my blisse:
Till now, wrapt in a most infernall night,
I finde how heav'nly day wretch I did misse.

Heart rent thy selfe, thou dost thy selfe but right,
No lovely *Paris* made thy *Hellen* his:
No force, no fraud robb'd thee of thy delight;
Nor fortune of thy fortune author is:

But to my selfe my selfe did give the blow,
While too much wit (forsooth) so troubled me,
That I respects for both our sakes must show:

And yet could not by rising Morne fore-see!
How faire a day was neare, O punisht eyes
That I had been more foolish or more wise.

34

Come, let me write; and to what end? to ease
A burthened heart: how can words ease, which are
The glasses of thy daily vexing care?
Oft cruell fights well pictur'd forth doe please.

Art not asham'd to publish thy disease?
Nay, that may breed my fame, it is so rare;
But will not wise men thinke thy words fond ware?
Then be they close, and so none shall displease.

What idler thing, than speake and not be heard?
What harder thing than smart, and not to speake?
Peace foolish wit, with wit my wit is marr'd.

Thus write I while I doubt to write, and wreake
My harmes on Inkes poore losse, perhaps some finde
Stella's great powers, that so confuse my mind.

35

What may words say, or what may words not say,
Where truth it selfe must speake like flattery?
Within what bounds can one his liking stay,
Where nature doth with infinite agree?

What *Nestors* counsell can my flames allay,
Since Reasons selfe doth blow the coale in me?
And ah, what hope, that hope should once see day,
Where *Cupid* is sworne Page to Chastitie?

Honour is honour'd, that thou dost possesse
Him as thy slave, and now long needy Fame
Doth even grow rich, naming my *Stella's* name.

Wit learnes in thee perfection to expresse,
Not thou by praise, but praise in thee is rais'd:
It is a praise to praise when thou art prais'd.

36

Stella, whence doth this new assault arise,
A conquered golden heart to win?
Whereto long since through my long battred eyes,
Whole armies of thy beauties entred in.

And there long since, *Love* thy Lievtenant lyes,
My forces raz'd, thy banners rais'd within:
Of conquest, doe not these effects suffice,
But wilt now warre upon thine owne begin?

With so sweet voice, and by sweet Nature so
In sweetest strength, so sweetly skill'd withall,
In all sweet stratagems sweet Art can show,

That not my soule, which at thy foot did fall,
Long since forc'd by thy beames, but stone nor tree,
By senses priviledge, can scape from thee.

37

My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be:
Listen then Lordings with good eare to me:
For of my life I must a riddle tell.

Toward *Aurora's* Court a Nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties, which mans eye can see:
Beauties so farre from reach of words, that we
Abase her praise, saying she doth excell:

Rich in the treasure of deserv'd renowne,
Rich in the riches of a royall heart,
Rich in those gifts which give th'eternall crowne;

Who though most rich in these and every part,
Which make the patents of true worldly blisse,
Hath no misfortune, but that rich she is.

38

This night, while sleep begins with heavie wings
To hatch mine eyes, and that unbitted thought
Doth fall to stray, and my chiefe powers are brought
To leave the scepter of all subject things,

The first that straight my fancies errour brings
Unto my minde, is *Stella's* image wrought
By *Loves* owne selfe, but with so curious drought,
That she, me thinks, not onely shines but sings.

I start, looke, hearke, but what in clos'd-up sense
Was held, in open'd sense it flyes away,
Leaving me nought but wailing eloquence:

I seeing better sights in sights decay,
Call'd it anew, and wooed sleep againe:
But him her host that unkinde guest had slaine.

39

Come sleep, O sleep, the certaine knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balme of woe,
The poore mans wealth, the prisoners release,
Th'indifferent Judge betweene the high and low;
With shield of proofe shield me from out the preasse
Of those fierce darts Despaire at me doth throw.
O make in me those civill warres to ceasse;
I will good tribute pay if thou doe so.
Take thou of me smooth pillowes, sweetest bed,
A chamber deafe to noise, and blinde to light,
A rosie garland, and a weary head:
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavie grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere *Stella's* image see.

40

As good to write as for to lye and grone.
O *Stella* deare, how much thy power hath wrought!
Thou hast my minde, none of the basest, brought
By still kept course, while other sleep, to mone.
Alas, if from the height of Vertues throne,
Thou canst vouchsafe the influence of a thought
Upon a wretch, that long thy grace hath sought;
Weigh then how I by thee am overthrowne:
And then thinke thus, although thy beauty be
Made manifest by such a victory,
Yet noblest conquerours doe wreckes avoid.
Since then thou hast so farre subdued me,
That in my heart I offer still to thee,
O doe not let thy temple be destroy'd.

41

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,
Both by the judgement of the *English* eyes,
And of some sent from that sweet enemie, *France*;
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance:
Towne-folkes my strength; a daintier Judge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise:
Some luckie wits impute it but a chance:
Others, because of both sides I doe take
My bloud from them who did excell in this,
Thinke nature me a man of armes did make.
How farre they shot awry! the true cause is,
Stella lookt on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beames, which made so faire my race.

O

42

O eyes which doe the Spheares of beauty move,
Whoſe beames be joyes, whoſe joyes all vertues be,
Who while they make *Love* conquer, conquer *Love*,
The Schooles where *Venus* hath learn'd chaſtitie.

O eyes, where humble lookes moſt glorious prove,
Onely lov'd Tyrants, juſt in crueltie,
Doe not, O doe not from poore me remove,
Keep ſtill my Zenith, ever ſhine on me.

For though I never ſee them, but ſtraightwayes
My life forgets to nouriſh languiſht ſprites;
Yet ſtill on me, O eyes, dart downe your rayes:

And if from Majeſty of ſacred lights,
Oppreſſing mortall ſenſe, my death proceed,
Wrackes Triumphs be, which *Love* (high ſet) doth breed.

43

Faire eyes, ſweet lips, deare heart, that fooliſh I
Could hope by *Cupids* helpe on you to prey;
Since to himſelfe he doth your gifts apply,
As his maine force, choice ſport, and eaſefull ſtay.

For when hee will ſee who dare him gaine-ſay,
Then with thoſe eyes he lookes, lo by and by
Each ſoule doth at *Loves* feet his weapons lay,
Glad if for her he give them leave to die.

When he will play, then in her lips he is,
Where bluſhing red, that *Loves* ſelfe them doth love.
Wtih either lip he doth the other kiſſe:

But when he will for quicts ſake remove
From all the world, her heart is then his roome,
Where well he knowes no man can to him come.

44

My words I know doe well ſet forth my minde,
My minde bemones his ſenſe of inward ſmart,
Such ſmart may pitie claime of any heart,
Her heart, ſweet heart, is of no Tigres kinde:

And yet ſhe heares, and yet no pitty I finde;
But more I cry, leſſe grace me doth impart.
Alas, what cauſe is there ſo overthwart,
That Nobleneſſe it ſelfe makes thus unkinde?

I much doe gheſſe, yet finde no truth ſave this,
That when the breath of my complaints doth touch
Thoſe dainty doores unto the Court of bliſſe,

The heav'nly nature of that place is ſuch,
That once come there, the ſobs of mine annoyes
Are metamorphos'd ſtraight to tunes of joyes.

45

Stella oft ſees the very face of woe
Painted in my beclouded ſtormie face:
But cannot skill to pitie my diſgrace,
Not though thereof the cauſe her ſelfe ſhe know:
Yet hearing late a fable, which did ſhow
Of Lovers never knowne, a grievous caſe,
Pitie thereof gate in her breaſt ſuch place,
That from that ſea deriv'd teares ſpring did flow.
Alas, if fancie drawne by imag'd things,
Though falſe, yet with free ſcope more grace doth breed
Than ſervants wracke, where new doubts honour brings;
Then thinke my deare, that you in me doe reed
Of Lovers ruine ſome ſad Tragedie:
I am not I, pitie the tale of me.

46

I curſt thee oft, I pitie now thy caſe,
Blind-hitting boy, ſince ſhe that thee and me
Rules with a becke, ſo tyrannizeth thee,
That thou muſt want or food, or dwelling place.
For ſhe proteſts to baniſh thee her face.
Her face? O *Love*, a Rogue thou then ſhouldſt be!
If *Love* learne not alone to love and ſee,
Without deſire to feed of further grace:
Alas poore wag, that now a ſcholler art
To ſuch a ſchoole-miſtreſſe, whoſe leſſons new
Thou needs muſt miſſe, and ſo thou needs muſt ſmart.
Yet deare, let me his pardon get of you,
So long (though he from booke miche to deſire)
Till without fewell you can make hot fire.

47

What? have I thus betray'd my libertie?
Can thoſe blacke beames ſuch burning markes engrave
In my free ſide? or am I borne a ſlave,
Whoſe necke becomes ſuch yoke of tyrannie?
Or want I ſenſe to feele my miſerie?
Or ſprite, diſdaine of ſuch diſdaine to have?
Who for long faith, tho daily helpe I crave,
May get no almes but ſcorne of beggery.
Vertue awake, Beautie but beautie is,
I may, I muſt, I can, I will, I doe
Leave following that, which it is gaine to miſſe.
Let her doe: ſoft, but here ſhe comes, goe to,
Unkind, I love you not: O me, that eye
Doth make my heart to give my tongue the lye.

Soules

48

Soules joy, bend not thoſe morning ſtarres from me;
Where Vertue is made ſtrong by beauties might,
Where love is chaſtneſſe, paine doth learne delight;
And humbleneſſe growes one with Majeſtie.

What ever may enſue, O let mee be
Copartner of the riches of that ſight:
Let not mine eyes be hell-driven from that light:
O looke, O ſhine, O let me die and ſee.

For though I oft my ſelfe of them bemone,
That through my heart their beamie darts be gone,
Whoſe cureleſſe wounds even now moſt freſhly bleed:

Yet ſince my death-wound is already got,
Deare Killer, ſpare not thy ſweet cruell ſhot:
A kinde of grace it is to ſlay with ſpeed.

49

I on my horſe, and *Love* on me doth try
Our horſemanſhips, while by ſtrange worke I prove
A horſeman to my horſe, a horſe to *Love*;
And now mans wrongs in me poore beaſt deſcry.

The reines wherewith my Rider doth me tie,
Are humbled thoughts, which bit if reverence move,
Curb'd in with feare, but with gilt boſſe above
Of hope, which makes it ſeeme faire to the eye.

The Wand is will, thou Fancie Saddle art,
Girt faſt by Memorie, and while I ſpurre
My horſe, he ſpurres with ſharpe deſire my heart:

He ſits me faſt, how ever I doe ſturre:
And now hath made me to his hand ſo right,
That in the manage my ſelfe takes delight.

50

Stella, the fulneſſe of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be ſtaid within my panting breaſt,
But they doe ſwell and ſtruggle forth of me,
Till that in words thy figure be expreſt.

And yet as ſoone as they ſo formed be,
According to my Lord *Loves* owne beheſt,
With ſad eyes I their weake proportion ſee,
To pourtrait that which in this world is beſt.

So that I cannot chuſe but write my minde,
And cannot chuſe but put out what I write,
While theſe poore babes their death in birth doe finde.

And now my pen theſe lines had daſhed quite,
But that they ſtopt his furie from the ſame,
Becauſe their forefront bare ſweet *Stella's* name.

Pardon

51

Pardon mine eares, both I and they doe pray,
So may your tongue ſtill fluently proceed,
To them that doe ſuch entertainment need,
So may you ſtill have ſomewhat new to ſay.

On ſilly me doe not the burthen lay
Of all the grave conceits your braine doth breed;
But finde ſome *Hercules* to beare, in ſtead
Of *Atlas* tyr'd, your wiſedomes heavenly ſway.

For me, while you diſcourſe of courtly tides,
Of cunning fiſhers in moſt troubled ſtreames,
Of ſtraying wayes when valiant errour guides:

Meane while my heart conferres my *Stella's* beames,
And is even irkt that ſo ſweet Comedie,
By ſuch unſuted ſpeech ſhould hindred be.

52

A ſtrife is growne betweene *Vertue* and *Love*,
While each pretends that *Stella* muſt be his:
Her eyes, her lips, her all (ſaith *Love*) doe this,
Since they doe weare his badge, moſt firmely prove.

But *Vertue* thus that title doth diſprove,
That *Stella* (O deare name) that *Stella* is
That vertuous ſoule, ſure heire of heav'nly bliſſe:
Not this faire outſide, which our hearts doth move.

And therefore though her beauty and her grace
Be *Loves* indeed, in *Stella's* ſelfe he may
By no pretence claime any manner place.

Well *Love*, ſince this demurre our ſuit doth ſtay,
Let *Vertue* have that *Stella's* ſelfe; yet thus,
That *Vertue*, but that body grant to us.

53

In martiall ſports I had my cunning try'd,
And yet to breake more ſtaves did me addreſſe:
While with the peoples ſhouts, I muſt confeſſe,
Youth, lucke, and praiſe even fill'd my veines with pride.

When *Cupid* having me his ſlave deſcry'd
In *Mars* his livery prauncing in the preſſe:
What now ſir foole, ſaid he, I would no leſſe,
Looke here, I ſay; I look'd and *Stella* ſpi'd:

Who hard by made a window ſend forth light,
My heart then quak'd, then dazeled were mine eyes,
One hand forgat to rule, th'other to fight.

Nor trumpets ſound I heard, nor friendly cryes,
My foe came on, and beat the aire for me,
Till that her bluſh taught me my ſhame to ſee.

Becauſe

54

Becauſe I breathe not love to every one,
Nor doe not uſe ſet colours for to weare,
Nor nouriſh ſpeciall lockes of vowed haire,
Nor give each ſpeech a full point of a grone:
The Courtly Nymphs acquainted with the mone
Of them, who in their lips loves ſtandard beare,
What he? ſay they of me, now I dare ſweare,
He cannot love: no, no, let him alone.
And thinke ſo ſtill, ſo *Stella* know my minde.
Profeſſe indeed I doe not *Cupids* art,
But you faire maids at length this true ſhall finde,
That his right badge is but worne in the heart:
Dumbe Swannes, not chattering Pyes doe Lovers prove,
They love indeed, who quake to ſay they love.

55

Muſes, I oft invoke your holy aide,
With choiceſt flowers my ſpeech t'engarland ſo;
That it deſpis'd in true but naked ſhow,
Might winne ſome grace in your ſweet grace arraid.
And oft whole troops of ſaddeſt words I ſtay'd,
Striving abroad a forraging to goe;
Untill by your inſpiring I might know,
How their blacke banner might be beſt diſplay'd.
But now I meane no more your helpe to try,
Nor other ſugring of my ſpeech to prove,
But on her name inceſſantly to cry:
For let me but name her whom I doe love,
So ſweet ſound ſtraight mine eares and heart doth hit,
That I well finde no eloquence like it.

56

Fie ſchoole of patience, fie, your leſſon is
Farre farre too long to learne it without booke:
What, a whole weeke without one piece of looke,
And thinke I ſhould not your large precepts miſſe?
When I might read thoſe letters faire of bliſſe,
Which in her face teach vertue, I could brooke
Somewhat thy leaden counſels, which I tooke
As of a friend that meant not much amiſſe:
But now that I, alas, doe want her ſight,
What, doſt thou thinke that I can ever take
In thy cold ſtuffe a flegmaticke delight?
No, patience, if thou wilt my good, then make
Her come, and heare with patience my deſire,
And then with patience bid me beare my fire.

Woe,

57

Wo, having made with many fights his owne
Each ſenſe of mine, each gift, each power of minde,
Growne now his ſlaves, he forc't them out to finde
The thoroweſt words, fit for woes ſelfe to grone,

Hoping that when they might finde *Stella* alone,
Before ſhe could prepare to be unkind,
Her ſoule arm'd but with ſuch a dainty rinde,
Should ſoone be pierc't with ſharpneſſe of the mone.

She heard my plaints, and did not onely heare,
But them (ſo ſweet as ſhe) moſt ſweetly ſing,
With that faire breaſt, making woes darkneſſe cleare:

A pretty caſe I hoped her to bring,
To feele my griefes, and ſhe with face and voice,
So ſweets my paines, that my paines me rejoice.

58

Doubt there hath beene when with his golden chaine,
The Orator ſo farre mens hearts doth binde,
That no pace elſe their guided ſteps can finde,
But as he them more ſhort or ſlacke doth raine.

Whether with words this ſoveraignty he gaine,
Cloth'd with fine tropes, with ſtrongeſt reaſon lin'd,
Or elſe pronouncing grace, wherewith his mind
Prints his owne lively forme in rudeſt braine:

Now judge by this, in piercing phraſes late,
Th'Anatomie of all my woes I wrate,
Stella's ſweet breath the ſame to me did reed.

O voice, O face, maugre my ſpeeches might,
Which wooed woe, moſt raviſhing delight,
Even thoſe ſad words even in ſad me did breed.

59

Deare, why make you more of a dog than me?
If he doe love, I burne, I burne in love:
If he wait well, I never thence would move:
If he be faire, yet but a dog can be.

Little he is, ſo little worth is he:
He barkes, my ſongs thine owne voice oft doth prove:
Bidden perhaps he fetcheth thee a glove,
But I unbid, fetch even my ſoule to thee.

Yet while I languiſh, him that boſome clips,
That lap doth lap, nay lets, in ſpite of ſpite,
This ſowre-breath'd mate taſte of thoſe ſugred lips.

Alas, if you grant onely ſuch delight
To witleſſe things, then *Love*, I hope (ſince wit
Becomes a clog) will ſoone eaſe me of it.

When

60

When my good Angel guides me to the place,
Where all my good I doe in *Stella* see,
That heav'n of joyes throwes onely downe on me
Thundred disdaines, and lightnings of disgrace:
But when the rugged step of Fortunes race
Makes me fall from her sight, then sweetly she
With words, wherein the Muses treasures be,
Shewes love and pitty to my absent case.
Now I wit-beaten long by hardest Fate,
So dull am, that I cannot looke into
The ground of this fierce *Love* and lovely hate:
Then some good bodie tell me how I doe,
Whose presence, absence, absence presence is;
Blest in my curse, and cursed in my blisse.

61

Oft with true sighes, oft with uncalled teares,
Now with slow words, now with dumb eloquence,
I *Stella's* eyes assay'd, invade her eares;
But this at last is her sweet breath'd defence:
That who indeed infelt affection beares,
So captives to his Saint both soule and sense,
That wholly hers, all selfenesse he forbeares,
Then his desires, hee learnes his lives course thence.
Now since her chaste minde hates this love in me,
With chastened minde, I straight must shew that she
Shall quickly me from what she hates remove.
O Doctor *Cupid*, thou for me reply,
Driven else to grant by Angels sophistry,
That I love not, without I leave to love.

62

Late tyr'd with woe, even ready for to pine
With rage of *Love*, I call'd my Love unkinde;
She, in whose eyes *Love* though unfelt doth shine,
Sweet said that I true love in her should finde,
I joy'd, but straight thus watered was my wine,
That love she did, but lov'd a love not blinde;
Which would not let me, whom she lov'd, decline
From nobler course, fit for my birth and minde:
And therefore by her loves authority,
Will'd me these tempests of vaine love to flye,
And anchor fast my selfe on *Vertues* shore.
Alas, if this the onely metall be
Of *Love*, new-coin'd to helpe my beggery,
Deare, love me not, that ye may love me more.

63

O Grammar rules, O now your vertue ſhow;
So children ſtill read you with awfull eyes,
As my young Dove may in your precepts wiſe
Her grant to me by her owne vertue know.

For late with heart moſt high, with eyes moſt low,
I crav'd the thing which ever ſhe denies:
She lightning *Love* diſplaying *Venus* skies,
Leſt once ſhould not be heard, twice ſaid, No, no.

Sing then my Muſe, now *Io Pæan* ſing,
Heavens envie not at my high triumphing:
But Grammars force with ſweet ſucceſſe confirme:

For Grammar ſayes (O this deare *Stella* ſay)
For Grammar ſayes (to Grammar who ſayes nay)
That in one ſpeech two Negatives affirme.

First Song.

Doubt you to whom my Muſe theſe notes entendeth,
Which now my breaſt orecharg'd to Muſicke lendeth?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely in you my ſong begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry ſtate with pleaſure,
Who keepes the key of Natures chiefeſt treaſure:
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely for you the heav'n forgat all meaſure.

Who hath the lips where wit in fairneſſe raigneth,
Who womankind at once both deckes and ſtaineth:
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely by you Cupid *his Crowne maintaineth.*

Who hath the feet, whoſe ſtep of ſweetneſſe planteth,
Who elſe for whom Fame *worthy trumpets wanteth:*
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely to you her Scepter Venus *granteth.*

Who hath the breaſt, whoſe milke doth paſſions nouriſh,
Whoſe grace is ſuch, that when it chides doth cheriſh:
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely through you the tree of life doth flouriſh.

Who hath the hand which without ſtroke ſubdueth,
Who long dead beautie with encreaſe reneweth:
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely at you all envie hopeleſſe rueth.

Who

Who hath the haire which looſeſt faſteſt tieth,
Who makes a man live then glad when he dieth:
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely of you the flatterer never dieth.

Who hath the voice, which ſoule from ſenſes ſunders,
Whoſe force but yours the bolts of beauty thunders:
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whom my Muſe theſe notes entendeth,
Which now my breaſt orecharg'd to Muſicke lendeth:
To you, to you all ſong of praiſe is due,
Onely in you my ſong begins and endeth.

64

No more, my deare, no more theſe counſels try,
O give my paſſions leave to run their race:
Let fortune lay on me her worſt diſgrace,
Let folke orecharg'd with braine againſt me crie.

Let clouds be-dimme my face, breake in mine eye,
Let me no ſteps but of loſt labour trace:
Let all the earth with ſcorne recount my caſe,
But doe not will me from my love to flye.

I doe not envie *Ariſtotles* wit,
Nor doe aſpire to *Cæſars* bleeding fame,
Nor ought doe care though ſome above me ſit:

Nor hope, nor with another courſe to frame,
But which once may win thy cruell heart,
Thou art my Wit, and thou my Vertue art.

65

Love, by ſure proofe I may call thee unkind,
That giv'ſt no better eare to my juſt cries:
Thou whom to me ſuch my good turnes ſhould bind,
As I may well recount, but none can prize:

For when nak'd boy thou couldſt no harbour finde,
In this old world, growne now ſo too too wiſe:
I lodg'd thee in my heart, and being blinde
By Nature borne, I gave to thee mine eyes.

Mine eyes, my light, my heart, my life, alas,
If ſo great ſervices may ſcorned be,
Yet let this thought thy Tygriſh courage paſſe,

That I perhaps am ſomewhat kinne to thee;
Since in thine Armes, if learn'd fame truth hath ſpread,
Thou bear'ſt the arrow, I the arrow head.

66

And doe I see some cause a hope to feed?
Or doth the tedious burden of long woe
In weakned mindes, quicke apprehending breed,
Of every image, which may comfort show?
I cannot bragge of word, much lesse of deed,
Fortunes wheeles still with me in one sort flow,
My wealth no more, and no whit lesse my need,
Desire still on the stilts of feare doth goe.
And yet amid all feares a hope there is,
Stolne to my heart since last faire night, nay day,
Stella's eyes sent to me the beames of blisse,
Looking on me, while I lookt other way:
But when mine eyes backe to their heaven did move,
They fled with blush, which guilty seem'd of love.

67

Hope, art thou true, or dost thou flatter me?
Doth *Stella* now begin with piteous eye,
The ruines of her conquest to espie?
Will she take time before all wracked be?
Her eyes-speech is translated thus by thee:
But fail'st thou not in phrase so heav'nly hie?
Looke on againe, the faire text better trie:
What blushing notes dost thou in margine see?
What sighes stolne out, or kill'd before full borne:
Hast thou found such and such like arguments?
Or art thou else to comfort me forsworne?
Well, how-so thou interpret the contents,
I am resolv'd thy errour to maintaine,
Rather than by more truth to get more paine.

68

Stella, the onely Planet of my light,
Light of my life, and life of my desire,
Chiefe good, whereto my hope doth onely aspire,
World of my wealth, and heav'n of my delight;
Why dost thou spend the treasures of my sprite,
With voice more fit to wed *Amphions* lyre,
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire,
Fed by thy worth, and blinded by thy sight:
And all in vaine: for while thy breath most sweet,
With choicest words, thy words with reasons rare,
Thy reasons firmely set on *Venus* feet,
Labour to kill in me this killing care:
O thinke I then, what Paradise of joy
It is, so faire a Vertue to enjoy.

69

O joy, too high for my low ſtile to ſhow:
O bliſſe, fit for a nobler ſtate than me!
Envie, put out thine eyes leſt thou do ſee
What Oceans of delight in me doe flow.

My friend, that oft ſaw through all maskes my woe,
Come, come, and let me poure my ſelfe on thee;
Gone is the winter of my miſerie,
My Spring appeares, O ſee what here doth grow.

For *Stella* hath with words where faith doth ſhine,
Of her high heart giv'n me the Monarchy:
I, I, O I may ſay that ſhe is mine.

And though ſhe give but thus conditionly
This realme of bliſſe, while vertues courſe I take;
No Kings be crown'd, but they ſome covenants make.

70

My Muſe may well grudge at my heav'nly joy,
If ſtill I force her in ſad rimes to creepe:
She oft hath drunke my teares, now hopes t'enjoy
Nectar of Mirth, ſince I *Joves* cup doe keep.

Sonnets be not bound prentice to annoy:
Trebles ſing high, as well as baſes deepe:
Griefe but *Loves* winter-liverie is, the Boy
Hath cheekes to ſmile, as well as eyes to weepe.

Come then my Muſe, ſhew thou height of delight
In well rais'd notes, my pen the beſt it may
Shall paint out joy, though but in blacke and white.

Ceaſe eager Muſe, peace pen, for my ſake ſtay,
I give you here my hand for truth of this,
Wiſe ſilence is beſt muſicke unto bliſſe.

71

Who will in faireſt booke of Nature know
How vertue may beſt lodg'd in beautie be,
Let him but learne of *Love* to read in thee,
Stella, thoſe faire lines, which true goodneſſe ſhow.

There ſhall we finde all vices overthrow,
Not by rude force, but ſweeteſt ſoveraigntie
Of reaſon, from whoſe light thoſe night-birds flye;
That inward ſunne in thine eyes ſhineth ſo.

And not content to be Perfections heire
Thy ſelfe, doſt ſtrive all mindes that way to move:
Who marke in thee what is in thee moſt faire.

So while thy beauty drawes the heart to love,
As faſt thy Vertue bends that love to good:
But ah, Deſire ſtill cries, give me ſome food.

72

Desire, though thou my old companion art,
And oft so clings to my pure Love, that I,
One from the other scarcely can descrie,
While each doth blow the fire of my heart;
Now from thy fellowship I needs must part;
Venus is taught with *Dians* wings to fly e:
I must no more in thy sweet passions lye;
Vertues gold now must head my *Cupids* dart.
Service and honour, wonder with delight,
Feare to offend, will worthy to appeare,
Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my sprite:
These things are left me by my onely Deare;
But thou Desire, because thou wouldst have all,
Now banisht art, but yet alas how shall?

Second Song.

Have I caught my heavenly jewell,
Teaching sleepe most faire to be:
Now will I teach her that she
When she wakes is too too cruell.

Since sweet sleep her eyes hath charmed,
The two onely darts of Love:
Now will I with that boy prove
Some play while he is disarmed.

Her tongue waking still refuseth
Giving frankly niggard No:
Now will I attempt to know,
What No her tongue sleeping useth.

See the hand which waking guardeth,
Sleeping grants a free resort:
Now will I invade the fort;
Cowards Love *with losse rewardeth.*

But O foole, thinke of the danger,
Of her just and high disdaine:
Now will I alas refraine,
Love *feares nothing else but anger.*

Yet those lips so sweetly swelling,
Doe invite a stealing kisse:
Now will I but venture this.
Who will read must first learne spelling.

Oh sweet kisse! but ah she's waking,
Lowring beauty chastens me:
Now will I away hence flee:
Foole, more foole, for no more taking.

73

Love ſtill a boy, and oft a wanton is,
School'd onely by his mothers tender eye:
What wonder then if he his leſſon miſſe,
When for ſo oft a rod deare play he try?

And yet my Starre, becauſe a ſugred kiſſe
In ſport I ſuckt, while ſhe aſleepe did lye,
Doth lowre, nay chide, nay threat for onely this:
Sweet, it was ſawcie *Love*, not humble I.

But no excuſe ſerves, ſhe makes her wrath appeare
In Beauties throne: ſee, now who dares come neere
Thoſe ſcarlet Judges, threatning bloody paine.

O heav'nly foole, thy moſt kiſſe-worthy face,
Anger inveſt with ſuch a lovely grace,
That angers ſelfe I needs muſt kiſſe againe.

74

I never dranke of *Aganippe* Well,
Nor ever did in ſhade of *Tempe* ſit:
And Muſes ſcorne with vulgar braines to dwell,
Poore Lay man I, for ſacred rites unfit.

Some doe I heare of Poets furie tell,
But (God wot) wot not what they meane by it:
And this I ſweare by blackeſt brooke of hell,
I am no pick-purſe of anothers wit.

How falls it then that with ſo ſmooth an eaſe
My thoughts I ſpeake, and what I ſpeake doth flow
In verſe, and that my verſe beſt wits doth pleaſe?

Gheſſe we the cauſe; what is it thus? fie no:
Or ſo? much leſſe: how then? ſure thus it is;
My lips are ſweet, inſpir'd with *Stella's* kiſſe.

75

Of all the Kings that ever here did raigne,
Edward nam'd Fourth as firſt in praiſe I name;
Not for's faire outſide, nor well lined braine,
Although leſſe gifts impe feathers oft on fame:

Nor that he could young-wiſe, wiſe-valiant frame
His Sires revenge joyn'd with a kingdomes gaine:
And gain'd by *Mars*, could yet mad *Mars* ſo tame,
That Ballance weigh'd what ſword did late obtaine.

Nor that he made the Flower-de-luce ſo graid,
Though ſtrongly hedg'd, of bloudie Lions pawes,
That wittie *Lewis* to him a tribute paid.

Nor this nor that, nor any ſuch ſmall cauſe,
But onely for this worthy Knight durſt prove
To loſe his Crowne rather than faile his love.

76

She comes, and ſtreight therewith her ſhining twins do move
Their rayes to me, who in her tedious abſence lay
Benighted in cold woe, but now appeares my day,
The onely light of joy, the onely warmth of *Love*.

She comes with light and warmth, which like *Aurora* prove
Of gentle force, ſo that mine eyes dare gladly play
With ſuch a roſie morne, whoſe beames, moſt freſhly gay,
Scorch not, but onely doe darke chilling ſprites remove.

But lo, while I doe ſpeake, it groweth noone with me,
Her flamie gliſtering lights increaſe with time and place;
Mine heart cryes ah, it burnes, mine eyes now dazled be:

No winde, no ſhade can coole: what helpe then in my caſe,
But with ſhort breath, long looks, ſtaid feet, and walking head,
Pray that my ſunne goe downe with meeker beames to bed.

77

Thoſe lookes, whoſe beames be joy, whoſe motion is delight,
That face, whoſe lecture ſhewes what perfect beauty is:
That preſence, which doth give darke hearts a living light:
That grace, which *Venus* weeps that ſhe her ſelfe doth miſſe:

That hand, which without touch holds more than *Atlas* might;
Thoſe lips, which make deaths pay a meane price for a kiſſe:
That ſkin, whoſe paſſe-praiſe hue ſcornes this poore terme of
Thoſe words, which doe ſublime the quinteſſence of bliſſe:

That voice, which makes the ſoule plant it ſelfe in th'eares:
That converſation ſweet, where ſuch high comforts be,
As conſtru'd in true ſpeech the name of heaven it beares,

Makes me in my beſt thoughts and quietſt judgement ſee,
That in no more but theſe I might be fully bleſt:
Yet ah, my Maiden Muſe doth bluſh to tell the beſt.

78

O how the pleaſant ayres of true love be
Infected by thoſe vapours, which ariſe
From out that noyſome gulfe, which gaping lyes
Betweene the jawes of helliſh jealouſie!

A monſter, others harme, ſelfe-miſerie,
Beauties plague, Vertues ſcourge, ſuccour of lyes:
Who his owne joy to his owne hurt applies,
And onely cheriſh doth with injurie.

Who ſince he hath, by Natures ſpeciall grace,
So piercing pawes, as ſpoile when they embrace,
So nimble feet, as ſtirre ſtill though on thornes:

So many eyes aye ſeeking their owne woe,
So ample eares as never good newes know:
Is it not evill that ſuch a Divell wants hornes?

Sweet

79

Sweet kisse, thy sweets I faine would sweetly endite,
Which even of sweetnesse sweetest sweetner art:
Pleasing'st consort, where each sense holds a part,
Which coupling Doves guides *Venus* chariot right.

Best charge, and brav'st retrait in *Cupids* fight,
A double key, which opens to the heart,
Most rich, when most his riches it impart:
Nest of young-joyes, schoole-master of delight,

Teaching the meane, at once to take and give
The friendly fray, where blowes both wound and heale,
The pretty death, while each in other live.

Poore hopes first wealth, ostage of promis'd weale,
Breake fast of *Love*, but lo, lo, where she is,
Cease we to praise, now pray we for a kisse.

80

Sweet swelling lip, well maist thou swell in pride,
Since best wits thinke it wit thee to admire;
Natures praise, vertues stall, *Cupids* cold fire,
Whence words, not words, but heav'nly graces slide.

The new *Parnassus*, where the Muses bide,
Sweetner of Musicke, wisedomes beautifier,
Breather of life, and fastner of desire,
Where Beauties blush in honours graine is di'd.

Thus much my heart compel'd my mouth to say,
But now spite of my heart my mouth will stay,
Loathing all lyes, doubting this flattery is:

And no spurre can his resty race renew,
Without how farre this praise is short of you,
Sweet lip, you teach my mouth with one sweet kisse.

81

O kisse, which dost those ruddy gemmes impart,
Or gemmes, or fruits of new-found *Paradise*,
Breathing all blisse and sweetning to the heart,
Teaching dumbe lips a nobler exercise.

O kisse, which soules, even soules together ties
By linkes of *Love*, and onely Natures art:
How faine would I paint thee to all mens eyes,
Or of thy gifts at least shade out some part!

But she forbids, with blushing words she sayes,
She builds her fame on higher seated praise:
But my heart burnes, I cannot silent be.

Then since (deare life) you faine would have me peace,
And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease,
Stop you my mouth with still still kissing me.

Nymph

82

Nymph of the garden, where all duties be:
Beauties which doe in excellency passe:
His who till death look't in a watery glasse,
Or hers whom mak'd the *Trojan* boy did see.

Sweet garden Nymph, which keeps the Cherrie tree,
Whose fruit doth farre th' *Esperian* taste surpasse:
Most sweet-faire, most faire-sweet, doe not, alas,
From comming neare those cherries banish me.

For though full of desire, emptie of wit,
Admitted late by your best-graced grace,
I caught at one of them a hungry bit;

Pardon that fault, once more grant me the place,
And I doe sweare even by the same delight,
I will but kisse, I never more will bite.

83

Good brother *Philip*, I have borne you long,
I was content you should in favour creepe,
While craftily you seem'd your cut to keepe,
As though that faire soft hand did you great wrong.

I bare (with envie) yet I bare your song,
When in her necke you did *Love* ditties peep;
Nay, more foole I, oft suffered you to sleepe
In Lilies nest, where *Loves* selfe lies along.

What, doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?
Is sawcinesse reward of courtesie?
Cannot such grace your silly selfe content,

But you must needs with those lips billing be,
And through those lips drinke Nectar from that tongue?
Leave that sir *Phip*, lest off your necke be wrung.

Seventh Song.

If Orpheus *voice had force to breathe such musickes love*
Through pores of senseless trees, as it could make them move:
If stones good measure daunc'd the Theban *walls to build,*
To cadence of the tunes, which Amphions *Lyre did yeeld,*
More cause a like effect at leastwise bringeth:
O stones, O trees, learne hearing, Stella *singeth.*

If Love might sweeten so a boy of shepheard brood,
To make a Lyzard dull to taste Loves dainty food?
If Eagle fierce could so in Grecian *Maid delight,*
As his light was her eyes, her death his endlesse night:
Earth gave that Love, heav'n I trow love refineth:
O beasts, O birds, looke, love, lo Stella *shineth.*

The birds, beasts, stones, and trees feele this, and feeling Love:
And if the trees nor stones stirre not the same to prove,
Nor beast, nor birds doe come unto this blessed gaze,
Know, that small Love is quicke, and great Love doth amaze:
They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,
O eyes, O eares of men, how are you charmed!

84

High way since you my chiefe *Parnassus* be,
And that my Muse to some eares not unsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses feet,
More oft than to a chambers melodie.

Now blessed you, beare onward blessed me,
To her where I my heart safe left shall meet,
My Muse and I must you of duty greet
With thankes and wishes, wishing thankfully.

Be you still faire, honour by publike heed,
By no encrochment wrong'd, nor time forgot:
Nor blam'd for bloud, nor sham'd for sinfull deed.

And that you know, I envie you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much blisse,
Hundreds of yeares you *Stella's* feet may kisse.

85

I see the house: my heart thy selfe containe,
Beware full sailes drowne not thy tottring barge:
Lest joy, by Nature apt sprites to enlarge,
Thee to thy wracke beyond thy limits straine.

Nor doe like Lords, whose weake confused braine,
Not pointing to fit folkes each undercharge,
While every office themselves will discharge,
With doing all, leave nothing done but paine.

But give apt serving their due place, let eyes
See beauties totall summe summ'd in her face:
Let eares heare speech, which wit to wonder ties.

Let breath sucke up those sweets, let armes embrace
The globe of weale, lips *Loves* Indentures make:
Thou but of all the kingly Tribute take.

Fourth Song.

Onely joy now here you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care:
Let my whispering voice obtaine,
Sweet reward for sharpest paine:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare let be,

Night hath clos'd all in her cloke,
Twinkling ſtars love-thoughts provoke:
Danger hence good care doth keepe,
Jealouſie it ſelfe doth ſleepe:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my deare let be.

Better place no wit can finde,
Cupids yoke to looſe or binde:
Theſe ſweet flowers on fine bed too,
Us in their beſt language woo:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my deare let be.

This ſmall light the moone beſtowes,
Serves thy beames but to diſcloſe,
So to raiſe my hap more high;
Feare not elſe, none can us ſpie:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my deare let be.

That you heard was but a Mouſe,
Dumbe ſleepe holdeth all the houſe:
Yet aſleep me thinkes they ſay,
Young folkes take time while you may:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my deare let be.

Niggard time threats, if we miſſe
This large offer of our bliſſe,
Long ſtay ere he grant the ſame:
Sweet then while each thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my deare let be.

Your faire mother is a bed,
Candles out and curtaines ſpred:
She thinkes you doe letters write:
Write, but let me firſt endite:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my deare let be.

Sweet, alas why ſtrive you thus?
Concord better fitteth us:
Leave to Mars the force of hands,
Your power in your beauty ſtands:
Take thee to me, and me to thee.
No, no, no, no, my deare let be.

Woe to me, and doe you sweare
Me to hate, but I forbeare,
Cursed be my destinies all,
That brought me so high to fall:
Soone with my death I will please thee:
No, no, no, no, my deare let be.

86

Alas whence came this change of lookes? If I
Have chang'd desert, let mine owne conscience be
A still felt plague to selfe-condemning me:
Let woe gripe on my heart, shame load mine eye.
But if all faith, like spotlesse Ermine, lye
Safe in my soule, which onely doth to thee
(As his sole object of felicitie)
With wings of *Love* in aire of wonder flye,
O ease your hand, treat not so hard your slave:
In justice paines come not till faults doe call.
Or if I needs (sweet Judge) must torments have,
Use something else to chasten me withall,
Than those blest eyes, where all my hopes doe dwell;
No doome should make ones heav'n become his hell.

Fift Song.

While favour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought,
Thought waited on delight, and speech did follow thought:
Then grew my tongue and pen records unto thy glory:
I thought all words were lost, that were not spent of thee:
I thought each place was darke but where thy light would be,
And all eares worse than deafe, that heard not out thy story.

I sayd, thou wert most faire, and so indeed thou art:
I said, thou art most sweet, sweet poyson to my heart:
I said, my soule was thine (O that I then had lyed)
I said, thine eyes were starres, thy breasts the milken way,
Thy fingers Cupids *shafts, thy voice the Angels Lay:*
And all I said so well, as no man it denied.

But now that hope is lost, unkindnesse kills delight,
Yet thought and speech doe live, though metamorphos'd quite:
For rage now rules the reines, which guided were by pleasure.
I thinke now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praise,
That speech falls now to blame, which did thy honour raise,
The same key open can, which can locke up a treasure.

Thou

Thou then whom partiall heav'ns conspir'd in one to frame,
The proofe of beauties worth, th' inheritrix of fame,
The mansion seat of blisse, and just excuse of Lovers;
See now those feathers pluckt, wherewith thou flew'st most high.
See what clouds of reproach shall darke thy honours skie,
Whose owne fault casts him downe, hardly high seat recovers.

And O my Muse, though oft you lull'd her in your lap,
And then a heav'nly childe gave her Ambrosian pap:
And to that braine of hers your kindest gifts infused,
Since she disdaining me, doth you in me disdaine:
Suffer not her to laugh, while both we suffer paine:
Princes in subjects wrong doe thinke themselves abused.

Your Client poore my selfe shall Stella handle so?
Revenge, Revenge, my Muse. Defiance trumpet blow:
Threaten what may be done, yet doe more than you threaten.
Ah, my suit granted is, I feele my breast doth swell:
Now childe, a lesson new you shall begin to spell:
Sweet babes must babies have, but shrewd girles must be beaten.

Thinke now no more to heare of warme fine odour'd snow,
Nor blushing Lilies, nor pearles ruby-hidden row,
Nor of that golden Sea whose waves in curles are broken:
But of thy soule, so fraught with such ungratefulnesse,
As where thou soone mightst help, most faith doth most oppresse,
Ungratefull who is call'd the worst of evils is spoken.

Yet worse than worst, I say thou art a thiefe: a thiefe?
Now God forbid. A thiefe, and of worst thieves the chiefe.
Thieves steale for need, and steal but goods, which pain recovers;
But thou rich in all joyes, dost rob my joyes from me,
Which cannot be restor'd by time nor industry.
Of foes the spoile is evill, farre worse of constant lovers.

Yet gentle English thieves doe rob and will not slay;
Thou English murdring thiefe wilt have hearts for thy prey:
The name of murdrer now on thy faire forehead sitteth:
And even while I doe speake, my death wounds bleeding be:
Which (I protest) proceed from onely cruell thee:
Who may and will not save, murder in truth committeth.

But murder, private fault, seemes but a toy to thee;
I lay then to thy charge injustest tyranny,
If rule by force without all claime a Tyrant sheweth,
For thou dost lord my heart, who am not borne thy slave,
And which is worse, makes me most guiltlesse torments have,
A rightfull Prince by unright deeds a Tyrant groweth.

Lo you grow proud with this, for tyrants make folkes bow:
Of foule rebellion then I doe appeach thee now;
Rebell by natures law, Rebell by law of reason.
Thou sweetest subject wert borne in the Realme of Love,
And yet against thy Prince thy force dost daily prove:
No vertue merits praise, once toucht with blot of Treason.

But valiant Rebels oft in fooles mouths purchase fame:
I now then staine thy white with vagabunding shame,
Both Rebell to the sonne, and vagrant from the mother,
For wearing Venus *badge, in every part of thee,*
Unto Diana's *traine thou Run-away didst flye:*
Who faileth one, is false, though trusty to another.

What? is not this enough? nay farre worse commeth here;
A witch I say thou art, though thou so faire appeare;
For I protest, my sight never thy face enjoyeth,
But I in me am chang'd, I am alive and dead:
My feet are turn'd to roots, my heart becommeth lead,
No witchcraft is so evill, as which mans mind destroyeth.

Yet Witches may repent; thou art farre worse than they:
Alas, that I am forc't such evill of thee to say:
I say thou art a Divell though cloath'd in Angels shining:
For thy face tempts my soule to leave the heav'n for thee,
And thy words of refuse doe poure even hell on me:
Who tempt, and tempted plague, are Divels in true defining.

You then ungratefull Thiefe, you murdering Tyrant you,
You Rebell run-away, to Lord and Lady untrue,
You Witch, you Divell (alas) you still of me beloved,
You see what I can say, mend yet your froward minde,
And such skill in my Muse you reconcil'd shall finde,
That all these cruell words your praises shall be proved.

Sixt Song.

O you that heare this voice,
O you that see this face,
Say whether of the choice
Deserves the former place:
Feare not to judge this base,
For it is void of hate.

This side doth beautie take,
For that doth Musick speake,
Fit Orators to make
The strongest judgements weak:
The barre to plead their right,
Is onely ture delight.

Thus doth the voice and face,
These gentle Lawyers wage,
Like loving brothers case,
For fathers heritage:
That each while each contends,
It selfe to other lends.

For beautie beautifies,
With heav'nly hue and grace,
The heav'nly harmonies;
And in this faultlesse face,
The perfect beauties be
A perfect harmony.

Musicke more lofty swells
In speeches nobly placed:
Beauty as farre excels,
In action aptly graced:
A friend each partie drawes
To countenance his cause.

Love more affected seemes,
To beauties lovely light,
And wonder more esteemes
Of Musicks wondrous might:
But both to both so bent,
As both in both are spent.

Musicke doth witnesse call
The care, his truth to try:
Beautie brings to the hall,
Eye judgement of the eye,
Both in their objects such,
As no exceptions touch.

The common sense, which might
Be Arbiter of this,
To be (forsooth) upright,
To both sides partiall is:
Hee layes on this chiefe praise,
Chiefe praise on that he layes.

Then reaſon Princeſſe high,
Whoſe throne is in the minde,
Which muſicke can in skie
And hidden beauties finde,
Say whether thou wilt crowne
With limitleſſe renowne.

Seventh Song.

Whoſe ſenſes in ſo evill conſort, their ſtepdame Nature laies,
That raviſhing delight in them moſt ſweet tunes doe not raiſe;
Or if they doe delight therein, yet are ſo clos'd with wit,
As with ſententious lips to ſet a little vaine on it:
O let them heare theſe ſacred tunes, and learn in wonder ſchools,
To be in things paſt bounds of wit, fooles if they be not fooles.

We have ſo leaden eyes, as not to ſee ſweet beauties ſnow,
Or ſeeing have ſo woodden wits, as not that worth to know;
Or knowing, have ſo muddie mindes, as not to be in love,
Or loving, have ſo frothy thoughts, as eaſly thence to move:
O let them ſee theſe heav'nly beames, and in faire letters reed
A leſſon fit, both ſight and skill, love, and firme love to breed.

Heare then, but then with wonder heare; ſee, but adoring ſee,
No mortall gifts, no earthly fruits now here deſcended be:
See, doe you ſee this face? a face? nay image of the skies,
Of which the two life-giving lights are figured in her eyes.
Heare you this ſoule-invading voice, and count it but a voice?
The very eſſence of their tunes when Angels doe rejoice.

Eighth Song.

In a grove moſt rich of ſhade,
Where birds wanton muſicke made,
May *then young his py'd weeds ſhowing,*
New perfum'd with flowers freſh growing.

Aſtrophel *with* Stella *ſweet,*
Did for mutuall comfort meet,
Both within themſelves oppreſſed,
But each in the other bleſſed.

Him great harmes had taught much care,
Her faire necke a foule yoke bare,
But her ſight his cares did baniſh,
In his ſight her yoke did vaniſh.

Wept they had alas the while,
But now teares themſelves did ſmile,
While their eyes by love directed,
Enterchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now betwixt
Sighes of woes were glad sighes mixt,
With armes croſt, yet teſtifying
Reſtleſſe reſt, and living dying.

Their eares hungry of each word,
Which the deare tongue would afford,
But their tongues reſtrain'd from walking,
Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not ſpeake,
Love it ſelfe did ſilence breake,
Love did ſet his lips aſunder,
Thus to ſpeake in love and wonder.

Stella ſoveraigne of my joy,
Faire triumpher of annoy,
Stella, Starre of heavenly fire,
Stella, load-ſtarre of deſire.

Stella, in whoſe ſhining eyes,
Are the lights of Cupids skies,
Whoſe beams where they once are darted,
Love therewith is ſtraight imparted.

Stella, whoſe voice when it ſpeakes,
Senſes all aſunder breakes;
Stella, whoſe voice when it ſingeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

Stella, in whoſe body is
Writ each character of bliſſe,
Whoſe face all, all beauty paſſeth,
Save thy minde, which yet ſurpaſſeth.

Grant, O grant; but ſpeech, alas,
Failes me, fearing on to paſſe,
Grant, O me, what am I ſaying?
But no fault there is in praying.

Grant, O deare, on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did ſtay)
That not I, but ſince I love you,
Time and place for me may move you.

Never ſeaſon was more fit,
Never roome more apt for it;
Smiling ayre allowes my reaſon,
Theſe birds ſing, now uſe the ſeaſon.

This ſmall winde which ſo ſweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiſſe,
Each tree in his beſt attiring,
Senſe of love to love inſpiring.

Love makes earth the water drinke,
Love to earth makes water ſinke,
And if dumbe things be ſo wittie,
Shall a heav'nly grace want pittie?

There his hands in their ſpeech, faine
Would have made tongues language plaine;
But her hands his hands repelling,
Gave repulſe all grace excelling.

Then ſhe ſpoke; her ſpeech was ſuch,
As no eares but heart did touch:
While ſuch wiſe ſhe love denied,
As yet love ſhe ſignified.

Aſtrophel, *ſaid ſhe, my love,*
Ceaſe in theſe effects to prove:
Now be ſtill, yet ſtill beleeve me,
Thy grief more than death would grieve me.

If that any thought in me,
Can taſte comfort but of thee,
Let me, fed with helliſh anguiſh,
Joyleſſe, helpleſſe, endleſſe, languiſh.

If thoſe eyes you praiſed, be
Halfe ſo deare as you to me,
Let me home returne ſtarke blinded
Of thoſe eyes, and blinder minded.

If to ſecret of my heart
I doe any wiſh impart,
Where thou art not formoſt placed,
Be both wiſh and I defaced.

If more may be ſaid, I ſay,
All my bliſſe in thee I lay,
If thou love, my love content thee,
For all love, all faith is meant thee.

Truſt me while I thee deny,
In my ſelfe the ſmart I try:
Tyrant honour doth thus uſe thee,
Stella's *ſelfe might not refuſe thee.*

Therefore deare this no more move,
Leſt though I leave not thy love,
Which too deepe in me is framed,
I ſhould bluſh when thou art named.

Therewithall away ſhe went,
Leaving him ſo paſsion rent,
With what ſhe had done and ſpoken,
That therewith my ſong is broken.

Ninth Song.

Goe my flocke, goe get you hence,
Seeke a better place of feeding,
Where you may have ſome defence
From the ſtormes in my breaſt breeding,
And ſhoures from mine eyes proceeding.

Leave a wretch in whom all woe
Can abide to keepe no meaſure,
Merry flocke, ſuch one forgoe,
Unto whom mirth is diſpleaſure,
Onely rich in miſchiefes treaſure.

Yet alas before you goe,
Heare your wofull maſters ſtorie,
Which to ſtones I elſe would ſhew:
Sorrow onely then hath glory,
When 'tis excellently ſorrie.

Stella fierceſt ſhepheardeſſe,
Fierceſt, but yet faireſt ever;
Stella, whom O heavens bleſſe,
Tho againſt me ſhe perſever,
Tho I bliſſe inherit never.

Stella hath refuſed me,
Stella who more love hath proved,
In this caitife heart to be,
Than can in good ewes be moved,
Toward Lambkins beſt beloved.

Stella hath refuſed me,
Aſtrophel that ſo well ſerved,
In this pleaſant ſpring muſt ſee,
While in pride flow'rs be preſerved,
Himſelfe onely winter-ſterved.

Why alas doth ſhe then ſweare,
That ſhe loveth me ſo dearly,
Seeing me ſo long to beare
Coales of love that burne ſo clearly,
And yet leave me helpleſſe meerly?

Is that love? forſooth I trow,
If I ſaw my good dog grieved,
And a helpe for him did know,
My love ſhould not be beleeved,
But he were by me releeved.

No, ſhe hates mee, well away,
Faining love, ſomewhat to pleaſe me:
For ſhe knowes, if ſhe diſplay
All her hate, death ſoone would ſeize me,
And of hideous torments eaſe me.

Then adieu, deare flocke, adieu:
But alas, if in your ſtraying,
Heavenly Stella *meet with you,*
Tell her in your piteous blaying,
Her poore ſlaves unjuſt decaying.

87

When I was forc't from *Stella* ever deare,
Stella, food of my thoughts, heart of my heart,
Stella, whoſe eyes make all my tempeſt cleare,
By iron lawes of duty to depart:

Alas, I found that ſhe with me did ſmart,
I ſaw that teares did in her eyes appeare;
I ſaw that ſighes her ſweeteſt lips did part,
And her ſad words my ſaddeſt ſenſe did heare.

For me, I wept to ſee pearles ſcattered ſo,
I ſigh'd her ſighes, and wailed for her woe,
Yet ſwamme in joy, ſuch love in her was ſeene.

Thus while th'effect moſt bitter was to me,
And nothing than the cauſe more ſweet could be,
I had beene vext, if vext I had not beene.

88

Out traytour abſence, dar'ſt thou counſell me
From my deare Captaineſſe to run away?
Becauſe in brave array here marcheth ſhe,
That to win me, oft ſhewes a preſent pay?

Is faith ſo weake? or is ſuch force in thee?
When Sun is hid, can Stars ſuch beames diſplay?
Cannot heav'ns food once felt, keepe ſtomackes free
From baſe deſire on earthly cares to prey?

Tuſh abſence, while thy miſtreſſe eclipſe that light,
My Orphan ſenſe flies to the inward ſight,
Where memorie ſets forth the beames of love.

That where before heart lov'd and eyes did ſee,
In heart both ſight and love now coupled be,
United powers make each the ſtronger prove.

89

Now that of abſence the moſt irkeſome night,
With darkeſt ſhade doth overcome my day;
Since *Stella's* eyes wont to give me my day,
Leaving my Hemiſphere, leave me in night;

Each day ſeemes long, and longs for long-ſtai'd night,
The night as tedious, woo's th'approach of day;
Tyr'd with the duſty toiles of buſie day,
Languiſht with horrors of the ſilent night;

Suffering the evils both of day and night,
While no night is more darke than is my day,
Nor no day hath leſſe quiet than my night.

With ſuch bad mixture of my night and day,
That living thus in blackeſt Winter night,
I feele the flames of hotteſt Summer day.

90

Stella thinke not that I by Verſe ſeeke fame,
Who ſeeke, who hope, who love, who live but thee;
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine hiſtory!
If thou praiſe not, all other praiſe is ſhame.

Nor ſo ambitious am I, as to frame
A neſt for my young praiſe in Lawrell tree:
In truth I ſweare, I wiſh not there ſhould be
Grav'd in mine Epitaph a Poets name.

Ne if I would, I could juſt title make,
That any laud to me thereof ſhould grow,
Without my plumes from other wings I take.

For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth indite,
And love doth hold my hand and makes me write.

91

Stella, while now by honours cruell might,
I am from you, light of my life, miſ-led,
And that faire you my Sunne thus over-ſpred,
With abſence Vaile, I live in ſorrowes night.

If this darke place yet ſhew like candle light,
Some beauties peece, as amber colour'd head,
Milke hands, roſe cheekes, or lips more ſweet, more red,
Or ſeeing gets blacke, but in blackneſſe bright.

They

They pleaſe I doe confeſſe, they pleaſe mine eyes,
But why? becauſe of you they models be,
Models ſuch be wood-globes of gliſtering skies.

Deare, therefore be not jealous over me,
If you heare that they ſeeme my heart to move,
Not them, O no, but you in them I love.

52

Be your words made (good Sir) of Indian ware,
That you allow me them by ſo ſmall rate?
Or doe you curted Spartans imitate?
Or doe you meane my tender eares to ſpare,

That to my queſtions you ſo totall are?
When I demand of *Phœnix Stella's* ſtate,
You ſay (forſooth) you left her well of late:
O God, thinke you that ſatisfies my care?

I would know whether ſhe ſit or walke,
How cloath'd, how waited on, ſigh'd ſhe or ſmil'd,
Whereof, with whom, how often did ſhe talke?

With what paſtime times journey ſhe beguil'd?
If her lips daign'd to ſweeten my poore name?
Say all, and all well ſaid, ſtill ſay the ſame.

Tenth Song.

O deare life, when ſhall it be,
That mine eyes thine eyes may ſee;
And in them thy mind diſcover,
Whether abſence have had force
Thy remembrance to divorce,
From the image of thy lover?

Or if I my ſelfe finde not,
After parting ought forgot,
Nor debarr'd from beauties treaſure,
Let no tongue aſpire to tell
In what high joyes I ſhall dwell,
Onely thought aimes at the pleaſure.

Thought therefore I will ſend thee
To take up the place for me,
Long I will not after tarry.
There unſeene thou maiſt be bold,
Thoſe faire wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes doe carry.

Thought see thou no place forbeare,
Enter bravely every where,
Seize on all to her belonging;
But if thou wouldst guarded be,
Fearing her beames, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

Thinke of that most gratefull time,
When thy leaping heart will climbe,
In my lips to have his biding:
There those roses for to kisse,
Which doe breath a sugred blisse,
Opening rubies, pearles dividing.

Thinke of my most princely power,
When I blessed shall devoure,
With my greedy liquorous senses,
Beauty, musicke, sweetnesse, love,
While she doth against me prove
Her strong darts but weake defences.

Thinke, thinke of those dallyings,
When with dove-like murmurings,
With glad moaning passed anguish,
We change eyes, and heart for heart,
Each to other doe impart,
Joying till joy make us languish.

O my thought, my thoughts surcease,
Thy delights my woes increase,
My life melts with too much thinking;
Thinke no more but dye in me,
Till thou shalt revived be,
At her lips my Nectar drinking.

53

O faire, O fault, O curse, childe of my blisse,
What sobs can give words grace my grief to shew?
What inke is blacke enough to paint my woe?
Through me, wretch me, even *Stella* vexed is.

Yet truth (if Caitifes breath may call thee) this
Witnesse with me, that my foule stumbling so,
From carelesnesse did in no manner grow,
But wit confus'd with too much care did misse.

And doe I then my selfe this vaine scuse give?
I have (live I and know this?) harmed thee,
Though words quit me, shall I my selfe forgive?

Onely

Onely with paines my paines thus eaſed be,
That all thy hurts in my hearts wracke I reede.
I cry thy ſighes, my deare, thy teares I bleed.

94

Griefe finde the words, for thou haſt made my braine
So darke with miſtie vapours, which ariſe
From out thy heavie mould, that inbent eyes
Can ſcarce diſcerne the ſhape of mine owne paine.

Doe thou then (for thou canſt) doe thou complaine
For my poore ſoule, which now that ſickneſſe tries,
Which even to ſenſe, ſenſe of it ſelfe denies,
Though harbenger of death lodge there his traine.

Or if thy love of plaint yet mine forbeares,
As of a caitife worthy ſo to dye,
Yet waile thy ſelfe, and waile with cauſefull teares.

That though in wretchedneſſe thy life doth lye,
Yet grow'ſt more wretched than thy nature beares,
By being plac't in ſuch a wretch as I.

95

Yet ſighes, deere ſighes, indeed true friends you are,
That doe not leave your left friend at the worſt;
But as you with my breaſt I oft have nurſt,
So gratefull now you wait upon my care.

Faint coward joy no longer tarry dare,
Seeing hope yeeld when this woe ſtrake him firſt:
Delight proteſts hee's not for thee accurſt,
Though oft himſelfe my mate in armes hee ſware.

Nay, ſorrow comes with ſuch maine rage, that he
Kils his owne children, teares finding that they
By love were made apt to conſort with me.

Onely true ſighes, you doe not goe away,
Thanke may you have for ſuch a thankfull part,
Thank-worthieſt yet when you ſhall breake my heart.

96

Though with good cauſe thou lik'ſt ſo well the night,
Since kinde or chance gives both one livery,
Both ſadly blacke, both blackly darkned be,
Night barr'd from Sun, thou from thy owne Suns light.

Silence in both diſplayes his ſullen might,
Slow heavineſſe in both holds one degree,
That full of doubts, thou of perplexitie;
Thy teares expreſſe nights native moiſture right.

In both a mazefull ſolitarineſſe:
In night of ſprites the ghaſtly powers to ſtirre,
In thee or ſprites or ſprited ghaſtlineſſe:
But, but (alas) nights ſide the oddes hath far,
For that at length yet doth invite ſome reſt,
Thou though ſtill tyr'd, yet ſtill doſt it deteſt.

97

Dian that faine would cheare her friend the Night,
Shewes her oft, at the full, her faireſt face,
Bringing with her thoſe ſtarry Nymphs, whoſe chace
From heav'nly ſtanding hits each mortall wight.
But ah poore Night in love with *Phœbus* light,
And endleſly deſpairing of his grace,
Her ſelfe (to ſhew no other joy hath place)
Silent and ſad in mourning weeds doth dight.
Even ſo (alas) a Ladie, *Dians* peere,
With choice delights and rareſt compatiie,
Would faine drive cloudes from out my heavie cheare.
But woe is me, though joy it ſelfe were ſhe,
She could not ſhew my blinde braine waies of joy,
While I deſpaire my Sunnes ſight to enjoy.

98

Ah bed, the field where joyes peace ſome doe ſee,
The field where all my thoughts to warre be train'd,
How is thy grace by my ſtrange fortune ſtain'd!
How thy lee-ſhores by my ſighes ſtormed be!
With ſweet ſoft ſhades thou oft inviteſt me
To ſteale ſome reſt, but wretch I am conſtrain'd
(Spurr'd with loves ſpur, though gall'd and ſhortly rein'd,
With cares hard hand) to turne and toſſe in thee.
While the blacke horrors of the ſilent night
Paint woes blacke face ſo lively to my ſight,
That tedious leiſure markes each wrinckled line:
But when *Aurora* leads out *Phœbus* dance,
Mine eyes then onely winke, for ſpite perchance,
That wormes ſhould have their Sun, and I want mine.

99

When farre ſpent night perſwades each mortall eye,
To whom nor art nor nature granteth light,
To lay his then marke, wanting ſhafts of ſight,
Clos'd with their quivers in ſleepes armory,

With

With windowes ope then moſt my minde doth lie,
Viewing the ſhape of darkneſſe and delight,
Takes in that ſad hue, which with th'inward night,
Of his maz'd powers keepes perfect harmonie:

But when birds charme; and that ſweet ayre, which is
Mornes meſſenger, with roſe enamell'd skies,
Cals each wight to ſalute the flower of bliſſe;

In tombe of lids then buried are mine eyes,
Forc't by their Lord, who is aſham'd to finde
Such light in ſenſe, with ſuch a darkned minde.

100

O teares, no teares, but raine from beauties skies,
Making thoſe Lillies and thoſe Roſes grow,
Which ay moſt faire, now more than moſt faire ſhow,
While gracefull pity beautie beautifies.

O honied ſighes, which from that breaſt doe riſe,
Whoſe pants doe make unſpilling creame to flow,
Wing'd with whoſe breath, ſo pleaſing *Zephires* blow,
And can refreſh the hell where my ſoule fries!

O pants conſerv'd in ſuch a ſugred phraſe,
That eloquence it ſelfe envies your praiſe,
While ſobb'd, our words a perfect Muſicke give!

Such teares, ſighes, plaints, no ſorrow is, but joy;
Or if ſuch heavenly ſignes muſt prove annoy,
All mirth farewell, let me in ſorrow live.

101

Stella is ſicke, and in that ſicke bed lies
Sweetneſſe, which breathes and pants as oft as ſhe:
And grace ſicke too, ſuch fine concluſions tries,
That ſickneſſe brags it ſelfe beſt grace to be.

Beauty is ſicke, but ſicke in ſo faire guiſe,
That in that paleneſſe beauties white we ſee,
And joy which is inſeperate from thoſe eyes:
Stella now learnes (ſtrange caſe) to weep in thee.

Love moves thy paine, and like a faithfull Page,
As thy lookes ſtirre, comes up and downe to make
All folkes preſt at thy will, thy paine t'aſſwage.

Nature with care ſweats for her darlings ſake,
Knowing worlds paſſe, ere ſhe enough can finde
Of ſuch heaven ſtuffe, to cloath ſo heavenly a mind.

102

Where be thoſe Roſes gone, which ſweetned ſo our eyes?
Where thoſe red cheeks, which oft with faire encreaſe doth frame
The height of honour in the kindly badge of ſhame?
Who hath the crimſon weeds ſtoln from my morning skies?

How doth the colour fade of thoſe Vermillion dies,
Which Nature ſelfe did make, and ſelfe engrain'd the ſame?
I would know by what right this paleneſſe overcame
That hue, whoſe force my heart ſtill unto thraldome ties.

Galens adoptive ſonnes, who by a beaten way
Their judgements hackney on, the fault on ſickneſſe lay,
But feeling proofe makes me (ſay they) miſtake it furre:

It is but love which makes this paper perfit white,
To write therein more freſh the ſtory of delight,
While beauties reddeſt inke *Venus* for him doth ſturre.

103

O happy Thames that didſt my *Stella* beare,
I ſaw thy ſelfe with many a ſmiling line
Upon thy chearefull face joyes livery weare:
While thoſe faire planets on thy ſtreames did ſhine.

The boate for joy could not to dance forbeare,
While wanton winds, with beauties ſo divine
Raviſht, ſtaid not, till in her golden haire
They did themſelves (O ſweeteſt priſon) twine.

And faine thoſe *Æols* youth there would their ſtay
Have made, but forc't by Nature ſtill to fly,
Firſt did with puffing kiſſe thoſe locks diſplay:

She ſo diſhevell'd, bluſht; from window I
With ſight thereof cri'd out; O faire diſgrace,
Let honour ſelfe to thee grant higheſt place.

104

Envious wits, what hath beene mine offence,
That with ſuch poyſonous care my looks you marke,
That to each word, nay ſigh of mine you harke,
As grudging me my ſorrowes eloquence?

Ah, is it not enough, that I am thence,
Thence, ſo farre thence, that ſcarcely any ſparke
Of comfort dare come to this dungeon darke,
Where rigours exile lockes up all my ſenſe?

But if I by a happy window paſſe,
If I but ſtarres upon mine armour beare,
Sicke, thirſty, glad (though but of empty glaſſe:)

Your mortall notes ſtraight my hid meaning teare
From out my ribs, and puffing proves that I
Doe *Stella* love, fooles, who doth it deny?

Eleventh Song.

Who is it that this darke night,
Underneath my window plaineth?
It is one who from thy ſight,
Being (ah) exil'd, diſdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

Why alas, and are you he?
Be not yet thoſe fancies changed?
Deare, when you finde change in me,
Though from me you be eſtranged,
Let my change to ruine be.

Well, in abſence this will dye:
Leave to ſee, and leave to wonder.
Abſence ſure will helpe, if I
Can learne how my ſelfe to ſunder
From what in my heart doth lye.

But time will theſe thoughts remove:
Time doth work what no man knoweth.
Time doth as the ſubject prove,
With time ſtill affection groweth
In the faithfull Turtle dove.

What if ye new beauties ſee,
Will not they ſtirre new affection?
I will thinke they pictures be,
(Image like of Saints perfection)
Poorely counterfeiting thee.

But your reaſons pureſt light,
Bids you leave ſuch mindes to nouriſh.
Deare, doe reaſon no ſuch ſpite;
Never doth thy beauty flouriſh
More than in my reaſons ſight.

But the wrongs love beares will make
Love at length leave undertaking.
No, the more fooles it doth ſhake,
In a ground of ſo firme making,
Deeper ſtill they drive the ſtake.

Peace, I thinke that ſome give eare,
Come no more leſt I get anger.
Bliſſe, I will my bliſſe forbeare,
Fearing (ſweet) you to endanger,
But my ſoule ſhall harbour there.

Well, be gone; be gon I say,
Left that Argus *eyes perceive you.*
O unjuſt fortunes ſway,
Which can make me thus to leave you,
And from lowts to run away.

105

Unhappy ſight, and hath ſhe vaniſht by
So neare, in ſo good time, ſo free a place?
Dead glaſſe, doſt thou thy object ſo imbrace,
As what my heart ſtill ſees thou canſt not ſpie?

I ſweare by her I love and lacke, that I
Was not in fault, who bent thy dazling race
Onely unto the heav'n of *Stella*'s face,
Counting but duſt what in the way did lie.

But ceaſe mine eyes, your teares doe witneſſe well,
That you, guiltleſſe thereof, your nectar miſt:
Curſt be the Page from whence the bad torch fell,

Curſt be the night which did your ſtrife reſiſt,
Curſt be the Coach-man which did drive ſo faſt,
Which no worſe curſe than abſence makes me taſt.

106

O abſent preſence, *Stella* is not here;
False flattering hope, that with ſo faire a face
Bare mee in hand, that in this Orphane place,
Stella, I ſay, my *Stella* ſhould appeare.

What ſaiſt thou now, where is that dainty cheere,
Thou toldſt mine eies ſhould help their famiſht caſe?
But thou art gone now that ſelfe felt diſgrace
Doth make me moſt to wiſh thy comfort neere.

But here I doe ſtore of faire Ladies meet,
Who may with charme of converſation ſweet,
Make in my heavie mould new thoughts to grow:

Sure they prevaile as much with me, as hee
That bade his friend but then new maim'd, to bē
Merry with him, and not thinke of his woe.

107

Stella, ſince thou ſo right a Princeſſe art
Of all the powers which life beſtowes on me,
That ere by them ought undertaken be,
They firſt reſort unto that ſoveraigne part;

Sweet

Sweet for a while give reſpite to my heart,
Which pants as though it ſtill ſhould leap to thee:
And on my thoughts give thy Lievtenancie
To this great cauſe which needs both uſe and art.

And as a Queen, who from her preſence ſends
Whom ſhe employes, diſmiſſe from thee my wit,
Till it have wrought what thy own will attends.

On ſervants ſhame oft Maſters blame doth ſit;
O let not fooles in me thy workes reprove,
And ſcorning ſay, ſee what it is to love.

108

When ſorrow (uſing mine owne fiers might)
Melts downe his lead into my boiling breſt,
Through that darke fornace to my heart oppreſt,
There ſhines a joy from thee my onely light:

But ſoone as thought of thee breeds my delight,
And my young ſoule flutters to thee his neſt,
Moſt rude deſpaire, my daily unbidden gueſt,
Clips ſtraight my wings, ſtraight wraps me in his night,

And makes me then bow downe my head, and ſay,
Ah what doth *Phœbus* gold that wretch availe,
Whom iron doores doe keep from uſe of day?

So ſtrangely (alas) thy workes in me prevaile,
That in my vowes for thee thou art my joy,
And in my joyes for thee my onely annoy.

The end of Aſtrophel and Stella.

Her moſt excellent Majeſtie walking in VVanſted Garden, as ſhee paſſed downe into the Grove, there came ſuddenly among the traine, one apparrelled like an honeſt mans wife of the countrey, where crying out for juſtice, and deſiring all the Lords and Gentlemen to ſpeake a good word for her, ſhee was brought to the preſence of her Majeſtie, to whom upon her knees ſhe offered a ſupplication, and uſed this ſpeech.

THE SUITER.

MOſt faire Ladie, for as for other your titles of ſtate, ſtatelier perſons ſhall give you, and thus much mine own eyes are witneſſes of; take here the complaint of me poore wretch, as deeply plunged in miſery, as I wiſh to you the higheſt point of happineſſe.

Onely one Daughter I have, in whom I had placed all the hopes of my good hap, ſo well had ſhe with her good parts recompenced my paine of bearing her, and care of bringing her up: but now alas that ſhe is come to the time I ſhould reape my full comfort of her, ſo is ſhee troubled with that notable matter, which wee in the countrey call Matrimony, as I cannot chuſe but feare the loſſe of her wits, at leaſt of her honeſty. Other women thinke they may be unhappily combred with one maſter husband, my poor daughter is oppreſſed with two, both loving her, both equally liked of her, both ſtriving to deſerve her. But now laſtly (as this jealouſie forſooth is a vile matter) each have brought their partakers with them, and are at this preſent, without your preſence redreſſe it, in ſome bloudy controverſie. Now ſweet Ladie help, your own way guides you to the place where they encomber her. I dare ſtay here no longer, for our men ſay in the Country, the ſight of you is infectious.

And with that ſhee went away a good pace, leaving the ſupplication with her Majeſtie, which very formally containeth this.

Supplication.

Moſt gracious Soveraigne,
To one whoſe ſtate is raiſed over all,
Whoſe face doth oft the braveſt ſort enchaunt;
Whoſe minde is ſuch as wiſeſt minds appall,
Who in one ſelfe theſe divers gifts can plant;
How dare I wretch ſeeke there my woes to reſt,
Where eares be burnt, eyes dazled, heart oppreſt?

Your ſtate is great, your greatneſſe is our ſhield,
Your face hurts oft, but ſtill it doth delight,
Your minde is wiſe, your wiſedome makes you milde,
Such planted gifts enrich even beggers ſight:
So dare I wretch, my baſhfull feare ſubdue,
And feed mine eares, mine eyes, my heart in you.

Herewith

Herewith the woman-ſuiter being gone, there was heard in the wood a confuſed noyſe, and forthwith there came out ſixe ſhepheards, with as many foſters, haling & pulling to whether ſide they ſhould draw the Lady of May, who ſeemed to incline neither to the one nor other ſide. Among them was maſter *Rombus* a Schoole-maſter of a village there by, who being fully perſwaded of his own learned wiſdome, came thither, with his authority to part their fray; where for anſwer he received many unlearned blowes. But the Queene comming to the place where ſhe was ſeene of them, though they knew not her eſtate, yet ſomething there was which made them ſtartle a ſide and gaze upon her: till old father *Lalus* ſtepped forth (one of the ſubſtantialleſt ſhepheards) and making a legge or two, ſaid theſe few words.

Lalus the old Shepheard.

May it pleaſe your dignitie to give a little ſuperfluous intelligence to that, which with the opening of my mouth, my tongue and teeth ſhall deliver unto you. So it is, right worſhipfull audience, that a certaine ſhe creature, which we ſhepheards call a woman, of a minſicall countenance, but (by my white Lambe) not three quarters ſo beauteous as yore ſelfe, hath diſanulled the braine pan of two of our fetiouſt young men: And will you wot how? by my mother *Kits* ſoule, with a certain fanſicall malady they call Love; when I was a young man they called it flat folly. But here is a ſubſtantiall Schoole-maſter can better diſnounce the whole foundation of the matter, although in ſooth for all his loqence our young men were nothing dutious to his clarkeſhip: Come on, come on maſter ſchoole-maſter, be not ſo baſhfleſſe, wee ſay, that the faireſt are ever the gentleſt: tell the whole caſe, for you can much better vent the points of it than I.

Then came forward Maſter Rombus, *and with many ſpeciall graces made this learned Oration.*

Now the thunderthumping *Jove* transfund his dotes into your excellent formoſitie, which have with you reſplendent beames thus ſegregated the enmity of theſe rurall animals: I am, *Potentiſsma Domina*, a Schoole-maſter, that is to ſay, a Pedagogue, one not a little verſed in the diſciplinating of the juvenall frie, wherein (to my laud I ſay it) I uſe ſuch geometricall proportion, as neither wanted manſuetude nor correction, for ſo it is deſcribed;

Parcare Subjectos, & debellare Superbos.

Yet hath not the pulchritude of my vertues protected mee from the contaminating hands of theſe Plebeians; for comming *ſolummodo*, to have parted their ſanguinolent fray, they yeelded me no more reverence, than if I had beene ſome *Pecorius Aſinus*. I, even I, that am, who am I? *Dixi verbus ſapiento ſatum eſt.* But what ſaid that Trojan *Æneas*, when he ſojourned in the ſurging ſulks of the ſandiferous ſeas? *Hæc olim memonaſſe juvebit.* Well, well, *ad propoſitos revertebo*, the purity of the verity is, that a certain *Pulchra puella profecto*, elected and conſtituted by the integrated determination of all this topographicall region, as the ſoveraigne Lady of this Dame Maies month, hath beene *quodammodo* hunted, as you would ſay, purſued by two, a brace, a couple, a caſt of young men, to whom the crafty coward *Cupid* had *in quam* delivered his dire-dolorus dart.

But here the May-Lady interrupted his ſpeech, ſaying to him:

Away away you tedious foole, your eyes are not worthy to looke to yonder Princely ſight, much leſſe your fooliſh tongue to trouble her wiſe eares.

At which Maſter Rombus *in a great chafe cried out;*

O Tempori, O Moribus! in profeſſion a child, in dignitie a woman, in yeeres a Ladie, *in cæteris* a maide, ſhould thus turpifie the reputation of my doctrine, with the ſuperſcription of a foole. *O Tempori, O Moribus!*

But here againe the May Lady ſaying to him:

Leave off good Latine Foole, and let mee ſatisfie the long deſire I have had to feed mine eyes with the onely ſight this age hath granted to the world;

The poore Schoole-maſter went his way backe, and the Lady kneeling downe, ſaid in this manner:

Doe not thinke (ſweet and gallant Ladie) that I do abaſe my ſelfe thus much unto you becauſe of your gay apparrell, for what is ſo brave as the naturall beauty of the flowers? nor becauſe a certain Gentleman here by ſeekes to doe you all the honour he can in his houſe; that is not the matter, he is but our neighbour, and theſe be our own groves: nor yet becauſe of your great eſtate, ſince no eſtate can be compared to be the Lady of the whole moneth of May, as I am. So that ſince both this place and this time are my ſervants, you may be ſure I would look for reverence at your hands, if I did not ſee ſomething in your face which makes me yeeld to you; the troth is, you excell mee in that wherein I deſire moſt to excell, and that makes mee give this homage unto you, as to the beautifulleſt Lady theſe woods have ever received. But now as old father *Lalus* directed me, I wil tell you my fortune, that you may be judge of my miſhaps and others worthineſſe. Indeed ſo it is, that I am a faire wench or elſe I am deceived, and therefore by the conſent of all our neighbours have been choſen for the abſolute Lady of this merry moneth: with me have been (alas I am aſhamed to tell it) two young men, the one a forreſter named *Therion*, the other *Eſpilus* a ſhepheard, very long even in love forſooth. I like them both, and love neither; *Eſpilus* is the richer, but *Therion* the livelier: *Therion* doth me many pleaſures, as ſtealing mee veniſon out of theſe Forreſts, and many other ſuch like prettie and prettier ſervices, but withall he growes to ſuch rages, that ſometimes hee ſtrikes me, ſometimes hee railes at me. This ſhepheard *Eſpilus*, of a milde diſpoſition, as his fortune hath not been to doe me great ſervice, ſo hath he never done me any wrong; but feeding his ſheep, ſitting under ſome ſweet buſh, ſometimes they ſay he records my name in dolefull verſes. Now the queſtion I am to aske you, faire Lady, is, whether the many deſerts and many faults of *Therion*, or the very ſmall deſerts and no faults of *Eſpilus*, be to be preferred. But before you give your judgement (moſt excellent Lady) you ſhall heare what each of them can ſay for themſelves in their rurall ſongs.

Thereupon Therion *challenged* Eſpilus *to ſing with him, ſpeaking theſe ſix verſes:*

Therion.

Come Eſpilus, *come now declare thy skill,*
Shew how thou canſt deſerve ſo brave deſire,
Warme well thy wits, if thou wilt win her will,
For water cold did never promiſe fire:
Great ſure is ſhe on whom our hopes doe live,
Greater is ſhe who muſt the judgement give.

But

But *Eſpilus*, as if he had beene inſpired with the Muſes, began forthwith to ſing, whereto his fellow Shepheards ſet in with their Recorders, which they bare in their bags like pipes; and ſo of *Therions* ſide did the Forreſters with the Cornets they wore about their neckes like hunting hornes in baudrikes.

Eſpilus.

Tune up my voyce, a higher note I yeeld,
To high conceits the ſong muſt needs be high;
More high than ſtars, more firme than flinty field
Are all my thoughts, in which I live or die:
Sweet ſoule to whom I vowed am a ſlave,
Let not wilde woods ſo great a treaſure have.

Therion.

The higheſt note comes oft from baſeſt minde,
As ſhallow brookes doe yeeld the greateſt ſound:
Seeke other thoughts thy life or death to finde;
Thy ſtars be fall'n, plow'd is thy flinty ground:
Sweet ſoule, let not a wretch that ſerveth ſheepe,
Among his flocke ſo ſweet a treaſure keepe.

Eſpilus.

Two thouſand ſheepe I have as white as milke,
Though not ſo white as is thy lovely face,
The paſture rich, the wooll as ſoft as ſilke;
All this I give, let me poſſeſſe thy grace:
But ſtill take heed leſt thou thy ſelfe ſubmit
To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit.

Therion.

Two thouſand Deere in wildeſt woods I have,
Them can I take, but you I cannot hold:
He is not poore, who can his freedome ſave;
Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would:
But take this beaſt, if beaſts you feare to miſſe,
For of his beaſts the greateſt beaſt he is.

Eſpilus *kneeling to the Queene.*

Judge you to whom all beauties force is lent.

Therion;

Judge you of Love, to whom all Love is bent.

But as they waited for the judgement her Majeſty ſhould give of their deſerts, the Shepheards and Forreſters grew to a great contention, whether of their fellowes had ſung better, and ſo whether the eſtate of Shepheards or Forreſters were the more worſhipfull. The ſpeakers were *Dorcas* an old Shepheard, & *Rixus* a young Foſter, betweene whom the Schoole-maſter *Rombus* came in as a moderator.

Dorcas the Shepheard.

Now all the bleſſings of mine old grandam (ſilly *Epilus*) light upon thy ſhoulders for this honicombe ſinging of thine; now of my honeſty, all the bells in the towne could

could not have ſung better: if the proud heart of the harlotry lye not downe to thee now, the ſheepes rot catch her, to teach her, that a faire woman hath not her faire-neſſe to let it grow ruſtiſh.

Roxus the Foſter.

O Midas, why art thou not alive now to lend thine eares to this drivill! By the precious bones of a huntſ-man, he knowes not the bleating of a Calfe from the ſong of a Nightingale; but if yonder great Gentlewoman be as wiſe as ſhe is faire, *Therion* thou ſhalt have the prize, and thou old *Dorcas*, with young maſter *Eſpilus*, ſhall remaine tame fooles, as you be.

Dorcas. And with cap and knee be it ſpoken, is it your pleaſure neighbour *Rixus* to be a wilde foole?

Rixus. Rather than a ſheepiſh dolt.

Dorcas. It is much refreſhing to my bowels, you have made your choice: for my ſhare, I will beſtow your leavings upon one of your fellowes.

Rixus. And are not thou aſhamed (old foole) to liken *Eſpilus* a ſhepheard to *Therion* of the noble vocation of huntſ-men, in the preſence of ſuch a one, as even with her eye onely can give the cruell puniſhment?

Dorcas. Hold thy peace, I will neither meddle with her nor her eyes, they ſaine in our towne they are dangerous both; neither will I liken *Therion* to my boy *Eſpilus*, ſince one is a theeviſh proller, and the other is as quiet as a lambe that new came from ſucking.

Rombus the Schoole-maſter.

Heu, Ehem, Hei, Inſipidum, Incitium vulgorum & populorum. Why you brute Nebulons, have you had my *Corpuſculum* ſo long among you, and cannot yet tell how to edifie an argument? Attend and throw your eares to mee, for I am gravidated with childe, till I have endoctrinated you plumbeous cerebroſities. Firſt, you muſt diviſionate your point, *quaſi* you ſhould cut a cheeſe into two particles; for thus muſt I uniforme my ſpeech to your obtuſe conceptions: for *prius dividendum oratio antequam definiendum*; *exemplum gratia*, either *Therion* muſt conquer this Dame *Maya's* Nymph, or *Eſpilus* muſt overthrow her, and that *ſecundum* their dignitie; which muſt alſo bee ſubdiviſionated into three equall *ſpecies*, either according to the penetrancie of their ſinging, or the meliority of their functions, or laſtly the ſuperancie of their merits. *De* ſinging *ſatis. Nunc* are you to argumentate of the qualifying of their eſtate firſt, and then whether hath more infernally, I meane deeply deſerved.

Dorcas. O poore *Dorcas*, poore *Dorcas*, that I was not ſet in my young dayes to ſchoole, that I might have purchaſed the underſtanding of maſter *Rombus* myſterious ſpeeches! But yet thus much I concerne of them, that I muſt evengive up what my conſcience doth finde in the behalfe of ſhepheards. O ſweet hony milken Loms, and is there any ſo flinty a heart, that can find about him to ſpeake againſt them, that have the charge of ſuch good ſoules as you be, among whom there is no envie, and all obedience; where it is lawfull for a man to be good if he liſt, and hath no outward cauſe to withdraw him from it; where the eie may be buſied in conſidering the works of nature, and the heart quietly rejoyced in the honeſt uſing them? If templation, as Clarks ſay, be the moſt excellent, which is ſo fit a life for Templers as this is, neither ſubject to violent oppreſſion, nor ſervile flattery? how many Courtiers thinke you have I heard under buſhes in our field make their wofull complaints; ſome of the greatneſs of their Miſtreſs eſtate, which dazzled their eies, & yet burned their hearts:

ſome

ſome of the extremity of her beauty mixed with extreme cruelty, ſome of her too much wit, which made all their loving labours folly. O how often have I heard one name ſound in many mouthes, making our vales witneſſes of her dolefull agonies! So that with long loſt labour finding their thoughts bare no other wooll but deſpaire, of young Courtiers they grew old ſhepheards. Well, ſweet Lambs, I will end with you as I began, Hee that can open his mouth againſt ſuch innocent ſoules, let him be hated as much as a filthy fox, let the taſte of him be worſe than muſty cheeſe, the ſound of him more dreadfull than the howling of a wolfe, his ſight more odible than a toade in ones porrage.

Rixus. Your life indeed hath ſome goodneſſe.

Rombus the Schoole-maſter.

O tace, tace, or all the fat will be ignified, firſt let me dilucidate the very intrinſicall maribone of the matter. He doth uſe a certaine rhetoricall invaſion into the point, as if indeed he had conference with his Lambs; but the troth is, he doth equitate you in the meane time maſter *Rixus.* For thus he ſaith, that ſheep are good, *ergo* the ſhepheard is good, An *Enthimeme à loco contingentibus*, as my finger and my thumbe are *Contingentes*: againe he ſaith, who liveth well is likewiſe good, but ſhepheards live wel, *ergo* they are good; *Sillogiſme*, in *Darius* king of *Perſia à Conjugatis*; as you would ſay, a man coupled to his wife, two bodies but one ſoule: but do you but acquieſcate to my exhortation, and you ſhall extinguiſh him. Tell him his major is a knave, his minor is a foole, and his concluſion both, *Et ecce homo blancatus quaſi lilium.*

Rixus. I was ſaying the ſhepheards life had ſome goodneſſe in it, becauſe it borrowed of the countrey quietneſſe ſomething like ours: but that is not all; for ours, beſides that quiet part, doth both ſtrengthen the body, and raiſe up the mind with this gallant ſort of activity. O ſweet contentation to ſee the long life of the hurtleſſe trees, to ſee how in ſtreight growing up, though never ſo high, they hinder not their fellowes; they onely enviouſly trouble, which are crookedly bent. What life is to be compared to ours, where the very growing things are enſamples of goodneſſe? wee have no hopes, but we may quickly goe about them, and going about them, we ſoon obtaine them; not like thoſe that have long followed one (in troth) moſt excellent chace, doe now at length perceive ſhe could never be taken: but that if ſhe ſtayed at any time neere the purſuers, it was never meant to tarry with them, but only to take breath to flie further from them. He therefore that doubts that our life doth not far excell all others, let him alſo doubt, that the well deſerving and painfull *Therion* is not to be preferred before the idle *Eſpilus*, which is even as much to ſay, as that the Roes are not ſwifter than Sheepe, nor the Stags more goodly than Goates.

Rombus. Bene, bene, nunc de queſtione propoſitus, that is as much to ſay, as well, well, now of the propoſed queſtion, that was, whether the many great ſervices, and many great faults of *Therion*, or the few ſmall ſervices, and no faults of *Eſpilus*, bee to bee preferred, incepted or accepted the former.

The May Lady.

No, no, your ordinary braines ſhall not deale in that matter, I have already ſubmitted it to one, whoſe ſweet ſpirit hath paſſed through greater difficulties, neither will I that your blockheads lye in her way.

Therefore, O Lady, worthy to ſee the accompliſhment of your deſires, ſince all your deſires be moſt worthy of you, vouchſafe our eares ſuch happineſſe, and me that particular favour, as that you will judge whether of theſe two be more worthy of me, or whether I be worthy of them: and this I will ſay, that in judging me, you judge more than me in it.

This

This being ſaid, it pleaſed her Majeſty to judge that *Eſpilus* did the better deſerve her: but what words, what reaſons ſhe uſed for it, this paper, which carrieth ſo baſe names, is not worthy to containe. Sufficeth it, that upon the judgement given, the ſhepheards and Forreſters made a full conſort of their Cornets and Recorders; and then did *Eſpilus* ſing this ſong, tending to the greatneſſe of his own joy, and yet to the comfort of the other ſide, ſince they were overthrown by a moſt worthy adverſary. The ſong contained two ſhort tales; and thus it was.

Silvanus *long in love, and long in vaine,*
At length obtain'd the point of his deſire,
When being askt, now that he did obtaine
His wiſhed weale, what more he could require:
Nothing, ſaid he, for moſt I joy in this
That Goddeſſe mine my bleſſed being ſees.

When wanton Pan, *deceiv'd with Lions skin,*
Came to the bed, where wound for kiſſe he got,
To woe and ſhame the wretch did enter in,
Till this he tooke for comfort of his lot,
Poore Pan (*he ſaid*) *although thou beaten be,*
It is no ſhame, ſince Hercules *was he.*

Thus joyfully in choſen tunes rejoyce,
That ſuch a one is witneſſe of my heart,
Whoſe cleareſt eyes I bleſſe, and ſweeteſt voyce,
That ſee my good, and judgeth my deſert:
Thus wofull I in woe this ſalve doe finde,
My foule miſhap came yet from faireſt mind.

The muſicke fully ended, the May Lady tooke her leave in this ſort.

Lady, your ſelfe, for other titles doe rather diminiſh than adde unto you, I and my little company muſt now leave you; I ſhould doe you wrong to beſeech you to take our follies well, ſince your bounty is ſuch, as to pardon greater faults. Therefore I will wiſh you good night, praying to God, according to the title I poſſeſſe, that as hitherto it hath excellently done, ſo hence forward the flouriſhing of May may long remaine in you and with you.

FINIS.

TO THE MOST POTENT, HIGH, AND INVINCIBLE PRINCE, K. JAMES THE SIXT, KING OF SCOTLAND, &c.

Grace, Health, Prosperity, and Peace, with daily increase of Honour.

HAving, Sir, at some idle houres, oft and oft evolved the worke of Sir Philip Sidney, *intituled his* Arcadia, *I was carried with such pleasure in perusing the same, that I could never find an end of reading: while at length my braine transported with the Idea's of his conceit, brought forth a little complement, of what was rather desired than wanting in him: desired, I say, because there is nothing missing but himselfe; and yet his person is so well represented in his worke, that if he any wayes could be absented from the assertion of the Ladies liberty, it was needfull, because he left in the midst; that by that want his want should be livelier deciphered. True it is, that whatsoever is wanting in him, can no more be filled up but by himselfe, than one man can invest anothers mind: yet I have assayed to play the Ape, albeit I cannot represent the author. However it be, I can not thinke how it shall be better censured, than by your Majesties owne tryall; who, beside the*

great accompt your Majeſty hath of the Writer, could better ſupply your ſelfe his default, than any other that I know; if at leaſt ſo much time were permitted to your Majeſty, from other ſerious and important affaires of your Realme, as to peruſe the ſame. Which, if it may ſeeme worthy of the light, hath need of your Majeſties protection, as who by the beames of your countenance can abundantly cleere, what cloudes the obſcurity of my preſent fortune may bring to the flouriſhing fame of Sir Philip Sidneys *memory. Which acceſſory, concurring with my travell and diligence herein, I am ſure otherwiſe to have a warrant in his owne writings for my invention. The language, ſo far as I could, I have borrowed from himſelfe; and if I be more compendious herein, than need were, I am bound within the limits of his owne conceits, which I durſt not exceed: further your Majeſty in cenſuring hereof may better conjecture, than I can informe thereabout. For which cauſe, committing the ſame to your Highneſſe leiſurable inſpection, I pray the eternall to bleſſe your grace, with long life, proſperity, and honour, to the advancement and furtherance of vertue, and comfort of your peaceable and obedient ſubjects.*

Your Highneſſe humble Servitor,

Ja. Johnstoun.

A Supplement to the third booke of Arcadia.

Sir *Philip Sidney's* worke, ſo far as was given forth by himſelfe, ends at pag. 326. with theſe words,

[*Whereat aſhamed (as never having done ſo much in all his life*]

Our ſupplement begins,

HEe meant to have redoubled his blowes with more force and violence, when he might know by the ſounding alarme, and hideous clamours of the beſieged citizens, that his preſence was more needfull in ſome other place: which his eares could ſcarce make his heart beleeve, the feeling part being ſo preſent, that he ſeemed to dreame what he heard. And now no otherwiſe affected, than if he had felt the force of Jupiters fire, he was ſtricken with ſuch a maze of amazement, that diſdaine, deſpite, and revenge, arming him againſt *Zelmane*; danger, neceſſity, and feare calling him backe to the walls: hee might neither retire himſelfe ſafely whither he would, nor quickly overcome as he meant: and (which was worſe) he knew not what the danger was the beſieged might be in, nor how to underſtand the ſame, by reaſon of his wilfull impriſonment. Which *Zelmane* perceiving, Thinke not *Anaxius* (ſaith ſhee) that any thing ſhall now rid thee out of mine hands; I have thee here impriſoned in thine owne gaole; I have thee ſequeſtred from the beholding eyes of thy over-partiall ſervants, where thou ſhalt receive a preſent puniſhment for thy former faults: render thee to the Princeſſe *Pamela*, and Lady *Philoclea*; render thee to the famous *Pyrocles*, in whoſe name and perſon I am ready to revenge thy villanous ſlanders. It is enough now, worthy Amazon, (replied *Anaxius*) it is enough for this time, that thy valour hath been ſuch, as to have matched *Anaxius*, which cowardly *Pyrocles* (who ran away from me in open fields) was never able to doe; whom matchleſſe *Amphialus* onely found a match, and the whole world confeſſeth his ſuperiour: it is enough (I ſay) and will be accounted as conqueſt, that I demand thus much of thee, as to delay this our combat, which by thine invincible valour hath hitherto continued, till another time: not that any feare of thy force, (which, I muſt confeſſe, I have found beyond credit in thee, and more (though in the weaker ſexe) than in any Knight living) hath driven me hereunto; but that the ſound of the trumpet, and clamours of the beſieged citizens, demand my needfull preſence in ſome other place: for the which courteſie thou ſhalt be ſo rewarded, as that the Terrour of the world ſhall honour thee (though a woman) with the combat in open fields. And for the Princeſſe *Pamela*, & Lady *Philoclea* (whom I have now in ſuch place as I may command, yet am ſo conquered with their beauties, that of a maſter, lately, I was willing to become a match, though (how worthy ſoever) they be unworthy of my worthineſſe,) I ſhould let thee ſee, if the urgent neceſſity of flying time did not claime my forces to bee

imployed upon ſome worthier ſubject, that where thou urgeſt me to ſubmiſſion, it were meeter that thou offered the ſame. *Anaxius* would have proceeded, when *Pyrocles*, hearing the ſhouts and cryes of the beſieged from the walls of the City, began to think with himſelf, that the worthy *Muſidorus* had, perhaps, aſſembled ſome forces to releeve the impriſoned Ladies, and had now approached, or was ready to approach the wals; beſides, knowing what advantage he ſhould have by the abſence of *Anaxius*, and longing no leſſe to make a way to him on the walls with his ſword within, than *Anaxius* to releeve the beſieged towne from the forces without; finding alſo that the whole citizens, and *Anaxius* ſervants, were otherwiſe buſied at the walls, than that they might hinder the period of their preſent combat: neither will I bee honoured by him (ſaith *Zelmane*) that hath diſhonoured *Pyrocles*, nor need the Ladies to crave any courteſie of thee, whom I ſhall preſently aſſoile with my ſword; nor ſhall thy ſhifts and ſubtle evaſions ſave thee from mine hands. Remember onely, remember now, that famous *Pyrocles*, what time thou in moſt unknightly manner refuſedſt to aſſiſt a diſtreſſed Lady, did rather remember thee of thy knightly duty, than ſtie thy honour-ſtained company: now thou (both unknightly and cowardly) wouldſt withdraw thee from thy preſent danger, to the further diſgrace, hurt, & captivitie of thoſe noble Ladies; (whereas valour ſhould have moved thee to the defence of their honours) covering this thy cowardiſe with moſt diſhoneſt pretences: judge now, & ſee if I offer thee any ſubmiſſion or not. With that ſhe diſcharged ſuch a ſhower of blowes, guided with skill, and terrible through force, that *Anaxius*, looking more to his owne ſafety, than reſcue of the beſieged, was forced to conjure all his ſpirits into one, for a momentany piece of ſervice. The blowes were ſo thicke, and forcibly delivered, that now skill gave place to fury; and *Anaxius* truſting more in his ſword, than protection of his ſhield, though it overſhadowed his whole body, thundred out ſuch a ſtorm of blows, that *Zelmane* (pacing backward to ſhun the ſame, and yet keeping a meaſured proportion in her ſteps, in waiting an advantage, and hoping that his force ſhould dye in his fury) through a little impediment on the floore, was ready to have fallen over a beame, whereon by chance her foot ſlipt; yet being marvellous nimble, leapt aſide, and keeping ground likewiſe, eſchewed a ſtrong blow, wherewith *Anaxius* thought to have parted her head in two, purſuing the preſented benefit of her expected fall. But the force of the ſtroake lighted ſo on the beame, that before *Anaxius* might pull backe his ſword, *Zelmane*, preſenting a ſtroake to his left ſide, thruſt him through the left arme, a little beneath the arme-pit: by the which thruſt *Anaxius* (finding himſelfe unable to beare any longer the heavie burden of his huge ſhield) was forced to throw the ſame away, and betake him wholly to the defence of his ſword. There you might have ſeene diſdaine and revenge in the one, love and courage in the other, renew a freſh combate, in equall fury for a while: but now *Zelmane* having the advantage, by reaſon of her two ſwords (*Anaxius* alſo, by a great loſſe of his blood, ſomewhat weakned) diſdaining that ſhe was ſo long in doing, and accounting it loſſe of victory to be long a winning, thruſt him through the body with a mighty force; by the which *Anaxius* was forced to embrace the earth, without any kind of courteſie: She was now ready to have followed her chaſe of victory, when *Anaxius* cried, Hold thy hand, O noble Amazon, whom the gods have made to be a corrector of my pride and folly; now I yeeld to thy invincible valour, and demand to receive longer life at thy hand, not becauſe I love to live in diſgrace, but that I may live to amend my wicked life; acknowledging now, that there is a God,

that

that diſpoſeth of worldly things, according to his pleaſure. For he ſaw the craft and malice of *Cecropia* avenged upon her owne perſon, and the overthrow of worthy *Amphialus*. He confeſt his owne firſt intended cruelde to the guiltleſſe Ladies, and his laſt diſhoneſt forces to their uncorrupt chaſtitie. *Zelmane* beholding in him the image of humane conditions, was ready to have comforted him, when the ſpeech died in his mouth; and the meſſengers of death appearing in his eyes, ſhee might perceive the boyling ſtreames of blood to have left their inflowing for want of breath. So that returning to the comfort of the captive Ladies, and recounting to them the whole particulars of her long, tedious, and crubll conflict, ſhe preſented therewith, to the Lady *Philoclea*, the jewell which *Lycurgus* got from her by force: then killing her hands, ſhe took her leave of them, knowing that her preſence was more needfull in ſome other part, and hoping for their ſpeedy delivery. But in the meane time I muſt divert a little to the noble *Dorus*.

Hee being now able to walke abroad, accompanied with the two Knights aforeſaid, and having recovered ſome forces, was approaching the towne, at what time *Anaxius* entred the combat with *Zelmane*. The ſouldiers and citizens within being on the walls, diſcovered them, to the number of two hundred horſe; and contemning them, by reaſon of their paucity, were ſo farre from thinking that they would attempt any thing at that time, that either they deemed greater forces were following, or that at the firſt ſally they ſhould bee but a handfull to *Anaxius*. Yet the iſſue deceived them: for *Dorus* having but few in number, yet thoſe few very expert in feats of warre; and beſides, provided of all things neceſſary, entred without any kind of let into the lake, and cutting downe all the trees without the City, filled the ſhallow parts of the water with earth and timber; ſo that they might now lay the ladders to the walls. Which they within perceiving, would faine have hindered, and, being more in number, ſallied out of the City to the ſame effect; yet, becauſe they had received another command, durſt attempt nothing without the direction of their Captain; who (having allotted to every man his place on the wals) charged them in no wiſe to iſſue forth before his comming. And now the aſſailants approaching the walls, they had a marvellous conflict with the *Anaxians* and citizens within, for the ſpace of halfe an houre: for the Archers from the place above, as they were entring the Lake, and filling the ſame with earth and timber, diſcharged ſuch a ſhowre of arrowes, as it almoſt obſcured the brightneſſe of the ſhining Sunne; wherewith no ſmall number of the *Dorians* were wounded, and ſome likewiſe ſlaine: yet by their great haſte, and protection of ſhields, with the helpe of their armour, and that their Archers failed nothing of their diligence in annoying of the defenders, they were leſſe oppreſt than the *Anaxians* beleeved: and being come ſo neare, that the Archers overſhot them, were much more endangered with the croſſe-bowes; with which, as they were leſſe and handſomer, ſo in the nearer parts, they might more eaſily from the walls above overtake the enemies; as alſo they might doe more harme, by reaſon that no kinde of armour, but ſuch as was of the fineſt forge, might withſtand their ſtrokes. There fell ſome of the *Dorians* hereby: but while the fire of glory did incenſe the noble mind of the Knight of the Star, whom the greatneſs of the enterpriſe, the equitie of the cauſe, the acquaintance of *Dorus*, and fame of the Ladies impriſonment, had brought thither, with a few Voluntiers that followed him, he was ſtricken in the thigh, with a forked and empoiſoned dart (while he advanced himſelfe in the vantguard of the aſſailants) which as it was afterwards the cauſe of his death, ſo it preſently troubled the paſ-

ſionate heart of *Dorus*, whoſe paſtorall ſports, and ſingular valour, had united them in a vertuous love, and great expectation of proweſſe: who now, in the moſt flouriſhing time of his age, being intercepted at his firſt military eſſayes, made his fall ſeeme the more lamentable. Whereby *Dorus* no leſſe enraged, than for the impriſonment of the Ladies, without reſpect of perill, did flye with the wings of fury to the forcing of the walls; firſt appointing who ſhould carry the wounded Knight from the campe, and next applying the Ladders: where hee had a terrible rencounter, not of weapons (wherewith they were fenced) but ſtones, and materials whatſoever fit for fire, ſcalding water, boiling oyle, pitch, brimſtone, and ſuch like; all the elements, as it were, concurring to the overthrow of mankinde. Yet their ſtrength was rather in the Lake, which was now paſſable, than any great height of the walls, which every where might have been meaſured with ladders, which though quickly applyed, were couragiouſly repulſed by the valour of the beſieged; when *Dorus* himſelfe leaping on the walls, the reſt of his company, as then driven back, made a miſerable ſlaughter of the *Anaxians*. There died by his hand, *Polydamas*, *Memnon*, and *Agathocles*: *Polydamas* thruſting off the Ladder, whereon *Dorus* had ſcaled the walls, being griped with the left hand of *Dorus*, and ready to fall over with him, pulled him from off the rotten Ladder, and ſtraight for his reward received an unwelcome ſalutation. *Memnon* minding to revenge his death, was ſhortned by the head; which now ſerving to ſome better uſe, made one that was following *Dorus* fall from the next applied Ladder. *Agathocles* through the helmet was cloven to the teeth. And now the defendants (who knew nothing of their Captaines danger) did wondrous valiantly repulſe the aſſailants fury, having twice overthrowne the Ladders, and a great number of them aſſembled about *Dorus*, whom they might know (by his armour, and mighty blowes) to be the ſame Knight, that ſo often had changed the courſe of their victory, and matched the deemed invincible *Amphialus*, when *Zelmane* (armed with *Anaxius* his helmet and ſhield, after ſhe had ſhut the entry, for feare that the Ladies ſhould receive any harme) flew with the wings of fury whither the noiſe guided her. Whom they perceiving, deemed by the armour to be their Captain; but found the errour quickly: for *Zelmane* thundred the blowes ſo thicke among them, that her ſword made her roome whitherſoever ſhe went. Who had ſeene *Dorus*, would rather have beleeved that he had *Jupiters* thunderbolt, than *Vulcans* forge in his hand: but who had ſeene *Zelmane*, would have ſaid that death had borrowed armour, as if there were not other meanes enough to kill all mankinde in one day. Their blowes ſo blinded the eyes of the defendants, that ere they did ſee the ſwords, they had loſt their feeling, never one being beſtowed in vaine. And now *Zelmane* had ſo farre gone, that ſhe came in time to the reſcue of *Dorus*, who was almoſt environed with the enemies: and having made a way before her with her ſword, not onely refreſhed him, whoſe hands were weary of winning, but alſo made that part of the walls void of defence; ſo that not onely the other Knight, but alſo the whole forces of *Dorus*, every one releeving another, had ſurmounted the height of the walls; and following their worthy Leaders, made the *Anaxians*, already aſtoniſht at the ſight of *Zelmane*, and miſſing the expected reliefe of their killed Captaine) where their hands might ſerve to no purpoſe, betake them to the defence of their feet.

It was a great wonder, to ſee thoſe within ſuſtaine ſo terrible an aſſault, without any Captaine or Commander to direct their unruly rage; if cuſtome had not made them acquainted with their charges, and their confidence in *Anaxius* his comming

increa-

increaſed their courage: yet how ſoone *Zelmanes* preſence made them feele his abſence, they who could not before beleeve *Jupiter* himſelfe, if he had ſaid that ſuch an ill adventure had met him, did not ſooner finde their errour, than they felt the weight of the *Dorian* ſwords. Many of the *Anaxians*, and authors of *Cecropia's* conſpiracie, for eſchewing puniſhment, received abſolution, by throwing themſelves headlong into the Lake; which ſerved as well as Purgatory, to waſh away the blots of their treachery: the reſt paſt by the edge of the ſword, who privie to their owne faults, eſchewed the chaines of captivity. But ſome of the towne and *Amphialians* yeelded, whoſe lives were therefore the more eaſily ſpared, becauſe they were not of the counſell of *Cecropia's* conſpiracie. All the Gentlewomen that had trained the Ladies into the wilderneſſe, were kept in hold, till the comming of the King, whom they were preſently to have advertiſed. But now *Zelmane* having leiſure to welcome the worthy Chieftaines, was accompanying them to the Caſtle, when newes came, that *Baſilius* and *Philanax*, with ſome forces, were approaching the City: for at the meeting together of the *Dorians*, *Baſilius* was advertiſed thereof; who judging that the three Knights (upon whom he knew there was no leſſe repoſed than his own ſafety, & his daughters honour and delivery) were the Leaders of that army; and with ſo ſmall forces as they were eſteemed to be, beſieging *Cecropia's* Caſtle: and fearing what effect it might take, prickt with the thorns of jealouſie, and guided with the wings of love, convoyed with his rivall *Gynecia*, was comming to the towne, accompanied as hee might be for the time, and now ready at the gates: which made *Zelmane* to returne backe from viſiting the Ladies, to the meeting of her onely for love unloved Lovers. The Knights not being yet diſarmed, following *Zelmane* as their Captaine, to whom eſpecially they thought the honour of this victory belonged, turned backe with the King: But finding opportunitie, while every one is ſtriving who might be neareſt him, and that he is buſied in courting *Zelmane*, they conveyed themſelves out of the preaſe, unknowne to any man but their own company (who, carrying with them the wounded Knight, no leſſe loaded with melancholy, than grieved with paine, quickly followed:) ſave onely that *Zelmane* knew *Dorus*, by the ſame armour that he had on, at what time he brake *Phalantus* his ſhield in two. But they were not perceived, while the Kings company was all within the towne, and they already out of ſight; which made *Baſilius* (no leſſe diſpleaſed, in that the occaſion was taken away of entertaining them according to their vertue and worthineſſe, than loaded with their courteſies) determine to call them backe againe. But *Zelmane* conjecturing with her ſelfe what was *Dorus* his will herein, diſſwaded him: For (ſaith ſhe) it is not a benefit, that is beſtowed upon an unwilling receiver, but rather an injury; and it were a great ingratitude, to trouble them in any ſort, who deſerve ſo well of us: and the rather, becauſe ſome voluntary motion hath made them enterpriſe whatſoever they have done; which doubtleſſe might be prejudiciall to their other urgent affaires, whoſe neceſſity perhaps may ſuffer no longer delay. And now your courteſies ſhould be much better employed, in viſiting the diſtreſſed Ladies, who doubtleſſe have their ſtomackes loaded with the heavie cheare of melancholy; and give them for the by-paſt ſorrow a ſweet reliſh of comfort. The counſell pleaſed, by reaſon of the perſons; not becauſe it was to the purpoſe (though indeed moſt to the purpoſe) yet plauſible enough to thoſe, who heard it not with the partiall eares of affection. And now they were come to the preſence of the captive Ladies; who, with no leſſe joy than wonder, in moſt humble manner ſaluted their dearly beloved parents;

rents; joyfull because of their presence, whereof they sometimes had occasion to despaire: and wondring at so sudden and unexpected a sight; no lesse to be wondred at, because in so weake a sexe there had shined such constancie, as to have suffered so strong a triall so long. But their joyes and wonders came not all from one spring, neither were they in a like measure: *Basilius* and *Gynecia* joyed for the recovery of their daughters, yet more for the beloved *Zelmane*: *Philoxen* rejoiced for the happy successe of these intricate warres; and hee assured himselfe, that the former evils would cause *Basilius* to retire himselfe in time to come from such solitary courses: *Zelmanes* joy was for the Ladies liberty, and yet she smarted at her tormentors presence. *Pamela's* comfort was turned into sorrow, when shee missed her shepheard *Dorus*; and yet sorrow had learned, by the use of troubles, to put on the maske of comfort: onely *Philoclea*, beautified with the presence of *Zelmane*, had inward joy; yet joy prickt with the thornes of jealousie, (to see another love her lover) bred bashfulnesse, her bashfulnesse bred *Gynecia's* despite. But poore *Basilius*, whom the blinde God made starke blinde, saw nothing else but what his passion made him to see.

Such courtesies & salutations being ended, as use to flow from the inward affection of friends that love each other dearly, and yet are divided by the storms of trouble, they were moved by the report of *Pamela* (who now being delivered out of prison, had by chance lighted on the dead bodies of *Anaxius* and his brother, while she was in search of her sister *Philoclea*) to visite the place of their punishment. Where being not a little astonished, by what manner of way so huge and Giant-like bodies, in so private a place, had beene dispatched; and understanding the meanes how it was performed, they stayed a while to behold the strangenesse of that sight: and highly esteeming the prowesse of *Zelmane*, returned to the hall (wherein the tragicall spectacle, which *Philoclea* made her selfe to beleeve of *Pamela's* ruine, and *Zelmane* both of *Pamela* and *Philoclea*, was presented to *Pamela*, *Philoclea*, and *Zelmanes* eyes, now become the chariot of their triumph and victory, which was lately the stage of their miserie. Wherefore the day being already far spent, they refreshed their wearied bodies for that night, minding the next morrow to give sentence on the treasonable Ladies, and determine of the towne and castle, what should be done therewith: feasting and courting *Zelmane*, in most sumptuous and magnificent manner, and adding to their dainty cheare the sound of the trumpet, and the sweet melodie of musicall instruments. There *Basilius* himselfe would needs sound the praises of his victorious Mistresse, and causing one to play on the Lute, applyed these few verses to the proportionable measure of the harmony.

THou, mighty Jove, needst mortall men no more,
For gyants war with fire-flash force affray,
Sith Ladies have such thunderbolts in store,
As may those monsters quickly make away.
And thou Amazon, whose triumph on this day
The wondring eyes of all the world beheld,
Receive this garland of immortall Bay,
Which powers high appointed thee to hold;
Whose valour might not the three brothers bold,
Nor numbers great of armed men sustaine:
The gods, I say, thy knightly valour would
In bookes of living fame enrolled beene:

That

That all the world may praiſe, and praiſing wonder,
How earthly valour matcheth great Joves thunder.

And forthwith he preſented a Garland of greenBayes, while the ſound of the trumpet cloſed the period of his praiſes. Which *Zelmane* accepting, with hearty thanks, and humble reverence, tooke the Lute in her hand, and ſuiting her poeme to the melody thereof, fixing her eye, and leaving her heart in the center of *Philocleas* eyes, ſeconded his praiſes with this Sonnet.

Moſt Princely gemme of Arcads *worthy ſoile,*
Moſt in theſe gems of perfect beauty bleſt;
Sith heavenly gods have rid thee from thy toile,
And made thee partner of the wayes thou miſt,
So that thy royall off-ſpring, as thou wiſht,
From ſubtle ſleight of ſacred ſnares are ſav'd:
And Cecrop, *who their guiltleſſe blood did thirſt,*
Throwne off the leads, even as the gods would hav't.
Let them the honour of thy hands receiv't,
Even as they wrought part of this worke by me:
And if I've due ſome ſecond praiſe, I crav't
To the impelling cauſe imputed be;
Their vertues rare, their ſpotleſſe innocence,
In weakneſſe of my ſexe was my defence.

But *Dametas*, who was now come to the laſt part of *Zelmanes* Sonnet, thinking none had beene a better inſtrument of their delivery than himſelfe, could be contained in no bands of modeſtie: but ſtaring to the skie, as if he had beene ſtudying Aſtronomy; and ſtamping on the ground, as if hee would have pulled *Pluto* out of hell; looking like *Momus* demurely, and panting, as if hee had been running ſome farre journey, he thruſt himſelfe in through the preaſe, untill hee might eſpy the Princeſſe *Pamela*, and then roared out theſe two Sizaines.

What ſhame to ſee a woman lead the ring,
And yet Dametas *doughty ſtand beſide!*
It was my onely valour wrought this thing,
When coward Clinias *my vertue try'd.*
She kill'd the Knight, where love procur'd the wrong,
But ſtout Dametas *ſlew the traytor ſtrong.*

He was the cauſer of your cauſeleſſe care,
He was the worker of the whole miſchiefe,
He firſt deviſed, laſt found out the ſnare,
Beginning, midſt, and ground of all your griefe.
She kill'd the Knight, what way no man can tell,
But ſtout Dametas *ſlew the traitor fell.*

And ſo *Dametas* ended, who in ſtead of the trumpet to ſound his praiſes, eſteemed himſelfe more happy, in that the ſmiling Ladies with a ſweet laughter confirmed

med the ſame: and indeed the geſture and ſong reſembling the author, was a pretty ſport to the beholders; which he conſtrued to have flowed from the fineneſſe of his conceit.

But now ſupper time approaching, as their ſtomackes were refreſhed with divers kindes of diſhes, ſo were their eares filled with ſundry diſcourſes, ſuch as are wont to be had in ſo publike a joy. And as the nature of man is deſirous of nothing more than novelties; and newes are never better liked, than when the reporters authority addeth credit and admiration thereto; ſo *Baſilius* and *Gynecia* (longing to heare the true narration of their whole demeanour, ſince their comming to the Caſtle) deſired *Zelmane* to recite all the particulars therof, as being deſirous to heare it of her, as to know the ſame. Which *Zelmane* accepting willingly, prayed them to bleſſe their eares with their daughters diſcourſes, which (in reſpect they were the chiefe actors of this Comedie) were firſt to be related: afterward, what ſhe knew in particular, ſhe would willingly rehearſe. Which conditions being accepted, *Pamela* with a grave majeſty, and *Philoclea* with a lovely modeſty, ſhewed what trials they had ſuffered of *Cecropia*, what was appointed for them by *Anaxius*, and what courteſie (though accounted tyranny) they found in their Couſin *Amphialus*. All the while that *Philoclea* ſpake, *Zelmane* drew breath from her lips, and fire from her eyes: ſo that the diſcourſes being ended (and ſooner ſhe left ſpeaking, than the other was weary of hearing) ſhe was forced, by the earneſt intreaty of her two tormenting lovers, to recount whatſoever ſhe knew in particular: Which ſhe performed, to the great wonder and amazement of all the hearers, but eſpecially to the contentment of *Pamela*, who was not a little comforted, when in the deſcription of the laſt conflict, which was on the walls, ſhe praiſed ſo highly the valour of the ſtrange Knights; but ſpecially commended him in the blacke armour: whom as *Zelmane* knew to be her couſin *Dorus*, (in whoſe praiſes ſhe thought ſhe never ſaid enough) ſo failed ſhe not highly to commend him at this time: by the which the Princeſſe *Pamela* perſwaded her ſelfe, in ſome generall confuſed notion, that it could be none other than the ſhepherd *Dorus*. But now the night, having overſpread the earth with her gray mantle, made every thing draw to reſt; when the wofull *Gynecia*, more now than ever tormented with love, in that the beames of vertue made her, who was beſt beloved, more lovely than love it ſelfe, gave neither ſleepe to her eyes, nor reſt to her minde; but, having ſtill the image of *Zelmane* before her, that ſhade augmenting her love, and love increaſing her care, brake forth into theſe words.

O miſerable *Gynecia*! miſerable, in that thine owne bowells ſhall aſſuredly bereave thee of thy bliſſe! I know, *Philoclea*, thou art loved, and I know thou canſt not but love ſo love-worthy a lover: it is thou that art the let of all my felicity, the diſguiſer of *Zelmane*, and the end of her vertuous attempts. Yet ſhall either my hands procure thy death, or mine importunate ſuit bereave thee of thy lover, or *Baſilius* ſhall know what a kinde of love he hath embraced, and what a gueſt he entertaineth. But motherly love, founded upon a promiſe of what ſhe moſt deſired, made her ſoone deſiſt from thoſe unmotherly threatnings; and vertue pleading againſt paſſion, would have baniſhed both the one and the other: when, Am not I (ſaith ſhe) *Gynecia*, whoſe vertues are knowne to all the *Arcadians*? who have in great chaſtity paſt the yeares of my folly; and now, when wit ſhould increaſe with yeares, am I become a lover of a ſtranger, and ſuch a ſtranger as makes no reckoning of me? doe my vertue, yeares, or calling, doe any merits on his part procure

that

that I ſhould be thus carried away with unchaſte deſires? No, no, the angry gods have made mee a prey to mine owne luſts, to the end that they may afterwards powre out their heavie plagues upon me. And now ſhe would reſt a while upon this resolution, when love, which never ſuffered reaſon to enter where it had place, changed her notes. But (ſaith ſhe) it is no crime that is armed with the authority of the higher powers: and doubtleſſe, as my vertue is well knowne, ſo the gods have loved me, ſith they have inflamed mee with that noble affection to ſo worthy a ſubject; which otherwiſe ſhould have beene worſe than the crime it ſelfe, if the author had not been worthy of the ſame. For who can but be ſtricken with the rayes of ſo heavenly a beauty? who can but admire ſuch invincible valour? It is *Zelmane* who is the maſter of my deſires, it is worthy *Zelmane* who is the cauſer of my care: and ſhall I not love *Zelmane*? Though *Juno* would conſent that I ſhould have *Jupiter*, yet to *Jupiter* would I preferre *Zelmane*. Why then ſhall I not enjoy *Zelmane*? Love hath promiſt me the full fruition of what I deſire, and ſhall I then deſpaire? But how knoweth hee that I love him, unleſſe I ſhew it? and how ſhall I ſhew it, unleſſe I put off ſhame? Yet ſpeake I ſhall, but love ſtops my voice; and yet love bids me ſpeake: Dare I then (who am the moſt miſerable ſlave that love hath) diſobey what love commandeth me? No, love commandeth the gods, and who am I then, that I dare to withſtand? Then ſpeake I ſhall, and with ſenſible demonſtrations make him know, that I thinke as I ſpeake. So the night was ſpent by the reſtleſſe *Gynecia*, in ſuch boiling contrarieties of thoughts; the worthy *Zelmane*, and the two Ladies, accompanying her in the ſame, but more chaſte complaints; and which concluded in ſome more quiet reſt, that gave them ſome reſpite from ſorrow.

The day following, which was deſtinated to the deſtruction of the towne and caſtle, and condemnation of the treaſonable Ladies, *Baſilius* (who was of himſelfe naturally inclined to clemency) demanded *Philanax* his opinion Who being indeed of nothing ſo carefull as of the Kings ſafety and honour, alleaging the hainouſneſſe of the crime, the ſtrength of the caſtle, and the valour of the competitor, thought nothing more expedient, than to take away the authors of ſo treaſonable attempts; and deſtroy that fort, which had fortified ſo monſtrous traytors. For (ſaith he) if the crime were not ſo enormous of it ſelfe (as it cannot by any kinde of colour be excuſed) yet becauſe juſtice is juſtice, if juſtice be not executed, every man ſhall promiſe himſelfe impunity for treaſon: and where men aſſure themſelves of impunity, what may not be attempted; eſpecially where Kings puniſh not attempts againſt their owne perſons? For as it is moſt true, light faults unpuniſhed give men the boldneſſe to commit greater; ſo where greateſt faults are pardoned (and namely, concerning the perſon and libertie of Princes, which ſhould be ſacred and inviolate) what reſpect of Kings, what account of juſtice ſhall be had? And if the authors of ſedition muſt be puniſhed, then verily there can bee nothing more expedient, than the demoliſhing of ſuch ſtrengths, as may fortifie ſeditious people: and namely this, which is of nature impregnable, and hath ſo valiant a Captaine, as (if the higher powers had not concurred to the overthrow of ſo monſtrous a conſpiracie) had given all *Arcadia* enough, and over much adoe to take it. And now the feare of ſuch treaſonable attempts, the valour of the competitor, the ſtrength of the caſtle, being ſuch, as no foreſight can eſchew, no power reſiſt, judge, O King *Baſilius*, how inconvenient it will be, to let ſo ſtrong a competitor, as *Amphialus*, build his neſt in ſuch a fort as this is; and within the very bowels (and pretending ſome claime

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to the crowne) of *Arcadia*? And now he ended, and indeed ſo ended, that none that heard him thought any otherwiſe, than that it was to be done: when *Zelmane*, humbly craving leave of the aſſembly, and doing her reverence to *Baſilius*, anſwered as followeth.

I doubt not, noble hearers, but the wiſedome and experience of *Philanax*, the uncorrupt counſell of a loving Counſeller, and the perſwaſion of a pithie Orator, hath made you already embrace whatſoever he hath ſpoken. And ſince it is all true which he hath ſpoken, and moſt ſagely alledged, it will ſeeme a great wonder to your wiſedomes, that I, who am a woman, ſhould utter mine opinion in ſo honourable an audience; and an opinion contrary to his, which I my ſelfe allow, and I know ye have authorized in your minds. Yet becauſe one eye never ſees all things, and that is ſometimes hid from the knowledge of the wiſe & learned, which is common to the inferiour and ignorant ſort, I will ſhew what I have found therein, and then ye may follow what ye liſt. For, if ye have well marked, (and I doubt not but ye have marked better than I) one of his reaſons is taken from the nature of juſtice; Becauſe juſtice, as juſtice, ſhould be ſatisfied, leſt juſtice bee deſpiſed: the other is taken from the valour of the competitor, and ſtrength of the caſtle, founded upon a certaine feare of inconveniences which may follow. The firſt is true in ſubſtance, as it is propounded: for juſtice ſhould be ſatisfied; and juſtice is already ſatisfied on thoſe that offended: the gods have puniſhed their treaſonable attempts; in that the authors of the conſpiracy, for their new deviſed treaſons, are taken away: Are not *Clinias* and *Arteſia* put to death by the very hands of *Cecropia*? Hath not the everlaſting juſtice made *Cecropia* her owne executioner? Is not *Amphialus* made partner and beholder of the very puniſhment, who was never of the conſpiracie? and what are thoſe few innocent Ladies, but accompaniers, no way privie to the counſell? If *Cecropia*, if *Clinias*, if *Arteſia* were living, there were ſome reaſon that juſtice ſhould ſeize on them. Yet ſith the gods have juſtly taken them away that were the authors, without any helpe of *Baſilius* his forces, doubtleſſe it was to this effect, that *Baſilius*, ſo well beloved of them, ſhould not ſtaine his clemency with blood. And if he would, he could not doe it without ſacriledge to the higher powers, who by extraordinary meanes have challenged to themſelves the revenge of that treaſon. As for any inconveniences that may follow the not throwing downe of the caſtle, they are none at all: for as the valour of *Amphialus* is knowne, ſo is his courteſie; and nothing is better knowne, than that *Amphialus* knew nothing of the conſpiracie. And if there was at any time any danger to be feared from the ſtrength of this place, it was when that ſerpent *Cecropia* was living; which now, with the occaſioner thereof, is taken away: and if the ſtanding thereof import no danger, what ſhame, what cruelty would be imputed to *Baſilius*, to puniſh the guiltleſſe wals of his nephew? who if hee faulted, it was in the non-delivery of the Ladies: and if there was any failing in that, as it bred in love, ſo if it had not begotten love, that ſame love which made them priſoners, had reſtored them to liberty. And if the valour of *Amphialus* be to be feared, it were no wiſedome wilfully to give him a cauſe of offence, whom (if he be living) we at this preſent have a faithfull and uncorrupt friend.

This oration being delivered in ſo pithy a forme, not onely diſſwaded *Philanax* from what he thought firſt meet to be done, but alſo changed the mindes of thoſe, whom the enormity of the crime had inflamed to further extremity: and indeed, the naturall ſituation of the place, and ſtrength that it had by the lake, perſwaded

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the assistants, that it might be made sure from sodden assaults. Therefore order being taken for repairing of the same, and bringing in of victuals and engines of warre, the Ladies were let goe, and the estate of the towne continued, to the great praise and admiration of the counsell, vertue, and eloquence of *Zelmane*; beside the clemencie which she used, in procuring libertie to the condemned Ladies. And now matters being thus settled, *Zelmane* begged of the King, that the body of *Anaxius*, (who only at the houre of his death was become her friend) and for his sake his valiant brothers, should be honourably buried. Which he easily granted at her request: and all the funerall ceremonies performed, departed from the towne, accompanied with all the citizens, even to the very gates of *Mantinea*: whither *Philanax* (calling to minde the former inconveniences which had fallen out, by reason of his solitude) had easily perswaded him from thenceforth to repaire, if the pleasantnesse of the now-flourishing Spring, and approaching Summer, had not withdrawne him thence.

And so *Philanax* (obtaining a promise, that the Summer ended he would returne to the palace, after all kinde of provision made against apparent dangers, which might arise in the meane time) tooke his leave of *Basilius*, committing him to the pleasure of his solitary life. Who now being safely come to his Lodges, recommended his daughters to the keeping of their doting *Argus*, *Dametas*. Whither *Dorus* meaning to have come the night before, was letted by the pitifull estate of the Knight of the Starre: who (as is said) being wounded with the terrible stroake of a banefull dart, when all helpe of phy sicke had beene assayed, yet the poison and deepnesse of the wound, had so tainted and bruised the bone, that his best reliefe was to have wanted the whole. Which was no sooner understood by the worthy Knight, but wishing rather to be altogether dissolved, than live in part, having the wound of his minde opened with the hurt of his body, and lamenting that the threed of his vertue, not the course of his life, should be cut, he was gathered to the noble number of *Mars* his children; and dying in the bed of honour, was buried in the everlasting monuments of fame, desired of all, and hated by none. The ceremonies of his funerall, which were performed in most sumptuous and magnificent manner, with all the particulars thereof, I willingly overpasse, left I transgresse his will therein: but because *Dorus* was first Actor here, so farre is necessarie to observe.

Dorus then having transgressed the bounds of his licence, so soone as the exequies were ended, returned home to his Master *Dametas*; whom by the secret help of shining gold, with some sleight colours of excuses, he easily satisfied: and having saluted him with a friendly congratulation of his safe returne, and recovering of the Ladies, he blest his eyes with the sight of the Princesse *Pamela*: who making but small countenance, as who was not yet reconciled to him, and would seeme ignorant that she deemed he had done any thing for her reliefe; beheld him with such an eye, as one would doe them with whom they are little acquainted. Whereby as *Dorus* could receive no great comfort, so (seeing it was void of despite) hee was no whit discouraged, but let that night slip by; which (by reason of their late travell, and that it was now farre spent) made the Ladies commit their tired bodies to their ordinary rest; and that but sober, in respect of their wearinesse. And now the day approaching, what time *Phœbus* with his beames enlightneth our Hemisphere, the Ladies with their beauties made the *Arcadian* soile to shine: and the disconsolate *Dorus* awaiting his opportunity, while *Pamela* and *Mopsa* were alone

together, directing his ſpeech to *Mopſa*, & eye to *Pamela*, thanked the gods, that they had bleſſed the beloved *Mopſa's* bowre, with the heavenly preſence of her Princely company: and now (directing both eye and ſpeech to *Pamela*,) But poore *Dorus* hath full occaſion of joy, when your Excellence (a ſpeciall promoter of his hearts deſires) is an acceſſory to his comfort; who never, ſince your departure, from the ſtony heart of matchleſſe *Mopſa*, received any token of mercy, but (as a forſaken lover) abandoning the company of men, in ſtead of finding ſolace, reapt the fruits of ſorrow, which in ſolitary places eſpecially are ſowne. But (replyed *Pamela*) in what boxe of oblivion was your love buried, when her father *Dametas* ſword was ſeene with victory to triumph in the fields? Where was that account, which you ſeeme to make of thoſe that accompany her, which might not reach to the convoy, I will not ſay to the protection, of her parents? For how can you call that love, which is not accompanyed with courage, ſith courage is the companion of love? Or if courage were not the companion of love, it is a very weake affection, which may not reach from the children to the parents. Or if for *Mopſa's* ſake you bleſſe my returne, why was not your ſword, for *Mopſa's* ſake, ſeene victorious in my defence, as was your maſter *Dametas* his? She would have ſaid further, but *Mopſa* interrupting her, Indeed Miſtreſſe (ſaith ſhe) you have hit the naile on the head; it is even that I would have ſaid: for I cannot thinke him worthy, either of my favour, or my fathers hire, who hid himſelfe, when hee was fighting for your reliefe. And now being ſhort winded with ire, as who had received ſome great diſaſter, ſhe threw a number of angry apes faces at him. When he, Albeit (incomparable Lady) you ſeeme with reaſon to accuſe my abſence, in ſo publike a calamity, and private loſſes of this place, (whereof indeed none hath ſo good cauſe to complaine, as my Miſtreſſe *Mopſa*, whom hereby you have incenſed againſt me,) yet nevertheleſſe, I may eaſily obtaine pardon, if the ignorance thereof, neceſſity of time, and deſtiny it ſelfe, have intercepted all occaſions, which were, or might be preſented to my willing and earneſt minde, like as they have done. For the truth is this: When a little before the treaſon committed, a deſperate melancholy had taken hold of my troubled ſenſes, (by reaſon that my long profeſſed love to the deareſt *Mopſa*, obtained no other recompence of ſervice, than prolonging of time, which was no leſſe deadly than denyall it ſelfe,) I abandoned my ſelfe to ſo deep a ſadneſſe, as was both food and ſleep to me for ſome certain dayes; and hoping through change of place to change affections, I repaired home to mine own husbandry: where the firſt newes I heard, was of a Forſaken Knight, who had matched *Amphialus* in open field; and turned the victorious *Amphialians*, by his valour, thrice from preſent victory to the defence of their walls: this Knight, I ſay, ſore wounded, was carried to a caſtle neere by, when *Baſilius* was forced (for ſafety of your lives) to raiſe his ſiege: while I (who thought that in ſo good a cauſe no forces could affray me, being already on my journey, both weake and ſickly, yet for ſickneſſe ſtayed not while the opportunity was taken away) was compelled to enable my weake body, with the helpe of phyſicke and reſt, till the preſentation of ſome better offer: which likewiſe, by the great proweſſe of the Forſaken Knight, was intercepted, not onely from me, but alſo from the whole *Arcadian* forces. Which while I (but lately recovered of my ſickneſſe) was following, my fortune was to meet the Forſaken Knight, returning with his company from the conqueſt of the towne: and having demanded of ſome of the traine, who they were, and how they had ſped, I knew that all was already done: and therefore ſeeing how little profitable I might bee there, I returned

returned by my husbandrie homeward, with much expedition, having rather seene it superficially, than visited the same, or dispatched any businesse therein, to excuse my selfe the better thereby. And hereat *Pamela* smiling a little, with a gratious looke cheered the heavie heart of *Dorus*: But you peing lovers (said she) what courage can obtaine loose by melancholy? Well knew she that he spake in the third person of himselfe, and yet would not seeme to know: well knew shee that he used those framings to obscure his cunning, and yet was she as cunning to dissemble her knowledge, or as well content that *Mopsa* had not perceived her cunning. But in the meane time *Mopsa* was called backe by a strange accident to the succour of her dying Parents; which thus fell out: The night before *Dametas* had beene digging in his garden adjoyning to the house, in search of some roots (which the Arcadians for sicknesse preferre before more costly fare) and found some hemlockes; which he supposing to be parsneps, as they resemble very neere in likenesse, caused a broth to be made thereof for himselfe and *Miso*, because her aged stomacke, and his late travell, were to bee refreshed with some more savoury than vulgar food; whereof the quality is, that after a heavie sleepe it causeth madnesse, or (if the complexion be not stronger) and the countrey wherein it groweth of more pure and temperate ayre) present death: which operation it having wrought perfectly in the Patients aforesaid, locked up the heavie senses of *Dametas* and *Miso* in so dead a sleepe, and melancholious dreames, as that there was no monster in the world, nor Harpie in Hell, which they did not imagine themselves to see: and after sleepe, with so troubled heads, without any regard of apparell or raiment, were carried as if mad, with a marvellous fury, whither their frenzie led them; who afflicting their naked bodies with their unmercifull halles, and dashing their heads against the walls, were seeking to evaculate that poisonable liquor by ever-purging death. By this strange accident *Mopsa* was called to the succour of her distressed parents, when *Dorus*, catching the occasion thus presented, with griefe in his mind, and tears in his eyes; Deare Lady (saith he) suffer not to escape so happy an occasion, in bestowing your comfortable Nepenthe on him, who, since your last justly conceived hatred, tasted of no kinde of comfort. Be not ingrate in giving me life, who have been at so neere a period of my life, in the defence of your honours, and affection of your liberties: The sword of *Amphialus* thirsting for victorious blood, and forces of the *Anaxians*, (while I alone sustained their fury) could not bereave me thereof, which the force of love makes me to sacrifice at your feet. If my rash attempts, and heedlesse folly, inflamed with the fiercenesse of love, made me presumptuous, and my presumptuousnesse hath procured your wrath, pardon me, and punish love: but if your Princely heart can be voide of compassion, then doe me this honour, that in your sight I may punish the body, that durst offend the divine *Pamela*: and with that falling on his knees, he pulled out his dagger, and holding the point against his brest, would have offered his soule for expiation of his fault; when the noble *Pamela* pulling him off his knees, and taking the dagger softly from him, delivered it to him by the point, saying, Reserve thy weapons, *Dorus*, to a better use: if thou hast done so much as thou saist, for my reliefe, I freely pardon thee thy folly, provided thou abstaine in time comming from the like. Onely recount to mee your adventures, and what Knights they were that accompanied you, and whence ye obtained those forces; and then, if you list, I will heare your other purpose. *Dorus* as much content, as they that finde unexpected reliefe in extreme misery, kissing those hands that had lately redeemed him from voluntary

death, was for a while transported with such unspeakable joy, that silence was the best signe of his sicknesse: yet being returned to himselfe, with humble reverence, and hearty thankes, fetching his sight from *Ramelas* eyes, and breath from her breath, liking better the conclusion than beginning of his speech, hasted to the period with such speedy diligence, as he might without marring the prologue.

At what time (incomparable Lady) the wofull newes of your ravishment came to the eares of *Basilius*, I returned soone after to my Master *Demetas*, loaded with sorrow and melancholy for your by-past displeasure, hoping by one meanes or other to deliver my minde to you concerning it: yet finding at my returne what punishment had accompanied my trespasse, your former displeasure, in respect of your present losse, seemed but a small part of my martyrdome. And then, hoping to finde, sought a way by seeking to shorten sorrow, when the newes were come, who had beene the treasonable authors of that Tragedy: which made me, faining some affaires of mine owne, to take leave of *Demetas* his husbandry. And *Basilius* being now on his journey, with reasonable forces, I armed in blacke, and having recovered my horse, came in time to the reliefe of them, whom *Amphialus* his valour had put to the worse: where having rescued them from that danger, I (fearing to be knowne) conveyed my selfe away from among the preasse. Whence having ridden but about two miles or three, I had the sight of a faire Castle standing in a pleasant valley, neere a wood, and not farre from the river *Erimanthus*; which castle, I understood of some shepheards neere by, that it belonged to an aged Lord, who in that part of the countrey was no lesse famous for hospitality than *Kalander*, and was beside a man of no mean account. Thither I desired the shepheards to lead me, loving the very name of *Kalander* so well, that I longed for that aged mans acquaintance: which they performed very willingly, the rather, because they knew the Gentlemans disposition to be enclined to the courteous entertainment of strangers, wherein *Arcadia* more than any other countrey is notable. This aged mans name was *Xerxenus*; who after most friendly salutations conveyed mee to his castle, beautifull indeed to the eye, and strong for defence: It was built of hewen stone, and environed with ditches; the lights were few, yet so artificially placed, that no time of the yeere, nor houre of the day, the Sunne shining envied his beams to those windowes: and yet they were onely on two sides of the tower, which being so situate according to the shape of the Isle, as two corners pointing towards the South and North, the other two towards the East and West, the lights were on the South east and South-west sides of the whole edifice. Joined to the tower were other buildings, as galleries, parlers, chambers, and other houses necessary for fineneſse of workmanship, and cleanlineſse within, comparable to Ivory palaces: on each side of the tower were large vaults, with swelling pyramids at every corner, planted above with all kindes of fruitfull trees, and herbes of faire shew and odoriferous smell, with many such other singularities, as may farre better be divined than expreſt by tongue. But all the singularities of the place were farre surmounted by the friendly invitations and entertainment of more than courteous *Xerxenus*, who asking of my name and calling, that accordingly he might entertain me, as one who did represent a man of no meane account, had this answer: That my name was *Palladius*; for my estate, I was a stranger, driven into that countrey by storme of weather, and shipwracke; where I minded not long to stay: yet hearing of the straight that the two Ladies were in, determined to releeve them ere I departed. Then shewing how I had secretly conveyed my selfe from among the

Basilians,

Basilius, I prayed him to insist no longer in the inquiry of that, which I minded to utter no otherwise then by my valour. And herewith he (who was already displeased that hee had asked so farre) was easily satisfied, praising so highly my vertuous enterprise, that I rightly conjectured the excesse thereof did flow from a friendly minde to the afflicted Ladies: for he afterward confest to me, that by the mothers side hee was cousin germane to *Gynecia*; albeit by reason of his age, and accident sicknesse for the time, lesse meet for such kinds of expeditions. While we were yet speaking, *Xenemus* was called to the meeting of another Knight, whom I straight knew (though making no semblance to know) to be the noble *Plangus*; who no sooner perceived me, than almost forgetting his duty to his Hoste, would first have embraced me: and standing a while in a pretty peece of amazement, Noble Prince (saith he) am I dreaming, or are you yet alive? I, as one who understood not what he meant, partly by signes, and partly by language, made him know he had mistaken me. And are not you (saith he) *Musidorus*? Alas (replied I) & with that word sighed, would I were with *Musidorus*, so I might spend my life in revenge of his death, for then would I think my self well bestowed: But indeed you are not the first that have likened me to him, for as I resemble him in face, so am I neere of kin, but never yet of acquaintance; and in this search am alone cast upon this coast, the rest of my company having perisht in the shipwracke. And I am thus plaine with you, though (save my name, which is *Palladius*) I have dissembled the rest with mine hoste. *Plangus*, in whose minde the assurance of my death was already sunke, was easily brought to excuse his ignorance; and then, as one who was well acquainted with *Xenemus*, told him by what strange accident hee had beene driven into *Arcadia*: which was this, so farre as in so briefe a narration I could learne.

He had gotten some hope, by the promise of *Euarchus* his aide, to relieve the distressed *Erana*; and being embarked for *Byzantium* some dayes before in a ship of his, which was dispatched for conveying of forces thither, was met by a Pyrate in the way, and knowing of no other safety than what was to be won by force of blowes, *Plangus* himselfe leapt boldly into the Pyrates ship, where he was no sooner entred, than both the ships (having espied two warre ships of *Lacedemonia*, who taking them that made the onset for *Helots*, were come to decide the controversie: the pirates ship fearing the danger which might ensue, and that of *Euarchus* preferring their owne safety to the respect of *Plangus*) were so sundered, that hoisting up their sailes, they committed the conclusion of their warre to the judgement of the winde; which blowing mightily for the time, redoubled so fast the furious force thereof, that now the very same thing wherein they reposed their safety, was become their greatest foe, while encountring some rockes on the coast of *Achaia*, the ship was broken all to pieces, *Plangus* onely escaping, who leapt to the rocke; whither sundry pressing, because they were not good leapers, became worse swimmers. But *Plangus* was quickly receivd into a fisher-boat, which in few houres after the storme was ceased (from the mouth of the river *Erimanthus*) came forth to his rescue: But the particulars of *Erana's* estate, and *Euarchus* his forces, by reason of another Knights comming, whom *Xenemus* was called to meet, I could not learne. This Knight was *Philisides*, companion of our pastorall sports, who being at such times oft present with *Basilius*, and hearing of the imprisonment of the Ladies, the fame also of the forsaken Knight being noised abroad, who the night before had changed the course of *Amphialus* his victorie, was seeking by all meanes to be acquainted

quainted with him, as who, being but a ſtranger in that countrey, ſet on fire with the deſire of glory, and fame of the enterpriſe, was drawn to the like part. Whom after *Xerxenus* had welcomed, perceiving he was in ſome ſort diſguiſed, I eaſily declined his firſt intended courteſie, and my ſtage *Dorus*, being halfe in his mouth, changed his note. Here *Plangus*, hearing in what danger you and your ſiſter were, offered willingly to goe with us, in ſo private a manner as we were minded, and that for our cauſe, deſiring no leſſe than we to be unknowne, becauſe he would have no occaſions of ſtay; and the place being ſo neere to the Hoſte, as wee might eaſily know what was done therein, wee attended all occaſions of aſſiſting them, which at the next aſſault wee performed. And theſe ſame two Knights, (of whom he of the Starre was *Philiſides*, and he of the Sheep *Plangus*) were my Patrons, when I fought with your Couſin *Amphialus*: where, whatſoever others eſteemed of me, I accounted then, and yet account my ſelfe overcome, in that I was matched in ſuch a quarrell: and deſpiſing all whatſoever I had done, becauſe I did not what I would have done, more wounded with melancholy than with *Amphialus* his ſword, I determined to aſſemble forces, and depend no more on private fighting. Which I alſo (how ſoone for my wounds I might walke abroad) performed, and had the occaſion very properly preſented thereto. For *Baſilius* his ſiege being raiſed, I had what helpe *Xerxenus* could make mee; and *Euarchus* his ſhip, driven to the ſame ſhore of *Arcadia*, was waiting for a proſperous winde, when *Plangus* receiving newes thereof, joyfull to have ſo good an occaſion of returning to *Euarchus*, was glad likewiſe to have ſo ready helpe in ſo good a time, wherewith to augment our ſmall number. Accompanied then with ſuch forces as came but to two hundred, or thereabout, yet thoſe very expert in martiall affaires, I beſieged the walls, and won them, not without ſtrong combat; firſt fighting my ſelfe alone upon them, then helped by *Zelmane*, and laſtly backt with the valiant *Plangus*, and the reſt of our company, when your father and *Philanax*, minding to aide us, came in very good time to receive you; *Plangus* for haſte to returne, and I for feare to be knowne, departing from among the preaſe as ſecretly as we could, and were no leſſe opportunely followed by our followers, carrying with them the wounded Knight, whoſe funerals being in moſt ſolemne manner (as was fitting) ſoone after performed, *Plangus* was warned by the turning wind to take his leave of *Xerxenus*, and I faining to goe with *Plangus*, we both left him no leſſe ſorrowfull for our departure, than we were earneſt to be gone: and yet hee commanded himſelfe therein, knowing that troubleſomneſſe was unpleaſant courteſie. But I no ſooner departed from *Xerxenus*, than I tooke my leave of *Plangus*.

Here (incomparable Lady) you have the true narration of my doings, during the time of my captivity: wherein if I have been too ſhort, impute it to the earneſtneſſe of love, which haſteneth to another period; and not to my diſobedience, who can repine at none of your commandements. And if either my paſt diſpleaſures deſerve pitie, or my ſervices reward, as they doe, I pray you, if you will not reward, pity; and if you will not pity, reward: for if you pity not, you muſt be cruell; and if you reward not, ingrate; and whether to be cruell, or ingrate, is more unſeemely to your vertue and worthineſſe, it is very hard to judge. Then (ſweet Lady) unfold your lips, either to my doome or comfort: neither demand I that you weigh your worthineſſe with my merits (which doubtleſſe will be found too light) ſince no valour can be anſwerable to your vertue; but pondering mine affection in the balance of mercy, and my deſerts compared to thoſe of my ranke and calling, though

not

not anſwerable to the beames of your beautifull vertue, will perhaps procure ſome gracious reſpect in that behalfe. Further he would have proceeded, when ſuch a flood of teares ran downe his cheekes, that they ſtopped his breath; and ſo not being able to ſpeake any more, ere he had gathered his ſpirits together, the gracious *Pamela* replyed as followeth. I grant my ſelf, worthy *Muſidorus*, (for ſo I doubt not I may call you) to be greatly obliged to your valour; I pity your eſtate, ſith you are ſo humbled for my ſake, and indeed I cannot but in vertuous manner ſatisfie your deſires: yet the impoſſibility affrights me, which if you can finde a way how I may paſſe through it, I am willing to conſent thereto; onely (if it be not ſinne to ſuſpect your vertue) I would be armed againſt deceit. *Dorus* knowing whither her ſpeech tended, with greater ſtore of mirth and joy than his love-ſicke braine could well digeſt, with great paine at laſt uttered this anſwer. Thinke not (noble Lady) that the affecting of the *Arcadian* ſcepter, whereof you are next lawfull and apparent heire, rather than the love of your perſon, hath had the power to metamorphoſe me for your ſake, ſith I am to bring you to a better, richer, and more populous kingdome than this is: but even the love of vertue, as vertue, and vertue of yours, as in ſo beautifull a ſubject, hath beene, and is the onely occaſioner thereof. And I here atteſt the higher powers, whom onely we may have witneſſes at this time, to both our vertuous deſires, that in all vertue I worſhip, love, and honour you; and ſhall no otherwiſe than in vertuous manner poſſeſſe what I love: and in ſigne that I love you, not that I affect your ſcepter, (ſo farre as promiſe may reach, ſince I cannot at this time actually performe the ſame,) I binde my ſelfe by the promiſe of a Prince, and vertuous Lover, whatſoever right I my ſelfe have to the ſcepter of *Theſſalia*, to make you participant thereof. And in theſe tearmes they paſt the promiſe of marriage, awaiting onely the opportunity of *Dametas* abſence, when they purpoſed by ſome device to deceive the doting *Miſo*, and heavie headed *Mopſa*, as ſhortly after followed.

But in the meane time *Dorus* was called backe, to hold his franticke Maſter; who being enraged with the deadly potion of the poiſonous hemlocke, and reeling like a mad man, daſhed his head againſt the walls. Which hee ſtraight imagining that his dainty fare the night before had procured, cauſed one to runne to the garden, and bring a ſample of the root, which he found by ſome ſprouting buds, to be the infectious hemlockes: and then calling to minde, that hee had heard ſome learned Phyſicians ſay, that wine was the hemlockes counterpoiſon, forced them to drinke largely of the ſame, by the which they were quickly reſtored to themſelves.

And now *Dorus*, having all further occaſion of ſpeech taken away, though indeed he had ſuch contentment in the anſwer received, as might have ſatisfied his boyling deſires; yet ſooner divided from his dearely beloved Lady, than his heart could wiſh, and imagining ſomething to have beene forgotten, through over-much earneſtneſſe, that ſhould have beene treated of, (though indeed he rather ſtumbled at the other extremity,) ſetling himſelfe on his laſt determination, was no otherwiſe buſied ſome certaine dayes, than in deviſing the meanes how to performe the ſame: which likewiſe he did not long after.

Sir Philip Sidneys ſecond part beginneth at pag. 347. *line* 5.

[And having waited a time, &c.]